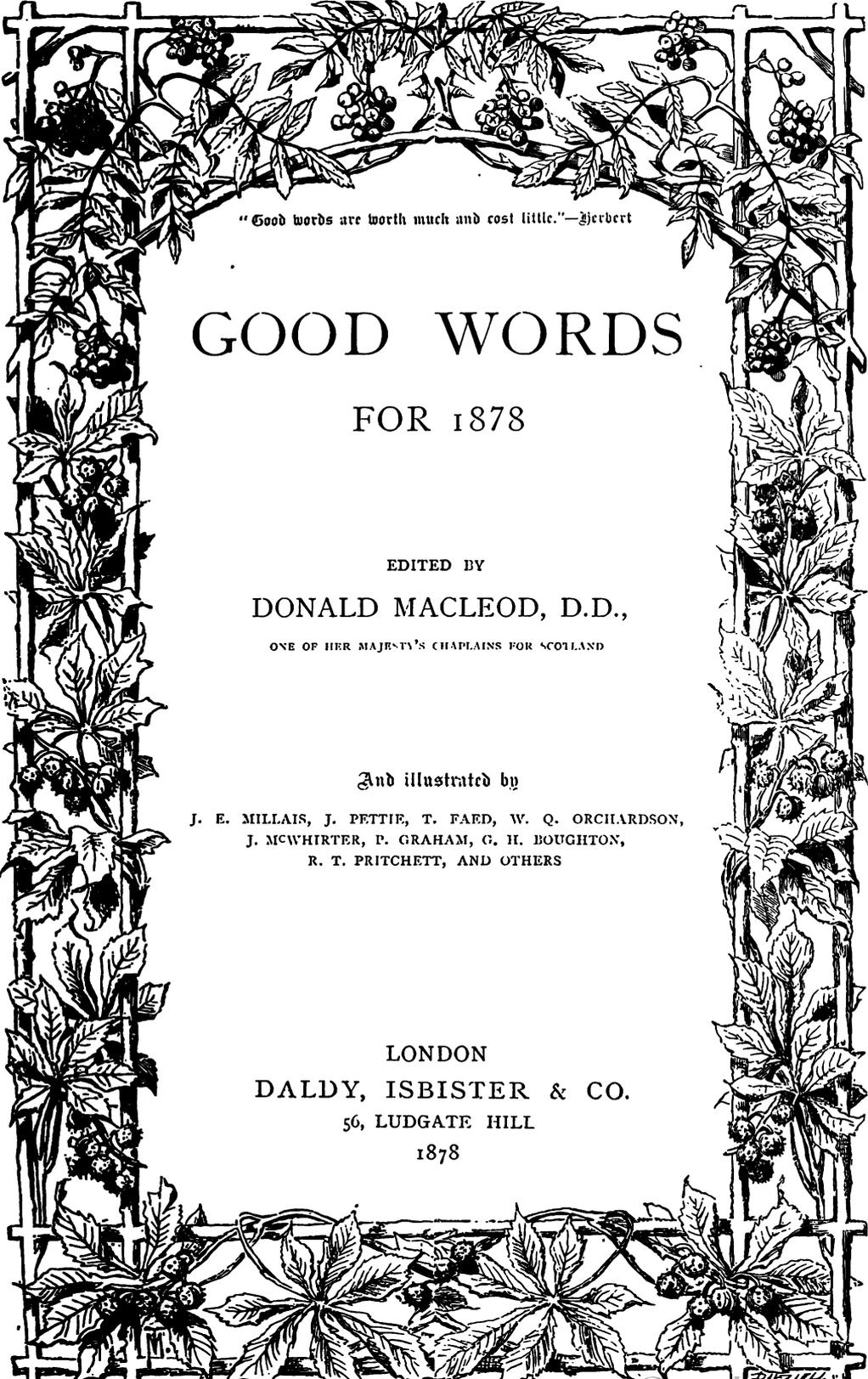




"MACLEOD OF DARE."



"Good words are worth much and cost little."—Herbert

GOOD WORDS

FOR 1878

EDITED BY

DONALD MACLEOD, D.D.,

ONE OF HER MAJESTY'S CHAPLAINS FOR SCOTLAND

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MACLEOD OF DARE.

BY WILLIAM BLACK, AUTHOR OF "MADCAP VIOLET," "A PRINCESS OF THULE," ETC.

CHAPTER I.—THE SIX BOYS OF DARE.

THE sun had sunk behind the lonely western seas; Ulva, and Lunga, and the Dutchman's Cap had grown dark on the darkening waters, and the smooth Atlantic swell was booming along the sombre caves; but up here in Castle Dare—on the high and rocky coast of Mull—the great hall was lit with such a blaze of candles as Castle Dare had but rarely seen. And yet there did not seem to be any grand festivities going forward; for there were only three people seated at one end of the long and narrow table; and the banquet that the faithful Hamish had provided for them was of the most frugal kind. At the head of the table sat an old lady, with silvery-white hair and proud and fine features. It would have been a keen and haughty face but for the unutterable sadness of the eyes—blue-grey eyes under black eyelashes, that must have been beautiful enough in her youth, but were now dimmed and worn, as if the weight of the world's sorrow had been too much for the proud, high spirit. On the right of Lady Macleod sat the last of her six sons, Keith by name, a tall, sparely-built, sinewy young fellow, with a sun-tanned cheek and crisp and curling hair; and with a happy and careless look in his clear eyes and about his mouth that rather blinded one to the firm lines of his face. Glad youth shone there; and the health begotten of hard exposure to wind and weather. What was life to him but a laugh, so long as there was a prow to cleave the plunging seas, and a glass to pick out the branching antlers far away amid the

mists of the corrie? To please his mother, on this the last night of his being at home, he wore the kilts; and he had hung his broad blue bonnet, with its sprig of juniper—the badge of the clan—on the top of one of the many pikes and halberds that stood by the great fireplace. Opposite him, on the old lady's left hand, sat his cousin, or rather half-cousin, the plain-featured but large-hearted Janet, whom the poor people about that neighbourhood regarded as being something more than any mere mortal woman. If there had been any young artist among that Celtic peasantry fired by religious enthusiasm to paint the face of a Madonna, it would have been the plain features of Janet Macleod he would have dreamed about and striven to transfer to his canvas. Her eyes were fine, it is true: they were honest and tender; they were not unlike the eyes of the grand old lady who sat at the head of the table; but, unlike hers, they were not weighted with the sorrow of years.

"It is a dark hour you have chosen to go away from your home," said the mother; and the lean hand, resting on the table before her, trembled somewhat.

"Why, mother," the young man said lightly, "you know I am to have Captain ——'s cabin as far as Greenock; and there will be plenty of time for me to put the kilts away, before I am seen by the people."

"Oh, Keith!" his cousin cried—for she was trying to be very cheerful too. "Do you say that you are ashamed of the tartan?"

"Ashamed of the tartan!" he said, with a laugh. "Is there any one who has been brought up at Dare who is likely to be

ashamed of the tartan? When I am ashamed of the tartan I will put a pigeon's feather in my cap, as the new *suaicheantas* of this branch of Clann Leoid. But then, my good Janet, I would as soon think of taking my rifle and the dogs through the streets of London as of wearing the kilts in the south."

The old lady paid no heed. Her hands were now clasped before her. There was sad thinking in her eyes.

"You are the last of my six boys," said she, "and you are going away from me too."

"Now, now, mother," said he, "you must not make so much of a holiday. You would not have me always at Dare? You know that no good comes of a stay-at-home."

She knew the proverb. Her other sons had not been stay-at-homes. What had come to them?

Of Sholto, the eldest, the traveller, the dare-devil, the grave is unknown; but the story of how he met his death, in far Arizona, came years after to England, and to Castle Dare. He sold his life dearly, as became one of his race and name. When his cowardly attendants found a band of twenty Apaches riding down on them, they unhitched the mules and galloped off; leaving him to confront the savages by himself. One of these, more courageous than his fellows, advanced and drew his arrow to the barb: the next second he uttered a yell, and rolled from his saddle to the ground, shot through the heart. Macleod seized this instant, when the savages were terror-stricken by the precision of the white man's weapons, to retreat a few yards and get behind a mesquit tree. Here he was pretty well sheltered from the arrows that they sent in clouds about him; while he succeeded in killing other two of his enemies who had ventured to approach. At last they rode off; and it seemed as though he would be permitted to rejoin his dastardly comrades. But the Indians had only gone to windward to set the tall grass on fire; and presently he had to scramble, burnt and blinded, up the tree, where he was an easy mark for their arrows. Fortunately, when he fell, he was dead: this was the story told by some friendly Indians to a party of white men, and subsequently brought home to Castle Dare.

The next four of the sons of Dare were soldiers, as most of the Macleods of that family had been. And if you ask about the graves of Roderick and Ronald, what is one to say? They are known, and yet unknown. The two lads were in one of the Highland regiments that served in the Crimea. They both lie buried on

the bleak plains outside Sebastopol. And if the memorial stones put up to them and their brother officers are falling into ruin and decay—if the very graves have been rifled—how is England to help that? England is the poorest country in the world. There was a talk some two or three years ago of putting up a monument on Cathcart Hill to the Englishmen who died in the Crimea; and that at least would have been some token of remembrance, even if we could not collect the scattered remains of our slain sons, as the French have done. But then that monument would have cost £5,000. How could England afford £5,000? When a big American city takes fire, or when a district in France is inundated, she can put her hand into her pocket deeply enough; but how can we expect so proud a mother to think twice about her children who perished in fighting for her? Happily, the dead are independent of forgetfulness.

Duncan the Fair-haired—Donacha Ban they called him far and wide among the hills—lies buried in a jungle on the African coast. He was only twenty-three when he was killed; but he knew he had got the Victoria Cross. As he lay dying, he asked whether the people in England would send it to his mother, showing that his last fancies were still about Castle Dare.

And Hector? As you cross the river at Sadowa, and pass through a bit of forest, some corn-fields begin to appear, and these stretch away up to the heights of Chlum. Along the ridge there, by the side of the wood, are many mounds of earth. Over the grave of Hector Macleod is no proud and pathetic inscription such as marks the last resting-place of a young lieutenant who perished at Gravelotte—*Er ruht sanft in wiedererkämpfter Deutscher Erde*; but the young Highland officer was well-beloved by his comrades, and when the dead were being pitched into the great holes dug for them, and when rude hands were preparing the simple record, painted on a wooden cross, "*Hier liegen—tapfere Krieger*," a separate memento was placed over the grave of Under-Lieutenant Hector Macleod of the —th Imperial and Royal Cavalry Regiment. He was one of the two sons who had not inherited the title. Was it not a proud boast for this white-haired lady in Mull that she had been the mother of four baronets? What other mother in all the land could say as much? And yet it was that that had dimmed and saddened the beautiful eyes.

And now her youngest—her Benjamin—

her best-beloved—he was going away from her too. It was not enough that the big deer-forest, the last of the possessions of the Macleods of Dare, had been kept intact for him, when the letting of it to a rich Englishman would greatly have helped the failing fortunes of the family; it was not enough that the poor people about, knowing Lady Macleod's wishes, had no thought of keeping a salmon-spear hidden in the thatch of their cottages. Salmon and stag could no longer bind him to the place. The young blood stirred. And when he asked her what good thing came of being a stay-at-home, what could she say?

Suddenly old Hamish threw wide the oaken doors at the end of the hall; and there was a low roar like the roaring of lions. And then a young lad, with the pipes proudly perched on his shoulder, marched in with a stately step, and joyous and shrill arose the Salute. Three times he marched round the long and narrow hall, finishing behind Keith Macleod's chair. The young man turned to him.

"It was well played, Donald," said he, in the Gaelic, "and I will tell you that the Skye College in the old times never turned out a better pupil. And will you take a glass of whisky now, or a glass of claret? And it is a great pity your hair is red; or they would call you Donull Dubh, and people would say you were the born successor of the last of the MacCruimins."

At this praise—imagine telling a piper-lad that he was a fit successor of the Mac Cruimins, the hereditary pipers of the Macleods!—the young stripling blushed hot; but he did not forget his professional dignity for all that. And he was so proud of his good English that he replied in that tongue.

"I will take a glass of the claret wine, Sir Keith," said he.

Young Macleod took up a horn tumbler, rimmed with silver, and having the triple-towered castle of the Macleods engraved on it, and filled it with wine. He handed it to the lad.

"I drink your health, Lady Macleod," said he, when he had removed his cap, "and I drink your health, Miss Macleod; and I drink your health, Sir Keith; and I would have a lighter heart this night if I was going with you away to England."

It was a bold demand.

"I cannot take you with me, Donald; the Macleods have got out of the way of taking their piper with them now. You must stay and look after the dogs."

"But you are taking Oscar with you, Sir Keith."

"Yes, I am. I must make sure of having one friend with me in the south."

"And I think I would be better than a collie," muttered the lad to himself, as he moved off in a proud and hurt way towards the door, his cap still in his hand.

And now a great silence fell over these three; and Janet Macleod looked anxiously towards the old lady, who sat unmoved in the face of the ordeal through which she knew she must pass. It was an old custom that each night a pibroch should be played in Castle Dare in remembrance of her five slain sons; and yet on this one night her niece would fain have seen that custom abandoned. For was not the pibroch the famous and pathetic *Cumhadh na Cloinne*, the Lament for the Children, that Patrick Mòr, one of the pipers of Macleod of Skye, had composed to the memory of his seven sons, who had all died within one year? And now the doors were opened, and the piper-boy once more entered. The wild, sad wail arose; and slow and solemn was the step with which he walked up the hall. Lady Macleod sat calm and erect, her lips proud and firm, but her lean hands were working nervously together; and at last, when the doors were closed on the slow and stately and mournful "Lament for the Children," she bent down the silvery head on those wrinkled hands, and wept aloud. Patrick Mòr's seven brave sons could have been no more to him than her six tall lads had been to her; and now the last of them was going away from her.

"Do you know," said Janet quickly, to her cousin across the table, "that it is said no piper in the west Highlands can play 'Lord Lovat's Lament' like our Donald?"

"Oh, yes, he plays it very well; and he has got a good step," Macleod said. "But you will tell him to play no more Laments to-night. Let him take to strathspeys if any of the lads come up after bringing back the boat. It will be time enough for him to make a Lament for me when I am dead. Come, mother, have you no message for Norman Ogilvie?"

The old lady had nerved herself again, though her hands were still trembling.

"I hope he will come back with you, Keith," she said.

"For the shooting? No, no, mother. He was not fit for the shooting about here: I have seen that long ago. Do you think he could lie for an hour in a wet bog? It was

up at Fort William I saw him last year ; and I said to him 'Do you wear gloves at Aldershot?' His hands were as white as the hands of a woman."

"It is no woman's hand you have, Keith," his cousin said ; "it is a soldier's hand."

"Yes," said he, with his face flushing, "and if I had had Norman Ogilvie's chance"—

But he paused. Could he reproach this old dame, on the very night of his departure, with having disappointed all those dreams of military service and glory that are almost the natural inheritance of a Macleod of the Western Highlands? If he was a stay-at-home at least his hands were not white. And yet, when young Ogilvie and he studied under the same tutor—the poor man had to travel eighteen miles between the two houses, many a time in hard weather—all the talk and aspirations of the boys were about a soldier's life ; and Macleod could show his friend the various trophies and curiosities sent home by his elder brothers from all parts of the world. And now the lily-fingered and gentle-natured Ogilvie was at Aldershot ; while he—what else was he than a mere deer-stalker and salmon-killer?

"Ogilvie has been very kind to me, mother," he said, laughing. "He has sent me a list of places in London where I am to get my clothes, and boots, and a hat ; and by the time I have done that he will be up from Aldershot, and will lead me about—with a string round my neck I suppose, lest I should bite somebody."

"You could not go better to London than in your own tartan," said the proud mother, "and it is not for an Ogilvie to say how a Macleod shall be dressed. But it is no matter. One after the other has gone ; the house is left empty at last. And they all went away like you, with a laugh on their face. It was but a trip, a holiday, they said : they would soon be back to Dare. And where are they this night ?"

Old Hamish came in.

"It will be time for the boat now, Sir Keith, and the men are down at the shore."

He rose, the handsome young fellow, and took his broad blue bonnet with the badge of juniper.

"Good-bye, Cousin Janet," said he lightly. "Good-bye, mother—you are not going to send me away in this sad fashion? What am I to bring you back? A satin gown from Paris? or a young bride to cheer up the old house?"

She took no heed of the passing jest. He

kissed her, and bade her good-bye once more. The clear stars were shining over Castle Dare, and over the black shadows of the mountains, and the smoothly swelling waters of the Atlantic. There was a dull booming of the waves along the rocks.

He had thrown his plaid around him, and he was wondering to himself as he descended the steep path to the shore. He could not believe that the two women were really saddened by his going to the south for a while ; he was not given to forebodings. And he had nearly reached the shore when he was overtaken by some one running with a light step behind him. He turned quickly, and found his cousin before him, a shawl thrown round her head and shoulders.

"Oh, Keith!" said she, in a bright and matter-of-fact way, "I have a message for you—from myself—and I did not want aunt to hear, for she is very proud, you know, and I hope you won't be. You know we are all very poor, Keith ; and yet you must not want money in London, if only for the sake of the family ; and you know I have a little, Keith—and I want you to take it. You won't mind my being frank with you. I have written a letter."

She had the envelope in her hand.

"And if I would take money from any one it would be from you, Cousin Janet ; but I am not so selfish as that. What would all the poor people do if I were to take your money to London and spend it?"

"I have kept a little," said she, "and it is not much that is needed. It is £2,000 I would like you to take from me, Keith ; I have written a letter."

"Why, bless me, Janet, that is nearly all the money you've got!"

"I know it."

"Well, I may not be able to earn any money for myself, but at least I would not think of squandering your little fortune. No, no ; but I thank you all the same, Janet ; and I know that it is with a free heart that you offer it."

"But this is a favour, Keith," said she. "I do not ask you to spend the money. But you might be in trouble ; and you would be too proud to ask any one—perhaps you would not even ask me ; and here is a letter that you can keep till then, and if you should want the money you can open the letter, and it will tell you how to get it."

"And it is a poor forecast you are making, Cousin Janet," said he cheerfully. "I am to play the prodigal son, then? But I will take the letter. And good-bye again, Janet ;

and God bless you, for you are a kind-hearted woman."

She went swiftly up to Castle Dare again, and he walked on towards the shore. By-and-by he reached a small stone pier that ran out among some rocks, and by the side of it lay a small sailing-launch, with four men in her, and Donald the piper-boy perched up at the bow. There was a lamp swinging at her mast, but she had no sail up, for there was scarcely any wind.

"Is it time to go out now?" said Macleod to Hamish, who stood waiting on the pier, having carried down his master's port-manteau.

"Ay, it will be time now, even if you will wait a little," said Hamish; and then the old man added, "It is a dark night, Sir Keith, for your going away from Castle Dare."

"And it will be the brighter morning when I come back," answered the young man, for he could not mistake the intention of the words.

"Yes, indeed, Sir Keith; and now you will go into the boat, and you will take care of your footing, for the night is dark, and the rocks they are always slippery whatever."

But Keith Macleod's foot was as familiar with the soft seaweed of the rocks as it was with the hard heather of the hills; and he found no difficulty in getting into the broad-beamed boat. The men put out their oars, and pushed her off. And now, in the dark night, the skirl of the pipes arose again; and it was no stately and mournful lament that young Donald played up there at the bow, as the four oars struck the sea, and sent a flash of white fire down into the deeps.

"Donald," Hamish had said to him, on the shore, "when you are going out to the steamer, it is the 79th's Farewell to Chubralter that you will play; and you will play no other thing than that."

And surely the 79th were not sorry to leave Gibraltar when their piper composed for them so glad a farewell.

At the high windows of Castle Dare the mother stood, and her niece, and as they watched the yellow lamp move slowly out from the black shore they heard this proud and joyous march that Donald was playing to herald the approach of his master. They listened to it as it grew fainter and fainter, and as the small yellow star, trembling over the dark waters, became more and more remote. And then this other sound: this blowing of a steam-whistle, far away in the darkness?

"He will be in good time, aunt; she is a long way off yet," said Janet Macleod; but the mother did not speak.

Out there, on the dark and moving waters, the great steamer was slowly drawing near the open boat; and, as she came up, the vast hull of her, seen against the starlit sky, seemed a mountain.

"Now, Donald," Macleod called out, "you will take the dog; here is the string; and you will see he does not spring into the water."

"Yes, I will take the dog," muttered the boy, half to himself. "Oh, yes, I will take the dog; but it was better if I was going with you, Sir Keith, than any dog."

A rope was thrown out, the boat dragged up to the side of the steamer, the small gangway let down, and presently Macleod was on the deck of the large vessel. Then Oscar was hauled up too, and the rope flung loose; and the boat drifted away into the darkness. But the last good-bye had not been said, for over the black waters came the sound of the pipes once more, the melancholy wail of *Mackintosh's Lament*.

"Confound that obstinate brat!" Macleod said to himself. "Now he will go back to Castle Dare, and make the women miserable."

"The captain is below at his supper, Sir Keith," said the mate. "Will you go down to him?"

"Yes, I will go down to him," said he, and he made his way along the deck of the steamer.

He was arrested by the sound of some one crying, and he looked down and found a woman crouched under the bulwarks, with two small children asleep on her knee.

"My good woman, what is the matter with you?" said he.

"The night is cold," she said, in the Gaelic, "and my children are cold; and it is a long way that we are going."

He answered her in her own tongue.

"You will be warmer if you go below; but here is a plaid for you anyway," and with that he took the plaid from round his shoulders and flung it across the children, and passed on.

That was the way of the Macleods of Dare. They had a royal manner with them. Perhaps that was the reason that their revenues were now far from royal.

And meanwhile the red light still burned in the high windows of Castle Dare, and two women were there looking out on the pale stars and the dark sea beneath. They waited until they heard the plashing of oars

in the small bay below, and the message was brought them that Sir Keith had got safely on board the great steamer. Then they turned away from the silent and empty night, and one of them was weeping bitterly.

"It is the last of my six sons that has gone from me," she said, coming back to the old refrain, and refusing to be comforted.

"And I have lost my brother," said Janet Macleod, in her simple way. "But he will come back to us, auntie; and then we shall have great doings at Castle Dare."

CHAPTER II.—MENTOR.

It was with a wholly indescribable surprise and delight that Macleod came upon the life and stir and gaiety of London in the sweet June time, when the parks and gardens and squares would of themselves have been a sufficient wonder to him. The change from the sombre shores of Lochs na Keal, and Tua, and Scridain to this world of sunlit foliage—the golden yellow of the laburnum, the cream-white of the chestnut, the rose-pink of the red hawthorn, and everywhere the keen translucent green of the young lime-trees—was enough to fill the heart with joy and gladness, though he had been no diligent student of landscape and colour. The few days he had to spend by himself—while getting properly dressed to satisfy the demands of his friend—passed quickly enough. He was not at all ashamed of his country-made clothes as he watched the whirl of carriages in Piccadilly, or lounged under the elms of Hyde Park, with his beautiful silver-white and lemon-coloured collie attracting the admiration of every passer-by. Nor had he waited for the permission of Lieutenant Ogilvie to make his entrance into at least one little corner of society. He was recognised in St. James's Street one morning by a noble lady whom he had met once or twice at Inverness; and she, having stopped her carriage, was pleased to ask him to lunch with herself and her husband next day. To the great grief of Oscar, who had to be shut up by himself, Macleod went up next day to Brook Street, and there met several people whose names he knew as representatives of old Highland families, but who were very English, as it seemed to him, in their speech and ways. He was rather petted, for he was a handsome lad; and he had high spirits and a proud air. And his hostess was so kind as to mention that the Caledonian Ball was coming off on the 25th; and of course he must come, in the Highland costume; and, as she was one of the patronesses, should she give him

a voucher? Macleod answered, laughingly, that he would be glad to have it, though he did not know what it was; whereupon she was pleased to say that no wonder he laughed at the notion of a voucher being wanted for any Macleod of Dare.

One morning a good-looking and slim young man knocked at the door of a small house in Bury Street, St. James's, and asked if Sir Keith Macleod was at home. The man said he was; and the young gentleman entered. He was a most correctly-dressed person. His hat, and gloves, and cane, and long-tailed frock-coat were all beautiful; but it was perhaps the tightness of his nether garments or perhaps the tightness of his brilliantly polished boots (which were partially covered by white gaiters) that made him go up the narrow little stairs with some precision of caution. The door was opened and he was announced.

"My dear old boy," said he, "how do you do?"—and Macleod gave him a grip of the hand that nearly burst one of his gloves.

But at this moment an awful accident occurred. From behind the door of the adjacent bedroom Oscar the collie sprang forward with an angry growl; then he seemed to recognise the situation of affairs when he saw his master holding the stranger's hand; then he began to wag his tail; then he jumped up with his forepaws to give a kindly welcome.

"Hang it all, Macleod!" young Ogilvie cried, with all the precision gone out of his manner. "Your dog's all wet! What's the use of keeping a brute like that about the place?"

Alas! the beautiful, brilliant boots were all besmeared, and the white gaiters too, and the horsey-looking nether garments. Moreover, the Highland savage, so far from betraying compunction, burst into a roar of laughter.

"My dear fellow," he cried, "I put him in my bedroom to dry: I couldn't do more—could I? He has just been in the Serpentine."

"I wish he was there now, with a stone and a string round his neck," observed Lieutenant Ogilvie, looking at his boots; but he repented him of this rash saying, for within a week he had offered Macleod twenty pounds for the dog. He might have offered twenty dozen of twenty pounds, and thrown his polished boots and his gaiters too into the bargain, and he would have had the same answer.

Oscar was once more banished into the bedroom; and Mr. Ogilvie sat down, pretending to take no more notice of his boots. Macleod put some sherry on the table and a handful of cigars; his friend asked whether he could not have a glass of seltzer-water and a cigarette.

"And how do you like the rooms I got for you?"

"There is not much fresh air about them, nor in this narrow street," Macleod said frankly, "but that is no matter, for I have been out all day—all over London."

"I thought the price was as high as you would care to go," Ogilvie said, "but I forgot you had come fresh up, with your pockets full of money. If you would like something a trifle more princely, I'll put you up to it."

"And where have I got the money? There are no gold mines in the west of Mull. It is you who are Fortunatus."

"By Jove, if you knew how hard a fellow is run at Aldershot!" Mr. Ogilvie remarked confidentially. "You would scarcely believe it. Every new batch of fellows who come in have to be dined all round; and the mess-bills are simply awful. It's getting worse and worse; and then these big drinks put one off one's work so."

"You are studying hard, I suppose?" Macleod said, quite gravely.

"Pretty well," said he, stretching out his legs, and petting his pretty moustache with his beautiful white hand. Then he added suddenly, surveying the brown-faced and stalwart young fellow before him, "By Jove, Macleod! I'm glad to see you in London. It's like a breath of mountain air. Don't I remember the awful mornings we've had together—the rain and the mist and the creeping through the bogs? I believe you did your best to kill me. If I hadn't had the constitution of a horse I should have been killed."

"I should say your big drinks at Aldershot were more likely to kill you than going after the deer," said Macleod. "And will you come up with me this autumn, Ogilvie? The mother will be glad to see you, and Janet, too; though we haven't got any fine young ladies for you to make love to, unless you go up to Fort William, or Fort George, or Inverness. And I was all over the moors before I came away; and if there is anything like good weather, we shall have plenty of birds this year, for I never saw before such a big average of eggs in the nests."

"I wonder you don't let part of that shooting," said young Ogilvie, who knew well

of the straitened circumstances of the Macleods of Dare.

"The mother won't have it done," said Macleod, quite simply, "for she thinks it keeps me at home. But a young man cannot always stay at home. It is very good for you, Ogilvie, that you have brothers."

"Yes, if I had been the eldest of them," said Mr. Ogilvie. "It is a capital thing to have younger brothers; it isn't half so pleasant when you are the younger brother."

"And will you come up, then, and bury yourself alive at Dare?"

"It is awfully good of you to ask me, Macleod, and if I can manage it I will; but I am afraid there isn't much chance this year. In the mean time, let me give you a hint. In London, we talk of going *down* to the Highlands."

"Oh, do you? I did not think you were so stupid," Macleod remarked.

"Why, of course we do. You speak of going up to the capital of a country, and of going down to the provinces."

"Perhaps you are right—no doubt you are right; but it sounds stupid," the unconvinced Highlander observed again. "It sounds stupid to say going up to the south, and going down to the north. And how can you go down to the Highlands? you might go down to the Lowlands. But no doubt you are right; and I will be more particular. And will you have another cigarette? and then we will go out for a walk, and Oscar will get drier in the street than in-doors."

"Don't imagine I am going out to have that dog plunging about among my feet," said Ogilvie. "But I have something else for you to do. You know Colonel Ross of Duntormer?"

"I have heard of him."

"His wife is an awfully nice woman, and would like to meet you. I fancy they think of buying some property—I am not sure it isn't an island—in your part of the country; and she has never been to the Highlands at all. I was to take you down with me to lunch with her at two, if you care to go. There is her card."

Macleod looked at the card.

"How far is Prince's Gate from here?" he asked.

"A mile and a half, I should say."

"And it is now twenty minutes to two," said he, rising. "It will be a nice smart walk."

"Thank you," said Mr. Ogilvie, "if it is all the same to you we will perform the journey in a hansom. I am not in training

just at present for your tramps to Ben-an-Sloich."

"Ah! your boots are rather tight?" said Macleod, with grave sympathy.

They got into a hansom, and went spinning along through the crowd of carriages on this brilliant morning. The busy streets, the handsome women, the fine buildings, the bright and beautiful foliage of the parks—all these were a perpetual wonder and delight to the newcomer, who was as eager in the enjoyment of this gay world of pleasure and activity as any girl come up for her first season. Perhaps this notion occurred to the astute and experienced Lieutenant Ogilvie, who considered it his duty to warn his youthful and ingenuous friend.

"Mrs. Ross is a very handsome woman," he remarked.

"Indeed."

"And uncommonly fascinating too, when she likes."

"Really?"

"You had better look out if she tries to fascinate you."

"She is a married woman," said Macleod.

"They are always the worst," said this wise person; "for they are jealous of the younger women"—

"Oh, that is all nonsense," said Macleod, bluntly. "I am not such a greenhorn. I have read all that kind of talk in books and magazines—it is ridiculous. Do you think I will believe that married women have so little self-respect as to make themselves the laughing-stock of men?"

"My dear fellow, they have cart-loads of self-respect. What I mean is, that Mrs. Ross is a bit of a lion-hunter; and she may take a fancy to make a lion of you"—

"That is better than to make an ass of me, as you suggested."

"and naturally she will try to attach you to her set. I don't think you are quite *outré* enough for her; perhaps I made a mistake in putting you into decent clothes. You wouldn't have time to get into your kilts now? But you must be prepared to meet all sorts of queer folks at her house—especially if you stay on a bit and have some tea—mysterious poets that nobody ever heard of, and artists who won't exhibit, and awful swells from the German Universities, and I don't know what besides—everybody who isn't the least like anybody else."

"And what is your claim, then, to go there?" Macleod asked.

"Oh," said the young lieutenant, laughing at the home-thrust, "I am only admitted on

sufferance, as a friend of Colonel Ross. She never asked *me* to put my name in her autograph book. But I have done a bit of the jackal for her once or twice, when I happened to be on leave; and she has sent me with people to her box at Covent Garden when she couldn't go herself."

"And how am I to propitiate her? What am I to do?"

"She will soon let you know how you strike her. Either she will pet you, or she will snuff you out like winking. I don't know a woman who has a blanker stare, when she likes."

This idle conversation was suddenly interrupted. At the same moment both young men experienced a sinking sensation, as if the earth had been cut away from beneath their feet; then there was a crash, and they were violently thrown against each other; then they vaguely knew that the cab, heeling over, was being jolted along the street by a runaway horse. Fortunately the horse could not run very fast; for the axle-tree, deprived of its wheel, was tearing at the road; but all the same the occupants of the cab thought they might as well get out, and so they tried to force open the two small panels of the door in front of them. But the concussion had so jammed these together that, shove at them as they might, they would not yield. At this juncture, Macleod, who was not accustomed to Hansom cabs, and did not at all like this first experience of them, determined to get out somehow; and so he raised himself a bit, so as to get his back firm against the back of the vehicle; he pulled up his leg until his knee almost touched his mouth; he got the heel of his boot firmly fixed on the top edge of the door; and then with one forward drive he tore the panel right away from its hinges. The other was, of course, flung open at once. Then he grasped the brass rail outside, steadied himself for a moment, and jumped clear from the cab, alighting on the pavement. Strange to say, Ogilvie did not follow; though Macleod, as he rushed along to try to get hold of the horse, momentarily expected to see him jump out. His anxiety was of short duration. The axle-tree caught on the kerb; there was a sudden lurch; and then, with a crash of glass, the cab went right over, throwing down the horse and pitching the driver into the street. It was all the work of a few seconds, and another second seemed to suffice to collect a crowd, even in this quiet part of Kensington. But after all very little damage was done, except to the

horse, which had cut one of its hocks. When young Mr. Ogilvie scrambled out and got on to the pavement, instead of being grateful that his life had been spared, he was in a towering passion—with whom or what he knew not.

"Why didn't you jump out?" said Macleod to him, after seeing that the cabman was all right.

Ogilvie did not answer; he was looking at his besmeared hands and dishevelled clothes.

"Confound it," said he, "what's to be done now? The house is just round the corner."

"Let us go in and they will lend you a clothes-brush."

"As if I had been fighting a bargee? No, thank you. I will go along till I find some tavern, and get myself put to rights."

And this he did, gloomily; Macleod accompanying him. It was about a quarter of an hour before he had completed his toilet; and then they set out to walk back to Prince's Gate. Mr. Ogilvie was in a better humour.

"What a fellow you are to jump, Macleod!" said he. "If you had cannoned against that policeman, you would have killed him. And you never paid the cabman for destroying the lid of the door; you prized the thing clean off its hinges. You must have the strength of a giant."

"But where the people came from, it was that surprised me," said Macleod, who seemed to have rather enjoyed the adventure, "it was like one of our sea-lochs in the Highlands—you look all round and cannot find any gull anywhere—but throw a biscuit or two into the water, and you will find them appearing from all quarters at once. As for the door, I forgot that; but I gave the man half-a-sovereign to console him for his shaking. Was not that enough?"

"We shall be frightfully late for luncheon," said Mr. Ogilvie, with some concern.

CHAPTER III.—FIONAGHAL.

AND indeed when they entered the house—the balconies and windows were a blaze of flowers all shining in the sun—they found that their host and hostess had already come downstairs and were seated at table with their small party of guests. This circumstance did not lessen Sir Keith Macleod's trepidation; for there is no denying the fact that the young man would rather have faced an angry bull on a Highland road than this party of people in the hushed and semi-darkened and flower-scented room. It seemed to him that his appearance was the

signal for a confusion that was equivalent to an earthquake. Two or three servants—all more solemn than any clergyman—began to make new arrangements; a tall lady, benign of aspect, rose and most graciously received him; a tall gentleman, with a grey moustache, shook hands with him; and then, as he vaguely heard young Ogilvie, at the other end of the room, relate the incident of the upsetting of the cab, he found himself seated, next to this benign lady, and apparently in a bewildering Paradise of beautiful lights and colours and delicious odours. Asparagus soup? Yes, he would take that; but for a second or two this spacious and darkened-room, with its stained glass and its sombre walls, and the table before him, with its masses of roses and lillies of the valley, its silver, its crystal, its nectarines, and cherries, and pine-apples, seemed some kind of enchanted place. And then the people talked in a low and hushed fashion; and the servants moved silently and mysteriously; and the air was languid with the scents of fruits and flowers. They gave him some wine in a tall green glass that had transparent lizards crawling up its stem; he had never drank out of a thing like that before.

"It was very kind of Mr. Ogilvie to get you to come; he is a very good boy; he forgets nothing," said Mrs. Ross to him; and as he became aware that she was a pleasant-looking lady of middle age, who regarded him with very friendly and truthful eyes, he vowed to himself that he would bring Mr. Ogilvie to task for representing this decent and respectable woman as a graceless and dangerous coquette. No doubt she was the mother of children. At her time of life she was better employed in the nursery or in the kitchen than in flirting with young men; and could he doubt that she was a good house-mistress when he saw with his own eyes how spick and span everything was, and how accurately everything was served? Even if his cousin Janet lived in the south, with all these fine flowers and hot-house fruits to serve her purpose, she could not have done better. He began to like this pleasant-eyed woman, though she seemed delicate and a trifle languid, and in consequence he sometimes could not quite make out what she said. But then he noticed that the other people talked in this limp fashion too: there was no precision about their words; frequently they seemed to leave you to guess the end of their sentences. As for the young lady next him, was she not very delicate, also? He had never seen such

hands—so small, and fine, and white. And although she talked only to her neighbour on the other side of her, he could hear that her voice, low and musical as it was, was only a murmur.

“Miss White and I,” said Mrs. Ross to him—and at this moment the young lady turned to them—“were talking before you came in of the beautiful country you must know so well, and of its romantic stories and associations with Prince Charlie. Gertrude, let me introduce Sir Keith Macleod to you. I told Miss White you might come to us to-day; and she was saying what a pity it was that Flora Macdonald was not a Macleod.”

“That was very kind,” said he, frankly, turning to this tall pale girl, with the rippling hair of golden-brown and the heavy-lidded and downcast eyes. And then he laughed. “We would not like to steal the honour from a woman—even though she was a Macdonald, and you know the Macdonalds and the Macleods were not very friendly in the old time. But we can claim something, too, about the escape of Prince Charlie, Mrs. Ross. After Flora Macdonald had got him safe from Harris to Skye, she handed him over to the sons of Macleod of Raasay, and it was owing to them that he got to the mainland. You will find many people up there to this day who believe that if Macleod of Macleod had gone out in '45 Prince Charlie would never have had to flee at all. But I think the Macleods had done enough for the Stuarts; and it was but little thanks they ever got in return, so far as I could ever hear. Do you know, Mrs. Ross, my mother wears mourning every 3rd of September, and will eat nothing from morning till night? It is the anniversary of the Battle of Worcester; and then, the Macleods were so smashed up that for a long time the other clans relieved them from military service.”

“You are not much of a Jacobite, Sir Keith?” said Mrs. Ross, smiling.

“Only when I hear a Jacobite song sung,” said he. “Then who can fail to be a Jacobite?”

He had become quite friendly with this amiable lady. If he had been afraid that his voice, in these delicate southern ears, must sound like the first guttural drone of Donald's pipes at Castle Dare, he had speedily lost that fear. The manly, sun-browned face and clear-glancing eyes were full of animation; he was oppressed no longer by the solemnity of the servants; so long as he talked to her he was quite confident; he had made friends

with this friendly woman. But he had not as yet dared to address the pale girl who sat on his right, and who seemed so fragile and beautiful, and distant in manner.

“After all,” said he to Mrs. Ross, “there were no more Highlanders killed in the cause of the Stuarts than used to be killed every year or two merely out of the quarrels of the clans among themselves. All about where I live there is scarcely a rock or a loch or an island that has not its story. And I think,” added he, with a becoming modesty, “that the Macleods were by far the most treacherous, and savage, and bloodthirsty of the whole lot of them.”

And now the fair stranger beside him addressed him for the first time; and as she did so she turned her eyes towards him—clear, large eyes that rather startled one when the heavy lids were lifted, so full of expression were they.

“I suppose,” said she, with a certain demure smile, “you have no wild deeds done there now?”

“Oh, we have become quite peaceable folks now,” said he, laughing. “Our spirit is quite broken. The wild boars are all away from the islands now, even from Muick. We have only the sheep. And the Mackenzies, and the Macleans, and the Macleods—they are all sheep now.”

Was it not quite obvious? How could any one associate with this bright-faced young man the fierce traditions of hate, and malice, and revenge that make the seas and islands of the north still more terrible in their loneliness? Those were the days of strong wills and strong passions, and of an easy disregard of individual life when the gratification of some set desire was near. What had this Macleod to do with such scorching fires of hate and of love? He was playing with a silver fork and half-a-dozen strawberries: Miss White's surmise was perfectly natural and correct.

The ladies went up-stairs; and the men, after the claret had gone round, followed them. And now it seemed to this rude Highlander that he was only going from wonder to wonder. Half-way up the narrow staircase was a large recess dimly lit by the sunlight falling through stained glass; and there was a small fountain playing in the middle of this grotto; and all around was a wilderness of ferns dripping with the spray, while at the entrance two stone figures held up magical globes on which the springing and falling water was reflected. Then from this partial gloom he emerged into the drawing-

room—a dream of rose-pink and gold ; with the air sweetened around him by the masses of roses and tall lilies about. His eyes were rather bewildered at first ; the figures of the women seemed dark against the white lace of the windows. But as he went forward to his hostess he could make out still further wonders of colour : for in the balconies outside, in the full glare of the sun, were geraniums and lobelias and golden calceolarias and red snapdragon ; their bright hues faintly tempered by the thin curtains through which they were seen. He could not help expressing his admiration of these things that were so new to him ; for it seemed to him that he had come into a land of perpetual summer and sunshine and glowing flowers. Then the luxuriant greenness of the foliage on the other side of Exhibition Road—for Mrs. Ross's house faced westward—was, as he said, singularly beautiful to one accustomed to the windy skies of the western isles.

“ But you have not seen our elm—our own elm,” said Mrs. Ross, who was arranging some azaleas that had just been sent her. “ We are very proud of our elm. Gertrude, will you take Sir Keith to see our noble elm ? ”

He had almost forgotten who Gertrude was ; but the next second he recognised the low and almost timid voice that said—

“ Will you come this way, then, Sir Keith ? ”

He turned, and found that it was Miss White who spoke. How was it that this girl, who was only a girl, seemed to do things so easily, and gently, and naturally—without any trace of embarrassment or self-consciousness ? He followed her, and knew not which to admire the more—the careless simplicity of her manner, or the singular symmetry of her tall and slender figure. He had never seen any statue or any picture in any book to be compared with this woman, who was so fine and rare and delicate that she seemed only a beautiful tall flower in this garden of flowers. There was a strange simplicity, too, about her dress—a plain, tight-fitting, tight-sleeved dress of unrelieved black ; her only adornment being some bands of big blue beads worn loosely round the neck. The black figure, in this shimmer of rose-pink and gold and flowers, was effective enough ; but even the finest of pictures, or the finest of statues, has not the subtle attraction of a graceful carriage. Macleod had never seen any woman walk as this woman walked, in so stately and yet so simple a way.

From Mrs. Ross's chief drawing-room they

passed into an ante-drawing-room, which was partly a passage and partly a conservatory. On the window-side were some rows of Cape heaths ; on the wall-side some rows of blue and white plates ; and it was one of the latter that was engaging the attention of two persons in this ante-room—Colonel Ross himself, and a little old gentleman in gold-rimmed spectacles.

“ Shall I introduce you to my father ? ” said Miss White to her companion ; and, after a word or two, they passed on.

“ I think papa is invaluable to Colonel Ross,” said she, “ he is as good as an auctioneer at telling the value of china. Look at this beautiful heath. Mrs. Ross is very proud of her heaths.”

The small white fingers scarcely touched the beautiful blossoms of the plant ; but which were the more palely roseate and waxen ? If one were to grasp that hand—in some sudden moment of entreaty—in the sharp joy of reconciliation—in the agony of farewell—would it not be crushed like a frail flower ?

“ There is our elm,” said she, lightly. “ Mrs. Ross and I regard it as our own ; we have sketched it so often.”

They had emerged from the conservatory into a small square room, which was practically a continuation of the drawing-room, but which was decorated in pale blue and silver, and filled with a lot of knick-knacks that showed it was doubtless Mrs. Ross's boudoir. And out there, in the clear June sunshine, lay the broad greensward behind Prince's Gate, with the one splendid elm spreading his broad branches into the blue sky, and throwing a soft shadow on the corner of the gardens next to the house. How sweet and still it was ! as still as the calm clear light in this girl's eyes. There was no passion there, and no trouble ; only the light of a June day, and of blue skies, and a peaceful soul. She rested the tips of her fingers on a small rosewood table that stood by the window : surely, if a spirit ever lived in any table, the wood of this table must have thrilled to its core.

And had he given all this trouble to this perfect creature merely that he should look at a tree ?—and was he to say some ordinary thing about an ordinary elm to tell her how grateful he was ?

“ It is like a dream to me,” he said, honestly enough, “ since I came to London. You seem always to have sunlight and plenty of fine trees and hothouse flowers. But I suppose you have winter, like the rest of us ? ”

"Or we should very soon tire of all this, beautiful as it is," said she, and she looked rather wistfully out on the broad still gardens. "For my part, I should very soon tire of it. I should think there was more excitement in the wild storms and the dark nights of the north. There must be a strange fascination in the short winter days among the mountains, and the long winter nights by the side of the Atlantic."

He looked at her. That fierce fascination he knew something of: how had she guessed at it? And as for her talking as if she herself would gladly brave these storms—was it for a foam-bell to brave a storm? was it for a rose-leaf to meet the driving rains of Ben-an-Sloich?

"Shall we go back, now?" said she; and as she turned to lead the way he could not fail to remark how shapely her neck was, for her rich golden-brown hair was loosely gathered up behind.

But just at this moment Mrs. Ross made her appearance.

"Come," said she, "we shall have a chat all to ourselves; and you will tell me, Sir Keith, what you have seen since you came to London, and what has struck you most. And you must stay with us, Gertrude; perhaps Sir Keith will be so kind as to freeze your blood with another horrible story about the Highlanders—I am only a poor southerner and had to get up my legends from books—but this wicked girl, Sir Keith, delights as much in stories of bloodshed as a schoolboy does."

"You will not believe her," said Miss White, in that low-toned gravely sincere voice of hers, while a faint shell-like pink suffused her face. "It was only that we were talking of the Highlands, because we understood you were coming; and Mrs. Ross was trying to make out"—and here a spice of proud mischief came into the ordinarily calm eyes—"she was trying to make out that you must be a very terrible and dangerous person, who would probably murder us all if we were not civil to you."

"Well, you know, Sir Keith," said Mrs. Ross, apologetically, "you acknowledge yourself that you Macleods were a very dreadful lot of people at one time. What a shame it was to track the poor fellow over the snow, and then deliberately to put brushwood in front of the cave, and then suffocate whole two hundred persons at once!"

"Oh, yes, no doubt," said he, "but the Macdonalds were asked first to give up the men that had bound the Macleods hand and

foot and set them adrift in the boat; and they would not do it. And if the Macdonalds had got the Macleods into a cave, they would have suffocated them too. The Macdonalds began it."

"Oh, no, no, no!" protested Mrs. Ross, "I can remember better than that. What were the Macleods about on the island at all when they had to be sent off, tied hand and foot, in their boats?"

"And what is the difference between tying a man hand and foot and putting him out in the Atlantic, and suffocating him in a cave? It was only by an accident that the wind drifted them over to Skye."

"I shall begin to fear that you have some of the old blood in you," said Mrs. Ross, with a smile, "if you try to excuse one of the cruellest things ever heard of."

"I do not excuse it at all," said he, simply. "It was very bad—very cruel. But perhaps the Macleods were not so much worse than others. It was not a Macleod at all, it was a Gordon—and she a woman, too—that killed the chief of the Mackintoshes after she had received him as a friend. 'Put your head down on the table,' said she to the chief, 'in token of your submission to the Earl of Huntly.' And no sooner had he bowed his neck, than she whipped out a knife and cut his head off. That was a Gordon; not a Macleod. And I do not think the Macleods were so much worse than their neighbours, after all."

"Oh, how can you say that?" exclaimed his persecutor. "Who was ever guilty of such an act of treachery as setting fire to the barn at Dunvegan? Macdonald and his men get driven on to Skye by the bad weather; they beg for shelter from their old enemy; Macleod professes to be very great friends with them, and Macdonald is to sleep in the castle, while his men have a barn prepared for them. You know very well, Sir Keith, that if Macdonald had remained that night in Dunvegan Castle he would have been murdered; and if the Macleod girl had not given a word of warning to her sweetheart the men in the barn would have been burnt to death. I think if I were a Macdonald I should be proud of that scene—the Macdonalds marching down to their boats with their pipes playing, while the barn was all in a blaze, fired by their treacherous enemies. Oh, Sir Keith, I hope there are no Macleods of that sort alive now!"

"There are not, Mrs. Ross," said he gravely. "They were all killed by the Macdonalds, I suppose."

"I do believe," said she, "that it was a Macleod who built a stone tower on a lonely island, and imprisoned his wife there"——

"Miss White," the young man said, modestly, "will not you help me? Am I to be made responsible for all the evil doings of my ancestors?"

"It is really not fair, Mrs. Ross," said she; and the sound of this voice pleading for him went to his heart: it was not as the voice of other women.

"I only meant to punish you," said Mrs. Ross, "for having traversed the indictment—I don't know whether that is the proper phrase, or what it means, but it sounds well. You first acknowledged that the Macleods were by far the most savage of the people living up there, and then you tried to make out that the poor creatures whom they harried were as cruel as themselves."

"What is cruel now was not cruel then," he said; "it was a way of fighting; it was what is called an ambush now—enticing your enemy, and then taking him at a disadvantage. And if you did not do that to him he would do it to you. And when a man is mad with anger or revenge, what does he care for anything?"

"I thought we were all sheep now?" said she.

"Do you know the story of the man who was flogged by Maclean of Lochbuy—that is, in Mull," said he, not heeding her remark. "You do not know that old story?"

They did not; and he proceeded to tell it, in a grave and simple fashion which was sufficiently impressive. For he was talking to these two friends now in the most unembarrassed way; and he had, besides, the chief gift of a born narrator—an utter forgetfulness of himself. His eyes rested quite naturally on their eyes as he told his tale. But first of all, he spoke of the exceeding loyalty of the Highland folk to the head of their clan. Did they know that other story of how Maclean of Duart tried to capture the young heir of the house of Lochbuy, and how the boy was rescued and carried away by his nurse? And when, arrived at man's estate, he returned to revenge himself on those who had betrayed him, among them was the husband of the nurse. The young chief would have spared the life of this man, for the old woman's sake. "*Let the tail go with the hide,*" said she, and he was slain with the rest. And then the narrator went on to the story of the flogging. He told them how Maclean of Lochbuy was out after the deer

one day; and his wife, with her child, had come out to see the shooting. They were driving the deer; and at a particular pass a man was stationed so that, should the deer come that way, he should turn them back. The deer came to this pass; the man failed to turn them; the chief was mad with rage. He gave orders that the man's back should be bared, and that he should be flogged before all the people.

"Very well," continued Macleod. "It was done. But it is not safe to do anything like that to a Highlander; at least it was not safe to do anything like that to a Highlander in those days; for, as I told you, Mrs. Ross, we are all like sheep now. Then they went after the deer again; but at one moment the man that had been flogged seized Maclean's child from the nurse, and ran with it across the mountain-side, till he reached a place overhanging the sea. And he held out the child over the sea; and it was no use that Maclean begged on his knees for forgiveness. Even the passion of loyalty was lost now in the fierceness of revenge. This was what the man said—that unless Maclean had his back bared there and then before all the people, and flogged as he had been flogged, then the child should be dashed into the sea below. There was nothing to be done but that—no prayers, no offers, no appeals from the mother were of any use. And so it was that Maclean of Lochbuy was flogged there, before his own people; and his enemy above looking on. And then? When it was over, the man called aloud, 'Revenged! Revenged!' and sprang into the air with the child along with him; and neither of them was ever seen again after they had sunk into the sea. It is an old story."

An old story, doubtless, and often told; but its effect on this girl sitting beside him was strange. Her clasped hands trembled; her eyes were glazed and fascinated as if by some spell. Mrs. Ross, noticing this extreme tension of feeling, and fearing it, hastily rose.

"Come, Gertrude," she said, taking the girl by the hand, "we shall be frightened to death by these stories. Come and sing us a song—a French song, all about tears, and fountains, and bits of ribbon—or we shall be seeing the ghosts of murdered Highlanders coming in here in the daytime."

Macleod, not knowing what he had done, but conscious that something had occurred, followed them into the drawing-room, and retired into a sofa while Miss White sat down to the open piano. He hoped he had not

offended her. He would not frighten her again with any ghastly stories from the wild northern seas.

And what was this French song that she was about to sing? The pale slender fingers were wandering over the keys; and there was a sound—faint and clear and musical—as of the rippling of distant summer seas. And sometimes the sounds came nearer; and now he fancied he recognised some old familiar strain; and he thought of his cousin Janet somehow; and of summer days down by the blue waters of the Atlantic. A French song? Surely if this air, that seemed to come nearer and nearer, was blown from any earthly land, it had come from the valleys of Lochiel and Ardgour and from the still shores of Arisaig and Moidart? Oh, yes; it was a very pretty French song that she had chosen to please Mrs. Ross with.

“A wee bird came to our ha’ door,”

—this was what she sang; and though, to tell the truth, she had not much of a voice, it was exquisitely trained, and she sang with a tenderness and expression such as he, at least, had never heard before—

“He warbled sweet and clearly;
An’ aye the o’ercome o’ his sang
Was ‘Wae’s me for Prince Charlie!’

Oh! when I heard the bonnie, bonnie bird,
The tears cam’ drappin rarely;
I took my bonnet off my head,
For well I lo’ed Prince Charlie.”

It could not have entered into his imagination to believe that such pathos could exist apart from the actual sorrow of the world. The instrument before her seemed to speak; and the low, joint cry was one of infinite grief and longing and love.

“Quoth I, ‘My bird, my bonnie, bonnie bird,
Is that a sang ye borrow?
Are these some words ye’ve learnt by heart
Or a lilt o’ dool an’ sorrow?’

‘Oh, no, no, no!’ the wee bird sang,
‘I’ve flown sin’ mornin’ early;
But sic a day o’ wind and rain—
Oh, wae’s me for Prince Charlie!’”

Mrs. Ross glanced archly at him when she discovered what sort of French song it was that Miss White had chosen; but he paid no heed. His only thought was—“*If only the mother and Janet could hear this strange singing!*”

When she had ended, Mrs. Ross came over to him and said—

“That is a great compliment to you.”

And he answered, simply—

“I have never heard any singing like that.”

Then young Mr. Ogilvie—whose existence,

by the way, he had entirely and most ungratefully forgotten—came up to the piano; and began to talk in a very pleasant and amusing fashion to Miss White. She was turning over the leaves of the book before her; and Macleod grew angry with this idle interference. Why should this lily-fingered jackanapes—whom a man could wind round a reel and throw out of window—disturb the rapt devotion of this beautiful Saint Cecilia?

She struck a firmer chord; the bystanders withdrew a bit; and of a sudden it seemed to him that all the spirit of all the clans was ringing in the proud fervour of this fragile girl’s voice. Whence had she got this fierce Jacobite passion that thrilled him to the very finger-tips?

“I’ll to Lochiel, and Appin, and kneel to them,
Down by Lord Murray and Roy of Kildarlie;
Brave Mackintosh, he shall fly to the field wi’ them;
These are the lads I can trust wi’ my Charlie!”

Could any man fail to answer? Could any man die otherwise than gladly if he died with such an appeal ringing in his ears? Macleod did not know there was scarcely any more volume in this girl’s voice now than when she was singing the plaintive wail that preceded it: it seemed to him that there was the strength of the tread of armies in it; and a challenge that could rouse a nation.

“Down through the Lowlands, down wi’ the Whigamore!
Loyal true Highlanders, down wi’ them rarely!
Ronald and Donald, drive on wi’ the broad claymore
Over the necks of the foes of Prince Charlie!
Follow thee! Follow thee! Wha wadna follow thee,
King o’ the Highland hearts, bonnie Prince Charlie!”

She shut the book, with a light laugh, and left the piano. She came over to where Macleod sat. When he saw that she meant to speak to him, he rose, and stood before her.

“I must ask your pardon,” said she, smiling, “for singing two Scotch songs; for I know the pronunciation is very difficult.”

He answered with no idle compliment—

“If *Tearlach ban og*, as they used to call him, were alive now,” said he—and indeed there was never any Stuart of them all, not even the Fair Young Charles himself, who looked more handsome than this same Macleod of Dare who now stood before her—“you would get him more men to follow him than any flag or standard he ever raised.”

She cast her eyes down.

Mrs. Ross’s guests began to leave.

“Gertrude,” said she, “will you drive with me for half an hour?—the carriage is at the door. And I know the gentlemen want to have a cigar in the shade of Kensington Gardens: they might come back and have a cup of tea with us.”

But Miss White had some engagement; she and her father left together; and the young men followed them almost directly—Mrs. Ross saying that she would be most pleased to see Sir Keith Macleod any Tuesday or Thursday afternoon he happened to be passing, as she was always at home on these days.

“I don't think we can do better than take her advice about the cigar,” said young Ogilvie, as they crossed to Kensington Gardens. “What do you think of her?”

“Of Mrs. Ross?”

“Yes.”

“Oh, I think she is a very pleasant woman.”

“Yes, but——” said Mr. Ogilvie, “how did she strike you? Do you think she is as fascinating as some men think her?”

“I don't know what men think about her,” said Macleod. “It never occurred to me to ask whether a married woman was fascinating or not. I thought she was a friendly woman—talkative, amusing, clever enough.”

They lit their cigars in the cool shadow of the great elms: who does not know how beautiful Kensington Gardens are in June? And yet Macleod did not seem disposed to be garrulous about these new experiences of his; he was absorbed, and mostly silent.

“That is an extraordinary fancy she has taken for Gertrude White,” Mr. Ogilvie remarked.

“Why extraordinary?” the other asked, with sudden interest.

“Oh, well, it is unusual, you know; but she is a nice girl enough, and Mrs. Ross is fond of odd folks. You didn't speak to old White?—his head is a sort of British Museum of antiquities; but he is of some use to these people—he is such a swell about old armour, and china, and such things. They say he

wants to be sent out to dig for Dido's funeral pyre at Carthage, and that he is only waiting to get the trinkets made at Birmingham.”

They walked on a bit in silence.

“I think you made a good impression on Mrs. Ross,” said Mr. Ogilvie, coolly. “You'll find her an uncommonly useful woman, if she takes a fancy to you; for she knows everybody and goes everywhere, though her own house is too small to let her entertain properly. By the way, Macleod, I don't think you could have hit on a worse fellow than I to take you about; for I am so little in London that I have become a rank outsider. But I'll tell you what I'll do for you if you will go with me to-night to Lord Beauregard's who is an old friend of mine. I will ask him to introduce you to some people—and his wife gives very good dances—and if any Royal or Imperial swell comes to town you'll be sure to run against him there. I forget who it is they are receiving there to-night; but anyhow you'll meet two or three of the fat duchesses whom Dizzy adores; and I shouldn't wonder if that Irish girl were there—the new beauty: Lady Beauregard is very clever at picking people up.”

“Will Miss White be there?” Macleod asked, apparently deeply engaged in probing the end of his cigar.

His companion looked up in surprise: then a new fancy seemed to occur to him; and he smiled very slightly.

“Well, no,” said he slowly, “I don't think she will. In fact, I am almost sure she will be at the Piccadilly Theatre. If you like, we will give up Lady Beauregard, and after dinner go to the Piccadilly Theatre instead. How will that do?”

“I think that will do very well,” said Macleod.

ROBERT BUCHANAN, D.D.

DR. BUCHANAN died in March, 1875, after having been for more than forty years in the forefront of those ecclesiastical battles which have altered the face of Scotland. One cannot begin to write about such a man without remembering the warning Horace gave to his friend who was writing the history of the civil wars of Rome:—

“Arma
Nondum expiatis uncta cruoribus
Tractas, et incedis per ignes
Suppositos cineri doloso.”

If these wars are not raging so fiercely as once, Christian love has not yet laid the weapons away; and even in walking warily over these ashes there is risk of stirring fires by no means extinct. Our difficulty is the greater that the biography of Dr. Buchanan recently issued is confessedly a polemical work. Still, let us try to pick out from it, and to glean from other sources, some materials for a picture of the distinguished man who has passed away—a picture that should be rather painted with the warm colours of

the heart than etched with the steel, bright enough but cold and very sharp, of recent polemics.

Dr. Buchanan's figure, so long familiar in Glasgow and the Church courts of Scotland, was a striking one—tall, erect, handsome, elastic, with a face in which much dignity did not hide the ready smile of good-will. He was emphatically a Churchman, "a statesman among divines;" and it may be said of him in that character, without offence to any one, that his great judgment and tact, his mastery of broad principles and minute details, the manifest honesty and depth of his convictions, giving uniform elevation to his public conduct, and his remarkable courtesy, set him high among the ecclesiastics even of Scotland, a country rich in such men. But he was something more than a Churchman, and better. There have been great ecclesiastics whom it is not very wholesome to get too near—the man being found to be something less than the ecclesiastic. Dr. Buchanan was not of these: in his case the Churchman was great, but the man was greater.

There is no autobiography or like material to give us insight into the first springs of his high character and public usefulness. He seems to leap on the arena about 1835, full-grown and armed. But there were thirty-two years of his life before that; and if too little is known of these years, still the little we are able to glean is suggestive. The home out of which he came was a model of order and comfort, bright with Christian cheerfulness, and distinguished for hospitality. The circumstances of his father, a farmer and brewer at St. Ninian's, near Stirling, were such that he was not pinched in his school and college course; and to both parents he owed what money cannot buy. The father is described to us by a survivor who knew him well as "a man of superior intelligence and Christian principle, a thorough gentleman, and possessed of extensive information." His mother was a person of very devoted piety, and had set her heart on it that one of her eight sons should study for the ministry; but to her great disappointment the four oldest chose mercantile pursuits. She prayed over the matter often and fervently; and at length her sixth son, Robert, early distinguished by his superior scholarship, was induced to go to the university. After a year or two of study, Robert began to shrink from the serious responsibility of the minister's office, and was disposed to become a lawyer. His mother,

however, reasoned with him and prayed for him, and the desire of her heart was granted at last. When his parents removed to Glasgow in 1837, their son was already a man of mark in the Church and in the city. It is good for us to discover this, and to think of that good old lady's prayers and counsels in the light of the Home in which so many mothers, since Monica and before her, have met their sons, where there are no differences causing pain, where the imperishable fruits of a good conscience and a pure heart multiply in the sun of the Saviour's face.

In January, 1827, Mr. Buchanan entered on the charge of Gargunock, a parish in Stirlingshire. Three years later he was removed to Salton, in Midlothian. In 1833 he became minister of the Tron parish in Glasgow, and remained a minister in that city for forty-two years. He was somewhat of an athlete, and there is a tradition of his once swimming the Forth at Gargunock to bring over a boat from the farther side—a tradition which those can well believe who have read his "Clerical Furlough," or who have seen him, when over sixty-five years of age, erect and bright in his place as teller at the close of an Assembly debate long after midnight, when younger men were limp and yawning. This vigorous habit of body, preserved by temperance and plenty of exercise, was of no small account to the end of life. He was an early riser, too, getting through a large amount of work before breakfast. At Salton he enjoyed a special opportunity. One of his predecessors in that parish was no less a person than Bishop Burnet, who bequeathed his library for the use of the minister and five pounds a year to add to the stock; and to the eager use he made of this opportunity may be traced both the wide general scholarship and the thorough acquaintance with Church history which stood the Buchanan of later days in so good stead. His remarkable faculty of storing all his information, however minute, in order ready for instant use on any occasion, began thus early to attract the notice of his friends. At the same time he was as busy outside his study as in it: he visited assiduously, organized parish machinery, and set up Sunday schools, taught by himself. So that the man who went to Glasgow in 1833, having then just entered on his thirty-second year, went with a head well furnished, with habits of hard working formed, and with a character fairly earned both for ability and earnestness.

The minister of the Tron at once took that place which he held with always increasing honour for so many years as a public-spirited citizen, unwearied in seeking the highest good of the people, both rich and poor. One of his earliest appearances on the platform was in speaking to the following motion:—

“That the population of Scotland has, within the last century, more than doubled in amount, while the national religious and ecclesiastical establishment has been allowed to remain nearly stationary;” and “that the fact, which does not admit of contradiction, that in this city and suburbs alone there are

not fewer than 40,000 persons, of an age to attend public worship, who are living in entire estrangement from the Gospel, in a state of practical heathenism, painfully demonstrates the danger of leaving entirely to private benevolence to supply the poor and working classes with moral and religious instruction.”

The ten years' conflict, of which he has written the history, was at this time beginning, and he was in the thick of it all through; but, notwithstanding all the demands made by it on brain and nerve, he did not allow himself to be diverted from his chief work—the spiritual care of his parish. His memory is kept fresh, as we



happen to know, in the hearts of some now far away from Glasgow, by the fact that, after returning late from a fatiguing day's work in Edinburgh just before the disruption, he would not go home till he had visited one of his elders on his death-bed. An interesting example, too, of how his tact and his zeal went hand in hand, is still remembered by some who were then working with him. A meeting was held with a view to increasing Sunday schools in the Tron parish, at which it was proposed to enlist the aid of ladies. To this proposal noisy objection was beginning to be made, when Dr. Buchanan adroitly

got the discussion turned into another channel, and next Sabbath settled the question by a sermon on “Phœbe our sister.”

The splendid enthusiasm with which, fifteen years later, he carried forward to success a large missionary work in the Wynds, had its origin in the hold taken on his heart thus early by the miserable condition of thousands of his parishioners; and it is simply true, as it is certainly instructive and pleasant, to say that all the stern and manly fighting before the disruption was but an episode subordinate to the cherished purpose of his life. Indeed, those things around which the

struggle afterwards gathered were originally things about which good men were heartily agreed. The fight seemed to be, and really was at first, against common enemies—ignorance, vice, and irreligion—and Dr. Buchanan threw himself heart and soul into efforts to promote education and to relieve the alarming spiritual destitution of the masses. The motto on the city arms, "Let Glasgow flourish by the preaching of the word," was always on his lips. His own parish, a parallelogram clean cut out of the heart of Glasgow, having the Clyde on the south and the roaring tide of traffic on the north, contained in its centre the narrowest and vilest slums, called "wynds," through which a stranger would not care to walk without the company of a policeman, but in which the minister was always safe, as a known friend. Often have we seen his stately figure emerge from closes in the Saltmarket and Trongate, rarely entered by the respectable portion of the population. While doing fully the work needed for his large congregation and performing yeoman's service in behalf of the new church he had done so much to form, he was also making attempts to work in these "wynds"; his heart was in them, and whenever the conflict was over he turned eagerly to hard resolute labour there of a sort which those only undertake who have large hearts and supreme convictions. So early as November of 1843 he opened his first school in the Bridgegate; and there he worked steadily for seven years, until he had succeeded in gathering around the Lord's table more than a hundred persons, carefully examined by himself, to whom the very name of the Saviour had been lately unknown. Only then, when he had demonstrated the power of Christian influences to raise up the most degraded, did he blow the trumpet and call his fellow-citizens of all denominations to a levy *en masse* against the portentous spread of ignorance and vice; and in no other part of his career were his great wisdom and the single-eyed nobility of his character more conspicuous. If popular applause, if the large interests of churchmanship, if the delights of literature, if even a large measure of success in the ordinary work of a Christian minister, could have satisfied the ambition of his heart, Dr. Buchanan had all these; but he chose to toil on in patient and irksome attempts to solve the problem whether education and the Gospel could restore the lapsed masses of a great city, and could impart to the worst men and women that self-respect and that

hope of immortality which form the common heritage of every Christian. And his reward was in proportion to his self-denying toil. In 1850 he began to speak, trumpet-tongued, to his fellow-citizens about the great social problem. The man whose most prominent feature was calm dignity, took the public by surprise with bursts of passionate enthusiasm in speeches and printed appeals. Large funds were gathered; churches and schools were planted in the most needy districts; and a quarter of a century ago the young men of Glasgow University might find, as more than one did find, impulses of the best kind by going to the top of the High Street, where Norman Macleod was filling the Barony Church with audiences of working men in their every-day moleskins, or down into the heart of the "wynds," where a new church and an eager congregation of publicans and sinners proved the thoroughness of Robert Buchanan's philanthropy. The following words in his "Second Appeal" reveal to us the secret of what we have ventured to call his splendid enthusiasm:—

"I did my best to sustain the shock of cold water which, when I went forth to solicit subscriptions, was discharged in pailfuls upon me, and to remove the wet blankets which, one after another, were thrown upon the scheme. At one time, indeed, I did feel so chilled and disheartened that I would almost have been tempted to abandon the enterprise in despair, had it not been for a short sentence which I met with in the Bible, and which struck on my ear with all the force and solemnity of a message from God. I had been thinking of that striking passage in the book of Proverbs—'If thou forbear to deliver them that are drawn unto death, and those that are ready to be slain; if thou sayest, Behold, we knew it not; doth not He that pondereth the heart consider it? and He that keepeth thy soul, doth not He know it? and shall not He render to every man according to his works?' I had been thinking, I say, on these pregnant words—words so terribly descriptive of the condition, spiritually considered, of the sunken and degraded masses of our city population, so suggestive of the worthless excuses which men make for their own selfish apathy in the midst of such evils, and so full of warning and withering rebuke to those by whom these hollow excuses are pleaded. Wishing to see the connection in which the passage stands, I turned up the place and found, immediately preceding it, this pungent saying, 'If thou faint in the day of adversity, thy strength is small.' Why should I, or any one, expect that a work so great is, to be accomplished without a struggle? Nothing really important to mankind was ever achieved save at the expense both of trials and of toil. From that moment I became blind to difficulties, and deaf to opposition."

Going forward in this spirit, Dr. Buchanan lived to see four large churches, with about five thousand members in them, sprung from the handful of corn sown in the "wynds." The remorseless plough of the railway has been run over the site of the original church, and

the population of the district has been reduced to a fifth of what it was ; but these sheaves remain, feeding many, and shedding multitudinous seed.

To show how this enthusiasm remained fresh and strong to the last, we may quote a sentence from a private letter, written in October of 1871 :

“ For myself, I have been ruminating over a movement which has been gradually taking shape in my mind, and in which I hope to break ground within a few weeks. I want to set agoing a fresh work of church extension in this rapidly growing city. A good many things have been done of late to arrest attention on the moral and social evils which are gathering ominously on the ground floor of society around us. The time, as it seems to me, is favourable for making an effort to reach and remove at least some of these. The French Commune, the International League, the incessant conflicts between capital and labour, are awakening anxieties in even secular minds, while, on the other hand, the revelations which are being daily made of the drunken and degraded condition in which thousands are living and dying, are filling Christian hearts with deeper longings for such a deliverance for those wretched victims of vice and ignorance as the Gospel alone can bring. For this work we shall want a great deal of money and a great deal of self-denying labour ; and in order to do this we shall have special need of times of reviving from above.”

Many who knew the stately churchman might think him the last person in the world to be found in what is called a “ revival ” meeting ; yet no man took a more hearty and wise interest in those remarkable spiritual movements which from time to time sweep over the face of our larger populations. I have a lively recollection of an interview in 1860, for the purpose of giving him information about such a movement in a part of the country with which I happened to be connected, and of the mingling of dexterity and devoutness that appeared in his questions. And in March of 1874, just a year before his death, having occasion to write me about a matter not of public interest, he thus referred at the close of his letter to the religious excitement pervading Glasgow at that time : “ I really have not time to write anything sufficiently detailed on the subject of the great work of grace going on in this city. It is very real, and is penetrating deep into society, and taking hold of many in all classes, high and low.”

In other ways besides this highest way his zeal for the public good showed itself. It deserves to be known that the idea of Penny Savings Banks, as distinguished from those in which the lowest deposit was a shilling, originated with Dr. Buchanan in 1850. He was a member of the University

Council and of the School Board, his services in both being unusually full and acceptable to men of all classes. The following highly characteristic note from Norman Macleod, written in 1864, with reference to a presentation of four thousand guineas, which Dr. Buchanan had received, will indicate the esteem in which he was held by the best of those who differed from him on points of ecclesiastical polity :—

“ When I met you in the street on Monday, I was ignorant of the noble and generous gift which had been presented to you, or I would certainly have expressed my sympathy with you on such an occasion. No man deserves better of your Church than you. The old establishment made you, and others of a like stamp ; and it will bother either Free or U. P. to produce anything better.”

Both friends, alas ! have gone from us. Their funerals were the most striking spectacles of the kind Glasgow has witnessed in the memory of the living, and thousands of the same persons, poor as well as rich, mourned at both.

Under Dr. Buchanan's stately manner, there beat a very true and warm heart. He took deep personal interest in young men, and put himself to much trouble to promote their welfare, doing all in a most quiet, unobtrusive, kindly way. Friends found in him a wise and trusty counsellor in every matter of difficulty ; and he not only gave them the benefit of his sagacity and experience, but helped them to the utmost of his power with rare delicacy and genuine good will. It is too early yet for much to be known of what he was in the sacred circle of home ; of how, without effort, he enlisted the full sympathy of all about him there in his public work ; of how passionately he was loved and honoured in return for the strong love he gave.

Deep, genuine, growing piety was the mainspring of Dr. Buchanan's life ; and, because it was genuine and grew, it brought with it, as the years went on, intenser zeal and widening sympathies. For ten out of the last twelve years of his life, his energies were bent towards promoting union among the non-established Presbyterian Churches of Scotland. We who heard him will not soon forget the profound sadness with which, when he had to announce that negotiations for that end must be indefinitely suspended, he said, “ I have lived too long when I have lived to see this day.”

Dr. Buchanan was fond of the sea, and enjoyed three or four yachting tours of considerable length. When men were talking of

his death, one sailor said to another, "He was a good and true man that, sir." "But what do you know about him?" was the rejoinder. "Well, I was on board the yacht in which he spent his holidays one summer. It was often my watch on deck about the time they were turning into their berths. I could not help seeing sometimes what was going on in Dr. Buchanan's berth, as I stood right over his skylight. There was something in his praying that struck me. Come what might, in fair weather or foul, he was always the same then. His religion was a reality. Ah! he was a true man that, sir: no mistake."

His last work was at Rome. He went to do duty for three months in the Presbyterian Church there, and had for his companion in the work a venerable minister of the Church of Scotland. It is refreshing to mark the pleasure, often spoken of in his last letters, which this fellowship between those whom the storms of 1843 had divided gave to him who was so near to heaven—pleasure doubtless shared by Dr. Monro. Storms have their purposes to serve, and this generation will have to encounter even more dangerous storms than those which vexed the generation

just passing away; but all the true servants of Jesus Christ are glad to anticipate even in this life the time of rest and calm.

At Rome he died, after a few days' ailment, mercifully spared any nearer apprehension of the end than his piety made habitual, and praying to the last. He had his wife and two daughters at his bedside for their ordinary family worship the night before; prayed fervently for all his children and grandchildren; and, remembering that it was a night when his congregation would be gathered in Glasgow, prayed also for them and for his colleague. When the sun came into his chamber next morning, he was found to have fallen calmly asleep.

It is affecting to discover, from the last letter he wrote, that he was looking forward to this year, 1877, when he would have completed his fiftieth year of service as a minister, and contemplating retirement from public work then. Broken threads! we cry; but it is only that they seem to us to be broken. The "web of life" is never marred for those who serve God with a single heart as Robert Buchanan served him, however weak their powers or short their days in comparison with his.

ALEX. MACLEOD SYMINGTON.

GOD'S OFFER TO THE SOUL.

BY A. W. THOROLD, D.D., LORD BISHOP OF ROCHESTER.

"Ask what I shall give thee."—1 KINGS iii. 5.

A KING'S word to a king. Also a father's word to his child. Of course it might have been the other way, and sometimes is, reasonably and acceptably. Not a few hearts this new year, penetrated to the very core with an unspeakable sense of God's faithfulness and tenderness, are wondering what they have to give Him, that He would care for; love Him so gratefully and trustfully, that they know, if He took them at their utmost word, in asking of them their most cherished treasure, He would make the joy of surrendering it an ample reward. But it is not so here. It is God who asks and offers; man who thinks and answers. Because He loves us He offers to bless us; in proportion as we value His love, shall we be at the pains to reply. What shall we reply?

For what He was to Solomon He is to us; and what He said to Solomon He says to us. And the question is, Do we care, and do we believe? Some care so little, and have God so seldom in their thoughts, that He is felt

in their daily life, and recognised in the plan of it, less than the winter's sun at the region of the Pole. Many who care, still do not believe that there is much use in waiting upon Him, just because they never do it. For faith, like most things, comes by believing, as love by loving, and thought by thinking; and to be possessed by a holy consciousness of God, will not come to us merely through a feeble wish to be near Him; it is wrought in us by the efforts of years. Pascal says somewhere, that the dignity of man is in thinking. Let us test our dignity by the quality of our thinking about the year in front of us. There are various ways of welcoming a new year. Some not very lofty or reasonable. Ours shall be this: we will meet God on our knees.

What do we most want of God now? This is a question which no doubt takes certain things for granted, such as the existence of God, and that He can be known and reached by us, and that the chief quality of His character

is fatherliness, and that in some way or other (of course it is a mystery) His will is moved by prayer. But when millions of reasonable men and women have been finding something to be good and true for them for many years past, it is right for them resolutely to persevere in it to the end; and only when Christian people discover by experience that there is no use in prayer, are they likely to be persuaded that it is folly.

And surely the first thing we may reasonably and becomingly ask of God for this new year (homely and even earthly as it may sound) is *temporal blessing*, measured and chosen by Him. When Jesus taught His disciples to say, "Give us this day our daily bread," He justified the practice, because He recognised the principle, of asking for the things that touch this life; while the limitations which He imposed are the Divine corrective of worldliness. "What man is there of you, whom if his son ask bread, will he give him a stone?" When we ask God for bread, because He has so made us that we want it, and He becomes thereby directly responsible for our wanting it, He will not give us a stone, thereby making Himself worse than a human parent, but He will enable us to procure it for ourselves in the best way. Surely it is a dishonest as well as a mawkish spirituality that holds prayer to be marred or stained by its temporal elements; and while it wrongs God by its ignorance of Him, it robs man of his rightful privilege of going with boldness to the throne of grace in every time and with every sort of need. Not, however, for the world's prizes, nor for sudden leaps of fortune, nor for the slippery heights of power, nor for immunity from trouble, nor to be spared from the blessed and healthful necessity of exerting himself, will a good or wise man ever care to ask, but for precious health, without which duty is a weariness, life a struggle, opportunity a disappointment; and for that seasonable and appropriate occupation, in which we may exercise our gifts, win our standing, rear our children, enjoy our friends, eat our bread, and leave a good name behind us. "Your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things;" and because He knows it He will not be displeased at our asking Him. But we must ask, and quietly leave the issue with Him, careful only that no listlessness, or helplessness, or rashness, or blundering of ours hinder His purpose and balk our worship.

Perhaps the second gift to ask from God is the habit of a *simple, manly, uncomplaining trust* in Him, which appreciates His pro-

mises, trusts His character, accepts His Providence, and knows His love. Let us confess that things do not always go, even with the best Christians, as either they or their friends could desire. Their door has sometimes to open to the angel of death. Mildew spoils their harvest, and disease smites their cattle; their wealth makes itself wings and flees away; on sick beds they toss uneasily; or, with a heart dumb with sadness, they stand by an open grave. Yet these men and women prayed with all their hearts to One who helped them to pray; heard and loved them in their praying. Though their hearts fainted within them, still they prayed on; for not to pray would be to seem to lose God; and if they lose Him, they lose all.

Yet long before Christ came to make affliction the true prosperity of His people, Job could say, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him;" and the lesson to be learned by all of us is this, that we are not to judge of God's love to us, or purpose for us, by the outward features of our life, so much as by His personal dealing with our spirits. Our life is not in circumstances, and our true greatness is to show our independence of them, by using and interpreting and mastering them as they come. All things happen equally to all men alike; because God has a lesson to teach us of their indifference before Him. What we call bad, falls to the good; what we call good, falls to the bad. Philip Bliss, who has written hymns that vibrate through the hearts of millions, perished in a railway accident; the foul apostle of Mormonism dies tranquilly in his bed. But what comes out of them makes the real difference between one man and another; and the secret of the difference is the faith or unbelief, the obedience or the rebelliousness, in which he encounters them. St. Paul's prayer did not prevent St. Paul's shipwreck; but the shipwreck gave him a grand opportunity for confessing God and edifying men; and all things work together for good, to those who, loving God, meet Him in them, and glorify Him by them. Let us, therefore, go on into the darkness of this opening year, knowing that if He is for us, it matters not who is against us; and that manifold as may be the changes, sad the partings, sharp the disappointments, and painful the trials before us, faith will give us peace, and hope nobleness, and love joy; and God His own fulness, and life our schooling for immortality, and death our summons home. Shall we ask, next, for a *bright, calm, manly patience* with the small worries, the stupid blunders, the petulant fretfulnesses, the silly misrepresenta-

tions, and even the bitter attacks which, to many of us, will sour the sweetness of the dawning year? Some of us will be plodding wearily on a dusty and treeless road, with the savage glare of the sun beating right down on us; while others, just a little languid, will be moving softly through hawthorn copses, to the song of sleepy nightingales. Yet we need not stop to ask which we like best, the only question being, Which of them is ordered? Still when these things do come, blistering us (for gnat bites fester on men as well as on children), and flushing the heart with a sense of keen injustice, let us refuse to complain, let us be slow in our explanations to those who might be incapable of understanding them; let a dignified silence be our meek protection; to go on in our duty, the wisest answer we can reply. He who permits them, knows why He permits them; we who suffer them, may be sure that there is a discipline behind them, if we meet and use them in the right way. If they come for doing our duty, they are truly honourable; if on account of our not doing it, they may help it to be done. Which is just what we want.

Then, may God give us *the happy art of avoiding mistakes*; for which there will always be light enough, if we will but consent to walk in it: suffering it to shine into us, as well as to fall on us. Here some will ask, and very reasonably, Is there then really any royal, or, if you please, Divine way of avoiding mistakes, and insuring an absolute wisdom in human affairs, and to be insured by what you call walking in the light? For if so, judging from past as well as present experience, no one has ever yet been able to discover it for himself or to indicate it to his neighbours. The Light of the World has been supremely alone, both in His claim and in His success, among all men, both before and after Him; the one cry has been for the light; the one effort, to see it; the one struggle, to keep it; the one failure, never to get all that they desired. Now let us be quite honest here, both as to what we wish for, and cannot have; as to what we ask, and ought to have; as to what we get, and the use we should make of it; as to when we get it, and what brings it to us. What we should all like is, never to make a mistake; but God will never perform what He has never promised. Our mistakes are sometimes, in the end, the best thing that could have happened to us. However they turn out at last, they discipline character and they compel dependence. A man who has ceased to make mistakes, has probably

lost the courage to be useful; and there is an ignoble prudence that deserves the contempt of God. It is true, most assuredly, that when we ask for wisdom, and ask properly, it must be given us, for God is faithful who hath promised. But we do not always either get or discern the gift immediately; various channels, and divers agencies, and at long intervals, may bring it. Yet God is behind them all, working through and beneath them. Suppose we lose the main road, and for a while turn off by a bye-path—there may be some flower to cull, or some landscape to see, we should have missed otherwise—what does it matter if we get back into the path at last? Indeed, our greatest mercies are often heralded by the gravest disasters. The panic of an irreparable mistake almost crushed us; we saw no way of escape from a blunder into which we seemed to have been pushed in answer to fervent prayer. But wait, and things will turn, and in the end your fancied error may prove the wisest thing you ever did in your life. A good conscience as to motive, a childlike will as to purpose, a devout heart as to affection, help to make the light in which Christ walked with His Father, in which He would have us walk with Him, ever trying to do such things as please Him. And while there is no escaping the conclusion, that sometimes in this world mistakes earn a worse punishment than crimes, so impossible is it to escape the result of them or to repair the hurt of them, when the curtain rises that shuts out the secret of the Divine government from our mortal gaze, our mistakes may be seen to have been our education for immortality.

So let us ask, ever ask for light, knowing that it will be somehow given to us, sincerely intending to walk in it, as and when it is given. God has wisdom and counsel and direction for all of us; but that by itself is no good to us—there must be readiness in us to be guided by His eye. For any one the first thing every morning to pray God to give him a right judgment in all things, and then to go about his business, never recollecting God, nor controlling himself, nor resisting temptation, nor remembering that he has been made his brother's keeper, is to mock God with insincere petition, and to cheat himself with an empty and hollow sound.

But we want something more than light, even *love*. If wisdom is one of our needs, friendship is another; the wisdom and the friendship of God. To have as the one hallowing thought in our mind, "Christ is my friend; how shall I keep and enjoy and deepen this

friendship?"—as the one ruling principle in our conduct, "Christ is my Master, and how can I best please Him and serve Him here below?"—as the one supreme consolation in our disappointments, "Who shall separate me from the love of Christ?"—as the one final hope of our being, when activities diminish and vigour ebbs, and friends die and skies darken, "Whom have I in heaven but Thee, and there is none upon earth that I desire in comparison of Thee." This is the holy aim of us all, it may also be the blessed experience of us all; since He who died for every man offers Himself to every man; and still He says, "Behold, I stand at the door and knock; if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with Me." What dignity, what rest, what calmness, what power come from the thought of the friendship of Christ! There is, of course, a sense in which we must deserve it, though the fact that we are permitted and have been enabled to deserve it, is a miracle of grace. "Ye are my friends," said Christ, "if ye do whatsoever I command you." But to go into this new year with a sense of possessing this friendship, and with the faculty of enjoying it, and with the power of returning it, this, which is certainly more than angels can share with redeemed humanity, is a prayer we may well put up to our Incarnate Head.

Once more: out of our prayer to receive and enjoy and return His friendship, another will follow—that we may confess Him and resemble Him, and be in some faint yet real degree representative of Him to men, so that when they see and hear us they may see and hear Him. *Be Christ to us*—this is sometimes the bitter, but often the sincere demand, of the world to the Church. And we can be Christ to men only in two ways: by character, and by truth. Character involves self-knowledge, and the victory over the faults which such knowledge discloses, and then the irresistible and unceasing influence which a consistent life ever wins over mankind. Self-knowledge is very rare, and feeble natures shrink from it; and as we grow older, instead of widening, it diminishes, through a fatal self-love, which, like a quilt of eiderdown, keeps off the bracing air of outside criticism, and sends us to dream sweet dreams of our own goodness, from which some rough day we are very sternly roused. But the voice of man is often the voice of God; and if to our shock of pained surprise presently succeeds the sorrow of a stirred conscience, to know our faults shall be to hate them, and

to hate them shall be to fight them; and to fight them shall be to conquer them: and the life with least sin has most power.

But with a dread of sin join a love of truth—the truth which Jesus Himself claims to be, and in which He lives and moves now in the glory of the Father, and of which His life and His person and His word are the reflection to us.

All the truth, and not only our tiny portion of it; the truth, even when held by a foe, for a moment, out of logic with himself; the truth, even when it hits us hard, and reveals some big crack in our own system, and compels us to reconsider what long ago we had laid on an upper shelf, as if it was settled for ever; the truth, as that which is the real instrument for the regeneration of the world. But the truth in love—not with hard blows and roughnesses and clever efforts to trip up those on the other side, and hurt them in falling, thereby feeding in us the perilous vanity of being the easy winners, so much as with humility and tact and fairness to disarm them of prejudice, and to meet them on their own ground, when it is also common ground, and to lead them on by a way they know not, yet with a skill of grace they cannot resist, into light you have and they have not, given to you only to be shared with them. None are so capable of usefulness as those who know the truth; none so ready for it as those who feel responsible for a great inheritance; none so useful with it as those who know how to answer every man with attic salt and bright kindness; none so fruitful out of it as those who can love and wait, and think and pray.

It was when Solomon had offered sacrifice to God, that God came to Him with this word, "Ask what I shall give thee." Prayer comes by praying, and receiving by using; and the more we get the more we are able to get, and if we use what we get, the breadth and depth and height of the soul grow. To be filled is one thing; to have much to fill is another. A child's drinking cup, and the depths of the Atlantic may both brim over; but we know which holds most; and even God cannot give more than we can take.

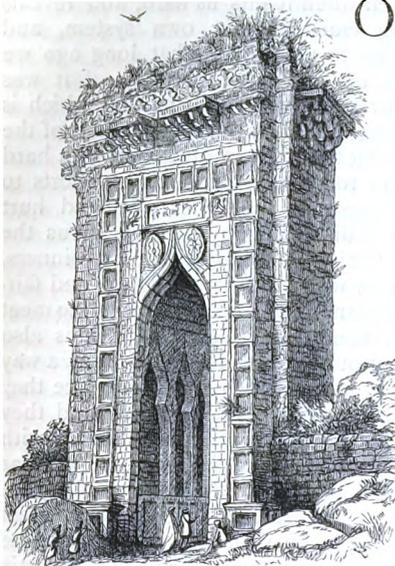
For, there is no exhausting the grace of God, nor tiring of His willingness to bless. What most grieves Him is to doubt Him. He is able to give us all, "much more than these." However much our power of prayer may increase, His power of giving will keep up with it; for the open mouths of His children the storehouses of the Father are ever filled to the door.

What we want to see is, how much God has for us; and to do is, to get it; and to mend is, our laziness in asking for it; and to overcome is, our strange dumbness in the presence of our King. There are many lessons we cannot learn—there is not time for

them; but the publican in the temple had leisure to pray; and the first thing we have to learn to do this year—more humbly, more cheerfully, more gratefully, more trustfully than ever—is, to begin to say, "Lord, show us the Father."

THE HILL FORTS OF THE DECCAN.

By FRANCIS GELL, M.A., CHAPLAIN OF ST. JOHN'S, CHICHESTER.



Great Gate, Raigurh.

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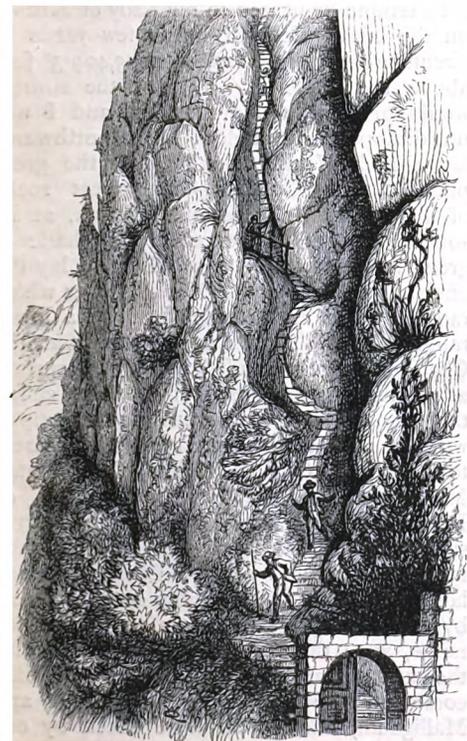
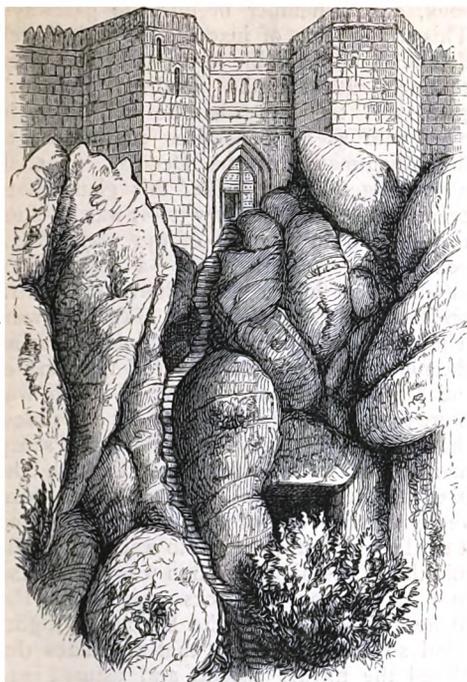
what they became—the terror of all India; the cradle of his nation; the basis of his conquests; the steps to his ambition, his home and his joy. I do not hesitate to say, that apart from Sivaji no man can understand the history of Western India, more especially of its earlier and nobler passages. For the Mahrattas had little nationality before the genius and energies of the great spirit consolidated them for a while; and no one can study that time, as well as it deserves to be studied by those to whom India belongs, without the aid of that vivid realisation of historic scenes which is afforded alone by some personal acquaintance with these great fortresses, and with the rugged districts amid which they stand.

It may be considered a somewhat remarkable fact that no description of the forts of the Deccan has ever been written. Some materials for describing their present condition once existed in the Quartermaster General's office, in dusty and ant-eaten corners, but whether still extant I have no means of knowing.

These official lists had but one word, sometimes, as descriptive of their military condition, which as regards most of them was, "Deserted." Such a list was made out in 1849. It has the names of one hundred and forty forts in the limits of the Poona division of the army; but it is roughly calculated that the country included in the term "Maharashtra," from the Taptee to the Toombudra, contains no less than one thousand; though of this large number many would, I think, be found unworthy of an elaborate description.

It will soon be noticed by one who begins to examine these "castles in the air," that most of them bear close resemblance to each other. There is, on near inspection, found to be great diversity, both of situation and plan of fortification. Generally speaking, however, they are formed by nature exactly in the same way. On first approaching one of them, we observe the sloping hill-side, ribbed

the murdered or the murderers. But, amid the crowd of slaves and tyrants who tried in vain, for so many centuries, to rule India, the strong individuality of the great Sivaji Maharaj—the great Mahratta leader—stands out in sharp relief. Englishmen know but little of him, except as perpetrator of two or three astounding treacheries. But there remain indications enough to prove that Sivaji was a really great man. Nearer than any man of his day or country, he approached the lofty character of a patriot. The history of his life is a romance which only waits a Walter Scott to make it vie in interest with those of Bruce or Douglas. Sivaji was a man of forts. Born in a fort, dying in a fort, he was, mentally and physically, formed to make the most of them. We can fancy the wiry little man, with his eagle eye and eagle beak, weighing only ten stone, but with disproportionately long arms; a climber by nature, and full of lofty love of high places. The forts were made by him



with great horizontal bands of rock, about the same thickness and general distance from each other; steeper and steeper it rises to a summit, capped by a mass of hard rock, which is scarped by nature, and varying in height from forty to four hundred feet. On the topmost edge of this scarp, walls are built, as frequently weakening as strengthening the natural fortification; and at certain accessible places, where perhaps a spur leads up from the plain, massive gates are constructed. Within the area, on an undulating table-land, we find the store-houses and residences of the garrison, or their ruins; and often, rising several hundred feet higher still, is an elevation called the Bala Kila, or Upper Fort, generally fortified with additional strength, as the last resort of the beleaguered garrison.*

The natural history of these forts, which are scattered over that vast slice of India called the Deccan, is everywhere the same. The whole Deccan is geologically of one formation. From Agra to Goa, and eastward nearly to Orissa, there is a monotonous similarity, the whole of the country being covered with the same kind of rocks. They are all volcanic, and containing the same ingredients in every variety of combination, chiefly augite, porphyry, basalt, laterite, tuff, and trap; the mineralogical limits of these terms being still, I believe, undecided by the geologists. It would appear, that a long series of overwhelming waves of lava, issuing slowly or rapidly from many eruptive centres, poured themselves at uncertain intervals over this whole country. In these successive layers of molten matter all trace of organic structure has been destroyed: some of them deposited above, perhaps others under the waters; some giving off their gases rapidly and cooling into the loose stratum of trap, others cooling more slowly, and hardening as they cooled into the compact basalt; some crystallizing into porphyry, as may be seen so curiously at Poorundhur, others built up into the rude sub-columnar structure which is characteristic of most of the scarps on which the forts are built; in others again a large admixture of oxide of iron reddens the stratum into what is called "laterite"—a word sufficiently descriptive of the results (as from "later" a tile, not from "latus-eris" a side, as indicating its position). I have

* Only from a balloon could a sketch be made of the ascent to the Bala Kila, or Upper Fort of Raj-gurh; but some idea may be formed of it by piling up, one on the top of the other, the sketches in the other column, and supplying the intervals by steep-stepped rock-work, up which the climber toils, till at last the great gateway at the summit rises suddenly before him.

often mistaken, for tiles of pottery, bits of this stratum, baked in the mighty kilns of the pre-adamite world. This stratum it is which, when comminuted into fine red dust, makes Mahableshwur such an expensive place for the ladies. These various strata being deposited, were thenceforward subjected to the gentle violence of the air and water, assisted by successive heat and cold; a process of denudation commenced, which is still slowly proceeding (for nature, like society, is gradually levelling); and streams cut through the softer strata, undermined the harder—cleaving their way, and letting down “by the run” great blocks of indurated basalt from above; which when ground to powder by degrees, and mixed with other materials, became the black cotton soil of the plains below. Whenever any cause had hardened a particular portion of the strata, that part resisted the disintegrating process, an isolated block of the upper stratum remained, which required little from the hand of man to become an almost inaccessible fortress. Thus when man began to crawl and quarrel on the surface of this fair earth, he found these strange islands in a sea of hills, which gave him security from his brother man, and from the wild beasts of early times; he cut steps up the scarps, climbed to their summits, and was safe; and it is highly probable, that ever since the first dispersion of our race, these forts have been places of the greatest importance to the security of the inhabitants.

Sometimes they rise amid the level plains (e.g., Narrayenghur, eight miles from Jooneer, which may be seen from Singhur), but more frequently they run in chains like the series of forts built by Sivaji, on the caps of a line of hills running from Tataowra, near the Salpee Ghaut, nearly to Panalla, by which that part of the great valley of the Kistna is defended; or like that still more remarkable line of forts which crown the range of mountains dividing the Deccan from Khandeish and the Gungatherra, or Vale of the Godavery, from that of the Taptee. These hills, called the Chandor range, are from six hundred to eleven hundred feet above the plain; rising again above which is a series of abrupt precipices of from eighty to one hundred feet high, so wonderfully scarped that only the great number of them—more than is necessary for the defence of the country—prevents one, at first sight, from supposing them the work of the chisel. Almost all are supplied with good water on their summits, and possess little more of fortification than a flight of steps cut on or through the solid

rock, and a number of intricate gateways. This strange line of inaccessible and, if well defended, impregnable forts, stand like giant sentinels athwart the northern invader's path, and tell him what he will have to meet with as he penetrates southwards to the Ghautmatha of the Deccan. I shall never forget the *coup-d'œil* this giant chain presented when I first saw it—it was at sunrise—and from the top of the very loftiest peak in all Western India—a point seven hundred feet higher than Shortrede's Cairn on the upper platform at Mahableshwur. The name of this peak is Kulsubae. During the night before, I had mounted this king of the Deccan hills, the ascent of which was more than usually precipitous. At one place, the only possible advance, where the scarp had to be surmounted, was through the branches of a sturdy little tree, which conveniently grew out of the cleft, and formed a ticklish sort of staircase to walk up in the middle of the night. When we reached the foot of the knot of rocks which form the highest bit of earth in the Deccan, a night-wind so chilly struck us that my guides declined the further ascent, and assured me there was nothing whatever on the top, which we, being so close under the rock, could not see. Scrambling up, I found a little temple dedicated to my Lady of Kulsu, on the bit of platform, only a few yards in circumference, at a height of 5,409'3 feet above the sea-level. I knew the sunrise would give me a fine prospect, and I was not disappointed. Below, to the northward, lay a ruck of hills, sinking into the great plain of the Godavery—the great rocks of Trimbuck, Unjinere, and Hursch, at its source, distinctly observable. A shade of green in the far plain showed where lay the ancient and holy city of Nassick, over which ran the Dheir and Ramsej forts on a lower range of hills. Above and beyond that, the Chandor range extended like a vast curtain across the horizon—each of the forts, called the Supta Sring, or Seven Horns, tipped with sunlit gold: beginning at the nearest to the Syhadri Ghauts; Achla; then Jumta; Markundeh; Rowleh-Jowleh; Dosumb, or Dorass; the celebrated Rajheir, and Irdrye, successively lifting their peaks against the morning sky; and beyond Chandor, which lay in a hollow, just hidden from my view by two forts projecting from the Kulsubae range, were the well-known twin forts with the curious name of “Unkye-Tunkye,” which command the road between Nuggur and Malligaum, and which were taken by our

troops under Lieutenant-Colonel McDowall, on the 30th March, 1818.

On the Kulsuabae range itself was another series of strongholds, beginning near the Ghauts with Aurung-Koorung, Muddunghur, Bitunghur, and the better-known forts of Ounda-Putta, and Arr. To the south, the eye ranged over dense jungles; and rising from out of it, along the line of mountains, were several more forts, chiefest of which is the peerless Hurrichunderghur. Beyond, to the south and west, lay the Konkun resting on which, like a great stranded ark, lay the fortress of Mowlee. Further to the south the Matheran range was dimly visible, like islands floating on a sea of wavelike hills.

But it is not necessary to go far from Poona to see perhaps the most interesting fort of the Deccan. Its bastions and scarp may be observed on a clear day just rising over the north-west spur of our own Poona fort, "Singhur;" and perhaps many persons who look at it are unaware that it is a fort at all. When I first visited it there was no one but myself in Poona who had passed a night within its venerable walls; yet it is within an easy ride of Poona (only some twenty-five miles), and on its farther slope, out of which springs the source of the Neera River, is, I am told, one of the finest tiger-jungles in this country-side. It is the fort of Torna, or, as Sivaji tried to rename it, Prutchundghur. It does not belong to us, and the valley in which it rises like a grand monarch is not British territory. The Punt Suchoo of Bhoore, the last relic of the Brahmin sovereignty, is still nominally its master.

Torna has been well called "the cradle of Maharashtra," and for this reason. In 1646, Sivaji, being only then a well-born lad of nineteen, formed the bold design of obtaining possession of this lofty stronghold; and from thence casting off the yoke of the Great Mogul, and resisting all the power of Delhi. He did gain possession of the fort, and thence dated his independence. There he declared he dug up vast treasures, when repairing the fortifications, said to have been buried at a remote period, and revealed to him in a vision, but more probably amassed by himself and his friends Yessaji Kunk and Tannaji Maloossee, in dacoitee expeditions into the Konkun. With this he commenced a life-long struggle with the crumbling Mahomedan Raj—a struggle with which, notwithstanding the bloody treacheries which stained it, it is impossible not to sympathize.

From long before his time this fort had doubtless been the seat of rule over the sur-

rounding mawuls, or valleys. It is considerably higher than Singhur, possesses a good supply of water, and has sufficient area within its walls for a garrison of three thousand men.

The mountain on which this fort is built sweeps majestically up from the valley of the Kannind on its north to a towering summit, where, hanging far above, its towers and battlements may be descried from below. The path, by a long and tedious spur, becomes narrower as it rises, till at last it consists of steps merely, the size of the foot, cut in the shelving rock—perfectly safe to those whose nerves are not affected by a precipice above and a gorge below. Passing up some steep steps the main gate is entered—a fine old piece of masonry in the Mahomedan style. Inside is a kutcheri and umbrella-khana, several tanks, and many ruins. Besides the Delhi gate, at which we entered there is a Konkuni durwarza, or gate leading towards the Konkun, on the south-west angle; and, jutting out from the east face, at a lower level, as may be seen from hence, the Dzoondzermal, a long fortified point of rock; and to the south another spur, also fortified, on which stands the Boudla; and the machi, or dependent village.

As the setting sun cast clearer shadows the vast landscape visible from the summit became more and more interesting. Southward, across the jungles, lay the great deep wall of the Syhadri range, which here forms an inlet, as it were, into the Deccan. Beyond this, visible over the nine-mile level back of the Rareshwar mountain, was to be seen the yellow thatch of Mount Malcolm at Mahableschwur; and beyond, to the right, Mukramghur and Myputghur, so well known to Mahableschwur visitors. More to the westward, the great mass of Raighur, the most regal of all the forts, lifted its head above the edge of the Deccan, from the scarp of which, and nearer, rose the black pillar of Lingnaghur. These forts I had not then visited, and saw with delight for the first time. Far away the sea gleamed in the last rays of the sun, while the surpassing interest of the panorama was completed by turning my glass to the northward, where a tiny upright line of grey could just be descried, which I well knew to be the spire of our own St. Mary's church. I never remember a more peculiar sight than that I saw the next morning, when daylight opened upon a vast sheet of tossed and slowly moving mist, rolling up from Konkun like an angry sea, breaking into a thousand waves of

cloud, then leaping slowly over the edge of the mountain on to the Deccan, and rolling down each valley at my feet like cold white lava, each flake soon gilded, and then dissolved by the rising sun.

When Sivaji had gained Torna and set out on his stormy and adventurous race for independence, his eye soon lit upon a black mass of the same height as Torna, three miles to the eastward of it—the Mountain of Morbudh. This, as his dangers thickened, he scaled, and commenced to fortify with unusual care, labour, and success. He called it, proudly enough, Rajghur. It is perhaps the most inaccessible fort in the Deccan, and its construction gained for its builder from Aurungzebe the bitter epithet of “that mountain rat.” Few, indeed, nowadays of our countrymen visit it, and of these few, fewer still care to scale its bala-kila, long Sivaji’s favourite hiding-place, and a curiosity in its way. During the troubles of 1857 Mr. Rose went up, and threw over an old gun or two that remained, and which might have tempted some one to fix on this wild crag, so full of historic associations, as a haunt, from whence dislodgment, while provisions lasted, was almost impossible. When the lower forts are gained (they are on three great spurs, at a level of about four thousand three hundred feet, reached only by goat-paths from the jungle), there rises above them a perpendicular rock, crowned with towers, several hundred feet higher, with no semblance of an accessible slope at any point. A path leads along the steep eastern side to a doorway, guarded by towers, and here commences the most extraordinary ascent one can imagine, and which I recommend to the notice of the curious in such matters. First a few steps towards the crack or crevice in the black basalt, which runs up the junction of the half-crystallized block. In this niche—for it is scarcely more—is cut a rock-ladder. There is at one place a little assistance from a slight wooden bridge and balustrade; but at last, for a short way, this, the only way by which the top was ever reached, becomes a climb of toes and fingers, clutching hold of little places not visible till the hand naturally finds them in ascending; the scarp so steep, that, on looking down, one could see a map of the valleys far below stretched out between one’s knees. Then come more steps, and at the top, at last, appears a fine carved gateway of handsome masonry, flanked by octagonal towers, and communicating by a wall with other towers, round the top of this strange triangular block

which constitutes the bala-kila of Sivaji. This craggy loft, for fifteen years of constant, and generally successful warfare, was the principal residence of the Maharaja—*i.e.* from 1647 to 1663. His kucheri still stands, and I slept in the teak-pillared hall, now very indifferently thatched, where sharp justice was administered by the great robber chieftain, and under which were buried vast treasures, the sack of Surat and the plunder of convoys. Here had been concealed gold in bars, sycee from China, and dollars of all coinages; English money, too, from the factories, Dutch, French, and Moorish; khiluts, valuables, arms, ivory, and gems; “gold and barbaric pearls.”

Rajghur has been sometimes confounded with Raieghur, a very different place, and which merits some description, though strictly speaking it is not a Deccan but a Konkun fort. Its history is briefly this:—

When Sivaji began to rise into almost imperial power, Rajghur became too small for his enormous retinue, and in 1662-63 he selected a mountain called formerly Rairee, situated on the edge of the Ghauts, not far from Rajghur. This mountain is like a great wedge split from the Deccan, and standing off from it, leaving a deep gully a mile or two across. On its flat summit—a mile and a half in length, and half a mile broad, being well supplied with water—the great offices of state were erected; and on the death of his father, here Sivaji was crowned, from hence he issued his coinage, and here he died in 1680. Raieghur was soon afterwards taken by the Moguls. Sivaji’s son’s wife and her son Shao were captured in it. The celebrated sword “Bhowanee,” and that also which Sivaji had taken from Afzool Khan, were conveyed thence to Aurungzebe, who long after restored them again to the heir of his ancient foe. They are now in our possession at Sattara. When I visited the neighbourhood of Raieghur and examined the fort, besides many fine ruins, I only observed the enclosure and temple of Mahadeo still standing, which rises near the tomb of the great Mahratta; and as a religious, if no longer a political standard, the bugwa-junda (a swallow-tailed pennant of a tawny colour), Sivaji’s emblem as well as Mahadeo’s, still waves above the seat of his rock-built royalty. The fort has only one entrance, and is everywhere else surrounded with a precipice a thousand feet in almost perpendicular descent, which renders any wall or fortification superfluous. The gates and offices were built by Abbaji Sonedeo, and

all the pageantry of royal state was once enacted on that now desolate rock !

Near it on the ghaut-edge is a very curious fort. It is called the Lingana, from its resemblance to the obscene symbol of Shiva worship. It was built in 1649—50 by Sivaji, at the same time as Tola, Gossala, and another Rairee in the Konkun, to secure his hold upon the Konkun jaghires or estates which he had then conquered. I had often seen from a distance this singular fort, which is a vast pillar of basalt on the very edge of the mountain. So starting from Poona one morning, I took luncheon on the top of Surghur, and descending early in the afternoon to meet my horse on the west side, pursued a narrow path through the valley and crossed the Pabek Khiind, the peaks of which may be seen from Poona, over the near hills a little to the right of Torna. Descending on the other side into the bed of the Valwand, I passed up the valley to the westward, leaving Torna on my left, till I arrived by sundown at the little village of Geonda, prettily situated on the hillside. The path being no longer passable for a beast, I with some difficulty secured the services of two stout Mahars as guides, and set out for as wild and beautiful a midnight walk as I ever took. The path lay along the side of the mountain, and rose gradually up its side till tall ferns began to mark the altitude, and the air grew cooler as we emerged at last on the summit, when I found it was a narrow ridge more miles long than are shown by the chart ; and we wound in and out, up and down, the crest of the hill rising and falling like a wave, till nearing the Konkun edge of the ghaut we struck off the hill and entered a deep and shady forest on its western declivity. At length, after five hours' hard walking, we reached a little village embosomed in the trees, from whence, across a wide and wooded chasm of unseen depth, the black column of basalt of the fort could be dimly seen not far off in the moonlight. It appeared, however, that near as it stood there was no way of approaching it except by a bad footpath down into the Konkun, and then passing round to the other side of the fort. By dawn next morning we were descending the deep jungly chasm towards a rock-cut path, called by courtesy the Asanallee Ghaut.

As daylight broke we were amid rushing streams and sheer precipices of stupendous depth and great beauty ; while hanging above us, on the top of a black scarp, toppling smooth and perpendicular, was the inaccessible haunt of robbers of which I was in search. As we descended into the Konkun, the great mountain of Raighur, close opposite, darkened our path through a Konkun forest to the little village of Baneer, at the foot of the Lingana. The patel, or head man, had never been into the fort—no one ever had since it had been dismantled ! However, pushing up the hill, after a fatiguing tug we reach the base of the works, passing the ruins of one or two chowdries by the way. I then discovered that this fort had never had even a rock ladder, and that the only means of entrance within the walls had been by a bamboo ladder, long since destroyed, which was triced up and let down at the pleasure of the inmates. If I understood aright, there had also been, in remote times, a bridge of some kind connecting the basalt column with the Deccan, across the deep chasm which lay between ; but that, too, had been broken away by some unromantic invader, with no sympathy for even such interesting thieves as harboured in this rude fort, which I could see into but could not enter. Descending therefore again into the Konkun, I had to reascend the Deccan by another of Sivaji's wild paths, called the Nishnee Ghaut, part of which consists of notches cut in the trunk of an old tree placed nearly upright against the rocks, where the upper overhang the lower, like the mountains which closed in the happy valley of Rasselas ; and the rest of the path consists of a rude sort of steps from stone to stone of a waterfall. I recommend this two days' expedition to any young officer desirous of obtaining an insight into the character of the country ; and if he will take a bamboo scaling-ladder with him he may do what I could not then do, and describe to us, with military precision, the details of the fortifications of Lingana Ghaur.

NOTE.—The sketch of the Rung Mahal, or Painted Palace of Sivaji Maharajah, which forms the full-page drawing, is made from the path leading up to the only gateway into the fortress. A deep gully or khud, stopped by a curtain of masonry, sinks between it and the wooded cliffs on which the ruins stand, and far behind the level plains of the Konkun may be seen stretching to the sea near Angria's Kolaba.



FOLK-LORE OF PALESTINE.

BY MRS. FINN.

DURING our long residence in the Holy Land we became acquainted with some of the tales and legends current among the natives.

The following specimens give a good idea of the style and subjects of these tales and fables.

CULTIVATE PATIENCE.

A great Emir had a beautiful gazelle, and a beautiful flower in a garden; but having a hasty temper, and one day seeing the gazelle nibbling off the aforesaid flower, he drew his sword and cut off its head. Now the gazelle was as dear to him as a little daughter, and when she lay dead at his feet he came to repentance for his rash act, and, grieving greatly for her sad fate, he prayed to the prophet to be entirely cured of his hot temper, and that he might never again do anything in haste. His prayer was granted.

Soon afterwards, being near a pool of water, he saw a man drowning; but the Emir, being now of an extremely phlegmatic disposition, was so slow, so deliberate in moving to help him that the poor man lost his life.

Then he saw a person's house in flames, but was equally indisposed to move till it was too late to extinguish the fire, and the house was burned down.

"Woe is me!" said the Emir. "I was better as I was before." So he prayed to have his old temper restored to him, but was answered by the prophet, "Patience is the proper virtue to cultivate. In making too much haste thou hast injured thyself; in making too little thou hast injured others. Cultivate, then, that patience which cometh from the All-Merciful. With patience even the quick tempered are able to do their duty towards Allâh and to their neighbours. Patience is truly profitable for all things."

He was then relieved of the cold, slow temperament which had become so hateful to him; and, having his original nature restored, he strove for that "patience which cometh from the All-Merciful," according to the saying—

"Toolet er-roohh min er Rahhmân :
Wa'l ajaleh min esh Shaitân."

"Patience cometh from the All Merciful :
Haste cometh from the Evil One."

THE STUPID SLAVE.

In a certain city a man had a negro slave so incorrigibly stupid that his master could not teach him to understand his duties.

Whenever he was ordered to prepare the table for dinner he would bring the iskemli (the little stool inlaid with tortoiseshell and mother-of-pearl used for the purpose), set the tray (suneeyeh) upon it, and do no more. For every single article wanted besides it was necessary to tell him, one by one, what to bring.

At length his master told him that whenever he should order him to bring any particular object, he was also to bring all that belonged to it at the same time.

Soon after the master was taken ill and sent the slave to fetch the doctor.

He went, but at the same time inquired of people what are the things that belong to, or are the accompaniments of, a doctor. They told him there must be medicines and surgical instruments, leeches and a barber for bleeding, and irons for branding; and, indeed, that sometimes the accompaniments of a doctor were a coffin, a bier, a tombstone, and a blind sheikh to recite Korân over the grave, and myrtle boughs to put on the top of the grave.

So he procured all these, and then went with the doctor to his master, followed by the barber and the men bearing the leeches, and the branding irons, and the charcoal burner with red-hot coals, and the coffin, the bier, the tombstone, the blind sheikh, and the myrtle boughs. "Behold, oh, my lord! the doctor whom thou desiredst, and with him all the suitable accompaniments, as thou hast commanded me always to bring with any object all that properly belongs to it."

THE FOX REVENGES HIMSELF ON THE HYÆNA.

A fox had a spite against a hyæna, and one day he went near a village dunghill, and picked up from it a large piece of paper scribbled over with writing, which some person regardless of piety* had cast out with the refuse of his house. The fox carried this paper in his mouth, and went about till he found the hyæna.

The latter asked him, "What is that? and where art thou going?"

Said the fox, "This is a firman granted to me by our lord the Sultan—may Allâh pro-

* Moslems will not allow paper with writing on it to be trodden under foot or otherwise desecrated, lest the Divine name should happen to be upon it. They will therefore pick up reverently even a small piece of paper that may have any writing or print upon it.

long his reign and make him victorious—and it entitles me to go into any town on any market-day, and take anything I please from any shop that I see. And now I am going to present it in all formality to *Effendeena*, 'our lord' the Pasha, in *Elkuds*" (Jerusalem).

"Oh!" said the hyæna, "thou father of Hassan" (a popular name for the fox), "wilt thou not take me with thee?"

He replied, "The firman only mentions myself, but I suppose I can make thee pass as my servant."

"Good!" said the hyæna, and they went both together, conversing about the nice things they were to eat in town. Thus the fox decoyed him towards the city till they reached the Bukaá (a plain near Jerusalem, on the south). Just as they came to the Kuss'r el Mahhdood (the ruined tower) they saw, as the fox had expected, a number of Bashi Bozuk (irregular cavalry) going out to Bethlehem to collect the taxes. The Aga in command and his men set to racing after the two animals. The fox, being extremely nimble, ran in and out among the legs of the horses and received no injury. The hyæna, being less active, got some wounds, and called out to the fox, "Why dost thou not show them the firman?"

"Oh," said he, "these stupid fellows cannot read,* and they are under too great excitement to listen to reason. Make the best of thy way and escape." So saying, the fox darted off alone, leaving the less nimble hyæna, who was soon killed. And thus the fox got his revenge.

THE FOX TURNED DURWEESH.

Once upon a time the fox found that people had become so thoroughly aware of his tricks that he could get nothing to eat. Folk took care of their poultry; and as for the partridges, they kept out of his way. So he was near starving. Then said he to himself, "There is nothing left for me but to turn durweesh" (saint).

So he went very early, before day-dawning, into the village of Bait Jala (near Bethlehem), and picked up here a bead, and there a bead, at the doors of the turners' shops, and when he had got enough he strung them up into a rosary, and hung them round his neck, and trotted along the road towards El Khaleel (Hebron; literally, *the friend*, i.e. Abraham, the friend of God). Now that he was furnished with his rosary, he was going, like other pious folk, to perform his devotions at

the grave of El Khaleel, upon whom be peace. This was the first stage of the pilgrimage to Mecca.

He was passing, just as the sun rose, near to Bethlehem, and he saw a cock with his hens and chickens about him while he was scratching up a breakfast for them. The fox gave him the salaâm. The cock returned it shyly. The fox told him he need no longer be afraid of him, for he now saw that he had hitherto led a very wicked life, and had reformed his ways, and was going to atone for his sins by a pilgrimage to Mecca. So saying, he pointed to the beads round his neck, and invited the cock to join him in his pilgrimage, for he too must have many sins to expiate. The cock confessed that he had; and, after some hesitation, bade his family good-bye, and joined him. They both went on together towards Mecca. Presently, when they got among the thickets, beyond Solomon's Pools, they saw a partridge running along. The partridge, greatly astonished at seeing the cock in such company, stopped to look at them. On this the fox called to her, "Be not astonished, my little sister. Praise be to the Merciful! My brother and I, the faker (the humble one), are repentant of all our past transgressions, and are now pilgrims on our way to Mecca, the honourable, which may the Most High preserve. Be pleased to join us, little sister; thou, too, must have some sins to atone for, who is there who has not ever done any wrong? Alas!" and the fox smote upon his breast, "would that I had no worse sins to atone for than thou, little sister; but El Hamdu' Lillah, I have repented and fasted; and now let us all go together in peace." The partridge admitted that she, too, had cause for repentance, and agreed to go to Mecca with the fox and the cock. The three went on chatting very pleasantly until they overtook a raven sitting on a rock by the roadside. The fox politely saluted the raven, wishing her a good-morning, for it was yet early. "Seest thou, my sister, the happiness of pleasant society with a good conscience? By the aid of the Compassionate we are on our way to El Khaleel, and thence to Mecca, whither all the faithful who enjoy the favour of the Almighty delight to repair, and obtain forgiveness of their past transgressions. Come, now, my sister, sit no longer thus sad and lonely, but ease thy conscience as we are doing; though far be it from me to say that thy sins are to be weighed in the balance with mine. Yet, come, share in our happiness, and let us all make the pilgrimage together."

* Bashi Bozuk soldiers are proverbially stupid.

The raven thought that a pilgrimage to Mecca would do her no harm. She said little in reply to the fox, but she joined him and his company. They got on very well for some hours. The fox being a great traveller, could tell the others many wonderful things and many clever stories; the cock and the partridge asked questions, and the raven went on quietly, listening to all and thinking. At last the fox, looking at the shortness of their shadows on the ground, said, "We must halt. It is noon, and I must say my prayers, as it is the duty of every good hajji to do. Here is a nice cave by the roadside. Do you all step in there; it is cool and shady. You may thus take rest and sleep, while I say my prayers outside and guard you from harm."

They followed his advice, for all had been up before the sun; they had long ago had their breakfast, and were quite ready for rest. The fox then piled stones against the mouth of the cave. He had as yet had no breakfast, and it was so far true when he told his companions that he was fasting. He said his prayers, making all the prostrations very correctly at the mouth of the cave. His companions watched admiringly for awhile from between the chinks of the stones.

"When did he learn it?" said the Cock.

As everybody knows, the cock is always too much taken up with himself to notice what other people are about.

"Do I know?" replied the partridge. "But *we* know that the fox always *was* the cleverest of beasts. My mother has told me so many a time."

The raven sat perched on a rock. She listened and said nothing. They, however, all soon fell asleep, being tired. At last, the fox called to the cock to come and say his prayers. The cock heard him at once, and immediately came out.

The fox pounced upon him. "Thou sinner, thou must die! Thou art not worthy to go to Mecca."

The poor cock cried, "True, my lord, we are all sinners, but are we not going to Mecca to put away our sins?"

"Thou hypocrite! Thou go to Mecca, and thou dost not even obey the laws of the Korân? Hast thou divorced thy wives? Say, how many didst thou leave behind at home? Did not I see them all around thee?"

The poor cock was obliged to confess that instead of the lawful number four, he had so many wives that he had never so much as counted them, and could not tell how many there were.

"And thou callest thyself a true believer. Thou must die!" said the fox, taking him by the throat. He had not even time to utter one cry before he was dead; and the fox ate him up.

He then called to the partridge to come and say her prayers before proceeding on the journey. She, being fast asleep, had heard nothing of all this, and came. The moment she appeared outside the cave he seized her, and said, "Know that thou art too great a sinner to be allowed to accompany such a durweesh as I to Mecca."

"Oh, my lord! what have I done?" cried the partridge.

"Thou, hardened sinner that thou art, didst thou never follow the farmer sowing his wheat in the field, and pick up the grain he had scattered?"

"True, oh my lord; but they were so few."

"Silence! dost not thou know that this was *stealing*—robbing a poor hard-working man of the bread to put into his children's mouths? Thou thief, thou must die!" And he ate her up.

There remained the raven, and the fox now called to her to come and say her prayers, opening a little passage for her to come out. But the raven, instead of sleeping, had lately been peeping through a chink between the stones, and had seen what passed with the partridge; and missing the cock, she guessed what had become of him. She cried out, "Oh, my lord, I confess that I am too great a sinner to live. I am not worthy to speak to one so holy as thou; far less to accompany thee to Mecca. I am ready to die, but let me only look once more at the glorious sun before I die. Let my lord just move a little bit that I may behold the sun this last time," and as she spoke she stretched out her neck as far as she could.

The fox moved aside a very little bit; the raven rushed past him, and, flying away, escaped.

She has been very much respected ever since, for she alone of all these creatures succeeded in outwitting the fox. But then she spoke little, and she was observant.



RELIGIOUS BELIEFS AND MODERN DIFFICULTIES: HELPS TO BUSY MEN.

I.—THE UNITY OF THE CHARACTER OF CHRIST, AS IT IS DEPICTED BY THE EVANGELISTS,
A PROOF OF ITS HISTORICAL REALITY.

LARGE numbers of persons who are engaged in the practical business of life complain that the form in which Christian evidences are usually placed before them is a very complicated one, and that it requires a considerable amount of special training in particular studies for its due appreciation. Consequently they are either compelled to pin their faith on the dicta of experts in these particular branches of study, or to go without any rational conviction, exposed to all the doubts which arise from the numerous objections which abound in the popular literature of the day. An illustration will best explain my meaning. Most persons who are in the habit of reading the current literature of the day have heard that it is strongly asserted by a number of learned men that the Gospels, instead of being narratives of facts, consist chiefly of a mass of myths and legends, united with a few grains of historic truth, which it is now very difficult to separate from the ideal creations in which they are incrustated. On a subject of such profound importance they require to have the means of forming an adequate judgment; but when they have recourse to our ordinary evidential treatises they refer them to a long chain of historical proof, of the cogency of which they feel themselves to be but very imperfect judges. One portion of this consists of a vast array of citations from the fathers, extending over the whole of the remaining literature of the three first centuries, for the purpose of proving that these fathers accepted our present Gospels as the writings of the persons whose names they bear, and by this means of carrying the date of their publication to within forty years of the termination of our Lord's ministry. To form an opinion of any value as to the worth of this historical evidence requires a special training in these studies. But the difficulty is still further increased owing to the citations of the fathers from the Gospels, especially those made prior to the year A.D. 180, being very inexact, very few of them being made in the *ipsisissima verba* of our Gospels. The ordinary layman, therefore, finds great difficulty in arriving at a definite conclusion when he is told that these quotations may have been made from other documents which

were not our Gospels, which are known to have existed in the early Church; and that the time was ample between A.D. 180, when they are first cited by name, and the close of our Lord's ministry, for the whole ground of the Church traditions to have been covered with masses of myths and legends which have obscured the true facts of our Lord's life. The educated layman therefore not unnaturally requires an easier, more direct and compendious method, whereby he may be able to form a rational judgment on a subject which involves the question, whether his faith is founded on historical facts, or has no other foundation than a set of baseless fictions.

I fully admit the justice of this demand. In fact, so deeply have I felt it, that a large portion of what I have written on this subject has had for its express purpose to supply this deficiency. I therefore intend in this paper to draw attention to one special branch of this kind of evidence, of which the entire amount is large, and which will, I think, be esteemed to be conclusive by that common sense of mankind which must form the ultimate court of appeal in all great questions of truth. Fortunately the subject which I am going to lay before you will not require us to travel beyond the pages of the four Gospels. I feel confident that, if you will peruse them with the eyes of common sense, you will find sufficient evidence for arriving at the conclusion that in all their main outlines they rest on a firm historical foundation, notwithstanding all the theories to the contrary of any number of men, however learned they may be.

What, I ask, is the first thing which must strike every reader of them? The answer to this is plain, that whatever may have been the sources from which these narratives have been derived, or the nature of their contents, they contain, in addition to their narrative matter, a delineation of a character pre-eminently great—that of Jesus Christ our Lord. This is a fact too patent to admit of denial, even by the most thorough-going unbeliever. There the character unquestionably is, no less palpable than the sun in the heavens when it clearly shines in the unclouded sky. But not only is this so, but

the evangelists present us with four delineations of this character, each the work of a differently constructed mind, and taken from a different point of view.

This shows the great advantage we possess in having four Gospels instead of one; for had there been one only we should have had but a single delineation of this character, but now we have four, each of which, while taken from a different point of view, presents us with a substantial unity of portraiture. The existence of this unity it will be needless for me to prove, for I feel assured that a careful perusal of the Gospels will convince you that the four delineations are portraitures of one and the same person, the diversity which they present not in the smallest degree interfering with its unity. This diversity, however, is of the utmost importance, because it proves that the unity is not the result of servile copying, but of an underlying reality. I must now point out the bearing which this unity of delineation has on the all-important question, whether the contents of the Gospels consist of a body of historic facts, or, according to the theories propounded by unbelievers, of bundles of myths and legends in which may be found a few grains of historic truth.

For this purpose I ask you carefully to observe of what the great character which is delineated in their pages consists; for according to the confession of the most eminent unbelievers, it is the greatest which has ever been conceived by man. Of what, then, is it composed? To this question there can be only one possible answer, viz., that it is the combined result of all the facts and discourses which make up our Gospels, which by being placed in juxtaposition in the pages of the evangelists, portray it in vivid reality before the mental eye of the reader. To him nothing can be clearer than that it is not made up by any artificial blending of the materials which compose the Gospels, but that it is the simple result of their having been placed together for purposes wholly foreign to the delineation of a character. I may even say that their authors, as far as such a purpose was concerned, have put them together at a kind of haphazard; yet out of materials so arranged has emerged the great portraiture of Jesus Christ our Lord—a portraiture so great and imposing that in contemplating it such sceptics as Mr. Mill feel a solemn awe which masters their spirits, and which has led him to express the strong opinion that its forgery by the followers of Jesus was im-

possible, because it was elevated high above the range of their intellectual and moral vision. It has forced on him the conviction that its great outlines must be historically real. Such, likewise, must be the conclusion of common sense; for to this all the phenomena before us point.

One more aspect of this character, as it stands forth in the pages of the Gospels, demands your careful consideration; for it proves that nothing was more remote from the intentions of their authors than the conscious creation of it by a set of artificial combinations. Most historians furnish us with characters of their heroes, elaborately depicted by their own pens; but the authors of the Gospels have not made one single attempt, great or small, to delineate the character of their Master. They set before us nothing but facts, and have scarcely a word of praise to say for Him, and but comparatively few censures for His enemies; yet it is there in matchless perfection, impressed on every portion of their contents, and has exerted a greater influence on mankind than all others united.

Further, the subject matter of which our Gospels consist, is made up of two different classes of occurrences which differ widely from each other; the one being a narrative of miraculous events, the other of discourses and ordinary ones. These, however, are so interwoven with one another that it is impossible to separate them without making nonsense of the remainder. Yet the attentive reader cannot fail to observe, that the Jesus of the miraculous narratives is precisely the same as the Jesus of the ordinary ones. The Jesus of the former displays the same marks of moral perfection as the Jesus of the latter. Both bear the same moral impress, and undoubtedly have impressed on them the stamp of the same die.

Such are the facts on which our argument will be founded. Happily they are so palpably impressed on the pages of the Gospels as to render a formal proof of them unnecessary, for the most ordinary reader cannot fail to recognise their presence. The question which I now propose to answer is, Do they justify us in drawing any certain conclusion as to the historical character of the documents which contain this most remarkable delineation?

The following position has all the self-evidence of an axiom:—This portraiture of Jesus must be either the delineation of an historical reality, copied from the life; or some kind of ideal creation, whether we call

it myth, legend, the result of tendencies, or a deliberate invention.

The assumption of the truth of the first of these alternatives affords a rational explanation of the whole of these phenomena of the Gospels to which I have drawn your attention. If the discourses and the actions which they attribute to Jesus are really his, they would naturally form, when put together in a simple narrative, such a delineation as that which we are now considering. Thus Boswell's "Life of Johnson" gives us a wonderfully vivid picture of the doctor's character. How is this effected? Not by the biographer giving us an artificial delineation of the character of the subject of his memoir, the creation of his own mind; but by setting before us an account of his actions taken from the life, of his sayings copied down shortly after their utterance, and of letters written by his own pen. The whole presents us with a kind of intuitive evidence that all the great outlines of the character of Dr. Johnson as exhibited in the pages of Boswell are historically real. The man who could affirm that the Johnson of Boswell is not an historical reality, but either an ideal creation of its author, or has resulted from his putting together a number of myths and legends, invented by a number of persons, without any mutual concert, is not to be reasoned with, but fit only to be consigned to Bedlam. There is, however, this difference between the Johnson of Boswell and the Jesus of the evangelists, which does not in the smallest degree affect the point at issue: that the latter is a delineation of a character which possesses absolute moral perfection, whereas the former, though possessing many virtues, is stained by no small number of most serious defects. The effect, however, is produced in precisely the same way, by a simple narrative of the words and actions of each in vivid historical reality; that of Boswell bearing far more indications of the art of the practised writer than that of the evangelists. Further, in the one case the delineation is the work of a single mind; in the other we have four portraits, which are the work of four independent authors. Yet these latter bear the impress of an unquestionable unity of character in the midst of considerable diversity of details, and of definite purpose on the part of each author in the composition of his memoir. By so much, therefore, is the evidence the stronger that the portraiture must be the truthful representation of the words and actions of a living person.

But as the Gospels evidently exist, it is incumbent on those who deny their historical character to propound some theory which can afford a rational account of their origin, on the supposition that they consist chiefly of bundles of myths, legends, and other ideal creations. This duty unbelievers have by no means endeavoured to evade. But it is very important that I should draw your attention to the fact that these theories have been propounded simply for the purpose of accounting for the origin of the miraculous narratives which they contain—which all unbelievers are unanimous in pronouncing to be fictions of some kind—and not for that of the portraiture which is depicted in their pages. Strange to say, it never seems to have occurred to the numerous learned men who have treated this subject, that there was an important phenomenon in the Gospels for the origin of which it was absolutely necessary to give a rational account before any theory of their fictitious origin can be accepted as true: viz., the portraiture of the Divine Christ, whose character each of the evangelists sets before us in vivid reality, and the unity which this fourfold portraiture presents; for it is clear that any theory which is unable to account for this, must perish under the weight of its inherent absurdity. Yet this the critics in question uniformly evade, and quietly assume that the only thing necessary to overthrow the historical character of the Gospels is, to propound a theory which will give a plausible account of the origin of their miraculous narratives, on the assumption that every miracle which is recorded in their pages is a baseless fiction. Yet it is evident that even if these theories afforded a plausible account of the origin of the miraculous stories (which they utterly fail to do), they leave the vital point wholly untouched. This, briefly stated, is: How has the portraiture of the Jesus of the evangelists, forming as it does an harmonious unity of conception, got into their pages, if their contents consist of bundles of myths, legends, and ideal creations? and secondly, If each Gospel consists of materials of this description, how has it come to pass that all the four present us with a portraiture of the same Jesus? These two questions urgently require answers; for if no rational account can be given of this phenomenon, it is evident that the Jesus of the evangelists must be the delineation of an historical reality.

The inadequacy of these theories to account for the facts before us will be rendered apparent by a brief statement of

their general character. The work to which unbelievers have set themselves would have been, comparatively speaking, an easy one, if it had been possible to assume that our four Gospels were the production of a single forger, or that their authors had before them the delineation of a Jesus who was the ideal creation of a single mind, which could have served as a model, and thus have enabled them to have infused a unity of conception into their materials. But this so utterly contradicts all the facts and phenomena which are conspicuous on their pages, that no unbeliever in these modern days has been found hardy enough to propound it as an adequate solution of the problem with which he has to grapple. If the miracles are fictions, it is certain that their inventors must have been numerous. Nor, again, has it been possible to assume that the Gospels have originated in a direct and palpable fraud. One benefit has resulted from past controversies, that from a position of this kind unbelief has been finally and hopelessly expelled. No one who has any literary reputation to lose will now hazard it in affirming this. The allegation that such was their origin is confined to the regions of ignorance.

These positions, then, being hopelessly untenable, those taken by modern unbelief, while they greatly vary in form, possess a common principle which underlies them, and may be briefly stated thus: The real historic Jesus was a very great man; but like other great men, a prey to many of the superstitions of the times. He may possibly have mistaken himself for the Messiah of the Old Testament predictions, but this is not certain. At any rate, he collected a band of followers, who believed in him under this character, who possessed an unlimited amount of credulity and enthusiasm. These considered that the Messiah ought to perform miracles; and whether Jesus professed to perform them or not, they credited him with considerable numbers; and then, in the height of their enthusiasm and credulity, they mistook such ideal creations for realities. His death for a time put an end to their Messianic hopes; but they fancied that they saw him alive after his crucifixion, and mistook a vision of their own imagination for a resurrection. On this as a basis they proceeded to reconstruct the Church. Time rolled on, and one enthusiastic and credulous disciple after another took to inventing miracles which they fondly attributed to Jesus; and succeeded in persuading themselves and others

that their master had actually performed them. Thus the entire atmosphere of the primitive Society of Christians became charged with the supernatural, until the true account of his life was gradually obscured by a mass of legendary matter of this description. This process went on during the whole of the first century of our era, and the mass of fictitious narratives grew larger and larger. These were handed down in the Church in a form partly oral and partly written. At length its requirements rendered it absolutely necessary that these legendary accounts of its Founder's life should be set forth in a more complete and regular form. Accordingly, it occurred to three unknown writers, somewhere between A.D. 90 and A.D. 120, out of such written documents as came to their hands, and a mass of floating legends, to compose our three first Gospels; the fourth being the work of a deliberate forger, who, at a later period, personated one of the original apostles of Jesus, and composed a Gospel, which was little better than a creation of his own imagination, for the purpose of imparting to certain dogmatic views of his own the authority of his Master's name.

Such, in general terms, but with great variety of detail, is the theory which modern unbelief propounds as affording a rational account of the origin of our Gospels, and as the one alternative to their historical character. Subordinate theories, such as that of tendencies, which means that certain portions of them have been fabricated to support the views of different parties in the Church, have been summoned in aid; but every theory is compelled to assume that a large portion of their contents are of mythic or legendary origin. All other theories, therefore, as far as the present argument is concerned, may be safely disregarded.

We have seen that the assumption that the Gospels are in the main truthful accounts of actual occurrences is an adequate account of the origin of the portraiture of our Lord which they contain. But the theories which have been propounded by the various schools of unbelieving critics, as affording a rational account of their origin, ask us to accept as facts a set of suppositions which are in the highest degree contradictory to our reason. According to these views, this portraiture, the greatest creation of the human mind, must have originated thus. Three unknown persons, between A.D. 90 and A.D. 120, made a selection out of the vast mass of legendary matters, which had been gradually accumulating in the Church,

during a period of from sixty to ninety years, and out of this they composed our three first Gospels. From such materials thus placed in juxtaposition, by a process which we may truly designate an act of spontaneous generation, has emerged the portraiture of the Divine Christ of the evangelists. If this is a true account of its origin, it is not too much to say, that the process of its formation involves a miracle greater than any recorded in their pages.

The mere statement of such a theory may be said to be almost a sufficient exposure of its fallacy. What does it ask us to believe? That the greatest of characters which has been conceived of by man, has originated in the fortuitous placing together of a mass of legendary matter which was gradually elaborated by a large number of minds; and this without the remotest intention on the part of those who made the selection of delineating a character at all.

But this is far from being the end of the absurdity in which, under the guise of reason, we are invited to believe. Not one, but three individuals, made selections out of a mass of matter of this description, without any mutual consultation, which each published in the form of a Gospel. What has been the result? Out of their fortuitous piecing together of a mass of legends by three separate persons, have emerged three delineations of a Divine Christ, each contemplated from a somewhat different point of view, but at the same time possessing a perfect unity of delineation. Further, so perfect is this unity, that it is palpable to every reader, that the three Christs of the three evangelists are portraits of one and the same Jesus. All this is simply incredible. My reasoning is, I allow, based on two assumptions which I have not proved. My reason for omitting to do so is, that I think that their truth must be self-evident to every reader of the Gospels, who does not peruse them for the purpose of cavilling at minor details. The first of these is, that each author must have composed his Gospel, without any conscious intention of delineating a character, by an artificial arrangement of the materials before him. The second is, that the Christ of each Gospel involves an essential unity of conception, in the midst of a considerable diversity of delineation. A simple perusal of their pages will produce a stronger conviction of the truth of these two positions than any amount of reasoning which could be directed to this subject, for it is a matter, not of reasoning, but of intuitive perception.

Such being the case, is it believable, I ask,

that the formation of such a portraiture can have been effected by any fortuitous combinations of legends which were invented by considerable numbers of persons? It is quite as easy to believe that a great ideal painting, which consists of a large number of figures, has been produced by the act of placing together the works of a hundred different artists on the same canvas. But this only represents a small portion of the absurdity of the supposition; for the same feat must have been accomplished, not by one artist only, but by three, who by simply combining a number of separate parts, have produced finished delineations of one and the same Jesus. In this argument I have made no use of the fourth Gospel, because although in my opinion the unity of the character which is portrayed in it with that of the Synoptics is unquestionable in all its great outlines, yet it is not so apparent to the ordinary reader. The three first Gospels are amply sufficient for all the purposes of my argument.

From these considerations it follows, that the theory which affirms that the materials out of which the three first Gospels were composed consisted of a mass of legendary matter, which had been gradually accumulated in the Christian Church during the first century of our era, and that out of this has arisen the portraiture of the Divine Christ, as it is impressed on the pages of the evangelists, by a simple juxtaposition of a mass of matter of this description, is unbelievable and incredible.

This being so, those who persist in maintaining this theory must take refuge in one of the following assumptions: either, that the various legends which were current in the apostolic Church at the time of the composition of the Gospels must have been all stamped with the same impress of elevated moral character as that of the various parts which, by their combination, compose the Jesus of the evangelists; or, that their authors must have selected all the more elevated legends, and, by the rejection of those of a lower type, have consigned them to oblivion.

In reply, I observe, that a high moral ideal is incapable of coalescing with that form of the legendary spirit which is continually inventing miracles and mistaking them for realities. To render such a supposition really possible, we must assume that the credulity of those who are capable of falling into such errors must be of the most extreme description. Such a state of mind presupposes a condition of extreme intellectual

and moral weakness; and is only consistent with the creation of miraculous stories of a very low type. As a matter of fact such legends invariably embody the low moral ideal of those who invent them. To the truth of this the whole range of legendary supernaturalism, of which there is a vast quantity in existence, bears abundant testimony. Its miracles are invariably characterized by extravagance. But we have no occasion to draw conclusions from general principles as to the character of the legends which this spirit would invent when it exercised its powers on such a subject as the evangelical history. The apocryphal gospels furnish us with a case in point. No one doubts their legendary character. What, I ask, is their moral aspect? Not only are the miracles which they record unspeakably grotesque, but the Jesus whom they delineate is nearly as degraded as the Jesus of the evangelists is elevated. These gospels do not attribute to him a single elevated miracle; nor do they contain a narrative or a discourse which is stamped with a high moral impress. Yet two of these pieces date from the second century, and doubtless represent the host of miraculous stories which this spirit produced when it displayed its activity on the history of our Lord. The case stands thus. Whereas our Gospels do not attribute to him a degrading miracle, the apocryphal ones never ascribe to Him one of an elevated character. To enable us to appreciate the difference, it is absolutely necessary to read these latter carefully.* I am persuaded that no one can do so without arriving at the conclusion that the canonical ones belong to a wholly different order of thought and feeling, and that it is impossible that the spirit which generated the one could have been the parent of the other. The whole mass of monkish legends likewise bears witness to the truth for which I am contending.

But let us suppose, for the sake of argument, that a number of elevated legends were floating about in the primitive Christian societies in company with a still larger number of degraded ones. How, I ask, could these writers, each deeply imbued with the spirit of their times, have succeeded in selecting all those of an elevated, and rejecting all those of a contrary character? It is clear that on any principle of legendary invention, the number of the latter must have been greatly

in excess of that of the former, because these are the kind of stories which are in conformity with the popular taste. How, then, has it come to pass that those in our Gospels have succeeded in supplanting those of a contrary description in a society thoroughly imbued with the spirit in question? But even if for a moment this be assumed to have been possible, we are still confronted by the fact that the supposition that three writers could in this manner have constructed three portraits of the same Jesus, all bearing the plainest indications of a unity of conception, is to offer an affront to our reason.

But let us assume, for the purpose of placing in a striking light the absurdities of this theory, that the authors of the Gospels found ready at their hands a mass of legendary matter, bearing a high moral impress, and out of this, by putting it together in the form in which we read it in the Evangelists, have succeeded in creating the portraiture of the Divine Christ. To this supposition I reply, that as, in conformity with the theory, the inventors of the legends must have been numerous (for this is a necessary consequence of their gradual evolution), it was only possible that they could have borne the same elevated moral impress by their having been framed in a common model. Such a model must have originated in something. If it be said that it was an ideal creation, this is only to remove the difficulty one step farther back, and leave the question how it originated entirely unsolved, or in other words, it is an evasion of the point at issue. Its only possible source therefore must have been the historic Jesus, of whose actions and teaching it was an accurate copy.

Such, very briefly stated, is the overwhelming force of the argument which the existence of the portraiture of the Jesus of the evangelists, its unity and perfection, furnish for the historical character of our Gospels. I have elsewhere elaborated it in detail in "The Jesus of the Evangelists," and also from a different point of view, in the second, third, and fourth of my Bampton Lectures; but even in the concise form in which I have here stated it the reader will be able to appreciate its force and importance. The particular advantage of this mode of putting the argument is, that it does not require a wide range of learning for its appreciation, but only the exercise of common sense. All the facts on which the argument is based admit of an easy verification. The portraiture exists in the pages of the evangelists.

* Any ordinary reader who desires to form an independent opinion on this subject can easily do so, for all these gospels now extant have recently been translated into English by Mr. Cowper, and the volume can be procured at the price of five shillings.

How came it there? The only rational answer which can be given to this question is, that its presence is due to the fact that the narratives and discourses in the Gospels are the true account of the actions and teachings of an historical Jesus.

To one more point I would briefly draw attention. While many eminent unbelievers allow that the discourses in the Synoptic Gospels are to a great degree the veritable utterances of our Lord, they are unanimous in affirming that the miraculous narratives are legendary inventions. Of this opinion, to cite no other, was the late Mr. J. S. Mill. He treats, with what may almost be designated scorn, the idea that the character of Jesus can have been the invention of his followers, or of the early Christians. As he justly says, its entire moral conception was absolutely above them. Yet he is of opinion that they may have invented all the miracles and superhuman incidents. How, I ask, can this have been possible? Not only does this portion of the narrative form a preponderating portion of the Gospels, but it largely contributes to the formation of the portraiture. Yet every portion of it is stamped with precisely the same moral impress as the ordinary narrative. Read it for yourselves. I feel persuaded that you will rise from its study with the firm con-

viction that those portions of our Gospels which involve the presence of the superhuman, show an equally high moral impress—in some cases even a higher one than those which involve merely ordinary events. Not to multiply references, let me ask you to read that portion of the twenty-fifth chapter of St. Matthew which depicts our Lord as seated on the throne of His glory. Here high superhuman attributes are distinctly ascribed to our Lord; but if He had none, this passage, and every similar one, must have been the invention of His followers, and have been falsely put into His mouth. But there is no passage in the Gospels which is stamped with a higher moral impress. The observation is also true of the miraculous narratives generally, that there are indelibly impressed on them the image and superscription of the Jesus of the discourses. What follows from this? To adopt the language of Mr. Mill, the miraculous narratives are as much above the capacities of the early followers of our Lord as the remainder of His actions and teaching. They, therefore, could not have invented them. This being so, it follows that both portions of the Gospels are alike delineations of an historical reality, and can have originated neither in myth, legend, nor any other kind of ideal creation.



A SONG OF ARRAN.

O FOR the Arran breezes!
 O for the sunny glow!
 O for the glens and mountains!
 Of just ten years ago.
 I see it all in fancy,
 As I lie with half-shut eyes,
 And fairer still in dreamland,
 When slumber o'er me lies.

Where are the happy voices
 That gladden'd all the day,
 And rose in songs at evening
 From boats across the bay?
 Where is the fading splendour,
 That linger'd, like a smile,
 Upon the peaks of Goatfell,
 And on the Holy Isle?

Not in my heart is envy
 That youth returns once more
 In other forms and voices
 Than those I loved of yore;
 Yet all my heart is craving
 For pleasures that are fled,
 For voices of the distant,
 And voices of the dead.

The mist comes down on Arran,
 Rich in its purple dyes;
 I see that mist no longer,
 A mist is o'er my eyes
 O for the Arran breezes!
 O for the sunny glow!
 O for the loves and friendships!
 Of just ten years ago.

D. BROWN.

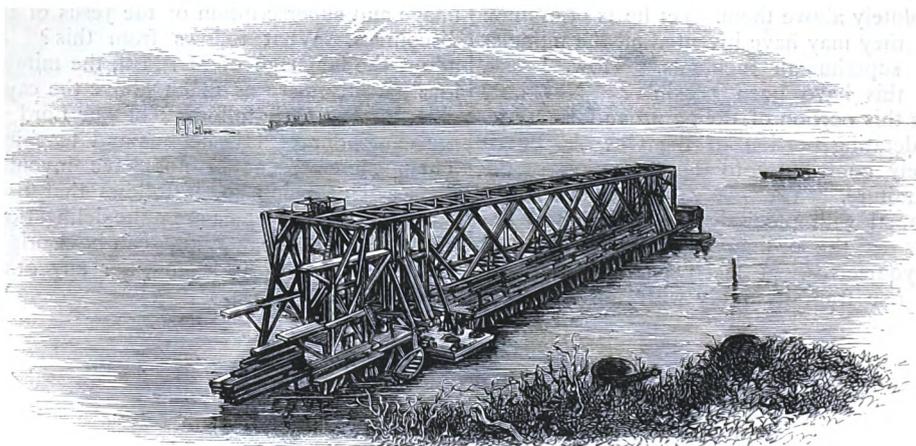


THE TAY BRIDGE.

BY A. GROTHE, C.E., MANAGER OF THE TAY BRIDGE CONTRACT.

IN the days of old, when our grandfathers were boys, a journey from Edinburgh to places north of the Tay was rather a serious matter. The time when the Antiquary and his young friend travelled by the "Hawes Fly," and had to "tarry a day at the South Ferry for lack of the tide," does not date a hundred years back; and how has the aspect of travelling changed in that time! If Monkbarrow and Lovel *now* went down to the Waverley "laigh shop" (*Anglicè*, cellar) of Mrs. Macleuchar, *alias* the North British Railway Company, the "diligence with three yellow wheels and a black ane" would be

ready to leave somewhere near the appointed time, and tide or not, a swift and commodious steamer would be waiting to take them to the other side of the water. There again their conveyance would be ready. A ride of an hour and a half, another short passage by steamboat, another hour's ride, and they would find themselves at Fairport, having gone over the whole distance in four hours instead of twenty-six, and that in a most comfortable manner, compared with their experiences of a century ago. Whether they would be satisfied with the change, and consider that no further



Scaffolding.

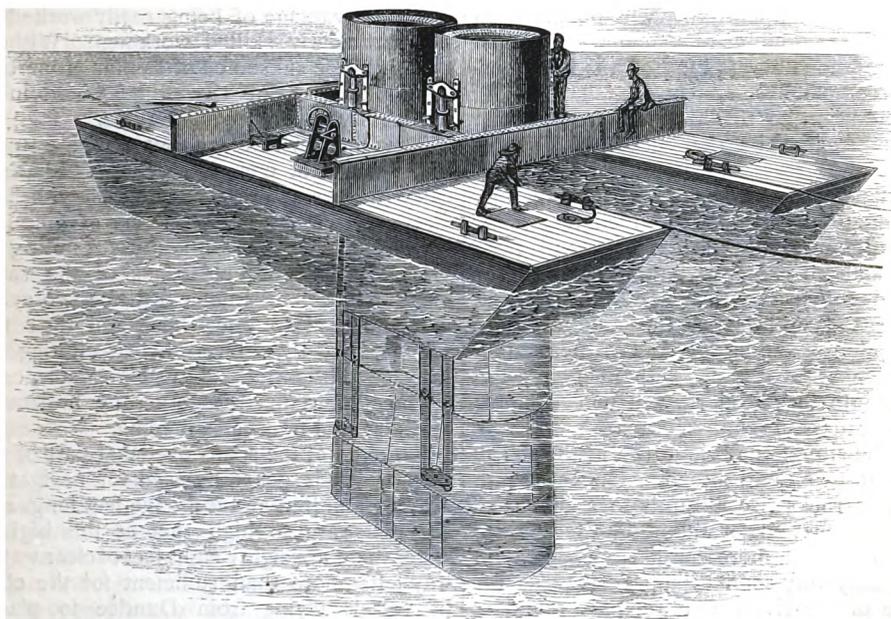
improvements were required, must remain an open question. But unless they had turned the hundred years to very good account, and had acquired qualities quite different from ours, they would probably soon join their fellow-travellers and grumble at the slowness of the train which was literally creeping along at a rate of twenty-five miles an hour. They would get impatient at the vexatious delay at the ferry, two minutes being lost by the transference of the luggage-trucks to the boat. And while sitting in a comfortable saloon, sheltered against the inclemency of the weather, they would vent their grievances about the want of care on the part of the Company, evident from the fact that they did not provide for the travellers so well as these could have done for themselves in their own drawing-rooms. By thus thinking and

speaking they would be acting precisely as 99 per cent. of the travellers on the line through Fife do now. At first sight it seems unreasonable that it should be so, but the fact is that we must compare the arrangements with those existing in other parts of the country at the present time, not with what was common in bygone days, when neither the wants of the population nor the means to satisfy them had attained their present state; and in this respect the North British line between Edinburgh and Dundee is far behind. The Company are thereby even more inconvenienced than the public. The maintenance and working of their ferries at Granton and Tayport cause a very large expenditure. The traffic which can be carried by them is limited, and a great tonnage has to be sent partly over the lines of a competing company, resulting in a serious loss.

We may fairly estimate the cost of the ferries and of these adverse circumstances at £70,000 per annum, and it has long been the endeavour of the Company to remedy this state of matters, but they found two serious obstacles in the nature of the two great estuaries which intersect their system.

Mr. Thomas Bouch, their engineer, years ago proposed the bold plan of bridging them both—the Forth at Queensferry, and the Tay about a mile above Dundee. While the desirability of such a scheme was generally recognised, the most sanguine hardly believed that it would ever be realised; but they overlooked the fact that while our

wants increased engineering science had not remained stationary, and that by modern improvements in machinery and appliances, facts could now be accomplished which even twenty years ago would have been classed amongst impossibilities. Mr. Bouch's earnestness and great reputation as an engineer at last gained the victory over the doubt of those who had to support him, and in 1869 the Company applied for and obtained the Act of Parliament which authorised them to build the Tay Bridge, and raise the necessary capital on shares—the North British Railway Company guaranteeing an interest of $5\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. from the time the bridge was



Floating Out.

expected to be finished, viz. three years after it should be commenced. It required no mean amount of confidence and insight on the part of that Company to take this step, and Mr. Stirling and the Board of Directors may well get credit for having shown these qualities; but the chief honour, as the originator of the scheme, will always be due to Mr. Bouch. Others may have anticipated him in expressing a conviction that the Tay Bridge would some day be an accomplished fact, in the same way as one might say that the Channel will be bridged in course of time; but there is a great difference between this and the working out of

a plan capable of realisation, and there lies Mr. Bouch's merit, which cannot be taken from him, whatever may be the result of the discussion as to who was the first to propose that a bridge should be built.

On May 8th, 1871, the next important step was taken, viz. that of entering into an agreement with an experienced contractor for the execution of the work. Mr. Charles de Bergue, from London and Manchester, the accepted contractor, had acquired great fame in the erection of large bridges in nearly all the parts of the world, but almost immediately after the signing of the agreement he became seriously ill, so that he

could not take an active part in the execution. At his death, in 1873, complications arose which had a retarding influence on the progress of the work, and the contract was annulled by mutual consent of the parties, and transferred to Messrs. Hopkins, Gilkes, and Company (Ld.) of Middlesbro'. The writer of these lines acted as their engineer and manager, as he had done for Mr. de Bergue.

The bridge is now completed. On September 25th the directors and engineers had the satisfaction of crossing it for the first time in a train. Since then heavy ballast-trains have been running over, and as soon as the sidings and stations on both sides are finished it is to be opened for regular traffic, and an opportunity will be given to the public to grumble at something else, viz. that the bridge across the Forth is still wanting to complete the system.

In addition to the local and commercial interest excited by the successful completion of the great work, it must be of great importance in the history of engineering. The thousands of visitors which it attracts from all parts of the country and from abroad afford evidence of the fact that the general public also take a deep interest in the matter, and favour the notion that a description of the bridge, and of the manner in which it was built, without going too deeply into technicalities, will be acceptable to the readers of GOOD WORDS.

At the site of the bridge the Firth of Tay is about two miles broad. On the south side trap rocks rise abruptly to a height of about fifty feet out of water; on the Dundee side they have a more gentle slope. In both cases they very soon disappear towards the centre of the river, and are only found at depths which put it out of the question to use them as a foundation for the various piers. Their place on the river bottom is partly taken by clay and boulders, partly by sand; and under the latter, in depths of about eighteen feet, a stratum of gravel is found, which is quite capable of sustaining the weight which is to be put upon it. There are in all eighty-five piers supporting spans of varying lengths, and differing according to the weight of the latter. Those piers which stand on the solid rock are entirely constructed of brickwork set in Portland cement, a substance which in its ordinary state is a fine greenish-grey powder, but when mixed with water it becomes hard in the course of a few minutes, and after two or three days attains a degree of strength

which ordinary lime mortar would not have for years. It is therefore of very great importance for all works which have to be carried out under water, as it hardens even better when immersed than when exposed to the air. It plays a most conspicuous part in the construction of the piers, the first fourteen from the south side being entirely built with it up to the very top, and all the others up to five feet above high water, where the ironwork begins. When mixed with sand and gravel, or broken stone, in certain proportions, it forms concrete which takes the shape of any cavity into which it is put, and in a few days becomes as hard as stone. It largely enters into the construction of the lower parts of all the piers, and has the advantage of being easily worked by not particularly skilled workmen. Without this, or some substance of similar properties, the building of the Tay Bridge would in all probability have been impossible.

The piers which are not founded upon rock require, of course, an extended base to carry the great weight with safety. The former consist of two cylinders of nine feet six inches diameter, while those standing on gravel, and supporting spans of the same length, have the diameter of these two cylinders enlarged to fifteen feet, and their top weight is greatly reduced by substituting for the heavy brickwork above high water, cast-iron columns, fixed together by horizontal and diagonal transverse bracing.

Thirteen of the spans over that part of the river which is generally used for navigation are two hundred and forty-five feet long, and the piers are so high that at the highest water there are eighty-eight feet of clear water-way left—more than sufficient for the class of vessels plying from Dundee to places above bridge. The girders composing these spans are placed so wide apart that the trains can pass between them, the roadway being fixed at the bottom of the girders. In the other parts of the river this great height is not required, and the piers have therefore been kept much lower, the *top* of the spans in this part being level with the *bottom* of the large ones, and the rails being laid on cross sleepers resting on top of the girders. In this manner the roadway forms an unbroken line, while there seems to be a step in the girders—a circumstance which puzzles many, till a walk on the structure has shown them that the engines will not by any means have to perform the wonderful acrobatic feats which a view from a distance would lead one to expect.

On the Dundee side the line has to pass the town underground, and the station is another "laigh shop." To reach it the line must come down in time from its lofty position, and an incline of one foot in every seventy-three of length is therefore introduced in the part north of the large spans. The length of the spans on this part varies from one hundred and sixty-two feet to sixty-nine feet; and quite near the shore a large span of one hundred and seventy feet is constructed, with a view of offering facilities for a future extension of the esplanade, which would necessitate the construction of a roadway under this span. For the same purpose it is built on the "bow-and-string" principle, and the rails kept at the bottom. Parallel girders, like those of the large spans, might of course have been used; but what is no disfigurement when carried out over a great length would look very bad indeed if applied to a single span. Now the curved top-boom makes the transition an easy one. The last six spans on the Dundee side, so far as they belong to the Tay Bridge contract, are short ones, being only twenty-seven feet long. Three more of these, and a "bowstring" of one hundred feet, complete the iron part of the bridge, bringing the total length to ten thousand six hundred and twelve feet, or two miles and fifty feet.

On the south side the same reasons for constructing a strong incline did not exist. As the land at the south shore is about seventy feet above high water, an easy slope of one foot in three hundred and sixty-five was sufficient to bring the line to the required level. The spans on that side are mostly of one hundred and forty-five feet and one hundred and thirty feet in length. There are only two of eighty-eight feet and three of sixty-seven feet near the shore.

To complete the general description of the bridge, it will only be necessary to mention that, in order to join the land portions of the line, a long curve had to be introduced on the north side extending over nearly a quarter of a circle, and one of less length on the south side, giving the bridge in plan the appearance of a gigantic S. From the shore the curves, especially the one on the Dundee side, appear to be very sharp, but in reality they are not, both having a radius of twenty chains, while on other lines curves of eight chains are frequently met with.

Let us now look at the means which were employed to construct this, the longest bridge in the world. Quite in the beginning Mr. Austin, another of Mr. de Bergue's managers,

laid down a principle which was of the greatest bearing on the success of the work. It was to dispense with the staging and scaffolding which are generally used in bridge building. The piers and girders were to be erected on shore, and floated out to their destination. The consistency with which this principle was carried out would distinguish this bridge from all other structures of the same kind, even if its size and importance were less remarkable. No matter of what material the parts were constructed, whether they were iron receptacles for concrete, huge lumps of receptacle weighing above two hundred tons, or iron girders of one hundred and ninety tons, they were all finished on shore and floated to their destination. During the execution the details had frequently to be modified to suit the altered circumstances, but the principle was adhered to as the only one which could produce good results in a tidal river subject to such vicissitudes, and with a continually shifting sandy bottom.

Previous to the execution of any permanent work a great amount of preparation had, of course, to be made. In addition to the erection of the usual offices, workshops, and stores (to which in this case a kitchen, dining-room, and dormitory for the men were added), a large part of the foreshore on the Fife side had been levelled and provided with a concrete floor on which the piers could be built. For the smaller piers the whole lower part up to low water was built up there: an iron shell with brickwork in it, leaving a hollow in the centre.

As every six hours the tide left the level floor there was no difficulty in this. At a rising tide two barges were then brought alongside the pier and fastened to it, so that a further rise of the water must necessarily lift it off its resting-place, and keep it suspended between the barges, in which state it was towed out to its destination and lowered by means of specially constructed hydraulic apparatus, till it stood on the river bed, after which the connection between it and the barges was severed, so that a rising tide would clear the latter and leave the pier standing on the river bottom. It had now to be sunk to the rock, and for this purpose the top was closed and air pumped in, which, by exerting a pressure on the water inside, would force it out below till the pier was quite dry, so that workmen could descend in it and excavate the material at the bottom. This was sent up in buckets and discharged into the river, special measures being taken

to prevent the compressed air from leaving the cylinder during the passage of materials or men, as otherwise the water would have entered from below. The pier would of course sink by its own weight as the excavation proceeded, and when the rock was reached the working chamber at the bottom and the central shaft were filled with concrete, making the mass a solid piece of brickwork and concrete encased in iron and resting on the rock.

For the large piers founded on gravel a somewhat different process was adopted. For these it became expedient, first, to construct an artificial rock capable of carrying the enormous weight of pier, superstructure, and train. A cylinder of thirty-one feet diameter of malleable iron plates was first built on the level floor on the foreshore. As far as it had to penetrate into the ground, it was provided with a lining of brickwork. This height was generally about twenty feet. Above that point the cylinder consisted of iron only. Its purpose was simply to extend the pier to above the water-line, and thereby to afford means to handle the mass, to protect the divers working in it during the sinking

against the strong current, and to give those in charge of the work an opportunity of judging of its position. This part was only temporarily fixed to the lower or permanent part, and could be taken off and used again after having answered its purpose.

When completely erected on shore, the structure had a height of forty to forty-four feet and a diameter of thirty-one feet, and resembled in appearance a huge gasholder. Its weight was about two hundred tons. Two large barges, one on each side, were fastened to it, and as described for the smaller piers, the rising tide would lift it off its resting-place, and it could then be towed out to its destination and lowered down on the river bed. Our illustration shows one of these foundations floating between the barges and ready to be towed out.

It was a curious and interesting sight—this ponderous mass handled with as much ease and precision as if it were a small model instead of a gigantic cylinder of seven hundred square feet area, and more than twenty-eight thousand cubic feet contents. Securely fastened to the barges, it could weather the strongest gales.

(To be concluded in next part.)

NERO.

A Study on St. Benan's Antichrist.

By THE REV. H. R. HAWEIS.

IT is not too much to say that no figure in all human history has for eighteen centuries so filled the imagination of the world, and so influenced the hearts of men, as the figure of Christ.

Yet twenty-four years after His death He was hardly remembered outside a small and scattered circle of enthusiasts. An allusion in Suetonius to His "impious superstition," a sneer in Tacitus, or a caricature of Him with an ass's head teaching His disciples, scratched on the walls of Cæsar's Palace—that was all the notice which the Roman world of His day took of the author of Christianity.

Another name was then in all men's mouths, not the name of Christ, but the name of Nero. We can see things now in their true perspective. The person then so obscure stands out now as the true Victor.

The pale Galilean has conquered, but then His cause seemed ruined. A deep contempt for religion, a hatred of morals, a slackening of every tie that could restrain the worst

passions of our nature, the prostitution of justice, the practice of treachery, the wildest public excesses, the most brutal shows—such were the characteristics of Nero and his satellites, and for a time all that was better in Roman society had either to hide away in retirement like the elder Pliny, or to suffer for their virtues like Seneca the tutor of Nero, or Thrasea the stoic Roman senator, both put to death without cause by the tyrant.

To understand what that world was which taught the Christians how to hate—that world full of the lusts of the flesh, the pride of the eye, the pride of life, that world which was not of the Father, and was doomed to pass away with the lust thereof—study for a moment Nero and his surroundings, study the events of his reign, let but one passing glimpse of the great drama of the apparently collapsing Roman Empire pass before your eyes, and you will understand the words of Christ, when He declared that His kingdom

is not of this world ; of James, when he says "the friendship of the world is enmity with God ;" of Peter, when he denounces "the pollutions of the world ;" of Paul, when he inveighs against "the rulers of the darkness of this world ;" and, lastly, you will understand the language of the Apocalypse, which was one long tirade against the world as it is, its beasts, and its false prophets, so soon to be overthrown for ever, and to be cast with death and hell into the lake of fire.

At the age of seventeen Nero, the son of Agrippina and Domitius (her uncle), was saluted by the soldiers as emperor of what St. Luke calls "all the world." His mother was an able but dissolute woman, his father is described by Suetonius as "execrable" in every respect. Conscious of his own merits and those of his wife, he remarked that "nothing but what was detestable and pernicious to the public good could ever be produced from him and Agrippina."

Small of stature, with a face which in many ways belied his nature, Nero seems to have suffered from a madly unbalanced nature, with one ruling passion—the passion of "posing." None of the Roman emperors, if we except perhaps Tiberius and Vespasian, were quite free from this pernicious habit ; but when we come to Nero, we have a mad actor and nothing else.

At the beginning of his reign he "posed" as Cæsar Augustus : he was going to govern through the Senate, yet no one more notoriously disregarded the Senate.

When he had to sign a death-warrant, he "wished he had never learned to write," yet his whole reign is one long list of the blackest and most wanton murders. He made a sumptuary law to check extravagant entertainments, yet he himself is for all time a symbol of wanton extravagance. He punished the free revels of charioteers, yet he would prowl the streets of Rome by night, and commit robbery and outrage. He was never so happy as when competing publicly with singers, actors, and wrestlers, and getting himself proclaimed victor in the games, and down to the last his own idea was to cut a dramatic figure before the world. His public life is one long pantomime, and his private life one long orgie.

That Rome should have tolerated such a ruler for fourteen years is proof of her profound corruption, and Nero was popular in his first years at least. His deeper vices had not yet fully developed, and his passion for spectacles kept the people amused, and, next to food, all a corrupt people want is amusement.

Under Nero, year after year, one magic scene after another rose before them. One day he presented the people with a naval fight upon sea-water, with huge fishes swimming in it. Then in a wooden amphitheatre in the Campus Martius contests of gladiators frequently took place, or ships full of wild beasts arrived from Africa and Syria, to be destroyed by, or to destroy Jews and Christians in the arena. Scrambles for money, corn-tickets, fowls, &c., constantly took place at the public festivals. Nero himself delighted to pelt the people, and encouraged them to quarrel in the theatres. He mixed freely with them in their games and at the bath, and his very appearance in public, though negligent in attire, was a show. He never travelled with less than a thousand baggage-carts, the mules being all shod with silver, the drivers in scarlet jackets of the finest Canusian cloth, and troops of Africans with bracelets on their arms, mounted on splendid horses with gorgeous trappings. He fished with a golden net, drawn by cords of purple silk.

His building and mining exploits excited the public imagination by their vastness and extravagance, and provided labour and pay for the people. He attempted to cut through the Isthmus of Corinth, digging up the first basketful of earth himself. The Palatine and Esquiline Hills, at one time after the great fire, together with the space between them, were nearly absorbed by his palaces. In the portal stood a statue of himself one hundred and twenty feet high. Within the palace walls was a lake like a sea, surrounded by a whole city of palatial buildings. In the enclosed palace grounds were corn-fields, vineyards, and woods, full of wild and tame animals. The supper-rooms were vaulted, inlaid with ivory and gold, and the ceilings revolved and scattered flowers, whilst hidden pipes shed perfume upon the guests.

His baths were supplied from the sea and from the Albula, his revels were continued from mid-day to midnight, and he was enabled to keep them up almost continuously by the free use of the bath and the emetic.

He was surrounded, at first, by men of taste like Propertius, who designed new pleasures for him, but afterwards infamous parasites, such as Tigellinus, were his sole advisers, and succeeded, by procuring the disgrace of Petronius, in banishing the last semblance of decency and reason from the imperial revels.

The riches of the Roman Empire on the accession of Nero were still immense. Her

navy, army, and proconsular system of administration opened up and controlled all the great arteries of commerce between the eastern and western world. Foreigners of wealth poured into Rome from all quarters, and left their riches behind them.

But incessant improvidence, expenditure, general insecurity of life and property, reckless extortion, and the open violation of justice must tell in the long run.

The immense treasure bequeathed by Tiberius had been freely squandered by Caligula, and Claudius, Nero's predecessor, had done nothing to repair the waste.

Year after year of free provisions, public games, vast buildings, and vaster demolitions were bringing Nero face to face with an empty exchequer. Then began a series of robberies and murders unmatched in the annals of crime. Chiefs of departments had formerly robbed for themselves, but now every one had to rob for the emperor.

Nero was thus the final absorbent of all the wealth that could be squeezed out of city or province. "You know what I want," was his usual remark on appointing any one to office. "Let us take care that nobody has anything he can call his own."

The senators who had accumulated wealth by extortion and the sale of justice were now obliged under pain of death to disgorge it. Men were fined for bearing their own family names without "due reason." Those wills containing no legacies to the emperor were declared void, and the estates confiscated. At the beck of any lying informer, on a charge of vague treason, a man's property was seized. The emperor forbade the use of Tyrian purple, then sent some privately to be offered for sale, and immediately closed all the merchants' shops on the ground that his edict had been disobeyed. At last he took to plundering the temples, and appropriating himself the offerings made to the gods. And these outrages were accompanied by the foulest murders.

That St. Paul should have described such an one as "the man of sin," and the "son of perdition, who opposed and exalted himself above all that is called God," is not unnatural; and if we hold that Second Thesalonians was prior to Nero's reign, the words are quite as applicable to Caligula, who, as Suetonius tells us, after the commission of every enormity "set up a temple and priests in honour of his own divinity."

But Rome had not yet suffered the worst at the hands of Nero. There yet remained some scenes of fire and blood, which in a

few years were to be reflected so vividly in the Apocalypse by one who must have witnessed them.

One of Nero's favourite subjects was the burning of Troy. He frequently sang the story in public with the greatest gusto. One had quoted in his presence the words, "When I am dead, let fire devour the world." "Nay," he had said, "let it be in my lifetime." It was known, too, that he chafed against the narrow streets of Rome, and wanted more space for the completion of his "Golden House." On the 19th of July, A.D. 64, one of the most disastrous fires recorded in history broke out in Rome.

It began near the Mount Palatine. It swept off first the shops and booths round the Great Circus. The temple of Hercules went next, the temple of Vesta (visible at this day) was spared. The Forum was traversed, the Palatine was then scaled, and the temple of Jupiter fell. The flames descended into the valleys, and swallowed up innumerable blocks of crowded streets. For six days and seven nights the flames raged without interruption. On the 7th an immense block of houses was demolished at the foot of the Esquiline, and the fire was almost arrested, when it again burst forth on the property of Tigellinus, the infamous associate of Nero. The emperor had now hurried from Antium to Rome, and was enjoying, some say from the house of Mæcenæ, the splendid spectacle.

Suetonius says he sang his Fire of Troy on the top of a tower. Tacitus says more cautiously that he went through that ghastly farce on the boards of his own private theatre. Out of fourteen districts of Rome three were completely destroyed, and seven virtually ruined, amongst them those very parts which Nero most coveted for his new palace; indeed, some declared that Roman soldiers were employed to spread the fire in certain quarters.

At any rate, all that was most dear to the hearts of the people was gone—the temple of Servius Tullius, the altar consecrated by Evander to Hercules, the chapel of Romulus to Jupiter, the palace of Numa, and the tutelary gods of Rome.

Upon this blackened heap descended Nero like a bird of prey. He now posed as the Father of his people. Appropriating the spaces he required, he undertook to clear the rubbish, and the barges that went down the Tiber laden with ruin returned full of corn for the famished and houseless population.

Out of this disaster rose, no doubt, a new and splendid city, "yet" (and here I quote the striking words of Tacitus, the contemporary historian) "not all the relief that could come from man, not all the bounties that could the prince could bestow, availed to relieve Nero from the infamous charge of having caused the conflagration." But a lower deep was still to be reached.

There lived at this time in Rome a Jewish sect who viewed with something like ascetic horror the theatres, the games, and the temples of Rome. They said to each other, "Love not the world, neither the things of the world." They did not even possess the common Roman virtue of religious toleration. They had no Pantheon for the gods of other nations; to them all the heathen forms of worship were gross and abominable superstitions, and their hatred of the "world," the "world" was not slow to fling back upon them. I continue in the words of Tacitus: "Christ, their founder, was put to death as a criminal by Pontius Pilate, procurator of Judæa in the reign of Tiberius; but the pernicious superstition, repressed for a time, broke out again, not only throughout Judæa, where the mischief originated, but in the city of Rome also, whither all things horrible and disgraceful flow from all quarters." These Christians believed that such a world as this would surely be consumed, and consumed by fire. "The heavens," they openly said, "would pass away with a great noise, and the elements should melt with fervent heat; the earth also, with the works thereof, should be burned up" (2 Peter iii. 10).

In the Apocalypse it is the prayers of the saints that bring down the fire from heaven to consume the evil world (Rev. viii. 4).

Thus the train was prepared by the Christians themselves; the people were ready to condemn them out of their own mouths.

It remained only for Nero, with ingenious and horrible effrontery, to apply the match and accuse the Christians of firing Rome.

The Jews hated the Romans, and were hated by them, but for once Jews and Romans watched, with equal eagerness and savagery, the threatened destruction of a common foe.

The little Jewries at Rome and elsewhere denounced the Christians in the same sort of way that the established sects of High and Low Church denounce the Broad Church. They hated them as heretics; they were at once so near and so far from them. So near in the use of common documents, so far in spirit and doctrine.

As for the Romans, they hardly distinguished between Jews and Christians. The Christians were to them merely the most offensive and bigoted of the Jewish sects. Their special doctrines it was waste of time to examine. It seemed to be all about one Christus, a crucified Jew; or one Timothy, or Peter, or such an one as "Paul the prisoner."

Gallio, the Roman magistrate, cared for none of these things, and drove both Jews and Christians from the judgment-seat.

Festus, the Roman governor, looked on the Christian belief as one more internal squabble amongst the Jews—as a matter between Pharisee and Sadducee, or Zealot and Essene. In short, as we see in the Acts, it seemed purely a matter connected with their own Jewish superstitions, and of "one Jesus which was dead, whom Paul affirmed to be alive" (Acts xxv. 19).

Festus doubted of such manner of questions whether they had any claim to be settled on their own merits, but did not rather belong to the larger subject of the whole government policy of Romans towards Jews.

If the Jews had few friends at Rome, the Christians had fewer, for their foes were those of their own household; and some said that the Jews themselves accused the Christians to the emperor before the emperor accused them to the people. The fire of Rome broke out on the 19th of July; the massacre of Christians began on the 1st of August, A.D. 64.

The people of Rome at this time literally thirsted for blood. The accusation of criminals was almost a trade, and the execution of them a pastime. The theatres were the scaffolds, the executioners and the victims were the actors.

The round of the popular diversions began early in the morning with the "ludus matutinus" combats of wild beasts by daylight; they were now varied by dressing up the Christians in the animals' hides, and driving them into the arena to be torn by dogs. Others, especially the most delicate women, were bound to stakes and suffered cruel scourging and every other indignity.

The Epistle to the Hebrews, dated A.D. 64 in the margin of our Bibles, the very year of Nero's persecution, reflects accurately the feelings of the persecuted Church of Christ at that awful moment, and strikes calmly the note thundered forth four years later in the Apocalypse, "Yet a little while, and He that shall come will come, and will not tarry. Ye have need of patience, that after ye have done the will of God, ye might receive the promise."

Thus the days wore on with a series of dramatic entertainments in which the wild beasts and their innocent victims were lavishly used up. Mythology was ransacked for bloody subjects to put on this awful stage. The pictures and statues were turned into ghastly *tableaux vivants* amid the yellings and applause of a brutalised public.

Now it was Hercules burned in his Nessus shirt on Mount Ceta, or Orpheus or Dædalus devoured by beasts, whilst the god Mercury stepped lightly through the gorged arena and touched each body with his red-hot wand to see if it still moved, or Pluto stalked forth to dispatch those yet alive with his mace, and drag them by the feet to his infernal kingdom. The most licentious myths of the old religions, as well as the cruellest legends, were freely exhausted, and thus by a grim, but unconscious irony, the Christian martyrs in person supplied, as representatives of the new religion, the ghastly apotheosis of the old. Meanwhile Nero, dressed up as a beast in a leopard's skin, committed in person the foulest excesses on the public stage. But the most novel part of this popular festival was reserved for the evenings. Then might the whole of the population be seen pouring towards the spot now known as the great square in front of St. Peter's at Rome. There, beyond the Tiber, was Nero's favourite circus. The illumination was brilliant. The usual lamps and torches were varied by a new device worthy of Tigellinus. Living men and women were immersed in barrels of oil, or thickly covered with resinous materials, and set on fire, until the crowded avenues reeked with the fumes of unguents and pitch, amid the lurid glare of this unparalleled holocaust. Nero posed as a charioteer, and terrified horses were urged up and down the course, after which the emperor, attired as a jockey, mixed freely with the people, going the round of his broiling and agonized victims. Had the early Christians, had the writers of the New Testament no cause for hating a world that revelled in such spectacles as this? Could they do otherwise than wait in hope and patience for the "Lord," who should consume "that Wicked with the spirit of His mouth, and destroy him with the brightness of His coming?"

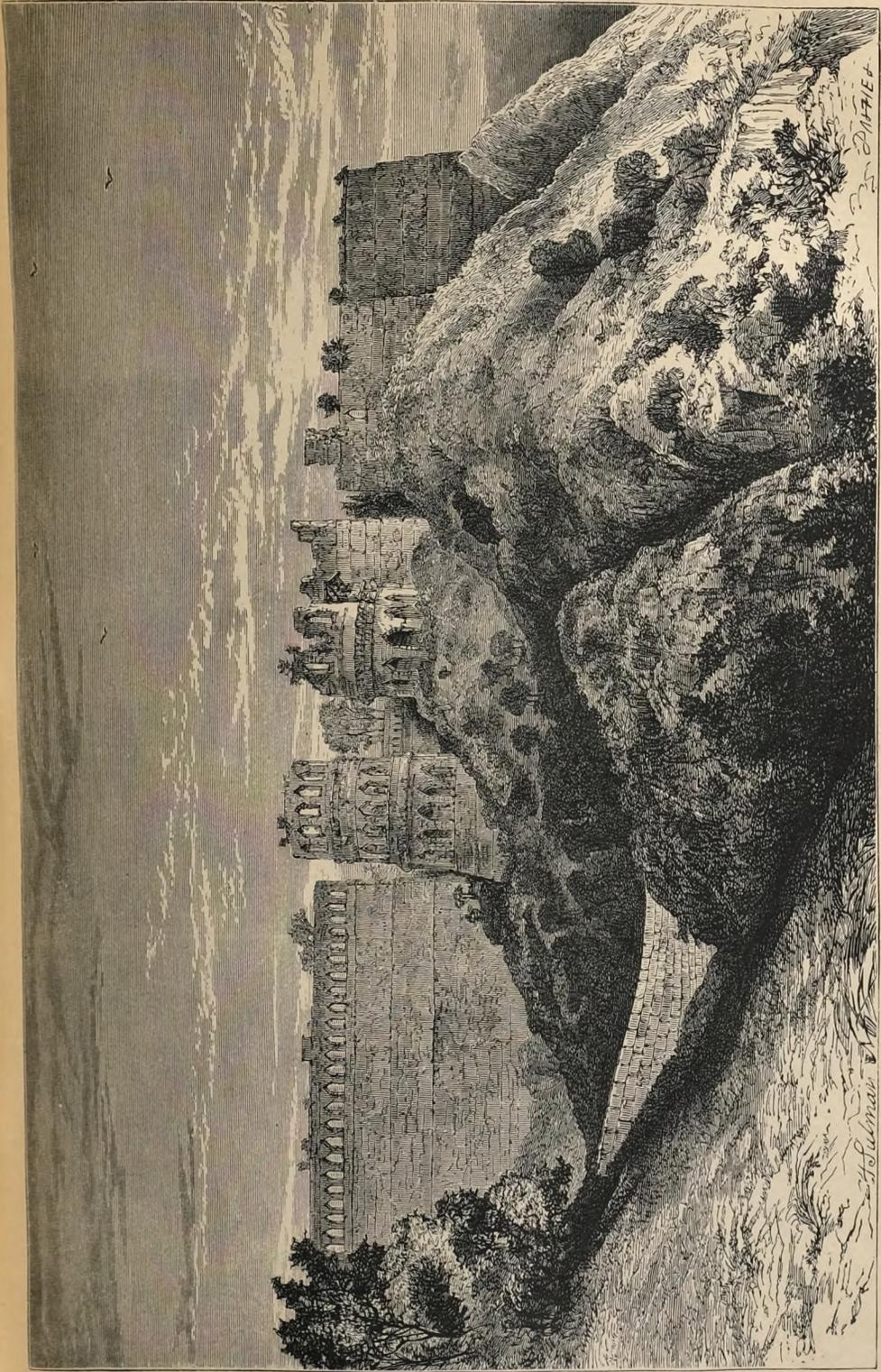
Yet were these scenes graced by tender and sublime episodes, bursting like flowers of immortal beauty and fragrance from the bloody and calcined soil of martyrdom. The pale, sweet Blandina, crucified but happy, and making others happy with the memories of Christ; Potamiana and Felicity melting the

brutal crowd by their quiet sweetness and modesty; Perpetua arranging her hair carefully as she goes in to be torn by beasts, "because it was not right that a martyr should appear with her hair in disorder, as though what was really her glory should appear to be grief to her." One simple girl so touched by her sweet patience and beauty the heart of a young Roman, that he openly pitied her. Seeing this, she was moved, and gave him as she passed along the handkerchief that was on her bosom. Overpowered with enthusiasm, he followed her into the arena, and shared her fate. Thus death seemed more lovely than life, and the love that could suffer proved stronger than the hate that could kill the body.

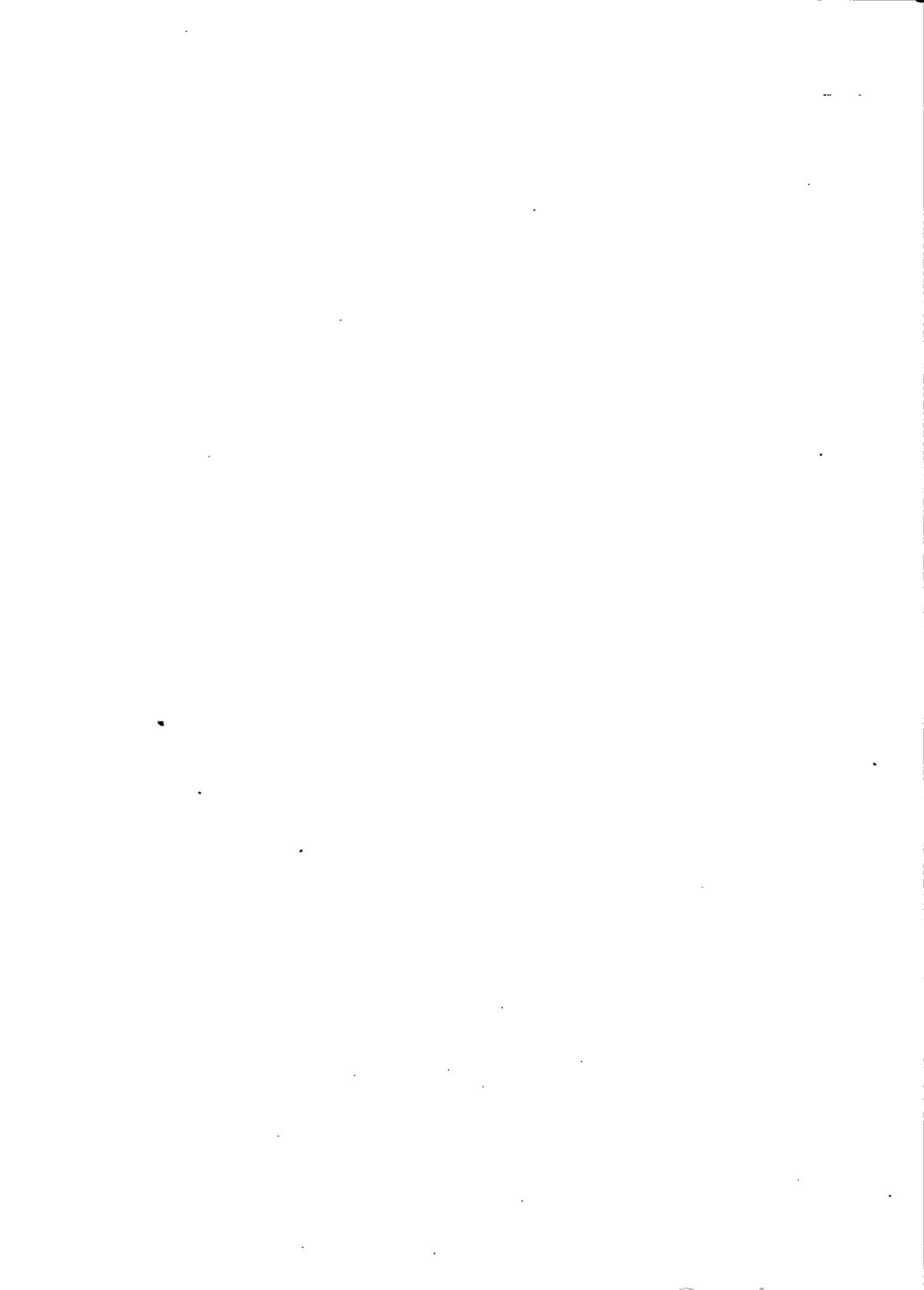
Ere the fires of the Neronian persecution paled round the spot then, as now, occupied by the Obelisk in front of St. Peter's great Basilica, Rome, the mystic Babylon of the Apocalypse, had already become for ever the Church of the New Jerusalem, the second great religious centre, the sacred city of the Christian world, and no time or corruption can rob her of that place in the hearts and imaginations of all future generations.

After the date of the Crucifixion, 33, the 1st August, 64, marks the second founding of the new religion. Nero was the second founder of Christianity. From that hour its triumph was assured. Like Christ, it had matched itself against the world, and been made perfect through suffering. "For this," says John, "is the victory that overcometh the world—even your faith."

When the mist of blood and fire cleared from the spaces now covered by St. Peter's and the Vatican, the two great apostles, Peter and Paul, have disappeared. Whether the Latin Gate was the scene of Peter's crucifixion, or whether the Basilica of St. Paul "without the walls" marks the spot where Paul as a Roman citizen was probably decapitated, we cannot say; but, although Paul may have visited Spain, or been wrecked perhaps upon the coast of Britain, or perished amongst the islands of the Gentiles, Peter by all tradition was crucified head downwards, after witnessing the murder of his wife. During the Neronian persecution Timothy, who shared Paul's imprisonment, has also vanished, and Barnabas, the son of consolation, no longer remains to write conciliatory homiletics for Jewish and Gentile Christians, and round off the hard edges of irreconcilable opinion between the disciples of Paul and John.



RUNG MAHAL, OR PAINTED PALACE OF SIVAJI MAHARAJAH.



The persecution of 64 was immediately followed by the flight of the Christians to the coasts of Asia. As most of these were wholly Jews by birth, and almost Jews by religion, to the little Jewries in Ephesus, Smyrna, and Philadelphia they naturally fled; and it is most probable that St. John, having followed Peter to Rome, and narrowly escaped martyrdom in boiling oil in the gardens of Nero, fled to Ephesus in 64.

We must hasten back for awhile to complete the figure of Nero, which, from the close of the Christian massacre in 64 to his own suicide in 68, seems to globe itself out in forms of more grotesque wickedness and infamy, until it fills the whole political horizon of the age. I do not forget the contemporary events which were at this time convulsing Jerusalem; but they seem to belong to another order of thought, and almost to another world, between which and the Western Despot there was no point of contact but the sword.

Between 64 and 67 (?) a conspiracy was hatched in the political coteries of Rome and Baizæ for the destruction of Nero. Headed by Count Piso, a man of good family, handsome in person, eloquent, able, and popular with the crowd, this movement, supported, says Tacitus, "by senators, knights, soldiers, and even women," was in fact the revolt of all that was still worthy of humanity and justice in Rome against that incarnation of brutal, cynical, and appalling crime, called by the apostle "that Wicked." The conspiracy failed, owing to its very extent and compass. A secret known to one thousand is soon no secret at all. Delay proved fatal, and the slave Milichus, charged with sharpening the dagger prepared for the tyrant's heart, hurried off at day-dawn to Nero's palace in the Servilian Gardens, and in a few minutes, being conducted into Nero's presence by his freedman and friend, Epaphroditus, presented the emperor at once with the dagger and the plot.

The whole thing collapsed like a bubble. The ringleaders were denounced, and a series of frightful reprisals took place. But the tyrant's power had been shaken to its base.

Haunted and suspicious, and feeling no doubt the unpopularity which attended the necessary arrests and executions that followed, Nero delayed no longer his darling project of visiting Greece, and posing at the Olympian and other games as the chief athlete, charioteer, and first singer in the world. "The Greeks," he said, "were the only people who had an ear for music, and the only fit judges of him and his attainments."

And Greece in her decline submitted to this last degradation; yet to her eternal honour be it said that Athens, the city of Pericles and Phidias, did not invite the imperial mountebank within her walls, nor had he the courage or effrontery to present himself there. The periodical games of the other cities were all rolled into one year for him. His rivals were suppressed whilst he went through the forms, cringed to the Judges, and posed with mock humility in the circus.

He caused, they say, a wretched man to be strangled who dared to sing better than himself. He could not keep up in the chariot races, and twice tumbled, and was replaced in his car, and even then could not stand, and never reached the goal, but was crowned notwithstanding. He bribed the Oracles, he feed the Judges, he scattered Rome's money among the people, and lavished her august freedom on the states through which he passed; in return for which they sent him all the crowns and prizes of the sacred games.

But the beginning of the end drew nigh. He had been away from Rome for nearly a year. Urgent messages reached him—rumours of fresh dangers. "Though all your hopes and wishes," he replied, "are for my speedy return, you ought rather to advise and hope that I should come back with a character worthy of Nero." In this childish mood of pompous vanity, Nero arrived at Naples in the autumn of 67. He entered the cities of Antium and Alba through a breach in their walls, after the manner of those who had triumphed in the sacred games. On arriving at Rome, the triumphal car of Augustus was prepared for him, and, seated there in a purple tunic and a cloak covered with gold stars, wearing the Olympian crown, and carrying the Parthian crown in his right hand, he entered the city through another breach, caused by taking down an arch of the Circus Maximus. As the procession moved slowly through the Velabrum street, the Forum, to the Palatine Hill, and to the temple of Apollo, victims were slain, and the way was strewn with saffron, chaplets, and sweetmeats. He went home, and had the sacred crown hung like a great baby over his bed. Several statues were erected and a coin struck in honour of him, in the character of a harper attired in his triumphal robes.

"The world," writes Suetonius, "after tolerating such an emperor for little less than fourteen years, at length forsook him. The cry of vengeance came at last, firm and prolonged, from the north. As later the German

hordes swept down upon the crumbling and effete centre of the Roman Empire, so now the overthrow of Nero came from the Gauls on 15th March, A.D. 68, headed by Julius Vindex, Proprætor of that province.

"With his singing," said the wits at Rome, "Nero had waked the cocks" (Gallos=cocks). But he himself was not yet awakened. A strange fit of jollity and light-headedness now seized him. Presently, he said, when the news of the revolt under Vindex reached him, he would go and plunder Gaul; and for the rest of the day he witnessed with absorbed attention some wrestlers in the theatre.

Worse news came at supper-time, but his mind was now almost too light to notice it, save with a passing smile or curse. For eight critical days, on which hung the fate of the empire, he wrote no letter, gave no order, and seemed to forget all about the matter. With his head thus buried ostrich-like in the sand, he waited the coming catastrophe, which now drew on apace. "Did they know any one who was a more accomplished musician?" he asked urgently. They railed at him openly in Rome as a pitiful harper. *That* had roused him. Fresh dispatches from the revolted provinces. Calling the Senate together, he briefly dismissed the conspiracy in Gaul, and consulted his ministers about a new organ to be played by water. Other musical instruments were then inspected and discussed. So passed the hours big with fate. On the 3rd April news reached him that his greatest general, Galba, then in Spain, had joined the rising in Gaul. Suddenly he became sane, and at the same moment fell speechless to the ground. On being revived he still seemed clear. "It is all over with me," he cried; "I am beyond all example wretched. I have lost an empire whilst I am still living." But the volatile and stagey trifer within him soon got uppermost again. He feasted and sang jovially; he had already forgotten! What was he going to do now? Something quite strange and sweeping. He was going to poison the whole Senate at a feast, massacre all Gauls in Rome, and, lastly, it would be well and pleasant enough to fire the city once more, and let all the wild beasts out upon the people; to prevent them from extinguishing the flames. But suddenly the revolt itself occurred to him in a new and charming light. The whole thing might be turned into an immense stage-play, full of highly scenic effects. The emperor must set out himself. All his musical instruments were to go with him, waggons full of them. A splendid cortège of women dressed up as

Amazons. No fighting would take place. He would step forward unarmed, and address the revolted legions. He would shed tears before them, and beg them to take back their dear emperor, the Father of his people. Then every one would embrace. The effect would be overwhelming!

The next day would be spent in singing, feasting, and rejoicing. The army would surely wish to hear again his divine voice. He would then take his harp, give them a taste of his quality, but he must now retire to compose the songs of triumph without delay. Such was his babble. (Suet. xiii.)

But if Nero was mad, Rome was now quite sane and sober. For the first time the people refused to pay the taxes. At that moment arrived a ship from Alexandria full of sand for the arena, instead of corn for the people. Hundreds were starving, and the rage and disappointment were terrible in the city. On 8th June the Italian army revolted, headed by the Prætorian Guard. In the evening the shouts of the soldiers proclaiming Galba resounded in the streets of Rome.

Nero now thought a black stage costume would suit him to perfection. He wrote a pathetic speech (found after his death). Dressed in deep mourning, he was now hurrying off to the Forum, when they told him it was too late, and that he would be torn in pieces by the enraged populace. He shut himself into his palace alone, but he feared solitude, and still more sleep, for now he was visited by fearful dreams. His mother, Agrippina, whom he had murdered, haunted him. His wife, Octavia, whom he had murdered, seemed to draw him away to some dark and awful place.

At midnight he awoke, and called for his guards. They were not asleep; they had fled. There was no one in the palace; and they had stolen his poison.

He wandered out into the streets of Rome, knocked at the doors of friends; none would answer or let him in. He came back to his bedroom, called for Spicillus the gladiator to kill him, but Spicillus was gone.

"What!" said he to Epaphroditus, his secretary, who had now joined him, "have I neither friend nor foe?" and he rushed out again to throw himself into the Tiber; but his courage failing him, and his reason growing clear once more in the face of appalling calamity, he wished for some quiet place where he might consider his strange and sudden position, and collect his thoughts for death. Phaon, a freedman, then offered him his villa outside Rome. Worn with fatigue and

terror, with his head muffled up, and covering his face with a handkerchief, dressed only in a tunic, with an old soiled cloak thrown over his shoulder, he trudged along barefoot in the gloom of the early twilight, accompanied by Phaon, Sporus, and Epaphroditus. As these four slunk out of the Nomentane Gate together like common wayfaring men, they could hear the soldiers in the Prætorian camp on their right cursing Nero the beast, and hailing Galba as Father of his country. "They are in pursuit of Nero," said a man as he passed them. "Any news in the city about Nero?" asked another. There was no time to spare.

They found him a broken-down horse, which he mounted, and they hurried on. At last they reached the villa of Phaon, parched with thirst; the emperor lapped up some water with his hands from a running tank, with the bitter jest, "This is Nero's distilled water." He crept quietly into the house on all-fours through a hole in the wall, and threw himself on the first mattress prostrate with hunger, misery, and fatigue. Then he ordered a grave to be dug before his eyes, for he refused to fly. He bade them to pave the pit with marble, and, weeping theatrically, he prepared, surrounded by his only remaining friends, to play his last act. "What an artist is now about to perish!" he exclaimed, but ere the words left his lips a dispatch from Rome arrived, which he snatched out of Phaon's hands. He read it and shuddered.

He had been condemned by the Senate to be beaten to death, and dragged by the heels, and flung into the Tiber.

Seizing two daggers, he felt their points. Greek verses occurred to him, and he began to recite. He begged Sporus to set up a wail for him—to kill him—to kill himself first. At this moment the tramping of horses and clash of armed men were heard below. He broke out in a verse from the Iliad:—*"Ἰππων μ' ἄκνυπόδων ἀμφὶ κτύπος οὐατα βάλλει,* &c. (Il. x. 335.) "The noise of swift-heeled steeds assails my ear." In another moment he would be taken alive. "Come then, courage, man!" he cried, and feebly pushed the point of the dagger into his throat. But his nerve was gone, and Epaphroditus came to his help, and pressed it home. The guards burst in, and would have seized him. "Is this your fidelity?" he murmured, and expired, with staring eyes, to the terror of all who beheld him. It was his last pose, and, as the end of such a life, it could not have been outdone. "Is this your fidelity?"

"He had never made a better comic hit," writes M. Renan. "Nero uttering a melancholy plaint over the wickedness of the age, and the disappearance of good faith and virtue! Let us applaud! as the drama is ended and the curtain falls. Once in history, O Nature, with a thousand masks, thou hast had the wit to find an actor worthy of such a rôle!"

H. R. HAWEIS.

THE BROTHERHOOD OF THE COMMON LOT.

AMONG the free spiritual associations which arose in the Netherlands during the Middle Ages, one of the most remarkable was the Brotherhood of the Common Lot. Though less known than some of the elder associations, its influence in preparing the way for the Reformation was unsurpassed.

The founder of this society was Gerhard Groot. Emerson, I think, has remarked that "institutions are the shadows of their founders." A better illustration, or indeed a stronger confirmation of this saying than the Brotherhood of the Common Lot, can hardly be found. Groot not only instituted the fraternity, but he inspired it with his own peaceful and enlightened spirit. Before sketching the growth and character of his society, we cannot, perhaps, do better than glance at the leading events of his life.

The son of Werner Groot, Gerhard was

born in October, 1340, at Deventer, of which flourishing Hanseatic town his father was sheriff and burgomaster. Being delicate in health, and giving promise of rare mental abilities, he was devoted by his parents, it is said, to a career of study from his earliest days. The first part of his education was received, in all probability, in the public school of his native city. When fifteen he was sent to the University of Paris, where he imbibed a taste for magic, and after a residence of three years took his degree of Master of Arts. Subsequently he proceeded to Cologne, and there made his first appearance as a public speaker and teacher, winning great applause. When his education was finished he obtained, through the influence of his family, several prebends, and was appointed canon of Utrecht and Aix. For a time he went the way of the world; except by his tastes and abilities he was undistin-

guished from the clergy around him. He took part, it is said, in public amusements, eat the richest food, treated himself to the costliest wines, went in gay attire, wore a girdle with silver ornaments, and was clad in a robe of the richest furs. But meeting with his old friend and fellow-student, Henry Kalkar, and being persuaded by him, he resolved to change his life. Going home from Utrecht, where this auspicious meeting took place, he made a bonfire of his books on magic, renounced the use of his emoluments and patrimony, put off his gay clothes, and became an altogether different man.

Two courses were now open to him: one was to retire to some religious house, and there devote himself to meditation and an ascetical life; the other was to continue in the world and use his talents as speaker and teacher. According to the ideas then current, the more becoming was the first. To consign one's self to the cloisters, and practise the barbarities of asceticism, was regarded as the real and only demonstrative evidence of a thorough conversion. But for asceticism, by reason of his weakly constitution, and as he afterwards found out, Gerhard was altogether unsuited. He was just as unsuited for a life of continuous meditation. St. Bernard used to say that, wherever he went, a voice always seemed to be saying to him, "To what end art thou here?" Something similar was the case with Gerhard. After the fires of the divine life had been kindled within him, he could find rest and peace in activity alone. Of the two alternatives, therefore, he chose the latter.

In order to obtain leisure and quiet to prepare for his work, he now withdrew to the Carthusian convent of Monckhuysen, where his friend, Henry Kalkar, was prior. Here he devoted himself to the study of the Bible, and to the discipline of his heart and mind. At the end of three years he obeyed the call of his Carthusian friends, was ordained a deacon, and being licensed by Florentius von Wevelinchoven, Bishop of Utrecht, he appeared as a preacher of the Word.

Clad in mean attire, he now went from town to town, and from village to village, warning and exhorting men to repent. Wherever he obtained admission, his labour was unceasing. Frequently he preached twice a day, and not uneldom for three hours at a time. Throwing the usual Latin aside, he addressed the people in the vulgar tongue. The effect was great. High and low, rich and poor, laity and clergy, came to hear him. At Deventer, Zwoil, Utrecht, Amsterdam,

and other places, the whole population neglected their meals, left their business, and flocked around him in such numbers that the churches were too small, and he was obliged to preach in the open air. Nor was it that Gerhard was a merely popular preacher, or made use of rhetorical arts. That which attracted the people was as much his matter as his manner. Many who heard him were touched with contrition; others were thoroughly converted. On some, however, the effect was different. While tenderly persuasive, Gerhard was fearless and trenchant. Thomas à Kempis represents him as labouring in the spirit of the Baptist, as denouncing the evils prevalent in society and the Church with withering vehemence. A number of the clergy more noble than the rest lent him their countenance and support. By many others the bitterest animosity was conceived. After many attempts to find an accusation against him, they at last persuaded Wevelinchoven, notwithstanding the intercession of friends, to withdraw from Gerhard his license to preach. William of Salzarvilla tried to procure the removal of this inhibition by applying to the sovereign pontiff, Urban VI., but in vain. With a sorrowful heart Gerhard resolved to obey the authorities, saying, "They are our superiors; we will do what is right, and obey them."

To its own defeat the Church of Rome has contributed often. In inhibiting Gerhard it did. Instead of putting a stop to his activity, it only diverted his energies into a new and more fruitful field. Prohibited from instructing the people, he resolved to devote himself to the instruction of the young. In Deventer there was a large school. Of those who attended it, and especially of such as were destined for the Church, Gerhard soon gathered round him a considerable number, assisting them in their studies, and entertaining them with his conversation and at his table. A peculiar feature in his character was his intense love for books. A beautiful copy of the Scriptures, or a well-written edition of a favourite theologian, gave him great delight. For some time, partly as a means of procuring for them a livelihood, and partly that he might have copies of the Scriptures and other books he prized to give away or to circulate among his friends, he had been in the habit of employing a number of young men as copyists. To this work he now introduced his friends and many of the poorer scholars. Day by day the circle around him grew larger; his band of copyists and scholars gradually assumed the character

of a regular society. At length Florentius Radewins, the young vicar of Deventer, and one of his most intimate friends, addressed him in this wise: "Dear master, what harm would it do, were I and these clerks here copying with me, to put our weekly earnings into a common fund, and live together?" "Live together!" exclaimed Gerhard, "the monks would never let us. They would do all they can to prevent us." "But what is to hinder us from trying?" rejoined Florentius. "It may be that God will grant us success." "Well, then," said Gerhard, "in God's name begin. I will be your advocate, and faithfully defend you against all who rise up against you." In the attempt which was made the Brotherhood of the Common Lot took its rise.

The principle on which it was based was that of the community of goods. The brethren were to be supported by their own labour. Like the primitive Church at Jerusalem, they were to have all things in common. The aim they set before them was the cultivation and spread of a purer and more enlightened Christianity. Their bond of union was mutual affection and identity of aim. For its permanency the Brotherhood depended simply and solely on the continuance among its members of brotherly love and mutual agreement. Ullmann has compared it to the philosophical and ascetical societies of antiquity. Points of similarity certainly exist. But in one thing the Brotherhood was essentially different. The good it sought was not its own. Its primary and distinctive aim was to do good to others. "In doing good," said Florentius Radewins, its second president, and the one by whom Gerhard's mind was more clearly reflected, "do it without self-seeking—simply for the glory of God."

Along with the fraternities Gerhard also instituted the female societies of the Common Lot. Their character and aim were the same as those of the fraternities. The only difference lay in their occupations. He intended likewise to establish a Monastery of Regular Canons. By means of this he hoped to illustrate the kind of life he deemed the best, and to secure for his male and female societies a centre of co-operation and counsel. But this, in some respects the most cherished of all his plans, he was destined never to carry out. In the year 1384, when attending one of his friends who had been seized with the terrible scourge known as the Black Death, he was evidently smitten with the plague, and a few days afterwards breathed

his last, exhorting the brethren who stood around him to confidence in God, and recommending his friend, Florentius Radewins, to them as their head. As on another and greater occasion, immediately after the removal of its founder, Gerhard's society received an access of life. The plan he was obliged to leave unfinished was taken up by Florentius, and in the year 1386, being approved of even by Wevelinchoven, it assumed a definite and tangible shape in the monastery of Windesheim.

The relations in which the brethren stood with the various classes of society were, as a rule, of the best. By the people they were highly esteemed. To the magistrates they were frequently indebted for support. When they went to open their institutions in a city or district hitherto unoccupied, they would find both people and magistrates waiting to give them a cordial reception. At their settlement in Utrecht, for instance, they were presented with a house, priestly vestments, a silver-gilt cup, and money to the amount of three hundred Rhenish guilders. The consequence was the brethren spread and multiplied with remarkable rapidity. From Deventer, their centre and home, they went to Windesheim and Zwoll. Thence they spread to all the leading towns and cities of the Netherlands, to Gouda, Ghent, Brussels, Amsterdam, &c. Within less than a century brother-houses and sister-houses had been thickly scattered throughout Northern Germany. Southward they were to be found as far as Suabia; and eastward to the city of Merseberg. Nor was the number of their establishments represented by the number of towns in which they were located. In many towns and cities there were two or more—as in Windesheim, Deventer, and Wesel.

That this progress was altogether smooth or unhindered must not, however, be supposed. At times it was retarded from within. While the great majority of the brethren exhibited a piety and zeal of the purest and most exemplary kind, a few now and again proved to be false. Such was the case with a brother who was sent to Liege to open a school. Instead of devoting himself to his mission, he gave himself up to drunkenness and gambling, and became a corrupter of the young. As a result the institutions of the Brotherhood in Liege were speedily suppressed by the order of the bishop. On the other hand, as Gerhard had many enemies, so had his societies. Chief among them were the mendicant monks. During the

first years of the Brotherhood's existence their persecutions were continued. At Kampen they induced the magistrates to drive all the friends and adherents of the fraternity out of their city, and to prohibit Werner Keyncamp, rector of the school, from entering their jurisdiction for ten years. The chief cause of their hostility was the fact that the brethren were taking the education of the young almost entirely out of their hands, and in this and other ways diminishing their revenues. The charge they usually brought against them was that they were neither a true order nor recognised by law, but that ecclesiastically they were illegitimate. At the Council of Constance they put forth all their energies to procure their ruin. Under the leadership of Matthew Gabow, a preaching monk of the diocese of Merseberg, they submitted a bill of complaint against them, charging them with being ecclesiastical monstrosities, a sort of *genus tertium*, a class of beings who ought not to exist, and demanding their entire suppression.

Of external organization the brethren had little or none. The nearest resemblance they had to it was the meeting of their rectors. Year by year these met in two assemblies, according as they came from the Netherlands or from Germany, and consulted together on the affairs of the communities in general. But any executive power they do not seem to have had. While keeping up a regular correspondence with each other, all the establishments were self-governed. Each had its own forms and customs, and was entirely independent of the rest.

As we have seen, the members of the association divided themselves into three classes: canons, brethren, sisters. Of the three, the canons were the least numerous. The number of their monasteries was never large. The intention of their founder they seem rarely to have fulfilled. After a brief period of activity most of them fell into the usual style of monastic life. The canons of Windesheim were at first remarkably zealous, executing many copies of the Scriptures, and even venturing on criticism. But with the increase of their wealth came the abatement of their zeal. Latterly they had sunk so far from the ideal and spirit of their founder that the first question they asked of a candidate was, whether he was good at eating, sleeping, and obeying.

A brother-house usually consisted of about twenty members. At the head was a rector, or president. Along with him was his assistant, the sub-rector, a steward, a librarian,

a *scriptuarius*, having charge of the copying, a director of novices, &c. These offices existed, however, more for the sake of convenience and order. Equality as well as fraternity existed in each of the houses. The brethren were likewise divided into priests, clergy (*clerici*), and laymen. The number of priests was originally exceedingly small. Gerhard used to say, "I would not undertake the care of souls even for a single night for all the gold of Arabia." For a time the same feeling pervaded the society. As it wore away the number of priests increased. In each house there were usually four, twice as many clergy, with whom were counted the novices, and as many laymen as chose to share the brethren's mode of life.

From proselytizing, or from soliciting donations, the brethren carefully abstained. Applications for admission were entertained only after being repeatedly renewed. Candidates were required to pass a year of probation, during which they were not allowed to visit their relatives. The probation being ended, those who wished to proceed became clerks, when they were expected to resign their patrimony or possessions for the common use. Having attained the full *status* of brethren, they now took their place and duties with the rest. If any one grew dissatisfied, he was at liberty to leave. All he had to do was to settle his accounts with the brethren, leave a sum of money in their hands, and go his way. In matters of dress the greatest latitude, though rarely practised, was always allowed. The costume usually worn was Gerhard's after his conversion, a grey cloak, grey coat, and grey breeches. The head was generally covered with a cowl of the same colour, on account of which the brethren were called *cucullati*.* Their mode of life was exceedingly methodical. Dividing the day into several parts, they devoted one to spiritual exercises, another to writing, a third to manual or other labour. A peculiar and distinctive feature of their spiritual exercises was the practice, instituted by Gerhard, of confessing their sins to each other.

The labour in which the brethren engaged depended partly on their peculiar aptitudes, and partly on the character of the district in which they lived. The duties of some were, of course, purely domestic. Others were engaged in trades or in commerce. The convent of St. Mary at Beverwijk traded in parchment, honey, wax, salt-fish. At Hilders-

* Other names by which they were known were Hieronymites, Gregorians, Brothers of Good Will, Collation-brothers (*Colloatsiebroeders*), *Devoti Clerici*.

heim the brethren made mass-books, vestments, and other kinds of ecclesiastical furnishings. The brethren at Hattem were at first farmers and weavers. Afterwards they became prosperous and rich, able to maintain a large school.

One species of labour, the copying of books, was common to every house and to all the brethren. This, as we saw, originated in Gerhard's love for beautiful manuscripts. Next to him, those who gave it the strongest impetus and raised it almost to the position of a monopoly were Florentius Radewins and Gerhard Zerbolt. Though no great penman, what Florentius lacked in skill he made up in zeal, inciting the brethren to his utmost, preparing the parchment, marking extracts, revising the MSS. Zerbolt's passion for books was equal to Gerhard's. A fine codex gave him greater pleasure than a sumptuous feast. Among the most beautiful and accomplished penmen was the celebrated author, Thomas à Kempis. His delight in well-executed MSS. was intense. The works copied were, besides the Scriptures and books of devotion, Anselm's *Monologium*, Bernard's *Meditationes*, and various treatises from the Latin and Greek fathers, also books used in the schools. Extracts were likewise made from pious authors in the shape of tracts. To transcribing the brethren were indebted for a large part of their income, though many of these books went to increase their own libraries whence they were lent, while others were given away, one hour being set apart each day to writing for the poor.

Another way in which the brethren sought to enlighten the people was by means of preaching. Their extant sermons are in Latin; but there is good reason to believe that when addressing the people they followed the practice of Gerhard, and spoke in the popular tongue. Their addresses were of two kinds—sermons and collations. A feature of the former, not without parallels elsewhere, was their remarkable length. As we mentioned above, Gerhard's sermons sometimes lasted for three hours. Those of John of Gronde often lasted for six. Collations were a more popular kind of addresses, delivered in each of the brother-houses on Sunday afternoons and on saint days. Apparently they were similar to a Scotch "exposition." A passage being read from the Gospels, it was explained and applied. The meetings at which these addresses were delivered became exceedingly popular. Numerous bequests were made for their institution and support.

But that to which the brethren devoted their principal energies was the education of the young. The age and country in which they originated were neither dark nor illiterate. Schools were established in all the larger towns of the Netherlands. Yet their influence was exceedingly great. They fell upon opportune times. The desire for knowledge was beginning to be widely felt. When Gerhard was studying in Monckhuysen, Petrarch was living at Vaucluse, inaugurating the revival of letters. John of Ravenna was itinerating about Italy, arousing in the minds of the young a passion for the ancient classics. Before the Brotherhood had reached the zenith of its activity, the enthusiasm awakened in Italy had crossed the Alps. In the south the revival had taken a secular, if not a decidedly atheistical turn. Labouring in the spirit of Gerhard, the brethren tried to make it subservient to the development of the spiritual life. In the numerous schools they opened they took great pains to inculcate a knowledge of the Bible. Where schools existed already they gave their services as teachers, or gathering the pupils around them, instructed them by their conversation and example. Nor was it by teaching alone that they laboured for the young. How to promote their intellectual and spiritual welfare seems to have been their continual thought. The poorer scholars they took almost entirely beneath their charge, paying their school fees, providing them with books procuring gratuitous entertainment for them in honourable and pious families. Not the least of their services was the introduction of the use of the classics and better grammar.

Reformers ostensibly the brethren were not, though they denounced the corruptions of the Church continually; the idea of instituting a "reformation" they never entertained. Yet, in reality, the whole spirit and tendency of their work were thoroughly reforming. More than any other agency of their times, they contributed to produce that intellectual and spiritual atmosphere without which the Reformation of Luther would have been impossible.

Their decay was chiefly due to three causes—their inability to adapt themselves to the changing times, the invention of printing, and the progress of the Reformation. In most institutions there is a natural element of decay. Ministering to certain wants which are more or less peculiar to the period of their origin, as these change or disappear they also must change or pass away. Against the printing press the brethren

for a time struggled with zeal. But the conflict was unequal. The fraternities of Gerhard were no match for the ever-increasing fraternities of Gutenberg and Faust. Their monopoly was broken for ever. By completing what for nearly two centuries the brethren had indefatigably, though unconsciously, laboured at, the Reformation gave the most effectual impetus to their downfall. Three times Luther stood forth in their defence. "Would

to God," he on one occasion writes, "that all monastic institutions were like them! Clergymen, cities, and countries would then be better served and more prosperous than they now are." But even his advocacy could not save them. Their time was come, and in the course of the seventeenth century, or after an existence of about two hundred and fifty years, the societies of Gerhard entirely disappeared.

W. M. METCALFE.

A PICTURE.

ONE picture fair within my heart I carry,
 Unshadowed by the weary weight of years;
 And often, as amid strange scenes I tarry,
 A vision of my early youth appears.

The houses clustered on the water's border,
 Clear imaged in the softly flowing stream;
 The trees beyond it, set in gracious order,
 The bridge, the road—delicious is the dream!

Each nook recalls fond thoughts, and memories sofen
 My heart to those that still by them abide;
 I think of those that wandered with me often—
 Of those who now in earth lie side by side.

Long years have rolled, and other children gladly
 Rove in the woods and by the waterside;
 And some who walked with me may eye them sadly,
 And think of other days, whose light has died.

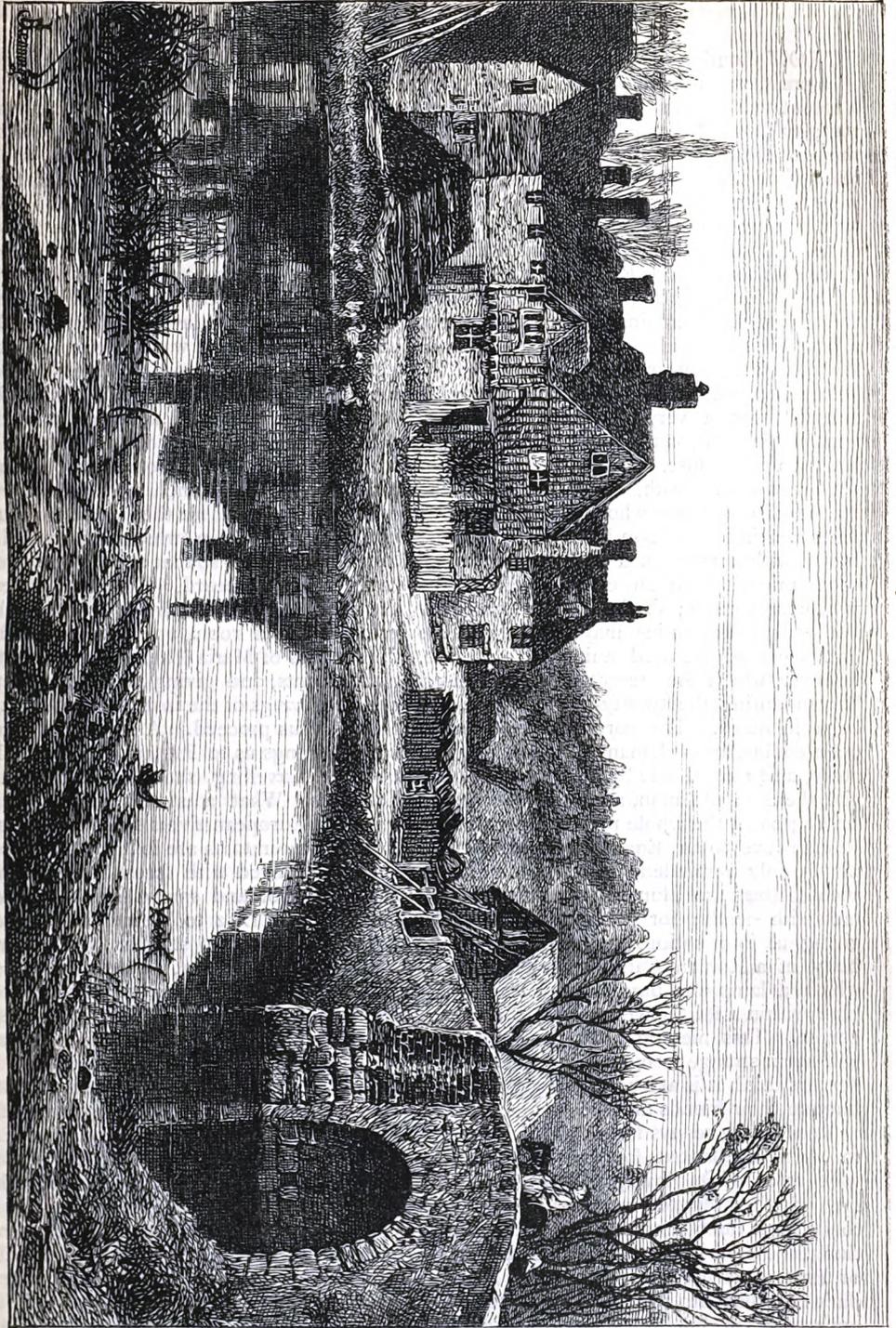
And yet it lives, and sheds a wondrous sweetness
 Around the ways, else darkly shaded all;
 Making the heart, prepared in all meetness,
 Like "darkened chamber,"* when the bright rays fall:

A home of beauty, where the past is cherished,
 Each common thing made radiant in the light;
 No gleam of love or beauty that has perished,
 But here, relimned, is clear to inward sight.

W. P. BLACKMORE.

* "The heart is the true 'Camera Obscura,' in the lowliest making pictures that can never be painted."—SCHMIDT.





A Picture.

IN ROUMANIA.

BY THE REV. HENRY LANSDELL, F.R.G.S.

FROM London to Cologne, travelling express, was my first day's journey during a recent tour to the seat of the Russo-Turkish war; and, had it seemed good to proceed at the same speed, Vienna could have been reached in another day and a half. There were two German cities, however, at which I was anxious to glance; namely, the old-fashioned town of Nuremberg, and Ratisbon, or, as it is now called, Regensburg.

Every tourist is familiar with the churches, the towers, the fountains of the birthplace of Albert Dürer, as also with the sculpture of the Crucifixion near the Cemetery of St. John; but not a few omit to visit what is certainly not a very pleasant, but a very remarkable sight, in the mortuary house close by. To this house, or others similar, within six hours after death, must be taken the corpse of every one who dies; and here it must remain for eight-and-forty hours before burial, with a ring placed on the finger, which communicates with an electric bell in the watchman's room; so that, if the person be not really dead, notice may be given of the first signs of restored animation—a case, however, which the present guard has never known during the twenty-five years he has been in office. The corpses are placed in open coffins, dressed, many of them, in bridal attire, and ranged side by side; here a lovely girl, there an old man, and next, perhaps, a smiling babe, the whole presenting a sight of strange awe to an English beholder. One was grimly reminded, however, how soon such feelings are blunted by continual contact with death; for the watchman, whilst giving us information, coolly walked to the body of a Roman Catholic at the head of which a lamp was burning, and lighted his pipe within a few inches of the face of the corpse. This method of keeping the dead will seem strange to many; but the Nurembergers think it is at least a safeguard against burying their friends alive.

Regensburg repays for a visit, if it be only to stand enchanted for awhile before the west front of its lovely cathedral, but the spot which interested me most, I am bound to say, was the historical Town Hall, with its dungeons used in olden times for the torture of Protestant heretics. Here was a small dark chamber into which confederates were, apparently in kindness, put together, but from which there was a hearing apparatus, so

that if they spoke of their alleged crimes, all they said was overheard. In the largest chamber are still to be seen the instruments of torture of which one had read from childhood: such as the rack, a long wooden bench, having in the middle a transverse roller studded with knots of iron, on which rested the body of the unfortunate man who was being stretched by winches at the head and feet. Leaning against a wall was a ladder used for torture, and from the ceiling were suspended pulleys for lifting the body into mid-air. There was likewise a thin upright plank standing on end and sharpened to a fine edge, called the "Spanish donkey," across which, probably, many an unfortunate man has had to sit astride with weights tied to his feet. These horrors were perpetrated in a chamber into which no ray of daylight ever gleamed—where the inquisitor sat behind a barred screen (which is still standing), and underground, so that the victims' screams could never be heard. The genuineness of the relics is apparent from a printed book preserved in a room up-stairs, in which are the decrees of Maria Theresa enjoining these punishments, and giving minute illustrations and engravings of the instruments to be used.

But let us proceed. A few hours' journey by rail brings us to Passau, where the lover of river travelling should embark on the Danube. What a stately stream is this queen of European rivers! From Passau to Linz the mountains are lofty, and the banks generally fringed with forest, but the population is poor and sparse. The next day's journey, from Linz to Vienna, is relieved by a greater number of stations, some of which are highly picturesque, by reason of ancient castles and monasteries perched on rocky eminences, looking well-nigh inaccessible. In one of these, Dürrenstein, the lion-hearted English Richard was imprisoned, and here the faithful Blondel is said to have discovered his lost master. A third day suffices for the journey from Vienna to Pesth, after which the river takes a southerly direction through a flatter country, until at length are approached the Pass of Kasan and the Iron Gates of the Danube, one of the grandest spots in Europe. As we have glided along, ruined forts here and there have taken us back hundreds of years to the times of the Saracens, who, in the day of their pride, pushed their conquests thus far north; but

when the Pass comes in sight we feel on truly *classic* ground. The boat, indeed, in which we are carried is new, but not so the whirlpools and currents through which we pass—not so those bald mountains rising thousands of feet on either side, with eagles sporting among their crags—not so the road on the southern bank, on which the Roman armies marched. What grand fellows were those old Romans! They have left their marks behind them even here in the inscription of Trajan, which probably commemorates his first Dacian campaign; and also in the narrowest part of the Pass (where the Danube is only one hundred and twenty yards in width), in the rocks rising perpendicularly from the water, there are to be seen to this day the holes which the Romans made, and into which they thrust timber beams to support a hanging road.

But the tourist will probably wish to stay at some of the towns on the banks of the Danube—at clean and busy Linz; at Vienna, if only to see, in the highly decorated tower of St. Stephen, one of the most graceful spires in Europe; and of course at Pesth, where glimpses of Oriental life begin to appear. To see the Hungarian capital to advantage, one travels by a curious little railway which ascends on the face of a hill at an angle, I should think, of more than fifty degrees, and upon which the whole journey is completed in one minute. A few steps bring us to the palace gardens, from which is obtained a magnificent view of the city, of the Danube with its pleasure-haunted islands, and of numerous spires which have adorned alternately Christian churches or Turkish mosques, according as the Saracens or the Hungarians have been masters of the town. The hotels at Pesth are excellent. The Grand Hotel of Hungary, at which I stayed, is built in the form of a quadrangle, the enclosure being covered with glass, adorned with oleander and other shrubs, and enlivened in the evening by a band of stringed instruments, in which the Hungarian cymbal forms a prominent and agreeable feature. I stayed in Pesth for a day or two, and there visited my first Hungarian prison, saw a fine Jewish synagogue, and also visited an excellent hospital which has been established there in connection with a Scottish mission to the Jews.

My next point was Bukarest, the ordinary way to which is by steamer to Giurgevo, and then by rail. This passage, however, was blocked by the war; and hence I resolved on a railway journey through Hungary

and Transylvania to Kronstadt, intending to post over the Carpathians to Ploiesti, and so proceed by rail to the Roumanian capital. This opened up a country entirely new to the English tourist. Soon after leaving Pesth we found ourselves traversing extensive plains of corn-growing and pasture land, stocked with enormous herds of long-horned cattle. Oxen were seen in use instead of horses, whilst farther east the place of oxen was in part supplied by buffaloes, somewhat ungainly-looking animals, but which are said to possess twice the strength of an ox.

To accomplish the journey from Pesth to Kronstadt requires two nights and the greater portion of three days. It seemed better to break the journey at Grosswardein, which I did, and by that means was enabled to visit a large episcopal city in the very heart of Hungary. Here I found a bishop's palace of ducal, not to say kingly, proportions, with sumptuous gardens, the whole air of which reminded me of the ancient power of Romish bishops. It was not difficult to recall what enormous resources they were able in olden time to bring to bear against the devoted few who sighed for reform in "the Church's head and members." Romanism still holds sway in Hungary, but not so powerfully nor with such intolerance as in Austria proper. There I knew it was more than my liberty was worth to venture to distribute tracts, or even copies of the Gospels, but I attempted a little in this way in Grosswardein. Going into the marketplace, I began to offer to the peasants some little books in Magyar, German, &c., and upon my errand being understood I was soon surrounded with eager petitioners. The fact of my *giving* the tracts (although money was frequently offered) seemed to the people perfectly inexplicable; and, thinking that this feature of my work might have something to do with my apparent success, I determined to test the sincerity of the people by making them pay for the rest of the Gospels. I therefore intimated that I must receive a few coins for my remaining books. This, however, proved no deterrent; for kreutzers poured in on every hand, and I soon disposed of all the books I had.

On leaving Grosswardein the train soon crosses the Transylvanian frontier, passes through fine mountain scenery, and winds along by the river Körös. Fields of Indian corn appear, and with them a somewhat different and lower type of labourers. The Hungarians had not presented many features differing from their Germanic fellow-subjects

farther west; but in Transylvania began to be recognised the Sclavic element—the Wallachs, gypsies, &c. Women and men worked in the field apparently in common; the men wearing straw turban-shaped hats, and short linen trousers so full that they looked like petticoats, whilst the women wore broad-brimmed hats, nearly a yard in diameter, very low and very open dresses, short skirts, and black-top boots. Their small wooden houses had remarkably high gables, and were covered with boards, thatch, or shingle. With this last the churches were roofed, giving them an appearance very similar to the mountain churches of Norway. Civilisation was taken to these parts by the Germans, and there are still to be found traces of Germanic influence; but the people seem to have made little progress for many years. The soil is fertile, and also rich in minerals; but with so little energy are these resources developed, that the line of railway does not even pay its working expenses, but remains a burden on the State. A fellow-traveller informed us that the people have few aspirations for progress, and are content to live on Indian corn, and, alas! to drink “schnapps.”

I reached Kronstadt on Saturday evening, and stayed over the Sunday. The town straggles over a wide extent of ground, affording a dwelling-place for inhabitants of at least four or five distinct nationalities—Hungarians, Jews, Wallachs, Germans, Greeks, &c., each having their own religion, their own places of public resort, and their own prejudices and jealousies. It was easy to discover, however, that the citizens were on the whole a pleasure-loving people, whether as seen in the clumsy dancing of the peasants in the wine-shops to the rough music of a gypsy's fiddle, or in the ball kept up at our hotel until an early hour on Sunday morning, and renewed on Sunday night. There happened to be a military officer of distinction staying in the town, and it was a pretty sight to see the band of one of the regiments, dressed in white, turn out after dark and march to his lodging with lighted flambeaux, and play a serenade in his honour.

I cannot say that my visits to the churches of Kronstadt left a favourable impression on my mind as to the religious condition of the people. The Romish chapel presented no special features different from what are common in other parts of Europe, though I had been somewhat interested on my journey in seeing hundreds of Romish pilgrims returning from Klausenberg. Some were in clumsy

waggon, some were resting at roadside inns, others walking in companies, and some were sitting in crowds by the banks of a stream, reminding one of Chaucer's pilgrims and his Canterbury Tales. Again the condition of the Protestant churches was anything but encouraging. At the entrance to the town was a large church intended for the outlying villages; and as it was “a high day,” there ought to have been a good Sunday-morning congregation, whereas it was estimated that there were only about a hundred and twenty present, and out of those only one solitary communicant. The sermon was described to me as a poor moral essay, the best thing about it being that it contained nothing positively wrong; for I heard that among the Transylvanian clergy there is a great deal of scepticism, not to say of positive infidelity. The worthy pastor was asked if he did not think something could be done towards the improvement of the people by the appointment of a colporteur and the distribution of religious literature; but he left his interrogator to judge of his interest in such matters by raising all sorts of difficulties, and he did not care so much as to receive his visitor's name. In the afternoon I went to the principal Lutheran church, a large building capable of accommodating, probably, from a thousand to fifteen hundred people, in which there was a congregation of nearly a dozen men, and perhaps rather more than twice that number of women. The minister was dressed in black, somewhat in Genevan fashion, with an array of silver buckles down his breast. He came out of the vestry from time to time between the singing of the hymns, and read a few words; also baptized two children, and ascended the pulpit, not to preach a sermon, but to read a short liturgy; and this with the singing of hymns made up the afternoon service. The choir consisted of a number of youths, apparently from the high school, who talked aloud during the flourishes given by the organist between the verses, and then scampered down the stairs immediately after the last line of the last hymn. A colder or more heartless service I think I never attended. I went also to the afternoon service at the Roumanian, or Greek, church, at which, with the exception of the priest's household, two students, and myself, there was scarcely any one present. The priest, however, on ascertaining that I was an English clergyman, treated me courteously, and with his daughter (who spoke French) accompanied me in the evening to the military and civil prisons, where I was readily

allowed to give to the prisoners such books and portions of the Scriptures as I had.

On Monday at noon I left Kronstadt for Ploiesti in a vehicle that combined certain of the features of a clumsy hearse, a stage-coach, and a carrier's waggon of the last century, with six horses, two wheelers and four leaders abreast. The clay roads had been recently drenched with rain, and deep ruts then formed were now all but baked by the burning sun; so that dashing over these at a high speed was trying in the extreme to flesh and blood, and matters reached a climax when we had to turn into and tumble over the stones in the bed of a river to avoid a landslip which had recently taken place. Still, it was something new to be climbing the Carpathians, the highest peaks of which are covered with snow, and the lower ranges with forests, in which there is said to be abundance of game, foxes and hares, and even wolves and bears. My aneroid registered some fifteen hundred feet during the ascent, the last four hundred of which were traversed over a zigzag road in about fifteen minutes. We had then to descend three thousand feet on the other side; now winding along a shelf on the mountain's side with a yawning precipice below, and now passing beneath towering cliffs on either side of the way. The road was by no means lonely, for we met many vehicles, and towards evening we arrived at a fashionable place of summer resort called Sinaia, a Roumanian St. Moritz, which ordinarily is full of visitors, but which the war had emptied. At this spot we were favoured with the protection of an armed soldier, two more horses were added to our team, and, oddly enough, farther on, two more Englishmen joined those already inside; after which, on the approach of darkness, we tried as best we could to forget in balmy sleep the lumps and difficulties of the way.

About four o'clock in the morning we reached Ploiesti, which had been, up to a few days previously, the Russian head-quarters, of which, however, there were but few remaining tokens, until we came to the railway, by the side of which was a small encampment, the principal rooms of the station being monopolized by Russian officers. We now began to realise that we were approaching the seat of war. Bukarest is only two hours distant from Ploiesti, but during the journey we were shunted more than once to allow of the passing of trains with ammunition and warlike implements. On reaching Bukarest the city looked lively enough, and had it not been for the frequent sight of

Russian uniforms, and a crowd of Jews round our hotel eager to contract for Russian supplies, one could hardly have believed in the existence of active warfare within two hours' journey of the capital. It was passing strange, moreover, how quietly everything concerning the fortunes of the war was kept; and wise people did not ask too many questions lest they should be suspected.

I went to Roumania with the hope that I might be of use in the distribution of religious literature in the Russian hospitals; but in Bukarest, in the first week of July, there seemed to be scarcely any who needed such assistance. The Roumanians whispered that there were in the town at least a thousand wounded, but I found only three. What wounded there were at that time seemed to have been taken farther north to Jassy, or else home to Russia.

I was invited to visit Giurgevo, which was then being bombarded daily; and as it was said that the Turks fired only from six to nine in the evening, and that the siege could be witnessed from a neighbouring village, I accepted the invitation. The journey though short was full of saddening interest. At the stations were hundreds and probably thousands of sacks of flour, together with other provisions, waiting to be forwarded, and on the road we saw regiments of soldiers, scorched by a broiling sun, treading their dusty way to the front. Once we were shunted opposite a train freighted with heavy artillery, and were watching the soldiers unloading the cannons with boisterous shouts and laughter, when, a whistle being heard, we beheld a sight approaching which formed a sombre contrast to this noisy mirth. It was an ambulance train bringing sick and wounded. The doors of the waggons were sufficiently opened to allow of our seeing the poor fellows as they lay; and this with the sight of the Red Cross nurses, and the flying flags bearing the same symbol, caused not a few of my fellow-passengers to shudder. I had visited after an interval the battle-fields of the Franco-Prussian war, but no ruins of bricks and mortar and desolated homes ever conveyed to my mind so forcibly as this ambulance train what war really means, nor did I realise so vividly before the awful responsibility which rests on the heads of men who cause thousands of their fellows' blood to be shed. On arriving at Giurgevo, I found that the Turks did not always observe with precision the same hours for firing, and that, in fact, they might begin at any moment. In the centre of the town was a high watch-

tower, on which a sentinel stood to give notice immediately the Turks began to fire. The streets were then cleared by Cossacks, and all persons were warned to retire to their cellars. I mounted the tower, and from thence could plainly see Rustchuk and the Turkish batteries as well as the position of the Russians. Looking down, too, upon the houses, it was easy to see, by the holes in the roofs, where shells had entered, and, having burst, had blown the bricks and tiles in all directions. The tower presented too good a mark for the Turkish artillery to make it wise to remain on the top, and again, to go close to the bank of the river was only to expose one's self both to Russian suspicion and to sharp-shooters' bullets; but so long as the Turks did not begin to cannonade, we could without danger walk about the streets, and see the havoc caused by the shells. One man showed us his ruined house, over which he was keeping a solitary guard, and there we saw windows blown out, doors unhinged, ceilings knocked down, and the floor covered with pieces of shell and lime and dust. The billiard-room of one of the hotels presented a curiously desolate appearance, whilst with the gymnasium, the largest school-building in the town, so many missiles had burst therein, that it was a wonder the walls remained standing. Shells which had fallen in the town, but which had not burst, could be bought for a few francs. I was told by a correspondent that two peasants had obtained possession of one, out of which they tried to get the fuse by knocking it, with the effect, however, of the shell bursting, and of course killing them both. Happily the Turks did not begin to fire whilst I was in the town, and I therefore thought it prudent to return by the afternoon train.

On the following day I witnessed an ambulance party starting for Kalafat. There were mules laden with boxes and barrels, light carriages to carry the wounded, and a number of contrivances for mitigating the pains of the suffering on the field of battle. All connected with the ambulance wore Red Cross badges, and the procession moved through the streets to the sounds of music, sped on its mission by the blessings of the people. This ambulance, which had been largely subscribed to by the Freemasons, was Roumanian.

I was anxious to see some of the towns east of Bukarest, and having heard that a Russian gunboat crossed the Danube daily from Braila to Matchin, I determined to try if I could by that means set my foot on Turkish soil. I had, moreover, a fraternal

invitation from a Roumanian physician to stay with him in Braila, and so proceeded thither by rail, having to pay to the guard a fine of a few shillings, which they inflict on unpunctual passengers, because on arriving at the station at the very last moment I got into the carriage without a ticket. I reached my friend's house at Braila about two o'clock in the morning, and found before his door a Russian soldier with his bayonet fixed. He was evidently expecting a nocturnal visitor, and conducted me at once to my bedroom, intimated by pointing to a door that my host was sleeping in the next room, and then left me to "the situation." In the morning I found that my host was director of a hospital close by, in which were some Russian soldiers in their coats, who were sick, but I did not see any wounded.

From the top of the cathedral, and from the roof of the consul's house, I was able to get a capital view of the river, and to form some idea of the Russian tactics in their first crossing the Danube. Behind me, to the north-west, the Russian soldiers had lain by thousands, and there were a few tents still visible. To the east Galatz could be seen in the distance, and in the same direction, a little way down the river, floated the bridge of boats by which the Russians had crossed. Running towards the south was a ridge of hills, on one of which stands a fort, which the invaders speedily took, and so passed on to Matchin, which I could see in the distant south.

I found that the Russian gunboat was not plying, and that I should, therefore, have to take a small bark, and row some few miles down an arm of the river if I wished to see Matchin, and this I determined to do, little knowing the difficulties that lay before me. My troubles began with the consul, who said he had received peremptory orders to allow no one to cross. I was advised to complain by telegraph to the English consul at Bukarest that, as a British subject, permission was refused to allow me to pass "without let or hindrance," but I thought it wiser first to try the Russian commandant. Upon making known to him my desire, he first asked if I were a correspondent, and next if I had my photograph. I thought the latter a strange question; but happening to have my *carte de visite*, I produced it. He looked on the back for a signature, and, finding none, made me a bow and uttered something which I understood, or misunderstood, to mean that if I would go to the Emperor and get permission, I

might be allowed to cross. I then produced a letter from the Russian authorities in London, asking that I might be allowed to distribute religious literature among the sick, and after reading this the commandant said he would let me go, and wrote a permission, which I innocently thought would frank me to Matchin, and, after walking about for an hour or two, allow me to return. I soon found my bark, but the men were delayed for nearly an hour by a Roumanian soldier, who levied upon us "black mail" in the shape of money for drink. We passed close by the Turkish monitor which was blown up by a Russian torpedo, and by another sunken Turkish man-of-war which the enemy managed to destroy, some said by firing a shell down the funnel, or, as the Turks said, by setting fire to the powder which they had on deck, and with which they were preparing that night to bombard Braila. After a passage of six hours, in the course of which the boat was nearly capsized through the men trying to take advantage of the breeze raised by a thunderstorm, we reached Matchin. Presenting my passport, I said that I intended to return in an hour or two, and was not a little taken aback by being informed that if I came early next morning I *might* get permission to return. It so happened that I was bound to get back the same night, and, declaring stoutly that I must do so, I posted off at once to commandant number two. I found his military highness washing before dinner, and entered his room just as the servant, in Russian fashion, was pouring water on his master's hands. There was another officer in the room, who, on reading a permission I had to visit prisons in St. Petersburg, complimented me by calling me a modern Howard. They said that I should have the required permission, and offered me a Cossack or the chief of the police to conduct me about the town. I visited first the prison, and then went with my interpreter to the mosques, which were in ruins, and into the minarets of which (the *sanctum sanctorum* of the Mussulman) I could easily have ascended, had I chosen to take the trouble. There were few men and not a single woman to be seen in the streets. On the approach of the Russians the Turks had fled, and the Bulgarians, hoping that their Mussulman oppressors would never return, had seized their property and rifled their houses, not leaving untouched even the doors and windows. The town altogether presented a lonely and desolate appearance, but

the destruction was not to be compared for a moment with the awful condition in which I found the little town of Bazeilles twelve months after the battle of Sedan in the Franco-Prussian war. My interpreter, who was a Jew living in the place, spoke in the highest terms of the conduct of the Russian soldiers, though he said three yoke of oxen had been stolen from him by the Bulgarians. I am bound further to say, that everywhere, so far as I saw, the Russians were on their best behaviour. I heard nothing against them in Roumania, though it was quite evident that below their fingers of velvet they had an arm of steel; for they had quietly taken possession of the telegraphs, railway stations, and, in fact, of every important position in the country. Hence the Roumanians, whilst they were well pleased with the Russian money that was pouring into the country, were wondering what would be the end of this quiet usurpation of power. There were a few shops open in Matchin, at which I made some purchases, and then started about seven o'clock to return to Braila.

After making a little way, the rain came down in torrents, and the greater part of the voyage was performed under these conditions, and in the dark. As we approached Braila one of the men got out of the boat, why I could not tell, and not knowing the language, I could not ask, so judged it best to remain in the bottom of the boat perfectly quiet. The man did not seem to effect his object, and returned, after which my two oarsmen sat perfectly still, attempting to use neither sail nor oar. This continued until the horrid thought seized me that the man had perhaps got out to drag the boat ashore, but, finding the water low and the mud deep, could not succeed, and that we should therefore have to wait twelve hours in the pouring rain for a rise in the tide. Accordingly I pulled from my pocket the last crust I had, and was beginning quietly to resign myself, when, to my great joy, on peering out beneath my umbrella, I found we were at the boat-house, into which, like three drowned rats, we speedily entered. I had then only to get to my friend's house by wading through the streets, which for badness of paving I had never seen equalled, which were covered, not with puddles, but with ponds of water. And thus ended my adventure, in which I had paid dearly, both in cash and experience, for my curiosity to set foot on Turkish soil. I returned next day to Bukarest.

DIVERSITY IN UNITY.

A Sermon preached by Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, D.D., Dean of Westminster, in Westminster Abbey, on St. Andrew's Day, November 30, 1877.

Being the Day of Intercession for Missions, and preparatory to an Address on Missions in the Nave, by the Rev. John Sloughton, D.D., Professor of Historical Theology in the Independent College, Hampstead.

"In the midst of the throne, and round about the throne, were four 'living creatures,' full of eyes before and behind. And the first 'living creature' was like a lion, and the second 'living creature' was like a calf, and the third 'living creature' had a face as a man, and the fourth 'living creature' was like a flying eagle."—Revelation iv. 6, 7.

THERE is an argument often used against Christian Missions which is supposed to be fatal to their effect. It is said that the natives of heathen countries are disturbed by the various forms under which Christianity is presented to them, and that it is, therefore, difficult for them to accept as true what appears under such diverse and sometimes rival aspects.

It is an argument which is also used at home in favour of suppressing these different forms, as far as possible, and substituting for them some one system which shall supersede all the others.

This objection, if sound, would strike at the very root of all missions as they now exist, and it may, therefore, be worth while to meet it; and the more so as the statement of the counter principle is full of edifying reflections.

So far from its being the case that a uniform or absolutely homogeneous statement of the truth is necessary for all times and circumstances, the whole structure of the Bible is a direct testimony to the contrary position; namely, that there are, as St. Paul says, diversities of gifts, of ministrations, of operations, through which the same Father reigns, the same Lord is served, the same Spirit works; that Divine light can only be received in the world through the refractions, as St. Peter says, of "many colours and many shapes"—delivered, as the author of the Epistle to the Hebrews says, in "many parts and in many fashions"—represented, as St. John expresses it, by the widest diversity of figures that the prophetic imagination could conceive; image upon image, metaphor upon metaphor; not one lamp, but seven; not the throne only, but the rainbow; not the sight only of sapphire or of emerald, but the sound of thunder and trumpet, and the roar of many waters; the Supreme Unity encompassed and surrounded by venerable sages, and strange animals, and ten thousand times ten thousand heavenly messengers.

Amongst those figures, that which I have chosen for my text has been consecrated by the long usage of the Church to the special

subject of the evangelization of mankind. The four Living Creatures which surround the throne of God have, fancifully perhaps, yet not without a profound meaning, been appropriated by early tradition to the four Evangelists. In ancient times there was no fixed appropriation of these several images, each to each. It was only the general fact of the fourfold figure that suggested the comparison. The man, the lion, the calf, and the eagle, so entirely unlike each other in form and aspect, have been assigned in varying degrees to St. Matthew, St. Mark, St. Luke, and St. John. But this diversity truly represents the divergence of the four delineations which the Gospels contain of the Saviour's life and character. It might have been that they should all have been fused into one; it might have been that the peculiar traits or ideas represented respectively in the four Evangelists should have been altogether suppressed, and that so the world might have been saved the perplexities and the stumbling-blocks which the strange contradictions and varieties of the several accounts have left on the mind of Christendom. But it was not so ordered; and in spite of these momentary difficulties, we may well be thankful that the fourfold picture has been allowed to remain, and that the world has been left, as best it may, to explore and to reconcile these widely differing reports.

What is thus exemplified in the case of the four Evangelists has more or less continued in the work of evangelization ever since. Vehement as have been the attempts to reduce into one single system the various modes by which Christian doctrines or Christian institutions have been developed, human nature and Divine grace have been too strong to be bound in any such artificial restraints; and those portions of mankind which lie outside the Christian pale have no just cause of complaint at the different points of view from which the message of the Gospel has been conveyed to them.

In the scraphic hymn which in the services of the Eastern Church forms one of the most

solemn parts of the Communion office, the words by which praise is expressed have, by the singular richness of the Russian language, been represented by four phrases, which, whilst they all contain the same common idea of thanksgiving, enable the hearers, as it were, to catch, through the concordant music, sounds as of the roaring of a lion, as of the scream of an eagle, as of the bellowing of an ox, and as of the speech of a man. This well explains to us the general effect which may be, which ought to be, and which to a large extent has been conveyed to the world, by the diversity and the unity of Christendom.

No doubt to a mere childish or barbarian intellect the idea of such complexity is difficult to grasp; but after all, in presenting to uncivilised or half-civilised nations the truths of a religion, which, if it be anything, ought to correspond with the results of the highest civilisation, we must be content to trust ourselves in some degree to the common sense and common reason of mankind, which, even in the most barbarous races, is not wholly extinguished; and, when such an objection is brought forward, it must be met, as many other objections are met, not by acquiescing in the stupidity or perversity of those we address, but by appealing to the highest light that is in them, and drawing the lessons which they themselves might acknowledge in their common experience.

The fact is, that the offence given in the eyes of heathen nations by the differences of Christendom, is in great measure occasioned, not by the mere fact of those differences, but by the fierce rivalries, and unhallowed jealousies, and overleaping ambitions by which different phases or forms of Christianity have attacked and endeavoured to absorb each other in the race of proselytism. These inhuman passions are justly calculated to alienate the unsophisticated consciences, whether of civilised or of savage heathendom; but they would be equally odious even though there were not a single heathen to be converted. They are amongst the vices of Christian society, like drunkenness, gambling, impurity, such as we have been told have in our Australian colonies provoked an army of British missionaries to the good work of endeavouring to convert our benighted fellow-countrymen—in these respects truly benighted—to a better and purer life. But these are quite another matter from the innocent divisions which have parted Churches from each other. "It is not," as was well said by an excellent Nonconformist, who was

educated within those walls two centuries ago, "It is not the actual differences that do the mischief, but the mismanagement of those differences." In point of fact it has been found that Christian missionaries in heathen parts do for the most part forget their divisions in the face of the heathen. It was the testimony of the Report presented to both Houses of Parliament in 1872, that, "from the nature of their work, and from their isolated position, they co-operate heartily together, and that, with few exceptions, it is a fixed rule among them that they will not interfere with each other's converts or each other's spheres of duty."

We propose therefore to guard against the growth of these exceptions, and to uphold this fixed rule—to show that, so far from such a diversity being contrary to the genius of Christianity, it was involved in the religion of our Divine Founder from the very beginning; that so far from its being a reasonable obstacle in the way of its reception, it ought to be one of the chief commendations of it to the reception of those to whom it is addressed.

Let me illustrate this position by several great examples in the history of Christian missions.

(1.) Let us first take the diversity of creeds. When we consider how variously constituted are the powers of human apprehension, how mixed are the ingredients out of which any human representations of truth are composed, it is an almost inevitable result that every creed and confession of faith which Christendom has produced must partake of that mingled, complex, and imperfect character which belongs to human speech and human thought. No one creed or confession can claim absolute truth; or, even if it does claim absolute truth, it cannot claim to represent the exact form of truth which will be most opportune for each varying country.

There are, no doubt, some truths so divine, so transparent, so universal, that even the imperfections to which we have referred can hardly obscure their brilliancy; there are some falsehoods so absurd, so mischievous, so narrow, that even the most uneducated conscience might be expected to reject them if they stood alone; but what has usually happened is, that these truths and these falsehoods, though not in the same proportion, have become inextricably mixed together, and thus the imperfection of one creed is almost of necessity rectified by some countervailing step in another. To use a homely proverb, "It is not safe to put all our

eggs into one basket." This is a maxim of homely life: it is not less a rule for the evangelization of the world. And how remarkably is this borne out if we look on a large scale at the conversion of mankind!

Who was it that evangelized our ancestors, the Gothic tribes of Northern Europe? It was Ulfilas, an Arian bishop, a missionary, that is to say, who adhered to a particular form of the Christian faith which, at the time when he lived, was denounced with the severest penalties, both civil and ecclesiastical, by the then rulers of the Catholic Church, and which has long ago become extinct in every part of the world. But from him was derived the first translation of the Scriptures into our own mother tongue—the precursor of the versions of Wycliffe, of Luther, of Tyndale, and of our own present English Bibles. He was the Moses, as he was called, the leader and deliverer of our Gothic ancestors; the precursor of Augustine and Boniface and Adelbert.

And who was it that established the first missions through the whole of Central Asia, the great exception to the usual lethargy of the Eastern Church? It was the Nestorian Christians—the Christians who clung to the faith of the once persecuted, exiled, and detested Nestorius.

And who was it that in later days conveyed the first germs of the Christian faith to the vast tribes of India and of China? Whose name is it that is still invoked, as I am told, by the boatmen of Madras as they dash through the perilous waves which encircle their surf-beaten shores? It was Francis Xavier, the representative, not merely of the Roman Church, but of that most repulsive and offensive phase of the Roman Church, the Society of Jesuits.

And who was it that first undertook the colonisation and Christianization of Greenland, with its unpromising races, its ungenial climate, its dark future? It was the simple-minded Moravians, whose principles and whose tenets were even more different from those of Ulfilas, or of Francis Xavier, and of the Nestorians, than any of these from each other.

And yet, not only did these several agencies succeed in presenting Christianity in a shape which more or less struck root in these diverse countries; but as we look back on their distant labours—distant both in time and space—we must acknowledge that they were severally the fountain heads from which the native Christianity of Europe, of Asia, and

of North America, has received the fullest streams of Christian life.

(2.) Again, let us leave the question of the diversity of creeds, and look at the diversities of organization. From very early times, Episcopacy was regarded as the one outward channel through which the evangelization as well as the ordinary government of the Church was to be carried on. Baptism, preaching, marriage—nothing could be done without the bishop. But it was not long before immense exceptions began to be, as it were, scooped out of the episcopal system.

In a large part of Europe the chief work of proclaiming the Gospel, and its concomitant message of civilisation, to the unconverted or half-converted races, was conducted, not by bishops, but by presbyters—by those presbyters who, under the name of abbots and monks, carried on their work, not only irrespectively, but independently of, and above, the episcopate. Such was Columbanus, the apostle of Scotland. Such, during the larger part of his missionary career, was Cuthbert of Lindisfarne. Such was Columba, the apostle of Burgundy. Such was St. Gall, the apostle of Switzerland. Such was St. Benedict, the founder of that great Benedictine order which was for centuries the chief nurse of learning and culture in Europe.

In like manner in our own later days, in the Churches of the Reformation, the first attempt to evangelize our heathen dependencies was maintained and executed, not by the regular Episcopal system, so well suited as it is to our wants at home, but by the great societies, called by divers names, through which, irregularly, perhaps, but not with any greater irregularity than the system of Columba or Benedict, the light of Christian truth was handed on by a succession of noble-minded torch-bearers, whose torches flamed not the less brightly because they were shaken in the winds of a wide and unlimited field, and not confined within the more restricted limits of a constant supervision.

Those who knew India in former days used to tell us that, great as were the advantages produced by the more complete organization introduced through the foundation of the Anglo-Indian Episcopate, yet still there was a fire and a splendour enkindled by the wandering lives of Schwartz and his contemporaries, which we vainly seek for in our more orderly generation. We would not for a moment disparage the benefits conferred on English Churchmen settled in those regions by the establishment of a regular,

unfailing supply of pastors and chief pastors, whose function was specially to raise up and foster in our English settlers those who, after all, must, by their lives and examples, be the true missionaries of Christianity to the heathen. We do not underrate the blessing of prelates, who, by the winning grace of a Heber, or the long-continued devotion of a Wilson, or the wise and fatherly counsel of a Cotton, or the indefatigable zeal of a Milman, became, as it were, the patriarchs of Indian missions of whatsoever persuasion. But still, any attempt to disparage, overrule, and override the efforts of those societies which have performed in our time a work corresponding to that effected by the great monastic orders in the Middle Ages, implies, not merely a want of evangelical largeness of heart, but an ignorance of those ecclesiastical principles which acted so large a part in the conversion of modern Europe.

(3.) Again, there is an analogous difference of organization with which we are more familiar at home, but which must be allowed to play freely its part also in the distant countries of the world. There has been in this country, since the Reformation, an acknowledged divergence in the mode of disseminating truth which may be described, if I may use the expressive language of a highly valued brother ecclesiastic, as "the public and the private way." "The public way" is that in which the nation has taken advantage of an organization which has come down with much continuity, although with much discontinuity, from the earliest times of our history, which is controlled by national laws, which is guided by national principles, which is regarded as on the whole the exponent of the national faith. This is the system which by various names is called the Established Church, the National Church, the Church of England. But, side by side with this, there is another way in which individuals fired with peculiar zeal, or endowed with peculiar gifts, have taken advantage of the liberty which the nation has gradually and increasingly left to those who deviate from the more public and established system, and who, partly by their own special energies, partly by new organizations which they have founded, and which have themselves in the course of time become a mixture of the more public and the more private systems, have filled up the deficiencies and increased the usefulness of that larger and more comprehensive institution intended to cover the whole nation.

By these two channels the flood of Christ-

ian doctrine and civilisation has forced its way through our own land. On one side we see, as it were, a majestic river, swollen with many tributaries, bearing on its bosom stately fleets, feeding populous cities which else would languish, fertilising large tracts which else would wither and die; on the other side we see foaming torrents penetrating through rocks which perchance nothing else could break, attracting attention by the roar of cataracts which arouse the most heedless ear, forcing their way into devious corners which lie outside the main current of the larger stream. And what has been productive of such beneficent results at home, cannot but, we believe, be capable of like results abroad. Wherever the two systems come into contact, it is surely the duty at once of Christian wisdom and of Christian charity, that each should use the other as its best and indispensable ally.

In former times it was the temptation of the public national form of religion to repress and suppress by legislative enactments the private utterances of Nonconformity. In our times it is the temptation of the Nonconforming elements of religion to endeavour to repress, and suppress by legislative enactments, all expression of the public and national form. The means adopted in the two cases is different, but the end sought is the same. In either case, the error was and is equally impolitic, equally illiberal. Let us hope better things for the age that is coming. Let us remember, both at home and abroad, the speech of Abram to Lot—"Is not the whole land before thee? If thou wilt take the left hand, then I will go to the right hand; or if thou depart to the right hand, then I will go to the left hand." Let us remember the same maxim translated into the language of the Apostle—"We will not boast in another man's line of things made ready to our hand." "Every way, whether in pretence or in truth," whether, we may add, by a public or a private way, "Christ is preached; and I therein do rejoice, yea, and will rejoice." "Why, when both organizations exist," so it has been pertinently asked, "why should one of the two be taken from us?"* In point of fact, the contributions to missions, so far as we can judge from statistics, bear out this conclusion, that not by repression of variety, but by encouragement of variety, is the chief result produced.

In the British dominions, the largest amount is contributed by the Church of

* "Church and Dissent," in *Quarterly Review*, cxxx. 452 ascribed to the Dean of St. Paul's.

England—that is to say, the communion in which, our enemies themselves being our judges, the largest diversity of thought exists and is allowed. (It is £500,000). The next largest contribution is that of the Nonconformists, who are also a very mixed body. It is nearly £400,000. But the contributions from the Roman Catholic Church, which refuses to acknowledge any such diversity, throughout the whole world amount only to one-quarter of what is collected by the various Protestant churches and societies within the United Kingdom alone, and the sum collected from British churches of the Roman persuasion does not amount to £7000.*

No doubt the Church of Rome and the Protestant churches have each their separate grooves. But in the generous efforts for the cause of missions, it would seem that the freedom of the Reformation has been far more potent than the authority of the Papal See. It would seem further that if either the Church of England were destroyed, according to the wishes of some ardent Nonconformists, or Nonconformity absorbed, according to the wishes of some ardent Churchmen, the cause of Christian missions would grievously suffer.

(4.) There is yet one further amplification of the principle, which lies behind all the others, namely, the effect of the differences, deeply rooted and ineradicable, of human character and pursuits. The fierceness of the lion, the rapidity of the eagle, the strength of the ox, the intelligence of the man, are not more strongly impressed on the differences between Arian and Catholic, Greek and Latin, Roman and Protestant Churchmen and Dissenters, than they are on the deep lines of demarcation which divide the studious scholar, the soaring philosopher, the bold warrior, the zealous pastor, each from each; and yet every one of these distinct characters may, through the one Divine Spirit working in each, be brought to bear on the world of sin and ignorance, as confidently as though each one existed by itself. The barbarian, the heathen, the Mohammedan, the Hindoo, are not distracted by these divergencies of character. They are rather drawn towards the central fire which gives to each of them its life and energy.

And it is this necessity of the joint action of the most diverse elements of character which throws such a power and such a responsibility on all of us. No one, whether in

England or in foreign countries, can say that he is freed from any concern in missionary influence. Every one, prince or peasant, soldier or settler, has his own influence; even although he may never have opened his lips as a preacher. I have seen pictures of a distinguished English ruler, Sir Donald M'Leod, I have heard of another of a gallant soldier, General Nicholson, in which the Hindoos represent them, with their British costume, and with their genuine English features, in the attitude of their own divinities, to whom they are offering worship and sacrifice. And what was it that won for them this adoring respect—that made these poor heathens feel that these Englishmen were superior beings—messengers of heaven? It was simply this: they knew them to be thoroughly just, thoroughly truthful, thoroughly chaste. Who is there that cannot help in producing this holy, this divine impression? Is there any one, however far removed by office or character from ordinary clerical or missionary life, who cannot strive by stainless honour and purity to convince the heathen "of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment"? These then are some exceptions of the manifold grace of God in the work of evangelization.

The Proteus of human nature, as Lord Bacon happily allegorizes the ancient fable, and as it has been finely drawn out of late by an eminent physician, will go through many shapes before he will speak at last the words of the heaven-sent seer. But this is the divine message which he is commissioned to speak. We must be patient with him, we must watch for him, but at the last he will tell us what we want to know, not the less because his unity of purpose has been veiled in such immense diversity of action.

In all these various forms of approach there is no need for sacrificing our convictions that one is superior to the other. We may believe that Athanasius was more sound than Ulfilas—that the Protestant is better than the Jesuit—that the Episcopate in the long run has been a more useful agency than the monastic orders—that the comprehensive system of the National Church is more efficient than the more limited systems of individuals or sects—that Mary, who sat at Jesus' feet, chose a better part than Martha, who was cumbered with much serving. All this may well be; but what we wish to show is, that there has been, that there is, that there will be to the end of time, room for the weaker as well as the stronger, for the lower as well as for the higher, for the eagle as well as for the

* "British Contributions to Foreign Missions in the year 1876," by the Rev. W. A. Scott Robertson, M.A.

ox, for the man as well as for the lion, in the vast and complex work of the regeneration of the world.

(5.) And now may I, as on former occasions, ask your attention to the mode in which, year after year, I have endeavoured to make St. Andrew's Day in some measure serve to vindicate this principle?

On the first occasion you have been invited to hear the words of a world-renowned scholar of another country; on the second occasion you heard the discourse of the most eloquent orator of the Northern kingdom; on the third you listened to the homely address of the patriarch of British missionaries; on the fourth to the close reasoning of a minister of the Church of Ireland, parted from ours by a recent convulsion, yet not without affinities derived by long connection. I now invite you to attend the teaching of one who, belonging to one of those great organizations which I have already described as growing up outside the Established Church of this country, has proved himself, by a long pastoral life and by studies* which traverse one of the most distracted portions of our ecclesiastical divisions, capable of understanding both the excellencies of his own communion and also the excellencies which belong to the larger system of the Church of England. Others before our time have written histories of the Puritans, in which we heard of nothing but the glories of the Puritans; others have written histories of the Church of England, in which we heard of nothing but the glories of the Church of England. He who will address you this evening is the first who has written

of both with equal candour, and courtesy, and gracious appreciation. He will speak to you in the name of those illustrious dead, whose characters he has so well portrayed—of Chillingworth, Jeremy Taylor, and Cudworth, on the one side, of Baxter, Howe, and Owen on the other side, whose voices were once heard within these walls, and of which the echo, we trust, will be prolonged this evening. He will in the same kindly and truthful spirit, endeavour to set before you, as in a fourfold vision, some of the diversities of human character and Christian culture by which, in various fields of missionary labour, the kingdom of God has, in these our latter days, been advanced.

And if, perchance, the record of what he has said under this venerable roof shall reach those distant regions for which we this day pray, it will be to them, I trust, not a stumbling-block or cause of offence, but rather a proof and example of the Divinity and Universality of the Faith which we profess—an exemplification of those beautiful lines which he has himself quoted with fervent admiration from a Christian † philosopher of the seventeenth century:

"The true Religion, sprung from God above
Is, like its fountain, full of charity,
Embracing all things with a tender love,
Full of good-will, and meek expectancy:
Full of true justice and sure verity
In voice and heart; free, large, even infinite.
Not wedged in straight particularity,
But grasping all things in her vast active spirit.
Bright Lamp of God! Oh! that all men could joy
In thy pure light!"

To this Divine Light may God in His mercy lead us all!

SOCIAL ESSAYS.

I.—EDUCATION.

By Mrs. DAY.

PROPERLY speaking, education means a leading out of, and hence bringing up. We think ourselves justified in appending a further and even more exact definition. Education means development. By education we not merely lead a man forth from his ignorance, but we lead him into some knowledge, we train him in some art, trade, or profession. "A little knowledge is a dangerous thing," wrote one. Granted, freely; and we would therefore distinguish education from

knowledge by saying that education means training: "here a little, and there a little, precept upon precept, and line upon line;" or better still, development, the gradual expansion of the faculties of mind or body, which alone makes them strong and effectual.

For look, by way of easy illustration, at the rarer trees in our gardens. A peach planted in rough soil, unpruned and untended, may indeed produce a few peaches, but they will be green, and hard, and flavourless. Alter the conditions of the tree, plant

* "Church of the Commonwealth," 2 vols. "Church of the Restoration," 2 vols. "Church of the Revolution," 1 vol. By John Stoughton, D.D., Professor of Historical Theology in New College, Hampstead.

† Henry More, quoted in Dr. Stoughton's "Church of the Restoration," ii. 454.

it against a south wall, tend it carefully, protect the delicate pink blossoms from frost, prune the redundant branches, train those that remain, and the result will be delicious fruit, exquisite in taste, and beautiful to the eye. As long as the careful training process goes on the result will be the same: this is education, development. Alter the conditions again, and put the peach-tree into a forcing-house. Heat the house unduly, leave the tree unpruned to its own rank growth, the fruit will either fall off immature, or the tree having possibly yielded one tolerable crop, will itself droop, or die. This is the distinction we would make between knowledge and education. Knowledge may be of two kinds, bad and good; education can be but good. Knowledge is like the building up of a wall, brick upon brick, stone upon stone, an ever-increasing structure; but the value of the structure depends upon other circumstances than its mere size. Education, on the other hand, is like the free growth of a tree. Air and sun and rain nourish and perfect it, not with undue haste, but with gradual development. Education depends much upon the surrounding influences being favourable, and carefully used; knowledge not so. The structure will rise, whether the bricks be bad or good, well or ill laid and cemented.

The careless use of language caused the two words to be employed synonymously, and the ideas have become confounded, but a little reflection shows how distinct they are. It is important that the distinction should be kept. There is no question of the present day more mooted than this one of education, and for our own part we can hardly imagine one of higher interest or greater importance. Upon education will depend the well-being, perhaps the being at all, of a nation. It is the educated man who in the long run carries the day. He brings to bear upon every question information, experience, moderation; for education has trained and moulded both mental and moral qualities.

There is at present a strong party of anti-educationists who urge that education has altered the old relations of class and class; that it has greatly increased the self-sufficiency and arrogance of the young and of the lower classes; that through it there are now no respectable, trustworthy, nor respectful servants; that public appointments are filled by incompetent, conceited persons; and that by its influence the lower orders are converted into the so-called dangerous classes!

Is this actually the case? or is there not some misapprehension, some confusion of ideas and terms? We are anxious to clear up the difficulty and prove our case—that not education, but want of education, is the cause of most evils.

The mere acquisition of knowledge is a very questionable advantage. It may serve but to further the views of the specialist; it may be the cramming process indulged in by the candidate for competitive examination; it may be the routine of school, thrown aside as soon as school bondage is over, with the school caps and badges. In these cases what results can be expected but prejudice, self-opinion, and imperfection; the fate of the peach-tree in our illustration—crude fruit, or over-stimulated, forced fruit, that is received with surprise and applause, but so exhausts the tree that it lives thenceforth in a state of idleness and barrenness?

This epithet of “over-stimulating” may be applied to knowledge when it is heaped up, no matter in how large quantities, whence derived, or by whom swallowed; it can thus hardly fail to become questionable, in some degree unwholesome, food. Voraciously devoured by the untrained multitude, it may, indeed, produce the evil effects which have caused them to be denominated “the dangerous” classes. Fire is a grand and useful agent, but in the hands of ignorant or only partially informed persons can anything be more dangerous? Knowledge in such hands is dangerous too. It is not the class, whether higher or lower, that is dangerous, but the careless, untrained, uneducated minds, in whatever class. Knowledge will produce different results according to a man's social status, but it is not true that the prejudiced, violent, communistic principles of the lower orders are at all more really dangerous than the clever, cunning rascality of the instructed in any other class. If the term “dangerous” be used relatively, as between class and class, it is a cruel and cowardly libel: dangerous, not to the peace and order of the commonwealth at large, but to the conventional and established order of things, whereby certain persons claim the prescriptive right to be waited upon and served by certain other persons. Whence have they derived this prescriptive right? and by what law, human or divine, dare they deny to others that knowledge in which they boast themselves? and how dare they say, “We are they who should rule. Who is lord over us?”

Yes, unfortunately knowledge may be of two kinds, bad and good, and it requires an

educated mind to choose the good and refuse the evil.

Knowledge superadded to education is the grandest privilege of the rational man.

Knowledge alone is like an unwieldy weapon in clumsy hands, often useless, often productive of harm even to the user; it is productive of intellectual pride in hands defter and more blessed with the favourable conditions of leisure and wealth. There is a natural vein of depravity in the human mind, a downward tendency (some minds deteriorate from one cause, some from another), that urges men to examine, and to acquire at least as much evil as good.

Education, that is, training, development, prepares the soil for the reception and assimilation of knowledge. Education is not knowledge, but includes it. It begins with the milk fit for babes and goes on to the strong meat requisite to form the perfect man.

It is the mistaking of knowledge for education surely that produces in certain parties so strong an objection to general education.

To instruct the masses only so far as to enable them to read every publication, without discrimination and without selection, to give them the power of gaining any quantity of knowledge without respect to the quality, is as great a folly and crime as to put the delicate but death-bearing instruments of the surgeon into the unskilled hands of the blacksmith, or a needle-gun into those of a careless, blundering schoolboy. The carpenter, to become a skilled workman, requires education; he advances by degrees to the use of the chisel, saw, and plane. So with every accomplished artist and artisan: they learn their trade; they are educated. What then is the trade of every human being? to what end, for what object, must he be trained and educated?

Surely to fear God, and to become a good citizen, husband, father, son. To learn the value of self-respect; that in being his own best self, and not any other person, lies a man's true dignity: that a good servant is better than a bad duke, in the eyes of God and man; and that every one who values the bad duke higher than the good servant is himself an ignorant person, and in need of education; that a man's exaltation consists in raising himself, not in pulling others down. Can any one doubt that it is the right of every man to seek and obtain this instruction to these ends? that it is the duty of those blessed with time, or wealth, or talents, to help their poorer fellows to this right? that

it is a crime, by false reasoning or crafty legislation, to keep them from it? These are the first main points of education; for knowledge applies to the mental, whereas education applies to both moral and mental qualities.

The mischief of modern instruction is, that the moral are neglected, and the mental or intellectual powers are stimulated; children in schools, young men in colleges, learn a quantity of rough, undigested facts, book lore, and accomplishments, which in after life are often wholly useless or discontinued. The increased facilities of learning have added greatly to the arrogance and self-sufficiency of people, who know imperfectly a great number of subjects, often nothing or little of what would materially aid their career. It may be thought from some of our foregone remarks, that we ourselves lean somewhat to the anti-educational view, and justly thought, so long as the misapplication of terms remains, and purely secular knowledge be intended. Secular knowledge alone is not sufficient for the being who became a living soul. The life of this world is but a stage in the existence of a man; would you prepare for only a stage, and not for the whole journey? The complicated being, man, requires secular knowledge for the present, that is, the bodily needs, but when that body is thrown off the soul remains. The soul must be greater than the body, because the one dies, whilst the other lives on. Does then the soul, with its moral and emotional qualities, need no training, no education? We do not advocate here sectarian or ritualistic principles; our stand is made, not for theological but for the necessity of religious education. It is the education of the heart that is necessary, and this should begin with infancy. Educate the heart, raise the moral standard, inculcate the love and fear of God, and all subsequent knowledge may be added with advantage, as time, opportunities, and requirements shall serve. The soil is fitly prepared, the power of choosing between worthy and unworthy plants is almost unconsciously exercised, so much has it become a habit.

It is not the little or much, but the imperfect half-knowledge that makes men of any class dangerous. He is dangerous who thinks he knows but is ignorant. When a man pursues his education, the more he learns the better and worthier he will become. It is a contradiction to suppose that God, who has given us all things freely, and all things to enjoy, who has raised us by our reason, the combination of moral and

mental qualities, above the brutes, should have made knowledge, which is the necessary food and delight of that reason, a snare and stumbling-block to us. If we do not use it aright that is our fault, and not the fault of the Creator. It is that we are uneducated, that we have set up idols for ourselves, that we have not sought first the kingdom of God and His righteousness; it is that we have forgotten to keep the heart, for out of it are the issues of life.

Make the tree good, that is, prune and train and tend it, and the fruit will be good. We shall have good servants and good

masters, good parents and good children, good scholars, philosophers, artists, workmen; because what each man does he will do to the fear and glory of God; he will do it as to the Lord according to the ability that God has given him. Then, instead of feeble knees, and hands that hang down, those who are more richly endowed will make plain the highways, support tottering steps, and help their fellows by exhortation and example. In those days it shall be said, "Happy are the people that are in such a case, yea, blessed are the people who have the Lord for their God."

AT ROUEN.*

THE aisles grow dim, and as by winding ways

I eager climb St. Ouen's stately height
The silver censers vanish from my gaze
As shooting stars upon a dusky night;
I hear the chanted vespers at my feet
Like wordless water-music faint and sweet.

On priest and acolyte and people fall
From western windows many a sapphire ray,

The sculptured knights within the nichèd wall
Look not more marble-like and mute than they.

Living and dead, with fingers clasped, seem praying,
Christ and the angels hear what they are saying.

Where am I now? As if a dream went by,
And dream still fairer came, I breathless gaze,

Fearing to break by whispered word or sigh
The rapture of my spirit's deep amaze.
The sleeping world beneath my vision lies,
Only the stars divide me from the skies.

The city gleams with lights that come and go,
The hills stand out against the opal west,
The river hath a soft and onward flow

As some tired spirit fain to seek its rest,
Whilst from outlying valleys deep between
Tinkles some vesper bell of church unseen.

Monk, martyr, saint, and paladin arise
Around me in a pinnacled array;
An hour ago they seemed to touch the skies,
But now I stand as near to heaven as they.
And mid this mute companionship of stone
I cannot feel that I am quite alone.

For who is quite alone? In solitude,
Things that would else be dumb discourse to men,

Leading the mind to an ecstatic mood
That hath no name and cannot come again.
These sculptured saints and martyrs seemed to be

Spirits that claimed a brotherhood with me.

Oh life! take back thy burden. I am free.
Pain, sorrow, fruitless toil, love ill-bestowed,

Are as they were not; and the mystery
Of death is as a star that leaves a cloud.
What matters where I go or whence I come?
Spring and the daisies far outlive the tomb.

Oh, Nature! if I strayed from thy control,
Resume thy empire now, and with delights
Unspeakable, conduct my dreaming soul
From sordid things unto sublimest heights.
Give back the thoughts that once aspired in vain,
New joyful wings with which to mount again!

Ah me! the curfew with its silvery chime
Too swiftly breaks the witchery of the hour;
With clanging keys I hear the beadle climb
The cobwebbed mazes of the belfry tower.
I quit with wistfulness akin to pain
My visionary world for that of men.

The stars are out; gargoyle and image quaint,
Rare ogive, frieze fantastic, oriel,
Hero and martyred monk and virgin saint,
Make up a world where mortals cannot dwell.

Why do I linger? What so chaineth me
Unto this mute and mystic company?

M. B. E.

* Visitors to Rouen are, or were, permitted to make the circuit of the superb church of St. Ouen, on the somewhat giddy balustrade girdling it immediately below the tower.





"MACLEOD OF DARE."

MACLEOD OF DARE.

BY WILLIAM BLACK, AUTHOR OF "MADCAP VIOLET," "A PRINCESS OF THULE," ETC.

CHAPTER IV.—WONDER-LAND.

A COOL evening in June—the club-windows open—a clear twilight shining over Pall Mall—and a tête à tête dinner at a small, clean, bright table: these are not the conditions in which a young man should show impatience. And yet the cunning dishes which Mr. Ogilvie, who had a certain pride in his club, though it was only one of the junior institutions, had placed before his friend, met with but scant curiosity: Macleod would rather have handed questions of cookery over to his cousin Janet. Nor did he pay much heed to his companion's sage advice as to the sort of club he should have himself proposed at, with a view to getting elected in a dozen or fifteen years; a young man is apt to let his life at forty shift for itself.

"You seem very anxious to see Miss White again," said Mr. Ogilvie, with a slight smile.

"I wish to make all the friends I can while I am in London," said Macleod. "What shall I do in this howling wilderness when you go back to Aldershot?"

"I don't think Miss Gertrude White will be of much use to you. Colonel Ross may be. Or Lord Beauregard. But you cannot expect young ladies to take you about."

"No?" said Macleod gravely, "that is a great pity."

Mr. Ogilvie, who, with all his knowledge of the world, and of wines, and cookery, and women, and what not, had sometimes an uneasy consciousness that his companion was covertly laughing at him, here proposed that they should have a cigar before walking up to the Piccadilly Theatre; but as it was now ten minutes to eight, Macleod resolutely refused. He begged to be considered a country person, anxious to see the piece from the beginning. And so they put on their light top-coats over their evening dress and walked up to the theatre.

A distant sound of music; an odour of escaped gas; a perilous descent of a corkscrew staircase; a drawing aside of heavy curtains; and then a blaze of yellow light shining within this circular building, on its red satin and gilt plaster, and on the spacious picture of a blue Italian lake, with peacocks on the wide stone terraces. The noise at first was bewildering. The leader of the orchestra

was sawing away at his violin as savagely as if he were calling on his company to rush up and seize a battery of guns. What was the melody that was being banged about by the trombones, and blared aloud by the shrill cornets, and sawed across by the infuriated violins? "*When the heart of a man is oppressed with care*"? The cure was never insisted on with such an angry vehemence.

Recovering from the first shock of the fierce noise, Macleod began to look around this strange place, with its magical colours and its profusion of gilding; but nowhere in the half-empty stalls or behind the lace curtains of the boxes, could he make out the visitor of whom he was in search. Perhaps she was not coming, then? Had he sacrificed the evening all for nothing? As regarded the theatre, or the piece to be played, he had not the slightest interest in either. The building was very pretty, no doubt; but it was only, in effect, a superior sort of booth; and as for the trivial amusement of watching a number of people strut across a stage and declaim—or perhaps make fools of themselves to raise a laugh—that was not at all to his liking. It would have been different had he been able to talk to the girl who had shown such a strange interest in the gloomy stories of the northern seas; perhaps, though he would scarcely have admitted this to himself, it might have been different if only he had been allowed to see her at some distance. But her being absent altogether? The more the seats in the stalls were filled—reducing the chances of her coming—the more empty the theatre seemed to become.

"At least we can go along to that house you mentioned," said he to his companion.

"Oh, don't be disappointed yet," said Ogilvie; "I know she will be here."

"With Mrs. Ross?"

"Mrs. Ross comes very often to this theatre. It is the correct thing to do. It is high art. All the people are raving about the chief actress; artists painting her portrait; poets writing sonnets about her different characters; no end of a fuss. And Mrs. Ross is very proud that so distinguished a person is her particular friend"—

"Do you mean the actress?"

"Yes;—and makes her the big feature of her parties at present; and society is rather inclined to make a pet of her too—patronising high art, don't you know? It's wonder-

ful what you can do in that way. If a duke wants a clown to make fellows laugh after a Derby dinner, he gets him to his house, and makes him dance; and if the papers find it out it is only 'raising the moral status of the pantomime.' Of course, it is different with Mrs. Ross's friend—she is all right socially."

The garrulous boy was stopped by the sudden cessation of the music; and then the Italian lake and the peacocks disappeared into unknown regions above; and behold! in their place a spacious hall was revealed—not the bare and simple hall at Castle Dare with which Macleod was familiar—but a grand apartment, filled with old armour, and pictures, and cabinets, and showing glimpses of a balcony and fair gardens beyond. There were two figures in this hall; and they spoke—in the high and curious falsetto of the stage. Macleod paid no more heed to them than if they had been marionettes. For one thing, he could not follow their speech very well; but in any case, what interest could he have in listening to this old lawyer explaining to the stout lady that the family affairs were grievously involved? He was still intently watching the new comers who straggled in, singly or in pairs, to the stalls; when a slight motion of the white curtains showed that some one was entering one of the boxes, the corner of the box was regarded with as earnest a gaze as ever followed the movements of a herd of red-deer in the misty chasms of Ben-an-Sloich. What concern had he in the troubles of this over-dressed and stout lady, who was bewailing her misfortunes and wringing her bejewelled hands?

Suddenly his heart seemed to stand still altogether. It was a light, glad laugh—the sound of a voice he knew—that seemed to have pierced him as with a rifle-ball; and at the same moment, from the green shimmer of foliage in the balcony, there stepped into the glare of the hall a young girl with life and laughter and a merry carelessness in her face and eyes. She threw her arm round her mother's neck, and kissed her. She bowed to the legal person. She flung her garden-hat on to a couch; and got up on a chair to get fresh seed put in for her canary. It was all done so simply, and naturally, and gracefully, that in an instant a fire of life and reality sprang into the whole of this sham thing. The older woman was no longer a marionette, but the anguish-stricken mother of this gay and heedless girl. And when the daughter jumped down from the chair again—her canary on her finger—and when she came forward to pet and caress and remon-

strate with her mother—and when the glare of the lights flashed on the merry eyes, and on the white teeth and laughing lips—there was no longer any doubt possible. Macleod's face was quite pale. He took the programme from Ogilvie's hand, and for a minute or two stared mechanically at the name of Miss Gertrude White printed on the pink tinted paper. He gave it him back without a word. Ogilvie only smiled; he was proud of the surprise he had planned.

And now the fancies and recollections that came rushing into Macleod's head were of a sufficiently chaotic and bewildering character. He tried to separate that grave and gentle and sensitive girl he had met at Prince's Gate from this gay madcap; and he could not at all succeed. His heart laughed with the laughter of this wild creature; he enjoyed the discomfiture and despair of the old lawyer, as she stood before him twirling her garden-hat by a solitary ribbon; and when the small white fingers raised the canary to be kissed by the pouting lips, the action was more graceful than anything he had ever seen in the world. But where was the silent and serious girl who had listened with such rapt attention to his tales of passion and revenge—who seemed to have some mysterious longing for those gloomy shores he came from—who had sung with such exquisite pathos "A wee bird cam' to our ha' door"? Her cheek had turned white when she heard of the fate of the son of Maclean: surely that sensitive and vivid imagination could not belong to this audacious girl, with her laughing, and teasings, and demure coquetry?

Society had not been talking about the art of Mrs. Ross's protégée for nothing; and that art soon made short work of Keith Macleod's doubts. The fair stranger he had met at Prince's Gate vanished into mist. Here was the real woman; and all the trumpety business of the theatre, that he would otherwise have regarded with indifference or contempt, became a real and living thing; insomuch that he followed the fortunes of this spoiled child with a breathless interest and a beating heart. The spell was on him. Oh, why should she be so proud to this poor lover, who stood so meekly before her? "Coquette! coquette!" (Macleod could have cried to her) "the days are not always full of sunshine; life is not all youth and beauty and high spirits; you may come to repent of your pride and your cruelty." He had no jealousy against the poor youth who took his leave; he pitied him—but it was for her sake; he seemed to

know that evil days were coming, when she would long for the solace of an honest man's love. And when the trouble came—as speedily it did—and when she stood bravely up at first to meet her fate, and when she broke down for a time, and buried her face in her hands, and cried with bitter sobs, the tears were running down his face. Could the merciful Heavens see such grief, and let the wicked triumph? And why was there no man to succour her? Surely some times arise in which the old law is the good law; and a man will trust to his own right arm to put things straight in the world? To look at her—could any man refuse? And now she rises and goes away; and all the glad summer-time and the sunshine have gone; and the cold wind shivers through the trees, and it breathes only of farewell. Farewell, O miserable one! the way is dark before you; and you are alone. Alone, and no man near to help.

Macleod was awakened from his trance. The act-drop was let down; there was a stir throughout the theatre; young Ogilvie turned to him.

"Don't you see who has come into that corner box up there?"

If he had been told that Miss White, come up from Prince's Gate, in her plain black dress and blue beads, had just arrived and was seated there, he would scarcely have been surprised. As it was, he looked up, and saw Colonel Ross taking his seat, while the figure of a lady was partially visible behind the lace curtain.

"I wonder how often Mrs. Ross has seen this piece?" Ogilvie said. "And I think Colonel Ross is as profound a believer in Miss White as his wife is. Will you go up and see them now?"

"No," Macleod said absently.

"I shall tell them," said the facetious boy, as he rose, and got hold of his crush-hat, "that you are meditating a leap on to the stage, to rescue the distressed damsel."

And then his conscience smote him.

"Mind you," said he, "I think it is awfully good myself. I can't pump up any enthusiasm for most things that people rave about; but I do think this girl is uncommonly clever. And then she always dresses like a lady."

With this high commendation Lieutenant Ogilvie left, and made his way up-stairs to Mrs. Ross's box. Apparently he was well received there; for he did not make his appearance again at the beginning of the next act, nor, indeed, until it was nearly over.

The dream-world opens again; and now it is a beautiful garden, close by the ruins of an old abbey; and fine ladies are walking about there. But what does he care for these marionettes uttering meaningless phrases? They have no more interest for him than the sham ivy on the sham ruins, so long as that one bright, speaking, pathetic face is absent: and the story they are carrying forward is for him no story at all, for he takes no heed of its details in his anxious watching for her appearance. The sides of this garden are mysteriously divided: by which avenue will she approach? Suddenly he hears the low voice—she comes nearer—now let the world laugh again! But alas! when she does appear, it is in the company of her lover; and it is only to bid him good-bye. Why does the coward hind take her at her word? A stick, a stone, a wave of the cold sea, would be more responsive to that deep and tremulous voice, which has now no longer any of the arts of a wilful coquetry about it, but is altogether as self-revealing as the generous abandonment of her eyes. The poor cypher!—he is not the man to woo and win and carry off this noble woman, the unutterable soul-surrender of whose look has the courage of despair in it. He bids her farewell. The tailor's dummy retires. And she?—in her agony, is there no one to comfort her? They have demanded this sacrifice in the name of duty; and she has consented; ought not that to be enough to comfort her? Then other people appear, from other parts of the garden; and there is a Babel of tongues. He hears nothing; but he follows that sad face, until he could imagine that he listens to the throbbing of her aching heart.

And then, as the phantasms of the stage come and go, and fortune plays many pranks with these puppets, the piece draws near to an end. And now, as it appears, everything is reversed; and it is the poor lover who is in grievous trouble, while she is restored to the proud position of her coquetries and wilful graces again, with all her friends smiling around her, and life lying fair before her. She meets him by accident. Suffering gives him a certain sort of dignity; but how is one to retain patience with the blindness of this insufferable ass? Don't you see, man, don't you see that she is waiting to throw herself into your arms? and you, you poor ninny, are giving yourself airs, and doing the grand heroic! And then the shy coquetry comes in again. The pathetic eyes are full of a grave compassion, if he must really never

see her more. The cat plays with the poor mouse, and pretends that really the tender thing is gone away at last. He will take this half of a broken sixpence back: it was given in happier times. If ever he should marry, he will know that one far away prays for his happiness. And if—if these unwomanly tears . . . and suddenly the crass idiot discovers that she is laughing at him; and that she has secured him and bound him as completely as a fly fifty times wound round by a spider. The crash of applause that accompanied the lowering of the curtain stunned Macleod, who had not quite come back from dream-land. And then, amid a confused roar, the curtain was drawn a bit back, and she was led—timidly smiling, so that her eyes seemed to take in all the theatre at once—across the stage by that same poor fool of a lover; and she had two or three bouquets thrown her, notably one from Mrs. Ross's box. Then she disappeared; and the lights were lowered; and there was a dull shuffling of people getting their cloaks and hats and going away.

"Mrs. Ross wants to see you for a minute," Ogilvie said.

"Yes," Macleod answered absently.

"And we have time yet, if you like, to get into a hansom, and drive along to Lady Beauregard's."

CHAPTER V.—IN PARK-LANE.

THEY found Mrs. Ross and her husband waiting in the corridor above.

"Well, how did you like it?" she said.

He could not answer off-hand. He was afraid he might say too much.

"It is like her singing," he stammered at length. "I am not used to these things. I have never seen anything like that before."

"We shall soon have her in a better piece," Mrs. Ross said. "It is being written for her. That is very pretty; but slight. She is capable of greater things."

"She is capable of anything," said Macleod simply, "if she can make you believe that such nonsense is real. I looked at the others. What did they say or do, better than mere pictures in a book? But she—it is like magic."

"And did Mr. Ogilvie give you my message?" said Mrs. Ross. "My husband and I are going down to see a yacht race on the Thames to-morrow—we did not think of it till this evening any more than we expected to find you here. We came along to try to get Miss White to go with us. Will you join our little party?"

"Oh, yes, certainly—thank you very much," Macleod said eagerly.

"Then you'd better meet us at Charing Cross, at ten sharp," Colonel Ross said; "so don't let Ogilvie keep you up too late with brandy and soda. A special will take us down."

"Brandy and soda!" Mr. Ogilvie exclaimed. "I am going to take him along for a few minutes to Lady Beauregard's—surely that is proper enough; and I have to get down by the 'cold-meat' train to Aldershot, so there won't be much brandy and soda for me. Shall we go now, Mrs. Ross?"

"I am waiting for an answer," Mrs. Ross said, looking along the corridor.

Was it possible, then, that she herself should bring the answer to this message that had been sent her—stepping out of the dream-world in which she had disappeared with her lover? And how would she look as she came along this narrow passage? Like the arch coquette of this land of gas-light and glowing colours? or like the pale, serious, proud girl who was fond of sketching the elm at Prince's Gate? A strange nervousness possessed him as he thought she might suddenly appear. He did not listen to the talk between Colonel Ross and Mr. Ogilvie. He did not notice that this small party was obviously regarded as being in the way by the attendants who were putting out the lights and shutting the doors of the boxes. Then a man came along.

"Miss White's compliments, ma'am; and she will be very pleased to meet you at Charing Cross at ten to-morrow."

"And Miss White is a very brave young lady to attempt anything of the kind," observed Mr. Ogilvie confidentially, as they all went down the stairs. "For if the yachts should get becalmed off the Nore, or off the Mouse, I wonder how Miss White will get back to London in time?"

"Oh, we shall take care of that," said Colonel Ross. "Unless there is a good steady breeze we shan't go at all; we shall spend a happy day at Rosherville; or have a look at the pictures at Greenwich. We shan't get Miss White into trouble. Good-bye, Ogilvie. Good-bye, Sir Keith. Remember—ten o'clock, Charing Cross."

They stepped into their carriage and drove off.

"Now," said Macleod's companion, "are you tired?"

"Tired? I have done nothing all day."

"Shall we get into a hansom, and drive along to Lady Beauregard's?"

"Certainly, if you like. I suppose they won't throw you over again?"

"Oh, no," said Mr. Ogilvie, as he once more adventured his person in a cab. "And I can tell you it is much better—if you look at the thing philosophically, as poor wretches like you and me must—to drive to a crush in a hansom than in your own carriage. You don't worry about your horses being kept out in the rain; you can come away at any moment; there is no fussing with servants, and rows because your man has got out of the rank—HOLD UP!"

Whether it was the yell or not, the horse recovered from the slight stumble; and no harm befell the two daring travellers.

"These vehicles give one some excitement," Macleod said—or rather roared, for Piccadilly was full of carriages. "A squall in Loch Scridain is nothing to them."

"You'll get used to them in time," was the complacent answer.

They dismissed the hansom at the corner of Piccadilly, and walked up Park Lane, so as to avoid waiting in the rank of carriages. Macleod accompanied his companion meekly. All this scene around him—the flashing lights of the broughams—the brilliant windows—the stepping across the pavement of a strangely-dressed dignitary from some foreign land—seemed but some other part of that dream from which he had not quite shaken himself free. His head was still full of the sorrows and coquetries of that wild-spirited heroine. Whither had she gone by this time—away into some strange valley of that unknown world?

He was better able than Mr. Ogilvie to push his way through the crowd of footmen who stood in two lines across the pavement in front of Beauregard House, watching for the first appearance of their master or mistress; but he resignedly followed and found himself in the avenue leading clear up to the steps. They were not the only arrivals, late as the hour was. Two young girls, sisters, clad in cream-white silk with a gold fringe across their shoulders and sleeves, preceded them; and he was greatly pleased by the manner in which these young ladies, on meeting in the great hall an elderly lady who was presumably a person of some distinction, dropped a pretty little old-fashioned curtsy as they shook hands with her. He admired much less the more formal obeisance which he noticed a second after. A Royal personage was leaving; and as this lady, who was dressed in mourning, and was leaning on the arm of a gentleman whose coat was blazing

with diamond stars, and whose breast was barred across with a broad blue ribbon, came along the spacious landing at the foot of the wide staircase, she graciously extended her hand and said a few words to such of the ladies standing by as she knew. That deep bending of the knee he considered to be less pretty than the little curtsy performed by the young ladies in cream-white silk. He intended to mention this matter to his cousin Janet.

Then, as soon as the Princess had left, the lane through which she had passed closed up again, and the crowd became a confused mass of murmuring groups. Still meekly following, Macleod plunged into this throng; and presently found himself being introduced to Lady Beauregard, an amiable little woman who had been a great beauty in her time and was pleasant enough to look at now. He passed on.

"Who is the man with the blue ribbon and the diamond stars?" he asked of Mr. Ogilvie.

"That is Monsieur le Marquis himself—that is your host," the young gentleman replied—only Macleod could not tell why he was obviously trying to repress some covert merriment.

"Didn't you hear?" Mr. Ogilvie said at length. "Don't you know what he called you? That man will be the death of me—for he's always at it. He announced you as Sir Thief Macleod—I will swear he did."

"I should not have thought he had so much historical knowledge," Macleod answered gravely. "He must have been reading up about the clans."

At this moment, Lady Beauregard, who had been receiving some other late visitors, came up and said she wished to introduce him to—he could not make out the name. He followed her. He was introduced to a stout elderly lady, who still had beautifully fine features, and a simple and calm air which rather impressed him. It is true that at first a thrill of compassion went through him; for he thought that some accident had befallen the poor lady's costume, and that it had fallen down a bit unknown to herself; but he soon perceived that most of the other women were dressed similarly, some of the younger ones, indeed, having the back of their dress open practically to the waist. He wondered what his mother and Janet would say to this style.

"Don't you think the Princess is looking pale?" he was asked.

"I thought she looked very pretty—I never saw her before," said he.

What next? That calm air was a trifle cold and distant. He did not know who the woman was; or where she lived; or whether her husband had any shooting, or a yacht, or a pack of hounds. What was he to say? He returned to the Princess.

"I only saw her as she was leaving," said he. "We came late. We were at the Piccadilly Theatre."

"Oh, you saw Miss Gertrude White?" said this stout lady; and he was glad to see her eyes light up with some interest. "She is very clever, is she not?—and so pretty and engaging. I wish I knew some one who knew her."

"I know some friends of hers," Macleod said, rather timidly.

"Oh, do you, really? Do you think she would give me a morning performance for my Fund?"

This lady seemed to take it so much for granted that every one must have heard of her Fund that he dared not confess his ignorance. But it was surely some charitable thing; and how could he doubt that Miss White would immediately respond to such an appeal?

"I should think that she would," said he, with a little hesitation—but at this moment some other claimant came forward, and he turned away to seek young Ogilvie once more.

"Ogilvie," said he, "who is that lady in the green satin?"

"The Duchess of Wexford."

"Has she a Fund?"

"A what?"

"A Fund—a charitable Fund of some sort."

"Oh, let me see. I think she is getting up money for a new training-ship—turning the young ragamuffins about the streets into sailors, don't you know?"

"Do you think Miss White would give a morning performance for that Fund?"

"Miss White! Miss White! Miss White!" said Lieutenant Ogilvie. "I think Miss White has got into your head."

"But that lady asked me."

"Well, I should say it was exactly the thing that Miss White would like to do—get mixed up with a whole string of Duchesses and Marchionesses—a capital advertisement—and it would be all the more distinguished if it was an amateur performance, and Miss Gertrude White the only professional admitted into the charmed circle."

"You are a very shrewd boy, Ogilvie," Macleod observed. "I don't know how you

ever got so much wisdom into so small a head."

And indeed, as Lieutenant Ogilvie was returning to Aldershot by what he was pleased to call the cold-meat train, he continued to play the part of Mentor for a time with great assiduity, until Macleod was fairly confused with the number of persons to whom he was introduced and the remarks his friend made about them. What struck him most, perhaps, was the recurrence of old Highland or Scotch family names, borne by persons who were thoroughly English in their speech and ways. Fancy a Gordon who said "lock" for "loch"; a Mackenzie who had never seen the Lewis; a Mac Alpine who had never heard the proverb "The hills, the Mac Alpines, and the devil came into the world at the same time."

It was a pretty scene; and he was young, and eager, and curious; and he enjoyed it. After standing about for half-an-hour or so, he got into a corner from which, in quiet, he could better see the brilliant picture as a whole—the bright, harmonious dresses, the glimpses of beautiful eyes and blooming complexions, the masses of foxgloves which Lady Beauregard had as the only floral decoration of the evening, the pale canary-coloured panels and silver fluted columns of the walls, and over all the various candelabra, each bearing a cluster of sparkling and golden stars. But there was something wanting. Was it the noble and silver-haired lady of Castle Dare whom he looked for in vain in that brilliant crowd that moved and murmured before him? Or was it the friendly and familiar face of his cousin Janet, whose eyes, he knew, would be filled with a constant wonder if she saw such diamonds and silks and satins? Or was it that *ignis fatuus*—that treacherous and mocking fire—that might at any time glimmer in some suddenly presented face with a new surprise? Had she deceived him altogether down at Prince's Gate? Was her real nature that of the wayward, bright, mischievous, spoiled child whose very tenderness only prepared her unsuspecting victim for a merciless thrust? And yet the sound of her sobbing was still in his ears. A true woman's heart beat beneath that idle raillery: challenged boldly, would it not answer loyally and without fear?

Psychological puzzles were new to this son of the mountains; and it is no wonder that, long after he had bidden good-bye to his friend Ogilvie, and as he sate thinking alone in his own room, with Oscar lying across the

rug at his feet, his mind refused to be quieted. One picture after another presented itself to his imagination—the proud-souled enthusiast longing for the wild winter nights and the dark Atlantic seas—the pensive maiden, shuddering to hear the fierce story of Maclean of Lochbuy—the spoiled child, teasing her mamma, and petting her canary—the wronged and weeping woman, her frame shaken with sobs, her hands clasped in despair—the artful and demure coquette, mocking her lover with her sentimental farewells. Which of them all was she? Which should he see in the morning? Or would she appear as some still more elusive vision, retreating before him as he advanced?

Had he asked himself, he would have said that these speculations were but the fruit of a natural curiosity. Why should he not be interested in finding out the real nature of this girl, whose acquaintance he had just made? It has been observed, however, that young gentlemen do not always betray this frantic devotion to psychological inquiry when the subject of it, instead of being a fascinating maiden of twenty, is a homely-featured lady of fifty.

Time passed; another cigar was lit; the blue light outside was becoming silvery; and yet the problem remained unsolved. A fire of impatience and restlessness was burning in his heart; a din as of brazen instruments—what was the air the furious orchestra played?—was in his ears; sleep or rest was out of the question.

“Oscar!” he called. “Oscar, my lad, let us go out.”

When he stealthily went down-stairs, and opened the door, and passed into the street, behold! the new day was shining abroad—and how cold, and still, and silent it was after the hot glare and the whirl of that bewildering night! No living thing was visible. A fresh, sweet air stirred the leaves of the trees and bushes in St. James’s Square. There was a pale lemon-yellow glow in the sky, and the long empty thoroughfare of Pall Mall seemed coldly white.

Was this a somnambulist, then, who wandered idly along through the silent streets, apparently seeing nothing of the closed doors, and the shuttered windows on either hand? A policeman, standing at the corner of Waterloo Place, stared at the apparition—at the twin apparition; for this tall young gentleman with the light top-coat thrown over his evening dress was accompanied by a beautiful collier that kept close to his heels. There was a solitary four-wheeled cab at the foot of the

Haymarket; but the man had got inside and was doubtless asleep. The Embankment?—with the young trees stirring in the still morning air; and the broad bosom of the river catching the gathering glow of the skies. He leaned on the grey stone parapet, and looked out on the placid waters of the stream.

Placid indeed they were as they went flowing quietly by; and the young day promised to be bright enough; and why should there be aught but peace and goodwill upon earth towards all men and women? Surely there was no call for any unrest, or fear, or foreboding? The still and shining morning was but emblematic of his life—if only he knew, and were content. And indeed he looked contented enough, as he wandered on, breathing the cool freshness of the air, and with a warmer light from the east now touching from time to time his sun-tanned face. He went up to Covent Garden—for mere curiosity’s sake. He walked along Piccadilly, and thought the elms in the Green Park looked more beautiful than ever. When he returned to his rooms, he was of opinion that it was scarcely worth while to go to bed; and so he changed his clothes, and called for breakfast as soon as some one was up. In a short time—after his newspaper had been read—he would have to go down to Charing Cross.

What of this morning walk? Perhaps it was unimportant enough. Only, in after times, he once or twice thought of it; and very clearly, indeed, he could see himself standing there in the early light, looking out on the shining waters of the river. They say that when you see yourself too vividly—when you imagine that you yourself are standing before yourself—that is one of the signs of madness.

CHAPTER VI.—A SUMMER-DAY ON THE THAMES.

It occurred to him as he walked down to the station—perhaps he went early on the chance of finding her there alone—that he ought seriously to study the features of this girl’s face; for was there not a great deal of character to be learned, or guessed at, that way? He had but the vaguest notion of what she was really like. He knew that her teeth were pearly white when she smiled, and that the rippling golden-brown hair lay rather low on a calm and thoughtful forehead; but he had a less distinct impression that her nose was perhaps the least thing *roussée*; and as to her eyes? They might be blue, grey, or

green : but one thing he was sure of was that they could speak more than was ever uttered by any speech. He knew besides that she had an exquisite figure : perhaps it was the fact that her shoulders were a trifle squarer than is common with women that made her look somewhat taller than she really was.

He would confirm or correct these vague impressions. And as the chances were that they would spend a whole long day together, he would have abundant opportunity of getting to know something about the character and disposition of this new acquaintance, so that she should no longer be to him a puzzling and distracting will-o'-the-wisp. What had he come to London for but to improve his knowledge of men and of women, and to see what was going on in the larger world ? And so this earnest student walked down to the station.

There were a good many people about, mostly in groups chatting with each other ; but he recognised no one. Perhaps he was looking out for Colonel and Mrs. Ross ; perhaps for a slender figure in black, with blue beads ; at all events he was gazing somewhat vacantly around, when some one turned close by him. Then his heart stood still for a second. The sudden light that sprang to her face when she recognised him blinded him. Was it to be always so ? Was she always to come upon him in a flash, as it were ? What chance had the poor student of fulfilling his patient task when, on his approach, he was sure to be met by this surprise of the parted lips, and sudden smile, and bright look ? He was far too bewildered to examine the outline of her nose or the curve of the exquisitely short upper lip.

But the plain truth was that there was no extravagant joy at all in Miss White's face ; but a very slight and perhaps pleased surprise ; and she was not in the least embarrassed.

"Are you looking for Mrs. Ross," said she, "like myself ?"

"Yes," said he ; and then he found himself exceedingly anxious to say a great deal to her, without knowing where to begin. She had surprised him too much—as usual. She was so different from what he had been dreaming about. Here was no one of the imaginary creatures that had risen before his mind during the stillness of the night. Even the pale dreamer in black and blue beads was gone. He found before him (as far as he could make out) a quiet, bright-faced, self-possessed girl, clad in a light and cool cos-

tume of white—with bits of black velvet about it—and her white gloves and sunshade and the white silver chain round her slender waist were important features in the picture she presented. How could this eager student of character get rid of these distressing trivialities ? All night long he had been dreaming of beautiful sentiments and conflicting emotions : now his first thought was that he had never seen any costume so delightfully cool and clear and summer-like. To look at her was to think of a mountain-spring, icy-cold even in the sunshine.

"I always come early," said she, in the most matter-of-fact way. "I cannot bear hurry in catching a train."

Of course not. How could any one associate rattling cabs, and excited porters, and frantic mobs, with this serene creature, who seemed to have been wafted to Charing Cross on a cloud ? And if he had had his will, there would have been no special train to disturb her repose. She would have embarked in a noble barge, and lain upon couches of swan's down, and ample awnings of silk would have sheltered her from the sun, while the beautiful craft floated away down the river, its crimson hangings here and there just touching the rippling waters.

"Ought we to take tickets ?"

That was what she actually said ; but what those eloquent, innocent eyes seemed to say was, "*Can you read what we have to tell you ? Don't you know what a simple and confiding soul appeals to you ?—clear as the daylight in its truth. Cannot you look through us and see the trusting, tender soul within ?*"

"Perhaps we had better wait for Colonel Ross," said he ; and there was a little pronoun in this sentence that he would like to have repeated. It was a friendly word. It established a sort of secret companionship. It is the proud privilege of a man to know all about railway-tickets ; but he rather preferred this association with her helpless innocence and ignorance.

"I had no idea you were coming to-day. I rather like those surprise-parties. Mrs. Ross never thought of going till last evening, she says. Oh ! by the way, I saw you in the theatre last evening."

He almost started. He had quite forgotten that this self-possessed, clear-eyed, pale girl was the madcap coquette whose caprices and griefs had alternately fascinated and moved him on the previous evening.

"Oh, indeed," he stammered. "It was a great pleasure to me—and a surprise. Lieutenant Ogilvie played a trick on me. He

did not tell me before we went that—that you were to appear”——

She looked amused.

“You did not know, then, when we met at Mrs. Ross’s, that I was engaged at the Piccadilly Theatre?”

“Not in the least,” he said, earnestly; as if he wished her distinctly to understand that he could not have imagined such a thing to be possible.

“You should have let me send you a box. We have another piece in rehearsal. Perhaps you will come to see that?”

Now if these few sentences, uttered by those two young people in the noisy railway station, be taken by themselves and regarded, they will be found to consist of the dullest commonplace. No two strangers in all that crowd could have addressed each other in a more indifferent fashion. But the trivial nothings which the mouth utters may become possessed of awful import when accompanied by the language of the eyes; and the poor commonplace sentences may be taken up and translated, so that they shall stand written across the memory, in letters of flashing sunlight and the colours of June. “*Ought we to take tickets?*” There was not much poetry in the phrase; but she lifted her eyes just then.

And now Colonel Ross and his wife appeared, accompanied by the only other friend they could get at such short notice to join this scratch party—a demure little old lady who had a very large house on Campden Hill which everybody coveted. They were just in time to get comfortably seated in the spacious saloon-carriage that had been reserved for them. The train slowly glided out of the station; and then began to rattle away from the mist of London. Glimpses of a keener blue began to appear. The gardens were green with the foliage of the early summer; martens swept across the still pools, a spot of white when they got into the shadow. And Miss White would have as many windows open as possible, so that the sweet June air swept right through the long carriage.

And was she not a very child in her enjoyment of this sudden escape into the country? The rapid motion—the silvery light—the sweet air—the glimpses of orchards, and farm houses, and mill-streams—all were a delight to her; and although she talked in a delicate, half-reserved, shy way with that low voice of hers, still there was plenty of vivacity and gladness in her eyes. They drove from Gravesend station to the river-side. They

passed through the crowd waiting to see the yachts start. They got on board the steamer; and at the very instant that Macleod stepped from the gangway on to the deck the military band on board—by some strange coincidence—struck up “A Highland lad my love was born.” Mrs. Ross laughed; and wondered whether the bandmaster had recognised her husband.

And now they turned to the river; and there were the narrow and shapely cutters, with their tall spars, and their pennons fluttering in the sunlight. They lay in two tiers across the river, four in each tier, the first row consisting of small forty-tonners, the more stately craft behind. A brisk northeasterly wind was blowing, causing the bosom of the river to flash in ripples of light. Boats of every size and shape moved up and down and across the stream. The sudden firing of a gun caused some movement among the red-capped mariners of the four yachts in front.

“They are standing by the main hal-yards,” said Colonel Ross, to his women-folk. “Now watch for the next signal.”

Another gun was fired; and all of a sudden there was a rattling of blocks and chains; and the four mainsails slowly rose; and the flapping jibs were run up. The bows drifted round: which would get way on her first? But now there was a wild uproar of voices. The boom-end of one of the yachts had caught one of the stays of her companion; and both were brought up head to wind. Cutter No. III. took advantage of the mishap to sail through the lee of both her enemies, and got clear away, with the sunlight shining full on her bellying canvas. But there was no time to watch the further adventures of the forty-tonners. Here and closer at hand were the larger craft; and high up in the rigging were the mites of men, ready to drop into the air, clinging on to the hal-yards. The gun is fired. Down they come, swinging in the air; and the moment they have reached the deck they are off and up the ratlines again, again to drop into the air until the throat is high hoisted, the peak swinging this way and that, and the grey folds of the mainsail lazily flapping in the wind. The steamer begins to roar. The yachts fall away from their moorings; and one by one the sails fill out to the fresh breeze. And now all is silence and an easy gliding motion; for the eight competitors have all started away, and the steamer is smoothly following them.

“How beautiful they are—like splendid swans!” Miss White said: she had a glass in

her hand, but did not use it, for as yet the stately fleet was near enough.

"A swan has a body," said Macleod. "These things seem to me to be nothing but wings. It is all canvas, and no hull."

And indeed, when the large topsails and big jibs came to be set, it certainly appeared as if there was nothing below to steady this vast extent of canvas. Macleod was astonished. He could not believe that people were so reckless as to go out in boats like that.

"If they were up in our part of the world," said he, "a puff of wind from the Gribun cliffs would send the whole fleet to the bottom."

"They know better than to try, at least with their present rig," Colonel Ross said. "Those yachts are admirably suited for the Thames; and Thames yachting is a very nice thing. It is very close to London. You can take a day's fresh air when you like, without going all the way to Cowes. You can get back to town in time to dine."

"I hope so," said Miss White with emphasis.

"Oh, you need not be afraid," her host said, laughing. "They only go round the Nore; and with this steady breeze they ought to be back early in the afternoon. My dear Miss White, we shan't allow you to disappoint the British public."

"So I may abandon myself to complete idleness without concern?"

"Most certainly."

And it was an enjoyable sort of idleness. The river was full of life and animation as they glided along; fitful shadows and bursts of sunshine crossed the foliage and pastures of the flat shores; the yellow surface of the stream was broken with gleams of silver; and always, when this somewhat tame and peaceful and pretty landscape tended to become monotonous, they had on this side or that the spectacle of one of those tall and beautiful yachts rounding on a new tack or creeping steadily up on one of her opponents. They had a sweepstakes, of course; and Macleod drew the favourite. But then he proceeded to explain to Miss White that the handicapping by means of time allowances made the choice of a favourite a mere matter of guess-work; that the fouling at the start was of but little moment; and that on the whole she ought to exchange yachts with him.

"But if the chances are all equal, why should your yacht be better than mine?" said she.

The argument was unanswerable; but she

took the favourite for all that, because he wished her to do so; and she tendered him in return the bit of folded paper with the name of a rival yacht on it. It had been in her purse for a minute or two. It was scented when she handed it to him.

"I should like to go to the Mediterranean in one of those beautiful yachts," she said, looking away across the troubled waters; "and lie and dream under the blue skies. I should want no other occupation than that: that would be real idleness. With a breath of wind now and then to temper the heat; and an awning over the deck; and a lot of books. Life would go by like a dream."

Her eyes were distant and pensive. To fold the bits of paper, she had taken off her gloves: he regarded the small white hands, with the blue veins, and the pink almond-shaped nails. She was right. That was the proper sort of existence for one so fine and pale, and perfect even to the finger-tips. *Rose-leaf—Rose-leaf—what faint wind will carry you away to the south?*

At this moment the band struck up a lively air. What was it?

"O this is no my ain lassie,
Fair though the lassie be!"

"You are in great favour to-day, Hugh," Mrs. Ross said to her husband. "You will have to ask the band-master to lunch with us."

But this sharp alternative of a well-known air had sent Macleod's thoughts flying away northward, to scenes far different from these flat shores, and to a sort of boating very different from this summer sailing. Janet, too: what was she thinking of—far away in Castle Dare? Of the wild morning on which she insisted on crossing to one of the Treshnish islands, because of the sick child of a shepherd there; and of the open herring-smack, and she sitting on the ballast-stones; and of the fierce gale of wind and rain that hid the island from their sight; and of her landing, drenched to the skin, and with the salt water running from her hair and down her face?

"Now for lunch," said Colonel Ross; and they went below.

The bright little saloon was decorated with flowers; the coloured glass on the table looked pretty enough; here was a pleasant break in the monotony of the day. It was an occasion, too, for assiduous helpfulness, and gentle inquiries, and patient attention. They forgot about the various chances of the yachts. They could not at once have remembered the name of the favourite. And

there was a good deal of laughter and pleasant chatting, while the band overhead—heard through the open skylight—still played—

“O this is no my ain lassie,
Kind though the lassie be!”

And behold! when they went up on deck again, they had got ahead of all the yachts, and were past the forts at the mouth of the Medway, and were out on an open space of yellowish-green water that showed where the tide of the sea met the current of the river. And away down there in the south a long spur of land ran out at the horizon; and the sea immediately under was still and glassy, so that the neck of land seemed projected into the sky—a sort of gigantic razor-fish suspended in the silvery clouds. Then, to give the yachts time to overtake them, they steamed over to a mighty ironclad that lay at anchor there; and as they came near her vast black bulk they lowered their flag, and the band played “Rule Britannia!” The salute was returned; the officer on the high quarter-deck raised his cap; they steamed on.

In due course of time they reached the Nore light-ship; and there they lay and drifted about until the yachts should come up. Long distances now separated that summer fleet; but as they came along, lying well over before the brisk breeze, it was obvious that the spaces of time between the combatants would not be great. And is not this Miss White’s vessel, the favourite in the betting, that comes sheering through the water, with white foam at her bows? Surely she is more than her time-allowance ahead? And on this tack will she get clear round the squat little light-ship; or is there not a danger of her carrying off a bowsprit? With what an ease and majesty she comes along! scarcely dipping to the slight summer waves; while they on board notice that she has put out her long spinnaker boom, ready to hoist a great balloon as soon as she is round the light-ship and running home before the wind. The speed at which she cuts the water is now visible enough as she obscures for a second or so the hull of the light-ship. In another second she has sheered round; and then the great spinnaker bulges out with the breeze; and away she goes up the river again. Chronometers are in request. It is only a matter of fifty seconds that her nearest rival, now coming sweeping along, has to make up. But what is this that happens just as the enemy has got round the Nore? There is a cry of “Man overboard!” The

spinnaker boom has caught the careless skipper, and pitched him clean into the plashing waters, where he floats about, not as yet certain, probably, what course his vessel will take. She at once brings her head up to wind, and puts about; but meanwhile a small boat from the light-ship has picked up the unhappy skipper, and is now pulling hard to strike the course of the yacht on her new tack. In another minute or two he is on board again; and away she goes for home.

“I think you have won the sweepstakes, Miss White,” Macleod said. “Your enemy has lost eight minutes.”

She was not thinking of sweepstakes. She seemed to have been greatly frightened by the accident.

“It would have been so dreadful to see a man drowned before your eyes—in the midst of a mere holiday excursion.”

“Drowned?” he cried. “There? If a sailor lets himself get drowned in this water with all these boats about, he deserves it.”

“But there are many sailors who cannot swim at all.”

“More shame for them,” said he.

“Why, Sir Keith,” said Mrs. Ross, laughing, “do you think that all people have been brought up to an amphibious life like yourself? I suppose in your country, what with the rain and the mist, you seldom know whether you are on sea or shore?”

“That is quite true,” said he gravely. “And the children are all born with fins. And we can hear the mermaids singing all day long. And when we want to go any where we get on the back of a dolphin.”

But he looked at Gertrude White. What would she say about that far land that she had shown such a deep interest in? There was no raillery at all in her low voice as she spoke.

“I can very well understand,” she said, “how the people there fancied they heard the mermaids singing—amidst so much mystery—and with the awfulness of the sea around them.”

“But we have had living singers,” said Macleod, “and that amongst the Macleods, too. The most famous of all the song-writers of the Western Highlands was Mary Macleod, that was born in Harris—Mairi nighean Alasdair Ruaidh, they called her—that is Mary the daughter of Red Alister. Macleod of Dunvegan, he wished her not to make any more songs: but she could not cease the making of songs. And there was another Macleod—Fionaghal they called her—that is the Fair Stranger. I do not

know why they called her the Fair Stranger—perhaps she came to the Highlands from some distant place. And I think if you were going amongst the people there at this very day, they would call you the Fair Stranger.”

He spoke quite naturally and thoughtlessly; his eyes met hers only for a second; he did not notice the soft touch of pink that suffused the delicately tinted cheek.

“What did you say was the name of that mysterious stranger?” asked Mrs. Ross; “that poetess from unknown lands?”

“Fionaghal,” he answered.

She turned to her husband.

“Hugh,” she said, “let me introduce you to our mysterious guest. This is Fionaghal—this is the Fair Stranger from the Islands—this is the poetess whose melodies the mermaids have picked up. If she only had a harp, now—with seaweed hanging from it—and an oval mirror”——

The booming of a gun told them that the last yacht had rounded the lightship; the band struck up a lively air; and presently the steamer was steaming off in the wake of the procession of yachts. There was now no more fear that Miss White should be late. The breeze had kept up well, and had now shifted a point to the east; so that the yachts, with their great ballooners, were running pretty well before the wind. The lazy abandonment of the day became more complete than ever. Careless talk and laughter; an easy curiosity about the fortunes of the race; tea in the saloon, with the making up of two bouquets of white roses, sweet-peas, fuchsias, and ferns; the day passed lightly and swiftly enough. It was a summer day; full of pretty trifles. Macleod, surrendering to the fascination, began to wonder what life would be if it were all a show of June colours and a sound of dreamy music: for one thing he could not imagine this sensitive, beautiful, pale, fine creature otherwise than as surrounded by an atmosphere of delicate attentions and pretty speeches, and sweet low laughter.

They got into their special train again at Gravesend, and were whirled up to London. At Charing Cross he bade good-bye to Miss White, who was driven off by Mr. and Mrs. Ross along with their other guest. In the light of the clear June evening he walked rather absently up to his rooms.

There was a letter lying on the table. He seized it and opened it with gladness. It was from his cousin Janet—and the mere

sight of it seemed to revive him like a gust of keen wind from the sea. What had she to say? About the grumblings of Donald, who seemed to have no more pride in his pipes now the master was gone? About the anxiety of his mother over the reports of the keepers? About the up-setting of a dog-cart on the road to Loch Buy? He had half-resolved to go to the theatre again that evening—getting, if possible, into some corner where he might pursue his profound psychological investigations unseen—but now he thought he would not go. He would spend the evening in writing a long letter to his cousin, telling her and the mother about all the beautiful, fine, gay, summer life he had seen in London—so different from anything they could have seen in Fort William, or Inverness, or even in Edinburgh. After dinner he sat down to this agreeable task. What had he to write about except brilliant rooms, and beautiful flowers, and costumes such as would have made Janet’s eyes wide: of all the delicate luxuries of life, and happy idleness, and the careless enjoyment of people whose only thought was about a new pleasure? He gave a minute description of all the places he had been to see—except the theatre. He mentioned the names of the people who had been kind to him; but he said nothing about Gertrude White.

Not that she was altogether absent from his thoughts. Sometimes his fancy fled away from the sheet of paper before him, and saw strange things. Was this Fionaghal, the Fair Stranger,—this maiden who had come over the seas to the dark shores of the isles—this king’s daughter clad in white, with her yellow hair down to her waist, and bands of gold on her wrists? And what does she sing to the lashing waves but songs of high courage, and triumph, and welcome to her brave lover coming home with plunder through the battling seas? Her lips are parted with her singing; but her glance is bold and keen: she has the spirit of a king’s daughter, let her come from whence she may.

Or is Fionaghal, the Fair Stranger, this poorly-drest lass, who boils the potatoes over the rude peat-fire—and croons her songs of suffering and of the cruel drowning in the seas—so that from hut to hut they carry her songs, and the old wives’ tears start afresh to think of their brave sons lost years and years ago?

Neither Fionaghal is she—this beautiful, pale woman, with her sweet, modern English speech, and her delicate, sensitive ways, and

her hand that might be crushed like a rose-leaf. There is a shimmer of summer around her; flowers lie in her lap; tender observations encompass and shelter her. Not for her the biting winds of the northern seas; but rather the soft luxurious idleness of placid waters, and blue skies, and shadowy shores. . . . *Rose-leaf — Rose-leaf — what faint wind will carry you away to the south?*

CHAPTER VII.—THE DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE.

LATE one night a carefully-dressed elderly gentleman applied his latch-key to the door of a house in Bury-street, St. James's, and was about to enter without any great circumspection, when he was suddenly met by a white phantom, which threw him off his legs, and dashed outwards into the street. The language that the elderly gentleman used, as he picked himself up, need not be repeated here. Suffice it to say that the white phantom was the dog Oscar, who had been shut in a minute before by his master, and who now, after one or two preliminary dashes up and down the street, very soon perceived the tall figure of Macleod, and made joyfully after him. But Oscar knew that he had acted wrongly; and was ashamed to show himself; so he quietly slunk along at his master's heels. The consequence of this was that the few loiterers about beheld the very unusual spectacle of a tall young gentleman walking down Bury-street and into King-street, dressed in full Highland costume and followed by a white and lemon collie. No other person going to the Caledonian fancy-dress ball was so attended.

Macleod made his way through the carriages, crossed the pavement and entered the passage. Then he heard some scuffling behind; and he turned.

"Let alone my dog, you fellow!" said he, making a step forward; for the man had got hold of Oscar by the head, and was hauling him out.

"Is it your dog, sir?" said he.

Oscar himself answered by wrestling himself free, and taking refuge by his master's legs, though he still looked guilty.

"Yes, he is my dog; and a nice fix he has got me into," said Macleod, standing aside to let the Empress Maria Theresa pass by in her resplendent costume. "I suppose I must walk home with him again. Oscar, Oscar! how dare you?"

"If you please, sir," said a juvenile voice behind him, "If Mr. — will let me, I will take the dog. I know where to tie him up."

Macleod turned.

"*Cò an so?*" said he, looking down at the chubby faced boy in the kilts, who had his pipes under his arm. "Don't you know the Gaelic?"

"I am only learning," said the young musician. "Will I take the dog, sir?"

"March along, then, *phiobaire bhig!*" Macleod said. "He will follow me, if he will not follow you."

Little Piper turned aside into a large hall which had been transformed into a sort of waiting-room; and here Macleod found himself in the presence of a considerable number of children, half of them girls, half of them boys, all dressed in tartan, and seated on the forms along the walls. The children, who were half asleep at this time of the night, woke up with sudden interest at sight of the beautiful collie; and at the same moment Little Piper explained to the gentleman who was in charge of these young ones that the dog had to be tied up somewhere, and that a small adjoining room would answer that purpose. The proposal was most courteously entertained. Macleod, Mr. —, and Little Piper walked along to this side room, and there Oscar was properly secured.

"And I will get him some water, sir, if he wants it," said the boy in the kilts.

"Very well," Macleod said. "And I will give you my thanks for it; for that is all that a Highlander, and especially a piper, expects for a kindness. And I hope you will learn the Gaelic soon, my boy. And do you know *Cumhadh na Cloinne?* No, it is too difficult for you; but I think if I had the chanter between my fingers myself, I could let you hear *Cumhadh na Cloinne.*"

"I am sure John Maclean can play it," said the small piper.

"Who is he?"

The gentleman in charge of the youngsters explained that John Maclean was the eldest of the juvenile pipers, five others of whom were in attendance.

"I think," said Macleod, "that I am coming down in a little time to make the acquaintance of your young pipers, if you will let me."

He passed up the broad staircase, and into the empty supper-room, from which a number of entrances showed him the strange scene being enacted in the larger hall. Who were these people who were moving to the sound of rapid music? A clown in a silken dress of many colours, with bells to his cap and wrists, stood at one of the doors; Macleod became his fellow-spectator of what was

going forward. A beautiful Tyrolienne, in a dress of black silver and velvet, with her yellow hair hanging in two plaits down her back, passed into the room accompanied by Charles the First in a large wig and cloak; and the next moment they were whirling along in the waltz, coming into innumerable collisions with all the celebrated folk who ever lived in history. And who were these gentlemen in the scarlet collars and cuffs, who but for these adornments would have been in ordinary evening dress? He made bold to ask the friendly clown, who was staring in a pensive manner at the rushing couples.

"They call it the Windsor uniform," said the clown. "I think it mean. I shan't come in a fancy dress again, if stitching on a red collar will do."

At this moment the waltz came to an end; and the people began to walk up and down the spacious apartment. Macleod entered the throng, to look about him. And soon he perceived, in one of the little stands at the side of the hall, the noble lady who had asked him to go to this assembly, and forthwith he made his way through the crowd to her. He was most graciously received.

"Shall I tell you a secret, Lady ——?" said he. "You know the children belonging to the charity—they are all below—and they are sitting doing nothing, and they are all very tired and half-asleep. It is a shame to keep them there"——

"But the Prince hasn't come yet; and they must be marched round: they show that we are not making fools of ourselves for nothing."

A sharper person than Macleod might have got in a pretty compliment here; for this lady was charmingly dressed as Flora Macdonald; but he merely said—

"Very well; perhaps it is necessary. But I think I can get them some amusement, if you will only keep the director of them, that is Mr. ——, out of the way. Now shall I send him to you? Will you talk to him?"

"What do you mean to do?"

"I want to give them a dance. Why should you have all the dancing up here?"

"Mind, I am not responsible. What shall I talk to him about?"

Macleod considered for a moment.

"Tell him that I will take the whole of the girls and boys to the Crystal Palace for a day, if it is permissible; and ask him what it will cost, and all about the arrangements."

"Seriously?"

"Yes. Why not? They can have a fine

run in the grounds; and six pipers to play for them. I will ask them now whether they they will go."

He left and went down-stairs. He had seen but few people in the hall above whom he knew. He was not fond of dancing, though he knew the elaborate variations of the reel. And here was a bit of practical amusement.

"Oh, Mr. ——," said he, with great seriousness, "I am desired by Lady —— to say that she would like to see you for a moment or two. She wishes to ask you some questions about your young people."

"The Prince may come at any moment," said Mr. ——, doubtfully.

"He won't be in such a hurry as all that, surely!"

So the worthy man went up-stairs; and the moment he was gone Macleod shut the door.

"Now, you piper boys!" he called aloud, "get up, and play us a reel. We are going to have a dance. You are all asleep, I believe. Come, girls, stand up—you that know the reel, you will keep to this end. Boys, come out. You that can dance a reel, come to this end; the others will soon pick it up. Now, piper boys, have you got the steam up? What can you give us now? *Monymusk*? or the *Marquis of Huntley's Fling*? or *Miss Johnston*? Nay, stay a bit—don't you know *Mrs. Macleod of Raasay*?"

"Yes—yes—yes—yes—yes—yes!" came from the six pipers all standing in a row, with the drones over their shoulders and the chanters in their fingers.

"Very well, then—off you go! Now, boys and girls, are you all ready? Pipers, *Mrs. Macleod of Raasay*!"

For a second there was a confused roaring on the long drones; then the shrill chanters broke clear away into the wild reel; and presently the boys and girls, who were at first laughingly shy and embarrassed, began to make such imitations of the reel-figure, which they had seen often enough, as led to a vast amount of scrambling and jollity, if it was not particularly accurate. The most timid of the young ones soon picked up courage. Here and there one of the older boys gave a whoop that would have done justice to a wedding-dance in a Highland barn.

"Put your lungs into it, pipers!" Macleod cried. "Well played, boys! You are fit to play before a prince!"

The round cheeks of the boys were red with their blowing; they tapped their toes on the ground as proudly as if every one of them

was a MacCruimin; the wild noise in this big empty hall grew more furious than ever—when suddenly there was an awful silence. The piper whipped the chanter from their mouths; the children, suddenly stopping in their merriment, cast one awestruck glance towards the door; and then slunk back to their seats. They had observed not only Mr. —, but also the Prince himself. Macleod was left standing alone in the middle of the floor.

“Sir Keith Macleod?” said His Royal Highness, with a smile.

Macleod bowed low.

“Lady—— told me what you were about. I thought we could have had a peep unobserved; or we should not have broken in on the romp of the children.”

“I think your Royal Highness could make amends for that,” said Macleod.

There was an inquiring glance.

“If your Royal Highness would ask some one to see that each of the children has an orange, and a tart, and a shilling, it would be some compensation to them for being kept up so late.”

“I think that might be done,” said the Prince, as he turned to leave. “And I am glad to have made your acquaintance, although in.”——

“In the character of a dancing-master,” said Macleod, gravely.

After having once more visited Oscar, in the company of Piobaire Beag, Macleod went up again to the brilliantly-lit hall; and here he found that a further number of his friends had arrived. Among them was young Ogilvie, in the tartan of the 93rd Highlanders; and very smart indeed the boy-officer looked in his uniform. Mrs. Ross was here too; and she was busy in assisting to get up the Highland quadrille. When she asked Macleod if he would join in it, he answered by asking her to be his partner, as he would be ashamed to display his ignorance before an absolute stranger. Mrs. Ross most kindly undertook to pilot him through the not elaborate intricacies of the dance; and they were fortunate in having the set made up entirely of their own friends.

Then the procession of the children took place; and the fantastically dressed crowd formed a lane to let the homely-clad lads and lasses pass along, with the six small pipers proudly playing a march at their head.

He stopped the last of the children, for a second.

“Have you got a tart, and an orange, and a shilling?”

“No, sir.”

“I have got the word of a prince for it,” he said to himself, as he went out of the room. “And they shall not go home with empty pockets.”

As he was coming up the staircase again to the ball-room, he was preceded by two figures that were calculated to attract any one's notice by the picturesqueness of their costume. The one stranger was apparently an old man, who was dressed in a Florentine costume of the fourteenth century—a cloak of sombre red, with a flat cap of black velvet, one long tail of which was thrown over the left shoulder and hung down behind. A silver collar hung from his neck across his breast: other ornament there was none. His companion, however, drew all eyes towards her as the two passed into the ball-room. She was dressed in imitation of Gainsborough's portrait of the Duchess of Devonshire; and her symmetrical figure and well-poised head admirably suited the long-trained costume of blue satin, with its *fichu* of white muslin, the bold, coquettish hat and feathers, and the powdered puffs and curls that descended to her shoulders. She had a gay air with her, too. She bore her head proudly. The patches on her cheek seemed not half so black as the blackness of her eyes, so full of a dark mischievous light were they; and the redness of the lips—a trifle artificial, no doubt—as she smiled, seemed to add to the glittering whiteness of her teeth. The proud, laughing, gay coquette: no wonder all eyes were for a moment turned to her, in envy or in admiration.

Macleod, following these two, and finding that his old companion, the pensive clown in cap and bells, was still at his post of observation at the door, remained there also for a minute or two; and noticed that among the first to recognise the two strangers was young Ogilvie, who, with laughing surprise in his face, came forward to shake hands with them. Then there was some further speech; the band began to play a gentle and melodious waltz; the middle of the room cleared somewhat; and presently her Grace of Devonshire was whirled away by the young Highland officer, her broad-brimmed hat rather overshadowing him, notwithstanding the pronounced colours of his plaid. Macleod could not help following this couple with his eyes, whithersoever they went. In any part of the rapidly moving crowd he could always make out that one figure; and once or twice as they passed him it seemed to him that the brilliant beauty,

with her powdered hair, and her flashing bright eyes, and her merry lips, regarded him for an instant; and then he could have imagined that in a bygone century—

“Sir Keith Macleod, I think?”

The old gentleman with the grave and scholarly cap of black velvet and the long cloak of sober red, held out his hand. The folds of the velvet hanging down from the cap rather shadowed his face; but all the same Macleod instantly recognised him—fixing the recognition by means of the gold spectacles.

“Mr. White?” said he.

“I am more disguised than you are,” the old gentleman said, with a smile. “It is a foolish notion of my daughter’s, but she would have me come.”

His daughter! Macleod turned in a bewildered way to that gay crowd, under the brilliant lights.

“Was that Miss White?” said he.

“The Duchess of Devonshire. Didn’t you recognise her? I am afraid she will be very tired to-morrow; but she would come.”

He caught sight of her again. That woman—with the dark eyes full of fire—and the dashing air—and the audacious smile——? He could have believed this old man to be mad. Or was he only the father of a witch—of an illusive *ignis fatuus*—of some mocking Ariel darting into a dozen shapes to make fools of the poor simple souls of earth?

“No,” he stammered, “I—I did not recognise her. I thought the lady who came with you had intensely dark eyes.”

“She is said to be very clever in making up,” her father said, coolly and sententiously. “It is a part of her art that is not to be despised. It is quite as important as a gesture or a tone of voice in creating the illusion at which she aims. I do not know whether actresses, as a rule, are careless about it, or only clumsy; but they rarely succeed in making their appearance homogeneous. A trifle too much here; a trifle too little there; and the illusion is spoiled. Then you see a painted woman; not the character she is presenting. Did you observe my daughter’s eyebrows?”

“No, sir, I did not,” said Macleod, humbly.

“Here she comes. Look at them.”

But how could he look at her eyebrows, or at any trick of making up, when the whole face with its new excitement of colour, its parted lips and lambent eyes, was throwing its fascination upon him? She came forward laughing, and yet with a certain shyness. He would fain have turned away.

The Highlanders are superstitious. Did he fear being bewitched? Or what was it that threw a certain coldness over his manner? The fact of her having danced with young Ogilvie? Or the ugly reference made by her father to her eyebrows? He had greatly admired this painted stranger, when he thought she was a stranger; he seemed less to admire the artistic make-up of Miss Gertrude White.

The merry Duchess, playing her part admirably, charmed all eyes but his; and yet she was so kind as to devote herself to her father and him, refusing invitations to dance, and chatting to them—with those brilliant lips smiling—about the various features of the gay scene before them. Macleod avoided looking at her face.

“What a bonny boy your friend Mr. Ogilvie is,” said she, glancing across the room.

He did not answer.

“But he does not look much of a soldier,” she continued. “I don’t think I should be afraid of him, if I were a man.”

He answered, somewhat distantly,

“It is not safe to judge that way—especially of any one of Highland blood. If there is fighting in his blood, he will fight when the proper time comes. And we have a good Gaelic saying—it has a great deal of meaning in it, that saying—*You do not know what sword is in the scabbard until it is drawn.*”

“What did you say was the proverb?” she asked; and for a second her eyes met his—but she immediately withdrew them, startled by the cold austerity of his look.

“*You do not know what sword is in the scabbard until it is drawn,*” said he, carelessly. “There is a good deal of meaning in it.”



WITH ST. PAUL IN ATHENS.

BY THE REV. PROFESSOR PORTER, D.D.

"Athens, the eye of Greece, mother of arts
 And eloquence, native to famous wits.
 See there the olive grove of Academe,
 Plato's retirement, where the Attic bird
 Trills her thick-warbled notes the summer long.
 There flowery Hymettus, with the sound
 Of bees' industrious murmur, oft invites
 To studious musing; there Ilissus rolls
 His whispering stream. Within the walls then view
 The schools of ancient sages; his who bred
 Great Alexander to subdue the world;
 Lyceum there, and painted Stoa next.
 To sage Philosophy next lend thine ear,
 From Heaven descended to the low-roofed house
 Of Socrates; see there his tenement."

PARADISE REGAINED.

THE approach to Athens is most impressive. Even now that some of its finest monuments have disappeared, and all that remain are in ruins, there are few places in the world which so completely rivet the

attention, and so powerfully affect the mind. Independent altogether of its grand associations the city is attractive; and yet when I have been asked wherein the attraction lies, I have at first had difficulty in replying. There is no richness in the scenery, for, with the exception of the grey olive-groves, lying so low along the banks of the Cephissus as to be invisible from the sea, the surrounding country—mountains, glens, and plains—is bare and parched. Nor is there any sublimity in the features of the mountain-ranges, the loftiest of which, the distant Parnes, scarcely exceeds four thousand feet in height. The great charm lies in the variety of outline, in the extent of the panorama, in the



The Temple of Minerva, Athens.

mingling, one might almost say interlacing, of land and sea; and above all in the exquisite softness and beauty of the colouring, especially when the evening sun, glinting over the conical tops of Cithæron, gilds the white marble columns of the Acropolis, encircles as with a halo of fire the brow of Lycabettus, and bathes the sides of Hymettus in a flood of rosy light. The more distant mountains then assume that deep, rich, purple hue peculiar to the Levant, making them stand out, with wonderful distinctness and sharpness of contour, from the glowing background of the evening sky.

The views which I got on many a bright summer evening, from the steps of the Par-

thenon and from between the columns of the Propylea, and from the chapel of St. George on the top of Lycabettus, the world could not match. Not only did my eye range round Hymettus, Pentelicus, Parnes, and Cithæron, with the whole intervening plain, but it took in the entire Saronic Gulf, its historic islands, Salamis and Ægina, and the coast of the Morea beyond, from the citadel of Corinth to the promontory of Scyllæum.

Nineteen centuries ago Athens and Attica were different from what they are now. They had then still other charms of which time, war, and neglect have robbed them. The mountains were clothed with forests, the

plains and uplands had that verdure which cultivation gives, and were studded, besides, with picturesque villages and villas. Temples and monuments occupied prominent sites in and around the city. Nature and art, wealth and taste, combined to make Athens in external appearance, what she was in literature and philosophy, "the eye of Greece."

Athens stands in the centre of an undulating plain, some ten miles wide, shut in on three sides by the ranges of Hymettus, Pentelicus, and Parnes, and open on the other, the south, to the Saronic Gulf, on whose shore, nearly five miles from the city, is the harbour of Piræus. In front of the harbour lies Salamis, its winding coast overlapping the promontories and bays of the mainland. Farther out rise the dark hills of Ægina; and beyond, along the southern horizon, runs the serrated chain of Argolis.

The Acropolis of Athens is an isolated rock, which rises abruptly from the midst of the city to a height of one hundred and fifty feet, and is thus visible from afar, its flat top crowned with the most magnificent ruins in Greece. Behind it, on the north-west, is a still higher crag, the Lycabettus of classic story; and near it, on the opposite side from Lycabettus, are several rocky mounds—Areopagus, Pnyx, Museium, and Nymphæum, each of which has a history and a fame of its own.

ST. PAUL'S VISIT.

St. Paul came to Athens by sea, and it has been my good fortune to follow in his track on three different occasions. He was driven by an outburst of Jewish fanaticism from Thessalonica—a city still notorious for its turbulence, and he took refuge in the secluded town of Berea. But there his faithful and successful labours roused the community, so that his fame speedily reached the ears of his enemies at Thessalonica. The result was that he was compelled to quit Macedonia altogether. By night he fled from Berea, escorted by trusty guides who led him "to the sea,"* most probably the little port of Dium, at the foot of Mount Olympus. Thence he sailed down the Ægean, and passing through the narrow channel of Andros soon reached the "sacred point of Sunium," where he got his first palpable evidence of that intense religious sentiment of the Athenians which he subsequently applied with so much force in favour of

Christianity. While rounding the point he saw far above him, crowning "Sunium's marble steep," the celebrated temple of Minerva, which formed the outpost, so to speak, of Athenian idolatry. Standing on the most remote promontory of Attica, it declared to every one who approached their shores that the Athenians were a people "devoted to the gods."* The splendid ruin still forms an object so picturesque in position, so simple and yet so grand in its architecture, that once seen it can never be forgotten.

On rounding Sunium the Saronic Gulf, with its beautiful scenery, opened up before the Apostle, and as he was a scholar, deeply read in the history of Greece, every spot must have been familiar to him. To his right was the indented coast of Attica, with its fringe of rocky islets, over which rose the rounded summits of "flowery Hymettus." When the point was reached where that range dips into the sea, the Acropolis came into view, still far away, but seen as a white speck against the dark background of Mount Parnes; and if the sun was declining westward St. Paul may have observed the glittering spear and helmet of the colossal statue of Minerva. One can easily imagine with how much of wistful interest he gazed at the great city, and with how much holy enthusiasm he looked forward to the moment when he would perhaps be permitted to teach a Divine philosophy in the schools of Socrates and Plato, and preach "Christ crucified" from the bema where Demosthenes delivered his magnificent orations.

On the left, as he sailed up the gulf, lay the island of Ægina, long the rival of Athens, its highest hill crowned with the Temple of Minerva, one of the oldest in Greece. Then "the sea-born Salamis" rose in front; and after passing a temple of Venus on a headland to the right, the crescent-shaped bay of Phalerum gradually opened, with the long, low promontory of Piræus on its western side, forming the double harbour of Athens.

The ship would probably cast anchor in the nearest harbour, Phalerum; but whether St. Paul landed there or went round to the Piræan port, he would see no less than three temples: one of Demeter, the goddess of agriculture, who was believed to have in her gift the fruits of the earth; another of Minerva, the goddess of war, and special protectress of Athens; and another of Jupiter, the lord of the elements.

* This is the correct meaning of *ὡς ἐπὶ τὴν θάλασσαν*, and not "as if to the sea," which would make it appear as if this were a mere feint to deceive his enemies. Acts xvii. 14.

* The Greek *δεισιδαιμονεστέρους* means "fearing the gods so as to be ever constrained to honour them."

THE ALTAR "TO THE UNKNOWN GOD."

Setting out for Athens by the road which ran between the ruins of those long walls that in ancient times connected the port with the city, the Acropolis, with its crown of temples, was constantly in view; and what proved even more suggestive, as we find afterwards, he passed several altars, dedicated, as Pausanias tells us, "to unknown gods."* Philostratus also mentions altars at Athens dedicated to unknown deities.† The practice of erecting such altars, to us apparently so absurd, originated as follows, according to Diogenes Laertius, a Greek writer who lived about a century later than the Apostle:—Athens, he says, was at one period devastated by a plague, and the people being unable to discover what deity was offended, Epimenides, the poet, advised them to let loose a number of sheep on the Acropolis, and upon whatever spot one of them should lie down, there to dedicate an altar "*To Him who might be the true God,*" although it was not known who He was.‡ In Athens, therefore, it appears to have become customary, when any singular calamity occurred, or when any notable act of deliverance was wrought for the State, not assignable to the agency of the known deities, to attribute it "to an unknown god," and to erect an altar with such an inscription as St. Paul notes.

As soon as the Apostle entered Athens and passed through its streets, the idea of an all-pervading idolatry, a debasing superstition, overshadowing the splendours of art and architecture and even obscuring the light of philosophy, must have been forcibly impressed upon his mind. Temples were everywhere around him; altars and shrines, sacred to a host of deities, meet him at every turn. Then, as now, the temples of Minerva, Erectheus, and Nike-Apteros on the Acropolis, and of Theseus on an adjoining eminence, were the most prominent buildings in the city. Besides these, multitudes of others, of which only a few columns remain, or which have entirely disappeared, were in view. Classic writers of other countries celebrate the number and splendour of the temples in Athens, and the Athenians themselves speak of them with pride. The religion of that day ministered to art, to amusement, and to moral corruption. The wealth of the city and of the whole country was wasted on magnificent but useless structures, while the people, nineteen-twentieths of whom were slaves, dwelt,

for the most part, in mean and filthy hovels, destitute of the ordinary requisites for comfort, or even decency. Her own writers tell us that the places of public resort, and more especially the passages about the grandest sacred edifices, were receptacles for every kind of filth.

ATHENS "WHOLLY GIVEN TO IDOLATRY."

It is interesting to consider for a moment what led the Apostle to say, with so much emphasis and such depth of feeling, that "*he saw the city wholly given to idolatry.*" The Greek word (*κατείδωλον*) is more expressive even than the English, and probably the best commentary upon it is the statement of Xenophon, who calls Athens, "One entire altar, one complete offering consecrated to the gods."* But fortunately we are able to follow in the footsteps of St. Paul, led by a most accomplished guide, Pausanias, who visited Athens about half a century later, and has transmitted to us a detailed and graphic account of what he saw. We can, therefore, in the writings of Pausanias, see Athens as St. Paul saw it.

St. Paul came from the Piræus, and would naturally enter the city by the Piræan gate, as Pausanias did. On approaching it he had before him, outside, a statue of Neptune and a temple of Ceres. After passing through the gate he saw images of Minerva, Jupiter, Apollo, Mercury, and the Muses, besides a temple of Bacchus. Then his route led through the *Agora*, or "Market Place," where were temples of Apollo, Hephæstus, Mars, Venus, and Vulcan. Here also stood the great Rotunda, set round with little silver images, where the city council assembled daily for business and to offer sacrifices. And here were the *Stoa Basileios*, the "Royal Porch," dedicated to Aurora; a *stoa* dedicated to Zeus, containing paintings of the deities by the artist Euphranor; and the *Stoa Poecile*, "Painted Stoa," so called because it was decorated with pictures representing the conquests of the Athenians. In the latter the *Stoic* philosophers were accustomed to meet, and from it they got their name. The *Agora* also contained the famous altar of the twelve gods, placed between the Areopagus and Acropolis; and statues of Hercules, Aurora, Theseus, Zeus, Eleutherus, and the heroes from whom the quarters of the city took their names. Beyond the *Agora*, to the north, were the temples of Castor and Pollux, of Serapis, of Athena Archegetis, the Doric portico of which still stands, and of Theseus,

* *Attic*. i. 2, 4. † *Vit. Apollon*. vi. 3.

‡ *Vita Epimenid.*

* *De Repub. Athen.*

the most perfect ancient building now in Athens.

The Acropolis, whose precipitous sides of naked rock rose grandly in the very heart of the city, was the sanctum—the Holy of Holies. It was one vast sanctuary, its summit covered, and its sides studded round, with temples and shrines. Over them all towered the Parthenon, and in front of it stood the colossal bronze statue of Minerva, seventy feet high, her glittering helmet and poised spear forming, we are told, a conspicuous landmark to mariners far out on the Saronic Gulf. Along the base of the Acropolis were temples of Bacchus, Serapis, Ceres, and Æsculapius; the ruins of the latter were being exhumed when I was in Athens in June last. A little out from the Acropolis, on the banks of the Ilissus, stood the magnificent temple of Jupiter Olympus, whose remains are among the most imposing in Greece.

Nor were these all. The very finger-posts at the corners of the streets and public highways were images, each being surmounted by a head of Mercury. And when the Athenians had exhausted the long catalogue of ancient mythology, and had given to every god and goddess a statue or shrine, their vivid imaginations deified abstractions, and erected altars to Fame, Modesty, Energy, Persuasion, and Pity; and to crown the whole, they set up, as we have seen, altars to unknown gods! It was a common saying about Athens during the classic age, "It is easier to find a god than a man there." What wonder, then, that the spirit of St. Paul "was stirred in him, when he saw the city wholly given to idolatry"?

And, independent of these statements and descriptions, which we glean from Pausanias

and other ancient writers, when one wanders through Athens at the present time, and examines her ruins, he can fully sympathize with the feelings of the Apostle. More especially when one proceeds to inspect the treasures of ancient art, exhumed from overlying heaps of rubbish in every part of the city, which are now being crowded day after day into her new museums, and exposed for sale in her shops—almost all of them relics of idol shrines, or some form of idol superstition—he can understand more fully than he ever did before the significance and truth of St. Paul's words. Not in their public edifices merely, nor in the multitudes of shrines, altars, and images which filled their streets, did this all-pervading idolatry appear; but even in the internal decorations of their dwellings, in the form and figuring of their household utensils, and in their personal ornaments, the Athenians showed a deep-rooted devotion to idol-worship. St. Paul went to Athens with all his inherent Jewish abhorrence of idolatry, sanctified and ennobled by his more recent divine training in the spirituality of Christian worship, so that his mind naturally revolted against superstition so utterly degrading in its character and tendency. He knew that it emasculated the intellect, and paralyzed the moral sense; that it encouraged the most shameless profligacy, by the dissolute character of the deities themselves, and the gross ceremonies often observed in their worship; in fact he fully agreed with Seneca, that "no other effect could be produced, but that all shame on account of sin must be taken away from men if they believe in such gods."*

* De Vit. Beata, 26.

(To be concluded in next Part.)

A SUNDAY ON PALMERSTON'S ISLAND.

I SHALL not easily forget a day spent in a strange society on Palmerston's, a low coral island lying in lat. 18° 4' S., and long. 163° 10' W. It is the westernmost island of the Hervey group. Although only two hundred miles from Aitutaki, and right in the track of the south-east trades, it was until lately uninhabited.* Its present population is thirty-seven, but it is capable of sustaining a native population of several hundreds.

Sabbath last was one of those cloudless

days for which the Pacific is justly famous. Dawn revealed low fringes of palms, apparently growing out of the sea at the edge of the horizon. After a while a long line of snowy breakers and the yellow sandy beach beyond, glowing in the sun, became visible. Thirteen islets, only a few feet above the level of the blue Pacific, enclose a lagoon in the shape of an irregular circle, five miles in diameter. Were there a sufficiently wide entrance into it, the navies of the world might anchor in safety within. These islets, so well defended by the coral reef, are

* It was known, however, under the name "Avarau."

evidently formed by the accumulation of sand and coral débris thrown up by the action of old Ocean. There is a slight sprinkling of blackish mould composed of decayed vegetable matter. It is remarkable that so large an atoll should be found in such high latitudes. As we approach the equator, this becomes the prevailing type of island. The reason is obvious, the warmer the ocean water the more rapid is the work of the coral zoophytes.

Palmerston's Island was discovered by Captain Cook in 1774, on his second voyage. On his third and last voyage, just a century ago, the great navigator landed on the two southern islets to get fodder for his perishing cattle. Later on, the mutineers of the *Bounty* touched here, but did not care to make it their home after their pleasant experiences at Tahiti.

About sixteen years ago an Englishman—one of those waifs so common in the Pacific—after years of wandering amongst the Line Islands, settled down here. He brought with him *three* wives and several natives to take possession of the island and to dry the kernel of the cocoa-nut for exportation to Europe. In 1777, Cook in two days carried off twelve hundred nuts, remarking that on one islet the trees required to be thinned out. To our eyes all the islets seemed to be a succession of cocoa-nut groves richly laden with fruit. M—— has planted eighty thousand cocoa-nuts during his occupation of the island. Bêche-de-mer is largely collected here for the Chinese market. These people lived on in virtual heathenism until a few months since, when the accidental (shall we not rather say, *providential*?) visit of a Christian chief and deacon led M—— to think it desirable to secure some means of religious instruction and secular education for the young people, several of whom are verging on maturity. An application was made for a trained native teacher and evangelist, and a promise given that his stipend and food should be supplied. Under these circumstances it was resolved to send Akarongo and his wife to Palmerston's for twelve months, to test the sincerity of these professions and to endeavour to reform the morals of this infant community.

The little hamlet on the west can be seen a long way out to sea. As we approached, a boat came off to the *John Williams*, with M——. He is a short, well-set man of about fifty-five years; very active, but with an uneasy expression of countenance. After exchanging a few words, we in our own boat and

M—— and his boys in their boat, were sailing towards the settlement. There are several excellent boat entrances into the placid waters of the lagoon; M—— took one, we the other. Just as we were entering a large turtle in alarm suddenly dived to the bottom, but even there was distinctly visible. Inside the breakers the place seemed alive with fish of many and beautiful hues. As the boat made its way through these unfrequented waters, large blue fish rushed away on either side. The brilliant mid-day sun disclosed the pleasing varieties of coral growing in patches at the bottom. Some were globular, others branching most elegantly, others undulating, with tints of yellow, green, and pink. The effect was increased by different sorts of small fish gliding in and out amongst grotto-like growths. Here and there we noticed immense mushroom coral; the pedestal—comparatively small—being firmly attached to the bottom. The tops of these strange formations are perfectly level, not unlike an irregular loo table, providing a secure standing-place for the angler. Large savage *murena* in the coral sometimes raise themselves out of the water and attack fishermen. The pearl oyster is found in small quantities in this lagoon.

The two boats reached the beach about the same time. A friendly greeting from old and young welcomed us ashore, as they led the way to the principal hut. Fowls and pigs were wandering about where Cook found only small brown rats. Rusty anchors, chains, and other ship-gear were scattered about. The dwellings were thatched with pandanus leaf; but all else was rudely built out of the remains of several vessels unhappily lost here of late years. Holes in the planking served instead of windows. Inside, the whole stock of European furniture consisted of two chairs, which were kindly given to the visitors. I almost imagined myself in the haunts of the old buccaniers in the West Indies. The natives grouped themselves all round the room on the floor, whilst I held a service in the Rarotongan language. A very pleasant thing it was to me to speak to these poor creatures of the Redeemer's love to sinful men, to reason with them "of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come." Afterwards Bibles, hymn-books, and various other publications in the native language were distributed amongst all who could read. *Sunday Magazines, Sundays at Home, and Good Words**

* A friend put a great number on board for distribution.

were given to M——, and most acceptable they were.

In a private conference I had a good deal of talk with M——, which I hope may bear fruit. He listened attentively to what I said, and engaged to give sufficient wood for the erection of a little church.

On some of the islets sea-birds incubate in great numbers—curlews, noddies, boobies, frigate birds, and tropic-birds; besides two sorts of land birds—plovers and a kind of paroquet. The tropic-bird of the Pacific (*Phaëton aethereus*) is a beautiful creature, with a plumage of a creamy white, and two long tail feathers of a blood colour. These tail feathers were greatly prized for head-dresses in the olden times. The tropic-bird incubates at the beginning of July. At the end of September, when their young are strong, they return to the ocean. The arrival of the tropic-bird intimates the approach of the dry season, or winter—if winter there can be without snow, frost, hail, or sleet. The native proverb runs, "The tropic-bird is heard; winter has come!"* The literal translation would be, "The tropic-bird is heard; *old cocoa-nuts must be our food,*" as

* Kua tangi to tevaki; kua koua te akari maro.

they usually subsisted on nuts during the winter months.

Even this dreamy, lotus-eating, Moham-medan Paradise has its serious drawbacks. M—— always carries with him a loaded revolver. A few years ago a plot was laid to kill M—— whilst asleep, and to drown his children in the lagoon. The women were engaged in the plot. This was no imaginary danger, for about that time three white men were murdered at Suwarrow's by their native companions. This may account for the presence of two large fierce dogs. M——'s word is law and must be implicitly obeyed. In fact he is, like Alexander Selkirk,

"Monarch of all he surveys,
His right there is none to dispute."

I hope a better day is dawning upon Palmerston's and its lord. I could not help recalling, by way of contrast, the inspired words: And the work of righteousness shall be peace, and the effect of righteousness quietness and assurance for ever (Isaiah xxxii. 17).

After partaking of a refreshing cup of coffee, and tasting the excellent fish spread for us, we bade farewell, and were soon on board, sailing for Rarotonga.

WILLIAM WYATT GILL.

July 31st, 1877.

THE TICK OF THE CLOCK AT MIDNIGHT.

'TIS the tick of the clock at midnight,
Solemnly, startlingly clear,
Like the throb of a fevered pulsation
Made audible to the ear.
Through the house reigns a death-like silence,
The death-like silence of sleep,
Whilst the fragments of Time, like meteors,
Pass flashing across the deep.
From the coming Eternity rushing,
They illumine for a moment our sky,
But no power can stay their departure;
They touch us and hover by.
They touch on the heart of the watcher,
And utter these words in his ear:
"Can ye not watch for one hour,
And our soul-stirring message hear?
We are God's messengers speeding
With swift and invisible flight,
And we speak to you best in the silence
Of the quiet dead-hush of the night.
Remember we carry our message
Of what ye are doing on Earth,

To the Bountiful Father in Heaven,
Who endowed you with souls at your birth,
What are ye doing, Oh mortals!
With that glorious gift of a soul?
For what are your strongest yearnings,
And what is the longed-for goal?
Pleasure, and power, and riches,
Leisure, and freedom from care—
Is it for these ye are striving?
Such strivings must end in despair.
Like a butterfly crushed in the grasping,
So Pleasure is crushed when caught,
And Power must end in weakness,
And Riches must end in nought;
Whilst indolent Leisure lies basking,
Sleepily, selfishly glad,
Till the Adder of Conscience stings it
And the Terror driveth it mad.
Soon the dawn will streak the horizon
And herald the fateful day,
Prepare! Lo, the Kingdom of Heaven
Approacheth! Watch and Pray."

W. A. GIBBS.

THE HILL FORTS OF THE DECCAN.

BY FRANCIS GELL, M.A., CHAPLAIN OF ST. JOHN'S, CHICHESTER.

II.

IT sometimes happens that the inaccessibility which nature has bestowed on these crags is such, that nothing in the way of a gate is required to defend the path by which they are approached. This is the case with Hurrichunderghur, eighteen miles north-west of Jooneer. This is described briefly in Murray's hand-book of Western India; and Eastwick says, I think truly, that it presents some of the sublimest scenery in the whole range of the western mountains. The top of the mountain is of considerable extent, and as it has a small but very comfortable set of caves for residence, and reputation for bears enough to allure the sportsman (though I confess I saw only buffaloes), I wonder this cool and lovely solitude is not oftener visited. Lord Elphinstone had the apertures measured for glazing, and intended to live there in the hot weather. It is four thousand feet above the Konkun immediately below, and has a scarp of three thousand feet nearly perpendicular height. A stone pitched over takes eleven seconds before it strikes for the first time. Captain Eastwick speaks of the tremendous roaring blasts, which seem nearly to have swept him off the spot; but when I visited it I sat under an umbrella for some hours, on the very topmost peak, which hangs over the abyss, without a single breath of wind, amid a deep mid-day silence which was almost painfully profound. There are on the lower levels ruined tanks and temples, and near the caves beautiful water in abundance. Altogether it is a delightful spot.

Not far from Hurrichunderghur is a fine fort, interesting as having been the birth-place of the builder of so many others—Seunere, near Jooneer. It was granted in 1594 to Sivaji's grandfather, Malogi Bhonslay; and in 1627 the great Sivaji first saw the light within its walls. It was often taken and retaken; once, in 1670, the forces of Savaji himself were beaten back by its Mogul garrison. Besides its five gates and solid fortifications, it is celebrated for its deep springs. They rise in pillared tanks of great depth, supposed by Dr. Gibson to be coëval with the series of Buddhist caves which pierce the lower portion of the scarp near the gate (there is only one into the fort, to which the others lead up); they point out the extensive ruins of a large and solid building, said to have been the

Rajah's palace and Sivaji's birth-place; but at the northern end are the remains of a fine Mussulman structure in the best style of their architecture, called Bibichewara, or the ladies' houses, which may have been standing then, and in which I think Jjibai, his mother, most probably resided. From its projecting windows a fine view is obtained down the vale of the Kokuree, a tributary of the Goor and Bheema.

While wandering through this forsaken fortress one could not help picturing the eager youth who spent his childhood within its walls, and drank in together with its refreshing breezes the stories of the Bugwut, the Ramayan, and the Mahabarat, and filled his young heart with hatred of the Mussulman Empire which oppressed his country. That great and gorgeous empire was even then falling to pieces from its unwieldy size, and his own indomitable spirit, more than any other external cause, assisted to hasten its dissolution. This fort, with Hursur, Chawund, and Joodhun, commands the road leading to Nanaghaut and Malsejghaut at a point formerly one of the great outlets of the upper country into the Konkun.

Another fort, intimately connected with the life of Sivaji, and consequently with the fortunes of the Deccan, is Pratapghur, or Pertaghur, near Par and Mahableschwur, built in 1566 by Moro Trimul Pingley, after the assassination of Chunder Rao, Raja of Jowleh, and the storm and escalade of Wasseota and Rohira. I presume that visitors to Mahableschwur know it from having had pointed out to them the localities of the celebrated "Wagnuck murder" of Afzool Khan of Beejapore, in 1659, which, more than any other deed, sad to say, helped to consolidate the national independence of the Mahrattas. I must omit also all descriptive mention of Poorundhur and Singhur, which are so near and accessible from Poona that they may be well known, each possessing numerous historical associations.

Many others besides these I am obliged to refrain from noticing, but those I have briefly described may be considered good specimens of their respective kinds. Some forts, however, possess, in addition to their political and military, considerable religious importance. Such an one is Trimbuk, a

very strong and interesting place among the mountains twenty miles south-west of Nassick. This is perhaps the most sacred to Hindoos in Western India, because from the rocks of this fort rise the first bubbles of the holy Gunga or Godavery. The path which leads to the petta, or village suburb, at the foot of the fort, is always being travelled by strings of pilgrims from even the farthest confines of India, who come to worship in the great temple of Trimbuk, or the Three-Eyed (a name of Mahadeo), and, having washed away their sins in a pool called "Kooshaverut," to visit in deep reverence the womb of the holy Gunga. It is a place well calculated to strike awe into the mind of a beholder, and especially so if he be some wondering wanderer from the plains of the Ganges, or from the delta of the Godavery. Great detached pillars of rock two hundred feet high stand round the little valley, like giant sentinels, in the midst of which the Trimbukeshwar temple, of unusual size and beauty, lifts its lofty kullas above the many temples of the petta, and sends forth ever and anon the sounds of its clear-toned bell, as some poor pilgrim takes his longed-for "durshun," or "glimpse," of the god, which is the only reward of his long and toilsome journey.

This place has always been a nest of Brahminism; and, since it was richly endowed by Baji Rao, a caldron of political intrigue. During the Mutiny the energetic Collector of that district penetrated to its inmost recesses and dragged out one of its chief Poojaris, a near relative of the Peishwa's and of Nana Sahib's, and there and then hung him, "to encourage the others." Lake's "Sieges" gives a plan of this sacred fortress, illustrative of its capture by our troops under MacDowall in 1818.

It is now time to say a few words illustrative of the way in which these forts have been taken and retaken. Fortunately but little professional knowledge is required, as their fortifications are generally of the simplest construction. Art has done little, nature much for these native strongholds—so much, that, according to Lake, it would seem as if a maximum of pluck and luck, with a minimum of science and skill, was generally displayed in our attacks upon them. But "Fortune favours the brave," and we have seldom been signally unsuccessful. Before the days of artillery, treachery and starvation could alone subdue them if the garrison were on their guard. A number of forts, however, were captured

by Sivaji by surprise (*i.e.* Kangooree, Toong, Teekona, Koaree, Bhoorup, Lohugur, and Rajmuche). This was done by his men disguised as thatchers, who, with bundles of chupper (thatch) on their heads, beneath which arms were concealed, obtained admittance; and then, throwing down their bundles of grass and leaves, put the guard to the sword and possessed themselves of these places. The escalade by night of Singhur by Tannaji Maloosre and his son, with one thousand Mawullees from Torna, is a known instance of early Mahratta courage. It is given by Grant Duff, and has been copied out of his book by Eastwick. The place where it was done is, according to tradition, in the gorge at the back of Singhur; that is, on the south-west side, where a high wall of solid masonry now completely protects the fort from the highly improbable conjuncture of a similar attempt.

The Moguls used chiefly bribery and bad artillery, and against one (Ransej, which long held out) a cavalier was erected. This was a high wooden platform, from which besiegers could fire over the walls. It did not do, however, and had to be burnt by the retreating army, to whom the garrison called out that they better cover themselves with its ashes—a galling and significant taunt from a Hindoo to a Mussulman. Frequently, by a severe and continued fire, a fort has been made too hot to hold its garrison.

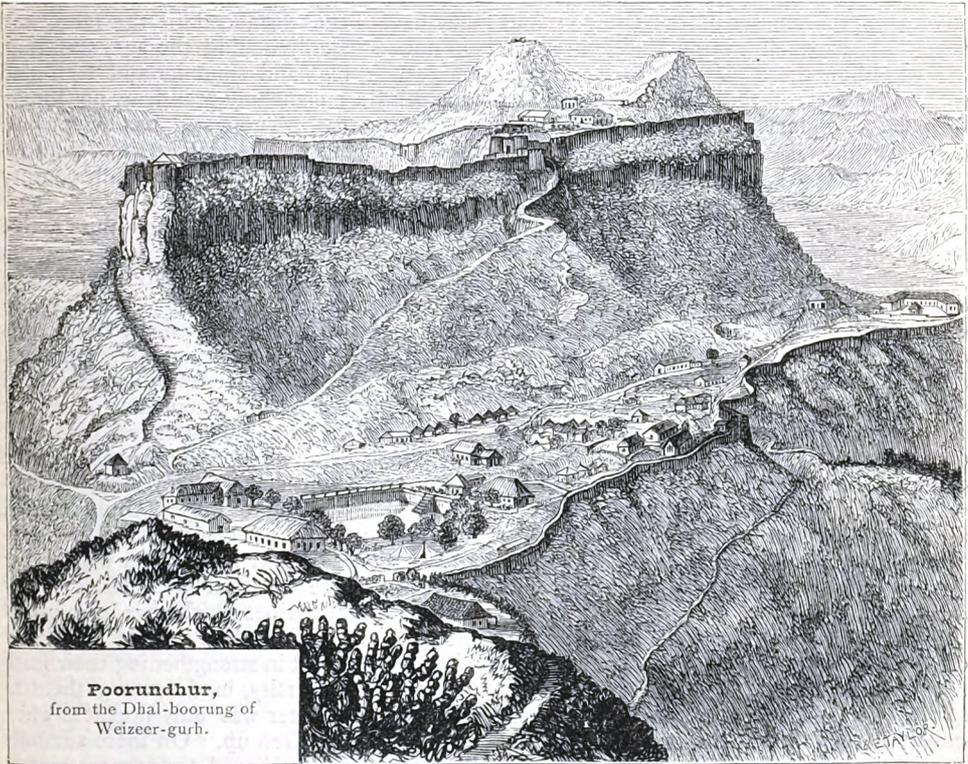
Escalading has been a favourite method from the earliest times. The Duke of Wellington, speaking of these fortresses, says he always attempted to blow open the gates, but never succeeded, and adds, "I have always taken them by escalade;" which, however, in another place he says, "is uncertain in its issue, unless the attack can be made on more points than one at the same time, and the advance well covered by musketry, and by enfilading the parts attacked."

MacDowall's party approached Trimbuk on the 15th of April, 1818, and occupying the petta, found, on reconnoitring, that the fort was a stupendous place, having a scarp four hundred feet high, five miles round, and with only two gateways—one at the south, with no road leading up to it for guns, and one on the north, so precipitous that the ascent might have seemed impossible in the face of any one who could roll down a stone.

That the enemy expected the attack from the south was plain, from the fact that the wells on the south side were poisoned. Fifty

Europeans, a hundred and fifty horse, and fifty sepahis guarded the approaches, with two six-pounders, lest the garrison should escape. On the north side a battery was erected in the night, and a few six-pounders and howitzers got ready by the morning; and soon after opening fire they silenced the fort guns, seventeen of which were in very good order. A party of men were sent up, to make a rush for a ruined hamlet about one hundred yards from the towers of the gate. They, however, thought it was no use waiting till all was ready to support them; and therefore, in-

stead of staying quietly under cover of the ruins, had the inconceivable hardihood to try, in broad daylight, to force their way up a bluff two hundred feet in perpendicular height, and through a gate in a curtain supported by two towers at the top of it! This was too much even for a Hindoo garrison. Down came the big stones, accompanied with a sharp fire of small arms, and cleared away the assailants with some loss; but, strange to say, the desperate courage shown in making the attempt so cowed the killedar that he begged to be allowed



Poorundhur,
from the Dhal-boorung of
Weizeer-gurh.

NOTE.—Poorundhur Fort, of which a sketch is given above, taken from Weizeer-gurh—a fort opposite to it, on the same range, at no great distance—is a favourite sanitarium for residents at Poonah, from which it is about twenty miles distant. It is 4,300 feet high, and on the ridge some romantically situated bungalows afford an asylum from the heat of the plain during the hot season. One of them which belonged to the writer is at least five hundred years old, having been originally a granary in the early days before currency, when the tribute was paid in grain. The trap-doors on the vaulted stone roof show where the grain was poured in from above. A small but solid and ancient temple on the south side of it made a convenient nursery, when the presiding genius, a huge red-painted, shapeless block of basalt, was removed to guard the gateway just below. The barracks, church, hospital, and commandant's residence, &c., near the tank, may be observed on the shelf at a lower level.

to give in, and was graciously permitted to do so.

Thus Trimbuk fell, the strongest and most sacred fort in the country; and I confess that, when I stood upon the high wall surrounding the temple and looked up at that great flight of natural steps which leads towards that gate, so steep at the top that only one can move up at a time, and he must do so with both hands and feet, I could not help feeling that *there* was enough to account for, if not to justify, the English rule of India—that Englishmen could do that, and that natives

of India could not prevent them. Seventeen other forts surrendered after Trimbuk, and the whole country became ours, almost without a struggle.

Lake says that thirty fortresses, each of which, with a man as its master, would have defied the Anglo-Indian army, fell in a few weeks after; and this vast Maharashtra empire, which had overshadowed all the East, soon became another example of the instability of thrones the foundations of which are not laid in the affections of the people. Trimbukji Danglia tried to take the fort two months after by the stale device of pretending religious zeal to worship the source of the Gungo; and though he managed to kill the sentry, the gate was shut, those who got in were kept in, and the rest of the party were hurried down the precipice more speedily than they had come up.

We naturally ask, why these forts now are of such small account compared with what they once were? Without pretending to go into all the military questions involved in the answers, I may call attention to the pregnant words of the Great Duke, who, in 1801, in his celebrated memorandum on Seringapatam, points out both the value and the valuelessness of these fortresses. "In fact," he says, "no fortress is an impediment to the operations of a hostile army in this country, excepting it lies immediately in the line on which the army must necessarily march; or excepting it is provided with a garrison of such strength and activity as to afford detachments to operate upon the line of communication of the hostile army with its own country."

For various, and perhaps sufficient, reasons, orders have gone out to dismantle many of these fortresses. It is difficult to help regretting it, however necessary and expedient it may be. Is it impossible that the time may come when India will be emptied of troops by the urgent needs of some great European struggle, with which we shall sympathize too much not gladly to make every sacrifice? Then we, a handful of men, amid angry populations, may again wish for strongholds of security to fly to till the storm is over. Who can tell? Of late years, indeed, changes in the modes of war have shorn the forts of their honours. As living powers in the country, they are now comparatively unimportant. We are no longer afraid of them. The descendants of their former owners have almost ceased to put any trust in them. They are things of

the past. It is not impossible, indeed, that they may some day be again manned with warriors, and play their stirring part in future struggles of their country; but now they lie neglected and forsaken, or put to uses quite other than those for which so many lakhs were expended on their construction. But I am not sure that the pleasure of living in the past, rather than in the present, together with the sympathy one feels with fallen greatness and dimmed glories, has not added a charm of which they could not otherwise have been possessed; and one loves the giant crags and rude and crumbling fortifications none the less because they have been distanced in the race, and are now decidedly behind the age, standing, amid their highland summits and fern-clad hills, with a melancholy grandeur, no longer what they were. The world has swept past them, "civilisation" declines to acknowledge them, and the busy nineteenth century knows them not.

Once they were everything—the active centres of political life, and the great nurseries of military spirit; the keys, and keepers too, of the surrounding countries; the refuge in every storm of hostile invasion; the founts from whence, like lava from mighty craters, flowed forth the fiery hordes which desolated India. They were the receptacles of wealth and of wisdom; the much-desired prizes for which each conqueror strove; the seats of the government; the schools of youth; the resource of a dignified old age. Undoubtedly, too, they were the foster mothers of Maharashtra nationality, and interwoven with every element of the national greatness. They reared the hardy tribes which have been called the Goths of India. If a time of prosperity came it was spent in strengthening their fortifications; if adversity, in defending them to the death; disaster was only hopeless when they had to be given up. On these summits treaties were framed, and terms were signed with the luxurious princes of the plains of India; to their subterranean chambers was carried the plunder of the great cities in all parts of Asia; and in their dungeons, still horrible to behold, were confined the captives, male and female, torn from the homes of the enemies of their country. Doubtless many a dark and thrilling deed of blood and cruelty has been perpetrated in their now silent recesses. Along their proud ramparts, troops of richly-dressed and well-armed men were ever moving. Bright silken ensigns threw broad folds over their towers, and the numerous cannon of their bristling battlements

woke up ever and anon the echoes of the surrounding mountains. It was a gay and gallant scene. Alas! they are nothing now. In a very few of them a havildar and a few sepahis still keep the gate, but hundreds of them—by far the greater number—are marked in the lists of the Quartermaster-General as “deserted” or “destroyed.” They are all silent now, witnessing indeed to later times and to degenerate races of the great deeds of their forefathers, of self-sacrificing heroism, and desperate courage, and high hopes, which seem as if they have for ever mouldered cold and low.

But whatever yet survives of the ancient Mahratta spirit is to be found among the children of their defenders; the old men who, as Inamdars or Wuttundars, or in humbler positions still, live in the villages which lie around their bases—villages which were once protected and oppressed by turns by their

powerful neighbours, but were always proud of the relationship. And there, by the dim glimmer of their winter fires, or the brighter glare of their summer moon, stories of the olden time are still told by the descendants of their hereditary garrisons; and “folk lore” retailed by the veteran Eshkur to his brother Mahars, which keeps from total extinction, at least among the aboriginal tribes, the old spirit of independent patriotism which is what makes any country worth belonging to—a spirit which only ceased to have political importance at the subjugation of Umerji Naik in 1838. But their tales are “Tales of their Grandfathers” now—of times when men ruled who were of the same faith and the same blood with themselves, and when their arms went out to give laws to vast populations, and to gather tribute from all the wide plains of India which lie between the Coleroon and the Indus.

DISCIPLINE.

BY THE RIGHT REV. THE LORD BISHOP OF ROCHESTER.

DO you condemn that prayer in which Job says: “Show me wherefore thou contendest with me?” Why should you? To me, indeed, it seems the most reasonable, and natural, and becoming, and religious thing a sorrowful man could do. *Reasonable*, because God’s contention with him was practically an intimation that He had something special to say to him; and how could he discover what it was unless he asked? *Natural*, for is it not what we desire and expect from our own children, when we contend with them? It must sometimes happen with the best children, and the kindest parents, that some indulgence has to be withheld, or some task imposed, or some reserve manifested, or some refusal given. Well, what does a parent wish for under the circumstances? That the child so dealt with should take no sort of notice, but go on in its daily routine with a cold or flippant indifference; or that it should quickly and earnestly inquire, “What have I done?” I shall not insult you by suggesting the answer. *Becoming*, for this reason. The wisdom of man is in the knowledge of God; and the better we know Him, the wiser we become. But the knowledge of God, like all other knowledge, cannot come to us simply by our sitting before the fire and feebly wishing to be wise. The human soul is not a dead reservoir, but a living organ. Most of all is

such a question, when it has a right motive beneath it, and a true purpose in front of it, eminently *religious*. What is the right notion of religion? Surely the knowing God, that we may serve Him and enjoy Him. Yet what is the way of the great mass of mankind? Is it not to do their best to forget Him; to use Him for need and sorrow; to ignore Him in health and prosperity; never to be at the trouble to ask Him questions; never to try to creep nearer to see the glory of His face?

But then you say, Did Job ask this in a proper manner? Well, for my present purpose I am not concerned to go into that. That grand, troubled, majestic soul may possibly have said it in much heat and anguish of spirit. His body was consumed with disease, his spirit sore and blistered with the cruel provocations of his friends. Everything he cared for in life seemed gone. Even his own wife had given him up, instead of strengthening and consoling him. And was he to lose God as well? His heart said NO to that. “Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him.” O God, do not thou condemn me! “Show me wherefore thou contendest with me.”

My purpose in this paper is to try to find the true answer to this question, suggested to us all in turn by the trials of life. But the area in which our inquiry shall move must be

somewhat wider than Job's was. A careful study of this book makes it evident that the one object of the Divine sanction of Job's trials was to prove that there is such a thing possible as disinterested love to God. "Doth Job serve God for nought?" was the bitter sneer of the adversary. Try and see, was the answer. The result is before us. On the whole Job did; and in God's never-failing righteousness a plentiful recompense was meted out to him for having been made what we may call the victim of an important experiment for the benefit of mankind. He was even more blessed in the end than he was in the beginning, and no character in all the Bible possesses more of our sympathy or deserves more of our admiration than this grand tried man.

I have said already that we are to try to find the true answer to this question, whenever it comes home to ourselves. But we shall have no answer unless we put the question. In that case we may be quite sure of one, for, you observe, Job got his, though slowly and gradually. Which he certainly would not have got, had he been wrong in asking for it. Sooner or later, we too shall have ours; though, when we have to wait longer than usual, our Lord may have to say to us, "What I do, thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter."

HOW DOES GOD CONTEND WITH US? To select only a few instances out of many: He deals with us in the *sphere of the mind* through *mystery*; in the *sphere of the affections* through *bereavement*; in the *sphere of the body* through *sickness*; in the *sphere of the conscience* through *remorse*. Not necessarily with any of us in all these ways; seldom with more than one of them at once; perhaps never with all. But always as a wise and kind physician, dealing out to each of us the individual treatment that best suits us; as a refiner of silver waiting till He can see His own image reflected in us, then instantly taking us out, because the work is done.

In the sphere of the understanding He contends with us through *mystery*, spreading out before our eyes a thick mist, which, while it does not altogether shut out objects, prevents our thoroughly examining them, and, while possessing us with the sense of our own ignorance, also instils the feeling that we are a real part of a vast whole. The order of nature, the presence of evil, the future of mankind, the fact of conscience, the instinct of immortality, in a word the incessant and irrepressible problems of human life, sometimes fall on the spirit of man like dark and

chilly vapours, depressing action and almost compelling despair. Former convictions seem suddenly to be in a state of flux. Principles settled long ago are profoundly disturbed by a painful doubt that hamstrings our grasp of them; nothing seems certain but that everything is uncertain. We were born, and we shall die—what can be proved more than these? Then a voice is heard, "Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the earth? Tell me, if thou hast understanding." Job is dumb. So are we. If our mind, the noblest faculty in us, makes difficulties for us, we must not fretfully refuse to bear them: there is some light, and perhaps the sun is rising. Our sadness and our littleness are an instinctive presage of the joy we are to find and the greatness we have lost. It is better to think, and be troubled by our thinking, than not to think, and so not to care. Man is born to trouble, but trouble rightly borne ennobles the soul.

In the sphere of the *affections*, God contends with us through *bereavement*. What love in all the world is so Godlike, so tender, so pure, so unselfish, so absorbing, so exquisite, as the love of a fond parent for a precious child. The infant has our caresses; but as infancy grows into childhood, and childhood ripens into responsible youth, then love is deepened by sympathy and rooted in experience. The child grows into the companion to become the friend, and the most touching and charming of all human affections (of course outside that of holy wedlock) is where mother and daughter become as elder and younger sisters, father and son like two brothers with one soul. Rare it may be, for perfect love is rare; but possible we know it to be, and where it is there is Home. But when into this sweet Paradise there creeps the cold, dark shadow of disease, and the beloved child, like some sweet jasmine cut by a late frost, pales, sickens, withers, at last dies, it is a loss which nothing else in life ever quite fills up; it is a grief which no human pity can assuage or heal. "I shall go down to the grave mourning," is the soul's first consolation in the loyalty of an unspeakable sorrow.

In the sphere of the *body*, He contends with us through *sickness*. This in Job's case was the final calamity that crushed him to the earth, the calamity about which the mysterious adversary said to Jehovah, "Skin for skin; yea, all that a man hath he will give for his life."

And this is true; not so much or only because man's selfishness resents with a

special resentment what so intimately touches himself, but because the body, being the material shrine or organ both of his domestic affections and his mental endowments, and his personal enjoyments and his daily activities, with sickness the wheels of life are temporarily paralyzed, by death they are finally stayed. In clouding our mind, in depressing our energies, in interrupting our duties, in suspending our pleasures, sickness at once diminishes our dignity and impairs our usefulness. Yet it is not only in what it causes now, but in what it threatens presently, that is the real sting. Over the distant future the sick man again and again sends uneasy and trembling messengers, to see if on the edge-line of the sky a cloud is rising. It may not come to-day, but it must come to-morrow. The cloud no bigger than a man's hand is already gathering for some of us. When it begins to climb the sky we all feel what it means.

In the sphere of *conscience* He contends with us through the sense of sin. This was eminently the case with Job; it is always more or less the case, even with those who already know Him as a God that pardoneth iniquity; how much more with those, to whose inmost spirit the fact and guilt of sin have yet to be brought home? In some respects this is the most solemn and awful and intolerable of all. For a man or a woman to be brought face to face with the awful holiness of God, and to be made to feel the moral gulf between what He is and what they are; to come to see for the first time what sin deserves, and righteousness demands, and God knows, and memory recalls, and conscience condemns, and neighbours whisper at; to be dumb before God, for there is no denial to offer; to be abashed before God, for there is no excuse to make! Well, when God contended with Saul he remained three days and did neither eat nor drink; and with Job—"I am vile, what shall I answer thee? I will lay my hand upon my mouth." Christian reader, when He thus contends with you, or with me, what shall we say to Him? what shall we do with Him? Our cry shall be, "Lord have mercy upon us!" our hope, that there is forgiveness with Him, therefore shall He be feared.

But why does God contend? Through mystery to discipline faith; and through bereavement to stir love; and through sickness to compel dependence; and through a sense of sin either to create or to deepen repentance. It is not that He discourages the use of reason. Why should He disown the

noblest of His own gifts? It is not that He makes light of knowledge. To know Him in His Son is eternal life. It is not that He forbids questions. In a certain sense what He desires is that we should ask more. But He would have us see that our faculties are actually and intentionally limited; and that while many things are meant to be knowable, others are absolutely unknowable, others we can only hope and begin to know by taking much for granted on His word. For in the sphere of spiritual knowledge, the laws of material science cannot hold; and the only method of educating the spiritual nature and moral life of man is by faith. To recognise what we cannot explain, and to consent to it, is the humility of true wisdom. To accept, what we could not have otherwise discovered, on the authority of revelation, is the obedience of faith. But it is the discipline of mystery which, to some minds, is the only school in which this wisdom can be acquired.

Through *bereavement* God would stir love; love to Himself. We sometimes hear it said in a loose and shallow way, about bereavements generally, that they are God's protests against idolatry; and occasionally this may be true. But very often they are not protests at all. To the soul transplanted into Paradise it is a gracious invitation to the joy of the Lord. To those left behind, it is the question of a holy tenderness, "Lovest thou me more than these?" God does not grudge us our human love. I protest against that thought as a libel on Him. He has made us and bidden us to love each other; and the more we love each other, the more we fulfil His purpose and resemble Himself. But He claims a share of our regard, and a place in our hearts, and a shrine in our homes, and an altar in our families; and it is a question if He always gets these things till He claims them. While we may still cherish the memory of those who are taken, with a hungering and passionate tenderness, we are also to listen to the Divine voice that whispers over us in our sorrow, "Thy brother shall rise again."

Through *sickness* He would compel dependence. Here let us be quite honest. Far too many of us practically live without God in the world, until we find we want Him for something. Unless fear startled us, or pain unnerved us, or mortality overshadowed us, what a Godless world this redeemed earth would be! But for sickness there would be no milestones to tell us of the ever-lessening distance to a nearing eternity. But for sick-

ness we should never learn either the power of God or the kindness of man.

Once more, through the sense of sin, He would ripen holiness and deepen humility. Job, you will observe, if you read this book carefully, never said he was not a sinner. On the contrary, he expressly admitted that in years gone by he had sinned; and in one of his saddest appeals to God he expressly says to Him, "Thou hast made me possess the sins of my youth." What he did say is that, though his youth had been stained and thoughtless, his manhood had been upright and pure. And if it had been, it had been; and for him to have said otherwise would have been to utter a lie. But his friends, who could not explain his calamities otherwise than as the Divine visitation of some terrible though unknown iniquity, insisted on his confessing what had never happened; and he would die sooner than that! "Mine integrity will I hold fast as long as I live." Was not he right? What, then, was Job's error, and Job's necessity? His error was, that he set too much store by his blameless and beneficent life; that he had not learnt enough of the Divine righteousness, and of his own vast imperfection, to value his own holiness at its right measure. His necessity was that, even though his past and early sin had been long ago broken off and confessed and forgiven, it would be good for him to have a deeper sense of the sinfulness of sin, and a more humbling estimate of his own shortcomings. Therefore God, in His great love to him, brought back his sin to his remembrance, and made him mourn for it anew, not because it was not pardoned, but just because it was; and the end of it was that, out of a humbled and broken heart, the great patriarch, like a sorrowful and chastened child, sobbed out his memorable confession into the ear of his Father, "I have heard of Thee by the hearing of the ear; but now mine eye seeth Thee. Wherefore I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes." In conclusion, are there any readers of this paper with whom God is contending at this moment, or with whom He has lately been contending; and whose controversy with them saddens and darkens their lives? To you I would say, Be of good cheer! If you only knew it, the thing really to dread is, not God remembering you, but God forgetting you, and leaving you in your sins. For that is the peace of death. To you I also say, let the experience of Job whisper these consoling words.

As to the *precise object* of this contention,

it varies with individuals, and it is a shallow, nay, a cruel rashness that presumes to explain all by one. Sometimes, no doubt, as when David's child died, it is in chastisement for sin; but not always. It may be a truth that He would teach, or a gift that He would impart, or a duty to which He would call, or a dignity for which He would prepare. It is our business, however, to ask Him; and He is sure to tell us, when the right time comes. But all God's controversies with all His people have these two ends, whatever others there may be—to wean us from the love of this present world, and to draw us nearer to Himself; and in one marked respect we are better off than Job was. *We have Christ.* No doubt he had a vision of Christ, and his poor tortured heart broke out into a spasm of hope in Him, when he said, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." But the vision was dim, and the avenger who, he knew, would plead for him, was seventeen centuries away. But Christ, in suffering for us, has taught us how to suffer; and, in His bitter cry on the cross, to the Father who was, He thought, contending with Him, we see how perfect is His sympathy with His suffering people.

Christ has borne our sins in His own body on the tree; and the love of the cross helps us to understand the depth of the sin which needed such an expiation, and to trust the fulness of the grace which it procured for the world.

Christian people, whatever happens—God far away, life clouded or ebbing, friends misjudging you, poisoned tongues defaming you, bodily weakness robbing life of its nobleness, growing years stealing away one by one the companions of your youth; doubts that chill, thoughts that defile, recollections that sadden, losses that depress, privileges you can no longer enjoy, duties that once gladdened you but now overpower you,—let but two things fill your heart and steady your mind, and all will yet be well.

As to the Church outside, now is the trial of your faith that shall show if religion is real and God is true. Let men see that you have a treasure in heaven which awaits you, and a power in faith which sustains you, and a joy in prayer which consoles you, and a tight grip of God which keeps your chin high above the deepening waters, and gives you the peace which they envy and would gladly attain. Now, and to the last, glorify Him; and this is the way.

As for thine own soul, hold thou fast by God. He hath never forsaken thee yet, and He is not likely to forsake thee at the moment

when thou needest Him most. Never was a human soul nearer a sorrowful shipwreck than Job was. But a strong hand pulled him out of the deep waters, and set him on a rock and ordered his goings. What God

did for him He will do for thee ; He is not changed in His character nor thou in thy necessity. Only for Job's victory there must be Job's faith ; and for Job's faith there must be Job's prayer !

THE TAY BRIDGE.

BY A. GROTHE, C.E., MANAGER OF THE TAY BRIDGE CONTRACT.

II.

THE very first foundation, floated out on August 27th, 1875, was severely tested by the weather. When it left the shore in tow of two steamers a gentle breeze was blowing, but by the time it reached the place where it had to form part of the bridge the breeze had increased to a strong gale, and the waves washed over the barges so that the hatchways had to be caulked to prevent filling and sinking. It was left in that position nearly three days till the gale moderated sufficiently to allow the operation to proceed. With the smaller piers this could not have been done. They weighed only from forty to eighty tons, and were entirely at the mercy of waves which on the larger ones produced little or no effect. In another important point did these large piers show their superiority over the others. Their base was so much larger that there was no fear of falling over—as three of the small ones had done—even if they should go a few feet out of level during the sinking.

Now one must remember that these cylinders had only to penetrate the sand, and that no clay, boulders, or such material had to be excavated. In order to sink the cylinder it was only required to make a large hole in the centre into which it would sink till it reached the firm bottom. It was, therefore, not attempted to get it dry by forcing air into it, but pumps placed on barges were applied, and the end of the suction pipes guided by divers at the bottom of the pier. This apparatus, invented by Mr. Reeves, one of the assistant engineers, differed from an ordinary pump in this respect, that the sand and water could not come into contact with the valves and other working parts, which they would soon have rendered unfit for use by their grinding action.

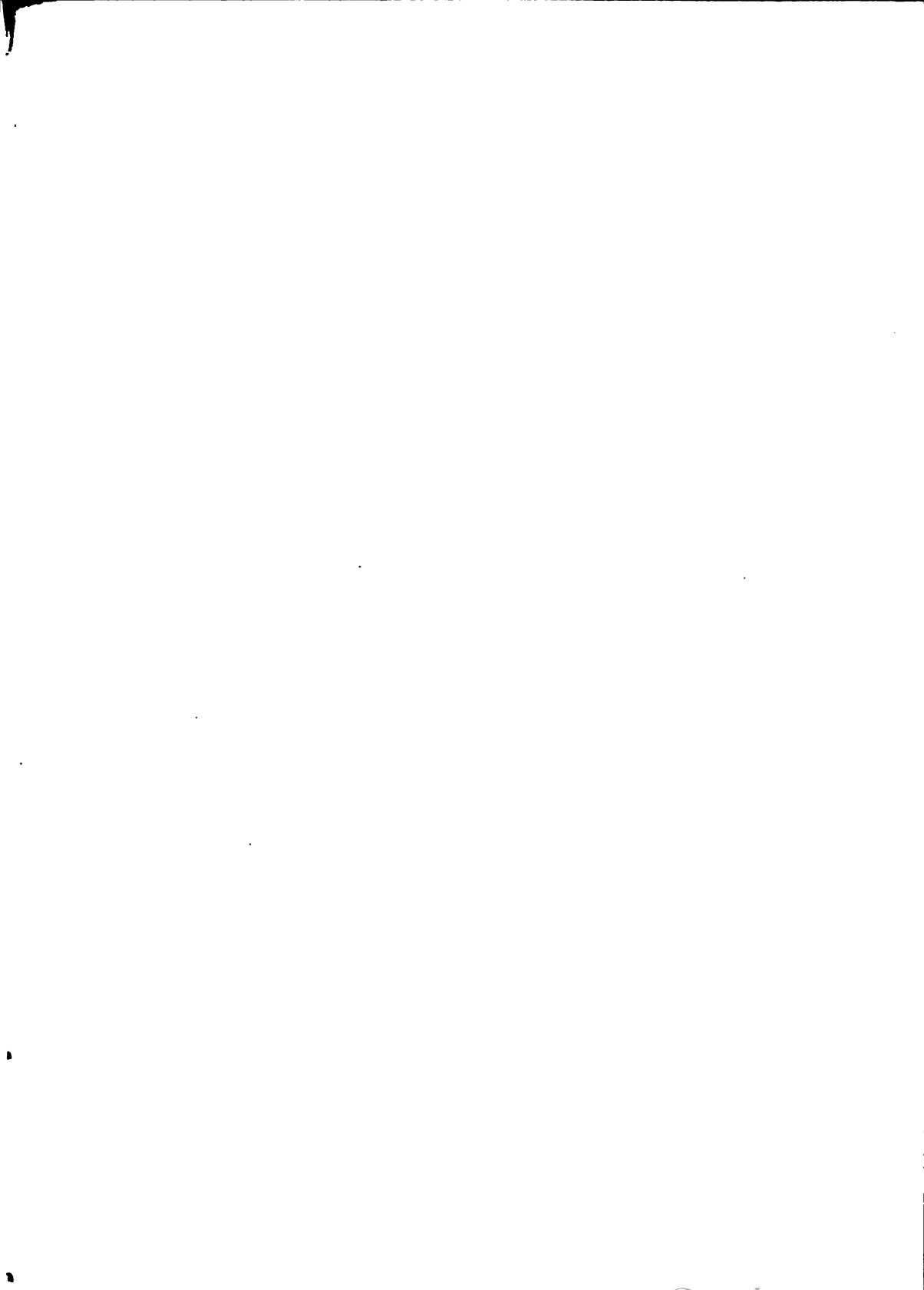
The apparatus was placed on a barge so that it would be readily removed in case of a gale. In ordinary weather the sinking of these cylinders took about fourteen days ; but often they could not be approached for weeks in succession, and the average time of

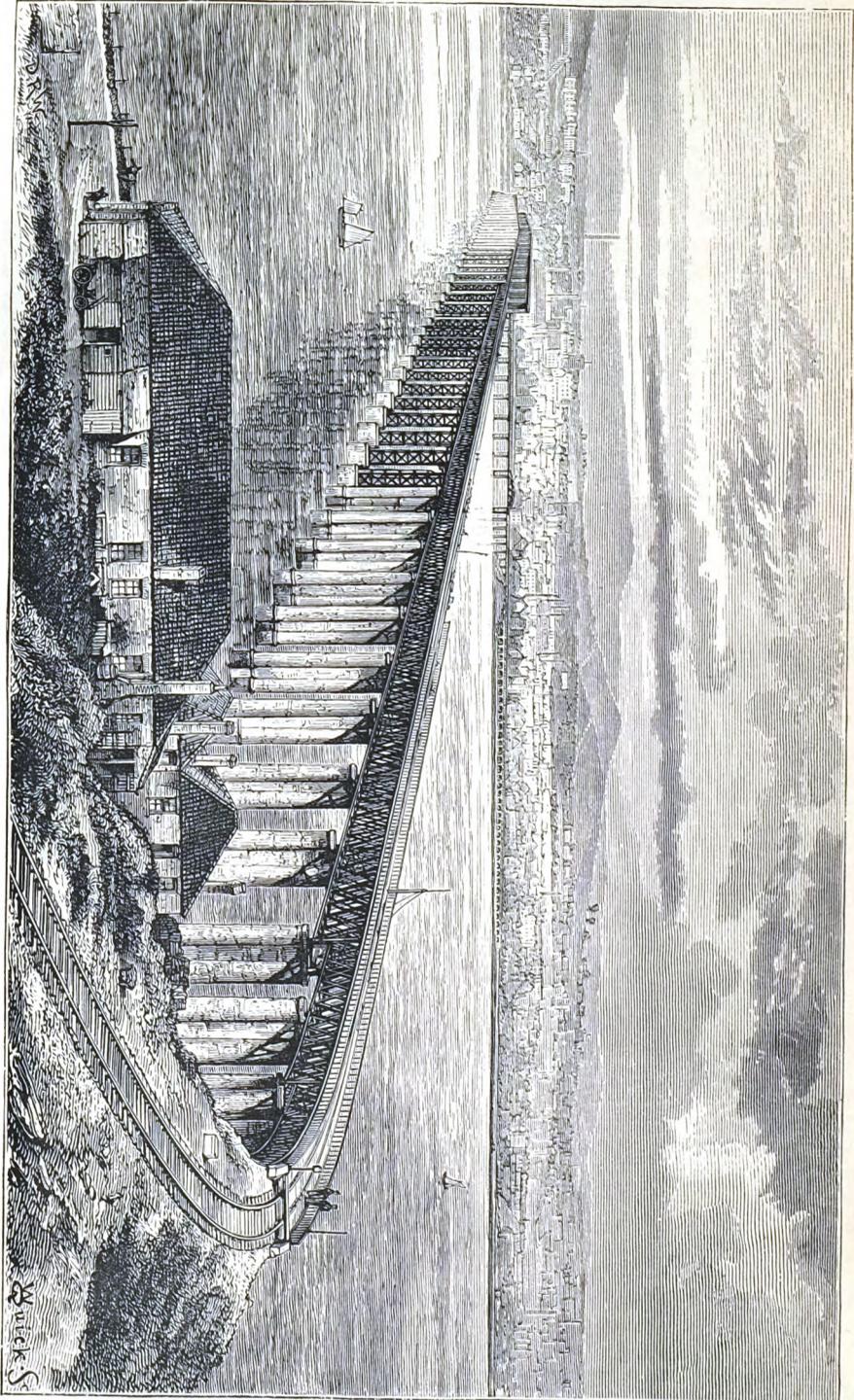
sinking was thereby increased to one month. After it was accomplished concrete material was lowered down in buckets which opened when they reached the bottom, and this was continued until the whole lower part of the cylinder, extending from the gravel to a few feet above the river bed, was filled. During the latter part of this operation divers spread the concrete to obtain a level surface. It was now only necessary to remove the top iron part, leaving the lower part to form an artificial level rock of great surface. In the meantime, the brick part of the piers had been built on shore. On the level floor two iron girders were placed to be built in and become part of the brickwork, so that it could be lifted by their projecting ends after the cement had become so hard as to make the whole mass as strong as if it had been hewn out of one stone. It might easily have got cemented to the level floor also if a layer of brown paper had not been spread on this before building the brickwork. This part of the pier was hexagonal in shape, and when placed in position would have two points up and down stream forming cutwaters, while two of the sides ran parallel with the direction of the current. An opening was left in the centre to lighten the mass while it was floated, and this was filled up with concrete after the pier had been placed on the foundation, so that it became one with the concrete in the lower part. When finished the pier would be sixteen feet wide and measure twenty-seven feet in the direction of the current. Three or four of these brick blocks, twenty-two feet high and weighing two hundred tons, were always kept ready on the foreshore and floated out in turn, so that they might have as long a time as possible to get thoroughly hard or "set." After floating out they would only reach a few feet above low water, but as the tide left the top for a shorter or longer time, it was easy to add to their height and build them up to high water by bringing barges containing materials and men along side of them. Four

courses of stone of an aggregate thickness of five feet were afterwards put on and completed the pier to five feet above high water. In the meantime, the pieces of iron forming the girders or spans had been erected and riveted together on a staging near the shore and connected with it by a gangway. Some of these pieces as they arrived from the contractor's works at Middlebro' were thirty-five feet long and weighed three tons. Each span had four horizontal pieces or booms, two at the top and two at the bottom, and four vertical posts at the ends. Nine crosses consisting of struts and tie-bars keep the booms at the proper distance and transmit the strains to the ends where the span is supported by the piers. The two girders of each of the two hundred and forty-five feet spans are fifteen feet apart, their depth is twenty-seven feet, and their weight one hundred and ninety tons. To erect and rivet them on the staging required four weeks, not fewer than eighteen thousand rivets having to be put in each. After completing that work the staging on which it had been done was partly demolished at each end and barges introduced in the gaps. These would lift the span off its temporary resting place and float it out to the piers, which were ready to five feet above high water. Here they were moored and left to wait the falling tide, which deposited the ends on the piers and cleared the barges. It generally took less than half an hour to take the heavy mass from the staging to its place, and all went smoothly and without any trouble. Occasionally, however, the success of the operation would be endangered by a sudden gale. This was especially the case on August 23rd, 1876. A steady breeze was blowing at the time, but as the floating out of the girder had already been delayed a couple of days, it was resolved to take it out notwithstanding. As high water would occur at seven o'clock in the evening the barges were put in the gaps of the staging under the girder at four o'clock and shortly after touched it and began to take the load. At six o'clock it was high enough to be floated away, but as the current was yet too strong it had to wait. In order to counteract the westerly breeze to some extent by the last of the flood-tide, it was towed away at half-past six. The wind had in the meantime risen to half a gale, but the barges with their strange load proved to be quite seaworthy, and the operation would not have been marked by any extraordinary circumstances had both the tug steamers been equally well prepared for

the work. But one of them had been hired for the occasion and was not well arranged for towing. She soon turned out to be quite useless, and the other was not able to keep the girder broadside on against the wind, even with the tide in its favour. The structure was blown down the river, to the dismay of a number of interested spectators on board the steamer and of the on-lookers on shore. In order to offer as little surface to the wind as possible, the girder was put end on, but as the ebb-tide had now set in all it could do was to retard the downward course.

Another trial was made to get help from the second steamer, but the crew had evidently got demoralised and the high wind made it impossible to make the orders given from the girder understood by those on board. One rope after another snapped, and every time the chance of reaching the piers, or even a sheltered place for the night, was lessened. The girder had already drifted more than a mile and would soon come to the mouth of the river. Darkness was fast setting in, the tide was flowing away and would soon be too low to float the girder over the top of the piers on which by this time it should have rested. It was a very anxious time for those "on board." It was difficult to tell what would happen, but all the contingencies were bad ones, the probability of mooring the barges with their freight in the river and riding out the gale being one of the most favourable suppositions. If the weather did not get worse and heavy anchors could be procured soon enough, this might be done; and one of the launches had been dispatched for the purpose of getting them, while the other was away to Dundee to get another tug if possible. In the meantime the spectators had left in the second steamer, as it had become quite dark. Not one of them was prepared to see the girder next morning in its proper place, but as soon as the harbour steamer arrived in response to the summons for assistance, a temporary lull set in, and the two tugs managed to get the girder up to the place just in time. Five minutes later and the piers would have been too high out of the water. As it was, it was safely resting on them by eleven o'clock, and the barges were withdrawn soon after and taken into the harbour. When by midnight the gale came on again with full strength the writer derived no small amount of satisfaction from the thought that the structure was in safety. No moorings would have stood such a wind and the girder would surely have been wrecked.





THE TAY BRIDGE (from the South Side).

. As we shall see, it could not escape its fate for all that. Six months later it came to grief by even a fiercer gale, after having been raised to its full height of eighty-eight feet. The lifting of the girders to their exalted position was not a very difficult matter, the apparatus having been specially designed for it, though it required great care and attention. From a distance it seemed wonderful to see them creep slowly up at the rate of twenty feet per day. The distance from both shores being so great it was impossible to discern any of the men and appliances, although about eighty of the former were employed in this work. Some had to work the pumps which supplied the pressure for the hydraulic apparatus. Others had to manipulate the cocks and pins by which the weight was alternately released and taken by the rams. Then again a set of machinery had to be got ready on a higher stage by the time the girder should reach it; and, lastly, the ends of the structure had to be closely watched in their upward course so as not to come in contact with projecting parts of the columns, and the bracings connecting these with each other had to be put in as the girders rose. When the spans reached the top the heads of the columns were firmly connected with a set of girders carrying the bedplates, but before the weight could be put on these the span had first to be connected with the adjoining one. While that connection was being made the other end of the span was lifted up about six inches, so as to produce a strain in the connectives when lowered down to its permanent position. This took several days to accomplish; and during all that time the girders had to be left hanging in the lifting apparatus, and were of course at a disadvantage against the influence of the winds compared to what they would be when permanently fixed.

When the girder which had given so much trouble at the floating was in this position, a violent gale sprung up. Since 1871 the storm had not raged with such fierceness as on the night of February 3rd, 1877. Without any barometrical warning, it came down at four o'clock in the afternoon with an unparalleled suddenness. No gradual growth, no preliminary showers heralded its approach. It was just high water, and a very high spring-tide it was. A steamer was sent to take the men off the piers but could not even get near them. The large pontoons in the harbour on the south side and several barges were torn from their moorings and only secured with the greatest difficulty, the sea

washing right over the landing jetty and stagings.

It was now quite dark and nothing could be done to release the forty men yet out on the high girders. They could come down from that position to one of the adjacent girders which had not yet been lifted, but as a small "bothy" had been erected on the high one it was probable that they would seek shelter there. The Sunday before the girders had weathered a very heavy gale without being at all affected by it; but if ever anything could happen it was in the position in which they were now. By eight o'clock the steamer *Excelsior* made another attempt to reach the men, or at any rate to get near enough to speak to them and show them that they had not been forgotten. When within two hundred yards of the spot the crew heard a frightful crash and then a splash in the water which sent the spray over the deck. They knew that at least one girder had come down, but a fire on the lower one reassured them about the fate of at least some of the men. Loose planks and wreckage now came down upon the steamer and she had to hold off again, and it was not till four o'clock in the morning that the sufferers were at last taken on board and brought to Dundee, where anxious wives and mothers were waiting for them on the quay. With the exception of one all were saved. Not one had been on the fallen girders, though a few went up but a short time before the catastrophe to get their coats. The missing man had been seen shortly before the steamer arrived, and must have fallen off the pier or missed his footing at the embarkation. In the prevailing darkness and confusion this might easily have happened without being noticed. The foreman had one of his legs broken but none of the others were hurt, and the chief anxiety, that many or all of them might have lost their lives, was fortunately allayed.

At daybreak the full extent of the disaster could be realised. Two of the large spans and one girder of the one hundred and forty-five feet span adjoining them, together more than four hundred tons weight, had come down. The iron part of the piers on which they were supported was completely wrecked, but fortunately the brick and stone part of the piers was uninjured. The accident was, doubtless, a very serious one, and would occasion great expense and delay; but the thought that it might have been ever so much worse, and that after all the loss of property was nothing compared to all the

human lives which had so mercifully been saved, was a great consolation.

The fallen girders had to be removed, and new ones built, and the piers to be erected again; and this threatened seriously to interfere with the expectation of having the bridge finished for the passage of a train by September. Only eight months were now available for the erection and floating out of six, and the lifting of ten, two hundred and forty-five feet spans. Five and seven respectively of the one hundred and forty-five feet spans had yet to go through the same processes. Seven large and three small piers had yet to be built. The weight of iron which had to be put in its place was 2,700 tons, and it seemed incredible that all this could be done in eight months. A good deal would depend on the weather, but this was far from favourable. During February there were only

five days on which work was possible out in the river, and the spring and summer of 1877 will certainly be remembered by bridge-builders, sailors, and farmers as the most unfavourable they have known for a good many years.

The contractors did their best to counteract these evil influences, and by putting extra pressure on their workshops, by working day and night at the bridge works, by the aid of powerful electric lights, and by engaging a greater number of men, they succeeded, almost against their own expectation, in having the last rail laid on September 22nd, and crossing with an engine the same day. Probably there has never been so much work done in so little time, and under such adverse circumstances, as was performed at the Tay Bridge during the last eight months of its construction.

MOTHER AND CHILD. (DANAE AND PERSEUS.)

(FROM SIMONIDES.)

CLOSED in the fine-wrought chest,
 She felt the rising wind the waters move.
 Then, by new fear possessed,
 With action wild
 And cheeks bedewed, she stretched her arms of love
 Toward Perseus: "O my child,
 What sorrow wrings my breast!
 Whilst thou art sunk so deep
 In infancy's calm sleep;
 Launched in this joyless ark,
 Bronze-fastened, glimmering-dark,
 Yet, pillowed on thy tangled hair,
 Thou slumber'st, nor dost care
 For billows past thee bounding
 Nor breezes shrilly sounding,
 Laid in thy mantle red, sweet face, how fair!
 Ah! but if Fear
 Had aught of fear for thee,
 Thou even to me
 Wouldst turn thy tender ear.
 But now I bid thee rest, my babe; sleep still!
 Rest, O thou sea! Rest, rest, unbounded ill!
 Zeus, Father, some relief, some change from Thee!
 Am I too bold? For *his* sake, pardon me!

LEWIS CAMPBELL.

TANNHAUSER.

BY THE REV. H. R. HAWEIS, M.A.

THE drama of *Tannhäuser* may be said to have burst upon Wagner with the force of an imperious inspiration. He had been laying siege to the oracle in the *Flying Dutchman* and *Rienzi*, but the answer was uncertain and confused. Essentially a man of his age, filled with a passionate sympathy with its desires and the prophetic instinct of its unreconciled needs, Wagner had been restlessly seeking in the complex histories and clear myths of the past for some adequate arena for the interpretation of the present. He had long felt that the life problem of the nineteenth century was the reconciliation of the old and new world spirits, the harmony of the secular and religious life. The problem has apparently been given up as hopeless by the new ideal school of Morris and Burne Jones, who avowedly are dead to the present, and live a dream-life in an unreal garden of the Paligenesis. With them the art of the present is used to glorify the myth of the past; with Wagner the myth of the past is used to illustrate and enhance the life of the present.

The nearest approach to Wagner's use of the myth is to be found in Tennyson's "Idylls of the King," where the simple lines of the old narrative are used to illustrate a wide range of modern thought and feeling, but no oppression of heart is lifted, no problem is even stated, much less solved. In *Tannhäuser* Wagner has at least seized with unexampled force the two leading thoughts with which our age is struggling: First, *the tremendous empire of the senses*; second, *the immense supremacy of the soul*. And his typical knight, in whom both these fierce currents meet and mingle, illustrates the typical failure of the Roman Christianity to unite both streams into one river of life.

Protestantism, though doubtless more true, with its married clergy and its liberal fees to the secular life, is only more successful because less logical than Romanism. Its profession and practice hardly cohere. The language of the Prayer-book contains still the anathema on the senses—the baptismal service is still the whitewashing of appetites not conceived of as natural and right, but as carnal and evil—the Communion Service is still in the spirit and mostly in the very letter of the Mass. No; our religion in theory, whatever it may be in practice, can grapple

with the senses alone, but it is by crushing them, and that is the ascetic Romanism. It can grapple with the soul alone, but it is by isolating it, and that is the mystic Romanism. But how to blend the two without defrauding either, *that* the Church does not teach; it has no theory on the subject, it addresses itself to each side of life separately, it is just where St. Simeon Stylites or St. Benedict left it ages ago. The Romanist or Ritualist is quite right when he says we must go back to those times; with our present theories we must either go backward or forward, we cannot stand still.

This is what people really mean when they say so often that we are in a transition age. What does the Church do? In theory it is simply ascetic and monastic. It prays for the extinction of the senses on its spiritual column, and for the interior development of the spirit in the silence of its cloister, and its activities are confined to works of necessity, charity, and disciplinary sacrifice. This may seem an unfair account of Protestant teaching at least; and so it is, for happily both Protestant and Catholic preachers are more human than their own theories, but their theories remain, and their real antagonism to the *whole* truth of life remains, and it is reflected in the sermons that are commonly heard and which consist mainly of the Stylites or the Benedict theology. This is in a word the counsel of perfection, what Sunday by Sunday we have mainly to listen to in the pulpit:

1. Shun the natural desires.
2. Work out your salvation in meditation and prayer.
3. Labour for the necessaries of life and for the poor and sick.

All good and excellent; but such platitudes shrivel like flies in an oven when confronted with the two burning questions of the day,

1. The tremendous empire of the senses;
2. The immense supremacy of the soul; and how to reconcile them.

Wagner, we need hardly say, has not answered the question in *Tannhäuser*, but he has placed it before us with admirable force and clearness, and shown us once for all how helpless and incapable the logical if not infallible Roman Church is to deal with it.

The overture to *Tannhäuser* will hold its own by the side of *Fidelio*, *Der Freyschutz*, or the *Midsummer Night's Dream*.

Larger in mould than the exquisite prelude to *Lohengrin*, it resumes the general atmospheres of the drama with equal breadth and clearness. The whole race of the Ghibelines is summed up in Tannhäuser—indomitable knight—at once the enemy and the spiritual slave of Rome—Pagan, with an inexhaustible passion for the world and all that is in the world, an insatiable thirst for conquest, an ambition put to sleep by the senses for awhile only to break out into wilder life at the magic call of free poetic minstrelsy—Catholic and devotee, by a reaction as tremendous as the storm of human passion which sent him astray—strong, reckless, thorough, and sublime in his despair to the last, when pitying heaven touches into blossom the inexorable staff, and the soul of Tannhäuser finds in heaven with his beloved the peace and mercy denied him by the vicar of God upon earth. Such is the spirit and such are the atmospheres that seem to roll and unroll before us like clouds of black and purple crimson and opaline fires as we listen to the massive, simple, yet richly clothed subjects of this dramatic overture.

First leading idea of the overture—the quiet unimpassioned chant of the Pilgrims steals out of the distance; that chant so subtly woven into the changing fabric of the drama, running through it like a scarlet thread, now associated with the stupid mechanical patter of dull monks, flouting the merry sunshine with their sleepy dirge; now giving expression to Tannhäuser's hungry repentance, like the severe yet pardoning voice of a recording angel; now in the deepening twilight touched with the sad hues of sunset, and lifted away from the unhappy knight like the music of heaven heard without by one who must not enter; now goading him to the madness of despair with its insulting hope of salvation not for him; and lastly thundered as from heaven's open portals like a great judgment on the Papal blasphemy for cursing what God has not cursed—a shout and clarion of joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth. Such is the significance of this incomparable motive of the Pilgrims' chant.

The procession draws near, the theme develops and swells, and the procession passes and the chant dies away to give sudden place to the second idea; for now the unhallowed spells of the Venus-berg are upon us, the vapours rise and twist, the sprites and forms of women mingling in wild dances and vanishing amidst the hissing of waterfalls and jets of rose and purple flame, and vistas of

green sward between rocks of crystal, and far within, for a moment unveiled and shameless, the fatally fair old-world enchantress Venus, Satanic rival of Holy Mary. It is but a glimpse; the second subject has been clearly affirmed and gives place to the third, which is the free element in Tannhäuser's spirit: that immense independence which at one time asserts his will to break through the barrier of the Church and enjoy all earthly pleasures, and at another refuses to be held by the bonds of sense and will back to heaven and grace. Never a slave—that is the key-note of Tannhäuser's song—the same which he flings at Venus in the first act, and at the assembled knights and ladies in the second. Reckless, defiant even in his despair—bursting alike the bonds of sacerdotalism and sensuality, until he hails his last judgment and emancipation in death.

The gentle love of Elizabeth, the faithful friendship of Wolfran, are alone absent from the overture; but the one is really as much drowned in religion as the other is absorbed by the complete uselessness of Wolfran's fidelity and the ultimate triumph of Tannhäuser. The overture ends with a sustained effort which, before the true rendering of the work was understood in England, subjected the audience to an almost intolerable strain. The pilgrims' chant is at last thrown out of semibreves and crotchets, into prolonged breves and semibreves, with a continuous *forte* and an incessant shrill violin accompaniment of wearing yet tireless activity and intensity. This is the divine judgment emphasis—this is the reversal of the Papal decree—this is the redemption of human nature struggling with its opposite and indomitable tendencies, the victory that has overcome the world, the earthly and heavenly passion, seen for the first time in the hour of death, in supreme harmony as one and indivisible.

FYTTIE THE FIRST.

After this immense introduction, which at once satisfies all our keenly aroused sensibilities, we find ourselves in that quiet region of contemplation, "above all pain, yet pitying all distress," whence we can witness undisturbed the pageantry of pleasure, remorse, love, sacrifice, and victory, which is about to pass before us.

In the glamour of roseate hues, smitten with the green glow as of prismatic light seen through ice, with vapours perfumed and aromatic, rising in white clouds and dissolving in thin fleecy tints like sea foam, the

grotto of the Venus of the Venus-berg bursts upon us. The revelry seems at its wildest. We see the whirling of Bacchantes, but all is somewhat dim as in a dream or a dissolving view. The noisy music gives place to an exquisite siren-strain—a chorus of twenty bars only—it is the unearthly echo of magic voices calling the votaries of pleasure to the unhallowed delights of Holda, the dethroned Venus, once queen of heaven, now banished in disgrace to the bowels of the earth in the depths of the Venus-berg. Trenchant sarcasm on the helplessness of ascetic theology to mould the "great glad aboriginal instincts" into its system! Strange Nemesis of the religion of humanity, that the love of the sexes, made beautiful at least, if not holy, at Athens, should be relegated by Christian Rome to the infernal regions, that subterranean heaven of the Venus-berg, where love might lose its purity without losing its power and become bitter!

A fatigue and stillness fall, we scarce know how, over the scene, the music droops, a white cloud rolls across and veils the groups as they sink on the mossy banks or disappear into the rose and emerald caverns. A last faint strain reaches our ears and dies away, we are alone with the sleeping Tannhäuser and his enchantress Holda.

Tannhäuser awakes. He has been dreaming, but not of Holda's love, not of the grotto; its delights are worn out for him, he is inwardly sated, the chain begins to gall him. Bells are ringing in his ears, happy bells that tinkle in mountain glens, reminding him of the happy earth, its flowers—not these suffocating exotics—not these intense and slumbrous perfumes—but fresh woodlands, the horn of the hunter, the notes of wild birds. He longs once more for the nightingale, and the morning sunlight that never reaches him here. And then comes one of those delicate perceptions into the deeps of human nature as he explains to the chiding goddess that a mortal cannot always enjoy thus; *that* belongs to the eternally young and vigorous gods. His own nature of earth is ill matched with pleasure alone; it clogs, it pains him; he pines for earth with all its sorrows, he aspires from the heart of pleasure, from the paradise of the senses, to the life of sacrifice, to the heaven of the soul. The dormant energies of the true knight awaken and he must away. The famous song which forms the second feature in the overture now breaks from him as harp in hand he confronts the angry goddess, and whilst singing her praises declares that he will go.

Again a subtle touch, the genuine tribute to the worth of Venus as far as she goes; but the free assertion that, isolated alike from the activities and disciplinary sorrows of earth, she fills but a part of life. The soul reaches out from the garden of the senses to a wider world, it is oppressed by the o'erarching roof of the Venus-berg however crystalline and rosy, it sighs for the blue dome of the illimitable sky.

All this is unintelligible to Holda, the impersonation of the senses, and like many an angry woman she alternately chides and coaxes and storms, not perceiving that her power is gone and that her late slave, however respectful, is free, and determined to remain so. The allegory of life is now closely clung to in the skilful dialogue. Having stormed in vain, the forsaken charmer cries bitterly, "Come back, come back! try and believe what I can be to you again."

"I wish no longer for your gifts."

"Oh, if you should long again, do not let your pride keep you from my arms!"

Then summing up the extreme statement of the revulsion of feeling which inspires him, "My longings are not for your pleasures but for battle. Listen, and know once for all, goddess, that I seek the grave and I aspire to death!"

"And if death and the grave reject you?"

"Death and the grave are in my heart, and repentance is my peace!"

"There is no rest or salvation for you. I alone can give you peace and heaven."

Then, in a climax, the final note of the situation, nay, the key note of the whole drama, is struck.

"Goddess of the senses, in thee is not my rest, but in Mary!" At the name of the most blessed Virgin, her successful rival, a loud clap of thunder shakes the grotto, and a dense cloud rolls over the stage, and Tannhäuser finds himself alone, but as the thick white vapours part the whole scene has shifted.

One of those sudden atmospheric changes in which Wagner revels now takes place, reminding us of the change from the lurid fire-scene on the Walküre's rock to the midsummer sleep of the Walküre maiden when Siegfried finds her there.

The grotto of the Venus-berg has vanished, with its purple shadows and rainbow lights, and dim recesses of mystery and underground magic—the free summer woods in the glory of May sunshine are before us, an old baronial castle crowns one of the near declivities. Tannhäuser finds himself not far

from a wayside shrine and crucifix, on a woodland slope reclines a young shepherd, the tinkle of sheep-bells mingles with the artless notes of the rustic pipe. He is skilfully woven into the drama with his new atmosphere of the spring and innocence and free sweet nature, and forms a subtle link between the artificially-lighted midnight of the Venus-berg and the bright woods and mountains of a smiling earth. The shepherd sings in his quaint melody of his dream he has had of a longing to follow Dame Holda into the Venus-berg—symbol of an universal experience, it is the rustic's vague dream of the artificial luxury and dissipation of great cities. He awakes (happily for him) to the sweet routine of the summer pastures, the woodland notes, the rustic flute.

Play on, thou simple boy; the two worlds that meet in yonder knightly soul are not for thee; thou wilt never know the depth either of his agony or his joy—it is not given to every one to explore the magic haunt of the Venus-berg, and then surrender at discretion to Holy Mary!

The chorus of the pilgrims taking up the first subject now approaches. Solemnly the cowed monks pass in front of the shrine, uttering a prayer to the crucified One, and a greeting to the Virgin mother. To Rome they are bound, to seek free grace and rest in absolution from sin at the hands of Holy Church. The chant is the very embodiment of Tannhäuser's own aspirations, and as the pilgrims disappear, he falls at the foot of the crucifix and takes up the burden of the melodious prayer. Faint strains from the distant pilgrims come wafted on the air, a sound of holy bells is in his ears, his soul is bathed for the first time, after how many years! in the sweet and recreating emotion of penitence which seems to restore him to himself, and he vows never to rest till he too has found in a pilgrimage to Rome that pardon and peace which Rome alone can give.

Suddenly hunting-horns break up his meditations, and a gay troop headed by the Landgrave and his knights come thronging down the mountain slope, and find the pilgrim Tannhäuser absorbed in prayer. The influence which others have upon a man's thoughts about himself is now happily illustrated. Tannhäuser, now recognised as the famous minstrel knight by the Landgrave and his friend Wolfran, at first will not hear of joining them. He is absorbed in his own thoughts of repentance; he is lost for ever to the world. Gradually their joyous greetings

assure him that they know nothing of his sin, his sorrow, or their causes—he is sympathetically won, his sensitive heart catches the light and fire of their good-fellowship. Some of us may remember those masterly moments in Mr. Irving's acting when, as Eugene Aram or the hero of the *Bells*, he managed at moments to forget his own crime and feel almost innocent and upright by the reflected sympathy and ignorance of those who believed him so; and is this not true to life? Does not a man feel twice guilty when found out? Is he not often redeemable *before* the brand has been put upon him, but not *afterwards*? Do not we all exercise a sort of absolution, binding and loosing from sin? The Landgrave and the merry hunters seem to toss the life and doings in Venus-berg away from Tannhäuser; they know nothing of them. For a moment, as he listens to their free joyous talk, the past seems wiped out. They remind him of his brilliant victory in song before he disappeared from among them—of Princess Elizabeth, who had acknowledged herself won by his knightly qualities, and who is ready to welcome him back. At the sound of her name his whole soul bounds, Venus is effaced, Holy Mary vanishes, Elizabeth seems now the idol ready to absorb and satisfy those senses profaned in the Venus-berg, and that soul so lately given in ascetic fervour to the Invisible and the Divine.

FYFTE THE SECOND.

The joyous prelude to the second act contains, at the 11th and following bars, one of those magic passages which Wagner seems able to throw in at will. It is the essence of a heart bounding with joy, and is worked into the accompaniment where Elizabeth greets the minstrel hall, so full to her of joy, and the memories of Tannhäuser's triumph in song.

The great hall of the minstrels in the Wartburg is before us: a wide prospect of wild woodland and hill is seen from the spacious open verandah, and the fair Elizabeth enters, attired in flowing white, her countenance radiant with joy. In one of those broad and free melodic recitatives so suitable to that vast amount of thinking aloud which fills Wagner's operas, Elizabeth describes how her heart was won by the strains of the minstrel knight Tannhäuser. To her presently enter Wolfran and Tannhäuser. The shock is almost too sudden for the maiden Princess, as Tannhäuser throws himself at her feet; she implores him to leave

her, but in another moment her scruples are overcome by his passionate entreaties. He seems to yield himself entirely to this new situation, nor is the spell broken when Elizabeth asks where he has been and what he has been doing.

"Far away," he answers, "in a distant land. The veil of oblivion has forever fallen between yesterday and to-day—everything in the past has vanished; only one thing remains painted upon the darkness—the glory of your perfection that I now salute, yet never thought to see again." Elizabeth still, with a touch of maidenly reserve, tries in vain to check her own raptures at his return, but ends in that full expansive utterance—that majestic strain so highly intense and pure (such a contrast to the feverish sensuality of the Venus-berg music), in which her noble love finds at once its expression and solace. Her reticence gives way. She is not afraid to tell him now all the strange growth of new feelings, vague longings, her sadness at his absence, her want of interest in all but him, her broken slumber, her waking tears, her maddening memories; and yet throughout she remains so simple, so pure, so guileless, that Tannhäuser feels, for the first time, what the true love of the pure woman might be to a man. Satisfying all, yet lifting all into a region of harmony and delight—not enervating but renewing and ennobling all things, and forming, indeed, the soul's missing link between earth and heaven! What wonder if in that moment the magic Venus and the mystic Mary are alike forgotten. The love duet rolls on impassioned, and yet strongly cast in an almost Mozartian mould of regularity, in which strophe and anti-strophe are taken up alternately by the lovers, and whole phrases, ending with the perfect cadence, are repeated without variation as in the most orthodox Italian *scena*. We must recollect that *Tannhäuser* is not *Lohengrin*, and still leans more to the recognised form than any of Wagner's later operas. But here I cannot think that the regularity of form is in the least out of place, or in conflict with the sense and admirably dramatic finish of the episode, which will not suffer by comparison with any predecessor of any school.

At the close of the duet Tannhäuser leaves the stage, and the Landgrave finds Elizabeth and bids her prepare for the reception of the whole court to witness a contest between various bards—amongst whom Tannhäuser will of course be found. Elizabeth will have to crown the victor. The pageantry which

now follows, accompanied by the famous assembling march, is of its kind unequalled in the annals of opera; and we are bound to say that both our great Metropolitan houses—Her Majesty's and Covent Garden—vied with each other in carrying out the imposing spectacle. It is a pity that a tithe of the same trouble and expense was not lavished upon the interior of the Venus-berg, which, doubtless owing to the Wartburg scene which was immediately to follow, and other stage exigences, is much harder to cope with.

The Tournament of Song brings us to perhaps the most connected suite of melody in all Wagner's works. The march, which so largely contributes to the popularity of this opera, moves on with a rhythm and a richness worthy of the gorgeous display of pages in mauve, scarlet, white, and purple—of ladies with delicately contrasted court trains of canary-yellow, blue, dove-grey, with touches of crimson velvet, plumes, and blaze of jewels; troops of knights with retainers steel-clad with shining helmet and falchion. On a throne the Landgrave takes his seat, with Elizabeth, the Queen of the Song Tournay, at his right. The bards with their harps are ranged in front, and seated, Tannhäuser amongst them; and as the rainbow crowd continues to defile slowly into the spacious hall, and seems likely to fill every part of it, a joyous chorus takes up the burden of the march, and pours forth the most exhilarating strains in honour of the Landgrave and the approaching festival of song—not a touch of foreboding, not a trace of sadness to warn us of the impending catastrophe. The music runs chiefly in the metallic major key of five sharps, full of exulting joy and expectant triumph.

We now approach a scene which almost every critic has found to be a disappointment. The music improvised by the bards is dull. It might have been less stiff and more melodic. Even Wolfran's music, usually, at least, as fine and melodic, if not more so, than Tannhäuser's own, is tame and formal, and so is Walter's, but it seems to us all this is for a purpose. The splendid assembling melody just traversed passes into the arid and artificial praise of woman's love, as a thing too exquisitely exalted to be approached; or, in fact, to have anything to do with the senses at all. The conception and the language are both exaggerated and false, and the arid music betrays its real heartlessness; it is the fitting prelude to the over-glowing and wild bound of sensuous melody which is about to

break from Tannhäuser in vindication of the senses.

The exact *casus belli*, or triangular conflict, between chivalry, the world, and the Church, is here caught and stated for us with quite surprising force.

Chivalry in its religious mood converted every woman into a Virgin Mary. The praises of love had then to be sung in this attenuated atmosphere, in which the senses could not breathe. It was like playing *Othello* without the Moor of Venice; it was the futile attempt to wed the natural love of the sexes to the Church's ideal of celibate purity, and the greater the collision with reality and practice, the stronger, the more conventional became the futile attempt. Love is the subject proposed to the bards in competition. Wolfran declares that in the presence of Elizabeth's beauty his heart dissolves in prayerful dreams. There is the source of all delight—the balm of all grief. He aspires to worship and die for the lady, but views with horror the notion of rashly troubling her with any wild desires. This little piece of strained humbug, sung by one who probably does not believe a word of it, is greeted by the crowd, who certainly do not practise it, with much applause: "We praise thy noble song!" Tannhäuser now replies; at first keeping within bounds, and giving a natural expression to a legitimate sentiment, he remarks that he, too, has felt the love of woman, but that, so far from not troubling her with desire, he conceives that this is, after all, the root of the matter; that if a man could not understand that he could not know much about love. For his part, he glories in it, and has no fear or misgiving about it.

It is characteristic of Tannhäuser that, having spoken this half truth, he goes no farther; and Walter cuts in with the other half truth, and utters his platitudes about virtue, meaning by virtue continence. He denounces the notion that woman's love ought to have anything to do with the senses, and thus places his own conception in antagonism with Tannhäuser's.

Such, indeed, was the work and the influence of the Church of the period. There was no one to step forth and lift the two half truths into a higher region of holy and healthy unity—by proclaiming the consecration of sense by affection and self-restraint, instead of its extinction or corruption by abstinence and emotional mysticism. No one could then and there solve the problem which Protestantism has after all only half

solved, retaining a theory but half consistent with its practice, and the consequences to Tannhäuser and Elizabeth were quickly fatal.

If the Venus-berg had done nothing else for Tannhäuser, it had at all events taught him one lesson that he could never forget—"THE TREMENDOUS EMPIRE OF THE SENSES." On hearing them alternately ignored and trampled upon, he rushes impetuously on the wings of a strange knowledge into furious opposition, and, casting all caution to the winds, breaks through the formal stupidity of his rivals into an assertion of what is, at least, true and blameless in itself, that man as man is constituted specially to love woman as woman. The fine trait of Elizabeth's mute instinctive assent to this passionate assertion is dramatic and touching—it is the unconscious purity of a simple-minded and pure woman assenting to a natural fact. She is soon taught better by the burst of indignant horror that breaks from the conventional crowd—"Silence his madness!" Poor Tannhäuser, thus bullied by the crowd, condemned by his friend Wolfran, defied to single combat, loses his head, and utters the exaggerated statement of what, if it had been left alone, would after all have been true and fair enough, though not the whole truth about love. Forced into opposition, and wild with admiration and desire for Elizabeth, he flies at a bound into the praise of Venus. The songs of the enchanted mountain are in his ears, and force themselves in wild snatches through the agitated orchestra—his voice climbs boldly up through the famous and free melody, in which he praised Venus at the moment of his departure. Alas! it is also the knell of that noble love for Elizabeth, which might have lifted him, but which he must also shortly abandon for ever; and Tannhäuser, the too bold champion of nature and nature's rights, falls, in the moment of his perfervid but almost healthy protest, a victim to the combined incapacity of the Church and chivalry to reconcile without emasculating the secular and religious impulses of our nature.

At the unhappy name of Venus in Tannhäuser's song, all the accursed and sensual horrors of the Venus-berg are instantly associated with the minstrel knight. Elizabeth herself perceives that his position is untenable. The dying mythology at once hurls Tannhäuser from the heaven of Christian grace. Swords are drawn, and the saintly Elizabeth can only throw herself between her out-

cast lover and his would-be murderers! Tannhäuser has now got thoroughly confused himself. He has been irresistibly impelled to speak an irresistible truth. Yet that truth in that form was evidently sin—deserved punishment—cried for penance and divine pardon. "THE TREMENDOUS EMPIRE OF THE SENSES," "the strong man armed," begins to confess a mightier power,—"THE IMMENSE SUPREMACY OF THE SOUL!" Tannhäuser grovels in the dust before an injured saint, an infuriated mob, an offended God.

I shall not attempt to describe the glowing pages of chorus in which this complex situation is rendered, just as the scene is growing a little too tense and harrowing. Without in the valley is heard a chant of young pilgrims. It is the refrain of the great subject of the overture which binds the whole of the opera together with a quite magical unity. Before that sweet, unearthly, familiar strain, a silence falls upon the turbulent citizens in the great hall. Some repair to the wide open verandah to see the pilgrims. But to Tannhäuser's highly wrought mood that chant is as the voice of heaven—he too remembers his sudden vow to become a pilgrim and repair to Rome, where, at the hands of the Holy Father, after due penance, he may perchance find some dawn of hope, and be purged from his grievous sin.

So, as he passes swiftly out of the hall to meet the pilgrims, with a great shout from the assembled throng, "*To Rome!*" the second act closes.

FYTTÉ THE THIRD.

It is the wayside crucifix of the first act—no longer a scarcely solemn or pathetic object, lost in the thronging glories of the bright morning woods in spring, but now, in the fall of the year, seen in the autumn twilight, it stands out grim and dark, and all the scene has grown sad and sombre. Wolfran advances towards the shrine in search of Elizabeth, who is, since the departure of Tannhäuser, ever to be found praying there alone, and alone she still would be. She mutely waves Wolfran aside, thanking him for his friendly sympathy, but relapsing into silent and absorbed prayer. On the evening wind comes again the floating chant of the pilgrims, now returning from Rome. The maiden rises, and listens in startled excitement and intense expectation. The sweet and majestic chant reaches its climax as the pilgrims defile before the crucifix. Elizabeth watches each hooded figure with increasing

despair. *He* is not there. As the last passes she feels that the bitterness of death has come and passed with them, and, falling upon her knees, she prays that her last earthly longings may be forgiven, and that, white and free from stain, she may be soon received into the heavenly kingdom, and that her beloved may also find grace at the last. For the last time Wolfran approaches her respectfully, but she needs not his support; her step does not falter now, the last touch of human frailty has left her, she is sensible to no earthly blandishments, the heavenly bridegroom has claimed her for his own, and gentle death will soon lead her into his presence.

As we listen to the exquisite stream of pure melody which flows once only from the flutes and clarionets as Elizabeth slowly descends into the valley and disappears towards the Wartburg we are irresistibly reminded of Longfellow's exquisite translation—

"O Land! O Land! for all the broken-hearted
The mildest herald by our fate allotted
Beckons, and with inverted torch doth stand
To lead us with a gentle hand
Into the land of the great departed,
Into the Silent Land!"

This solemn and peaceful scene is followed by one even more composed and restful—more dignified it could scarcely be. The terrible sorrow and sublime resignation of Elizabeth seem to have weaned Wolfran from all his earthly desires, and he has ceased almost to regret the love of Elizabeth for himself, whilst committing her to the care of Heaven in his incomparable song to the evening star. In the deepening twilight he prays, that, as she so wills it, she may be taken from a world of pain and sorrow into the eternal joy, and there, in the trackless fields of light, which seem to mortals the very homes of the sweet and solemn starlight, she may find the heavenly and fadeless day.

We have all this time been unconsciously and with consummate dramatic art prepared for the final catastrophe.

Wolfran checks his harp, as a wayworn man of grief approaches; his emaciated form, his wild eyes, his squalor and unsteady gait, tell of immense sufferings and privation, bodily and mental.

Wolfran scarcely recognises Tannhäuser in the strange figure before him.

"Who art thou, solitary one?"

"Who am I? I know *thee* well—Wolfran, the famed minstrel."

The touch of bitterness reminding his friend of the artificial song of love which

called forth his own passionate and disastrous protest, is retaliated with—

“Darest thou retrace thy steps unparadoned?”

“Fear not, my famous bard, I seek not thee; but I do seek a man to show me the way.”

“What way?”

“The way to the Venus-berg.”

In another instant Tannhäuser has passed from bitterness to confession; and as Wolfran inquires concerning his pilgrimage, he unburdens himself freely in the following magnificent oration, which, as a simple piece of dramatic declamation, deserves a high rank. We repeat, that Wagner's drama is of its kind equal to his music; it will repay careful study, and we cannot forbear giving here a free translation, with connecting narrative:

“Listen! Wolfran, listen! With a heart more fervently penitent than ever was heart of pilgrim, I sought the road to Rome. An angel, ah, woe is me! had rooted out the pride of sin; but I longed to expiate that pride in deep abasement. I longed for the grace denied me, in order to ease the bitterness of that angel's tears for me, a sinner! The rough way selected by the most contrite pilgrim seemed all too easy for me. When he chose the soft grass for his bare feet, I sought the sharp stones and thorny places for mine. When he slaked his thirst in cool rivulets, I only drank in the fiery torrent of the sun. Whilst he prayed to heaven, I shed my life-blood in honour of the Most High. When the travellers rested in the inn I was stretched without in ice, and wind, and snow. I went like a blind man through the magic plains of Italy. I did it all because I thought, in dying to the world, by contrition, to soothe the weeping of my dear angel. I arrived at Rome. I approached the holy throne. I bowed in prayer and self-abasement on the threshold of the sanctuary. The morning broke. I heard a chiming of bells and a chorus of celestial voices; the whole temple seemed filled with praise and fervent joy, for plenary indulgence, grace and pardon were promised to the multitude of penitents. Then I saw him, God's Vicar upon earth! We grovelled in the dust at his feet. I saw him give pardon to thousands of sinners like me, and they rose up absolved, and oh, how happy! And I drew near. My head was bared; I smote on my breast; I said, ‘God be merciful to me, even to me; God forgive the criminal pleasures—the crime of the senses—the unsubdued desires.’ In my agony I implored the Holy Father to loose me from the chain of my sins; and God knows my soul was pierced through at that moment with many sorrows. And His Vicar whom I besought made answer thus, Wolfran, only thus: ‘If thou hast shared these criminal joys—if thy heart has been seared with Hell's own fire—if thou hast been in the Venus-berg, there is an end of it: thou art damned for ever. Even as this dry staff of my salvation will never blossom more, so neither shall salvation ever blossom for thy soul in hell.’ At these words I fell senseless to the earth as one dead. When I came to myself I was alone in the vast temple. It was night: I heard a pilgrim chant of joy and salvation; those holy strains filled me with horror. I fled from that lying hymn; it fell chill upon my shuddering soul, and seemed to freeze my heart to ice.

Then suddenly, with irresistible violence, I felt myself drawn back to that burning enchantress who had once filled me with such unspeakable ecstasy. I return to thee, sweet Venus—my only consoler. I come, I come to thy nightly entrancing pleasure, to thy glittering court, where all thy beauties smile to greet me, forever more, throughout eternity!”

“Unhappy man!” cries Wolfran, who sees that his friend is under a spell and going mad. He tries to stop his growing exaltation as he invokes Venus.

“Thou hearest, my love, my goddess! All men curse me. Guide thou my steps.” The white Venus cloud begins to pass over the stage; then comes the wild cry of the sirens, now no longer soft and seductive as of yore, but almost harsh and strident, like the voices of women roughened in the bitter life of the barren senses. But Tannhäuser's head is gone.

“Ah! heavenly perfume—delicious voices! I am yours! Come, come, ye nymphs; I see your joyous forms! Crown me with pleasures! I feel the secret fire in all my veins. I know thy soft low light—it is the enchanted mist of the Venus-berg—the reign of love!” At that moment the vision of Venus, stretched on a bed of roses, appears for an instant, and Tannhäuser is with difficulty restrained by the strong arms of Wolfran from rushing towards her. For the last time she calls him. But now songs of the pilgrims are heard in the valley—the Venus-berg was but an enchantment of the senses. Tannhäuser listens and gazes transfixed as a funeral procession draws near. At the sound of prayer Venus and her crew vanish. The Pagan deity is after all ousted by the Christian martyr. Elizabeth has prayed for Tannhäuser for her dying breath. Elizabeth has interceded with him on earth: his good angel in heaven, his victorious saint. Her prayers have been heard. As the fair corpse, strewn with flowers, is set down, the sun breaks out and reveals a glorious summer day. The pilgrim strain rises once more to heaven, and Tannhäuser, whilst the last dimness clouds his eyes, worn with disease and suffering, staggers to the bier and falls prostrate in death by the side of his beloved. A line of young pilgrims, bearing a budding staff, in token of his supreme forgiveness, pass singing—

“Blessed is the pure virgin who has joined the glorious company of the angels. Blessed is the sinner for whom she has prayed and won heaven's pardon.” And then the united assembly reply, re-echoing the great Pilgrim Chorus, heard first in the overture, and last over the corpses of the faithful lovers:

“The sinner has received the pardon of heaven;
He enters into the rest of the blessed ones.”

It would be difficult to add to such a close as this. The parable seems at last fully worked out. The noblest nature, filled with the genuine experiences of both extremes of life, seeks for guidance and counsel at the hands of Rome, and is rejected. The last incompetence of Roman Catholicism to deal with life has been reached, and the *reductio ad absurdum* is announced in the Pope's heartless and stupid speech. Certain sins by Rome's decree are venial, others are mortal; man has made, and man, in the name of God, administers the scale of punishment which he has made. The whole system is not alive, but mechanical, and is a gross outrage upon the rights of the human conscience and the

spiritual facts of the soul. In Tannhäuser this inhuman management produces despair and worse crime, when a higher vision is suddenly opened up, and above the dream of the senses, above the anathema of the Pope—somehow inseparably connected with hu-

man love, but with human love deprived at last of all its lower conditions—the sweet pardon comes home, as it were, on the wings of angels, and the weary pilgrim, rejected on earth but received in heaven, passes to rejoice the best beloved in the peace of God.

RECONCILIATION.

OH! sadder than all turmoil after rest
Is wrench of two fond hearts once close allied!
When every day the little rift grows wide,
Till each dwells far apart as east from west.

No blessed Lethe bring the lagging years,
No subtle potions the keen anguish numb,
And ever on one theme the lips are dumb,
And at one name will rise the burning tears.

Oh! sweeter than all healing after pain
Is reconcilment after love estranged!
Nothing is lost though all is somewhat changed,
And peace is throned where discord used to reign.
Life's noon is past, its fitful splendours die,
A lunar rainbow spans the twilight sky!

M. BETHAM-EDWARDS.

OLD BLACKFRIARS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "EPISODES IN AN OBSCURE LIFE."

THE London, Chatham, and Dover Railway, and Queen Victoria Street have played havoc with old Blackfriars, and large modern buildings have sprung up in its core as well as on its outskirts. Instead of leisurely moving monks we have rushing trains, with discordant steam-shrieks in the place of solemn chants. Spiers and Pond's restaurants and very unmonastic refreshment bars have succeeded the convent refectory. Where artistic brethren painfully illuminated missals, throbbing printing-presses throw off their thousands of sheets per hour, and in a snug nook of the once jealously guarded precinct a newsvendor drives a brisk trade in illustrated papers and latest editions.

But old names still linger in the old place: Friar's Court, Cloister Court, Pilgrim Street, Canterbury Court, Evangelist Court, Church Entry, to tell of its bygone ecclesiastical character; Playhouse-yard to commemorate the Blackfriar's Theatre, with its rush-strewn stage, guttering candles, and blanket-curtain, of which Shakespeare was one of the sixteen proprietors—his since glory-encircled name standing as low down as twelfth on the list; and Printing-House Square still pillorying that unlucky king's printer who left out the "not" in the "Cavalier's Bible." (Exodus xx. 14.) Cramped Broadway tells of times in

which Blackfriars, though much built upon, had still the reputation of being an open place, with handsome-fronted mansions facing the Thames. Blackfriars has still a Water Street, although at its foot there are no longer stairs, with watermen's wherries poking their sharp noses into one another like envious sword-fish. A Hugh's (now Huish) Court still leads to where "Duke Humfrey's" once began to lead to Puddle Dock, so called from the stamping of the horses when they went to water in it; and though the name may be obliterated, a Paved Alley still leads down to where the Fleet "river" once ran, and afterwards crawled.*

In the year 1221 certain Dominican Friars, Black Friars, or Friars Preachers, came to London, and settled on or near the site of the present Lincoln's Inn. Between fifty and sixty years afterwards, by the favour of King Edward I., his Queen Eleanor, and the Archbishop of Canterbury, Robert Kilwarby, they obtained from the Mayor, Gregory Rockesley, and the Barons of the City of London, two lanes next the street of Baynard's Castle—a fortress extant now only in the name of Castle Baynard Ward—together

* As an illustration of the rapid growth of colonial cities, I may mention that the Sydney Tank Stream, which was clear as crystal when the British flag was hoisted on its banks in 1788, having, like the Fleet, been converted into a sewer, had to be covered in some years ago.

with the Tower of Mountfiquit, or Mountfitchet, built by Le Sire Mountfitchet in the Conqueror's time, for the erection of a church and convent. The church, the old St. Ann's, large and afterwards highly ornamented, was built of what remained of Mountfiquit Tower, some of the stones having been previously appropriated for other uses. For the building of the monastery part of the city wall was pulled down, the masonry being worked up into that of the convent. The citizens were ordered to build themselves a new wall, to run behind the houses on Ludgate Hill towards Fleet Ditch, then south to the Thames, with a tower at the head for the king; the expense to be defrayed by a duty which he empowered them to levy on merchandise. The king, moreover, permitted his pet friars to bring their water by conduit through Smithfield. The privileges they obtained through royal favour occasioned a standing feud between the inhabitants of the precinct of Blackfriars and the city; and since these were continued to the locality after the suppression of the monastery, the feud lasted down to nearly the middle of last century. In 1297 Edward's council commanded the mayor and aldermen to see that the gates of the city were well guarded by day as well as by night, and that barriers were set up, and chains stretched across the streets, where necessary; especially towards the water "at the Friars Preachers," *i.e.* Blackfriars.

In Edward II.'s reign certain Welshmen were attached at the suit of Dionisia le Bokebyndere, on a charge of having broken into her house "in Flete street in the suburbs of London;" and were committed to Newgate accordingly. But the Marshal of the King's household demanded them as being members of the same; informing the city magistrates that Mistress le Bokebyndere must sue before him. To this demand, after conference held with the good men of the commonalty, the magistrates returned the pithy answer that it was not lawful for them so to do. Thereupon, mayor, sheriffs, and aldermen, were summoned to appear before the king's council, on the Thursday following, and did so appear before it, "then at [Black] Friars sitting;" but having been again told that they must give up the Welshmen, they answered as before.

What punishment, if any, their contumacy brought down on these sturdy Cockney magnates, our authority does not inform us.

Next year, 1312, in the same reign, there was another difference between the court

and the city touching privilege. The council had ordered, amongst other provisions for the safe-keeping of the city, that all the quays facing the Thames, such as the "Stonewarf, Billinggessgate, Rederesgate, Oistergate, Ebbegate, Douegate, Watergate, Queen Hythe, Stongate, Watergate at Castle Baynard," and all lanes leading to the river, should be stoutly chained, and all quays facing the water stoutly "bretached," or battlemented. The corporation sent a letter saying that it should be done, together with a messenger, who was directed to make much of these points before "our Lord, the King:" to wit, that the murage granted to the city was spent solely by the king's order on the new wall at Blackfriars, and that the citizens did not think it fair that persons of religious orders should shirk, as they did, their share of taxation for the fortifications which sheltered them as well as those who had to pay for their protection.

In 1314 the king again showed his inherited predilection for the Friars Preachers. Having an especial affection for the order, and having heard that certain apostates from it had slandered it—"at the which We are much annoyed"—he ordered the mayor and sheriffs to cause the said apostates, if in the city, to be delivered over to the prior or his substitute for chastisement and punishment. Some of these apostates, it seems, had unfrocked themselves, others still wore the black gown. Not content with causing writings defamatory of their order to be read and recited in public places, they, ill birds that they were, had made posters of the manifestoes in which they had fouled their own nest—fixed them upon the walls. These malpractices the king sternly forbade under pain of punishment.

On the Friday after the feast of St. Michael, his proclamation was published in St. Paul's in the presence of certain canons and ministers, and "of many persons then writing there," notaries, &c.

St. Paul's, a few readers may need to be reminded, was once a lounge, a thoroughfare, a centre of industry, dishonest and honest, but even then most indecorous. It stood at least as much in need of trenchant purification as the Jewish Temple. Dandies and idlers dawdled about it with their hats on. Bakers baked their bread and pies in it and passed through it with their full baskets, butchers with their laden trays, fishwives with their baskets, porters with their burdens on their knots, water-carriers with their buckets. Horses, asses, and mules were driven through

it. Goods were warehoused in it, and its crypts were turned into wine vaults. Carpenters and glaziers had shops in it. The tapping of trunkmakers, at work within the building, disturbed its services. One of its chapels was turned into a school. Scriveners did business in it; and its pillars were made "advertising columns" by the "wanted," &c., notifications that were posted on them. A playhouse once annexed a part of it. Drunken people lay about in it, sleeping off their debauch; and women of the town and light-fingered gentry, who literally made it a den of thieves, plied their defiling trades in what should have been a house of prayer.

In the 19th year of Edward III.'s reign we come upon another reference to Blackfriars.

The gardeners of the earls, barons, bishops, and citizens, who, in those days as in these, made personal profit out of their masters' gardens, prayed the mayor that they might stand as before in front of the church of St. Austin, beside the gate of St. Paul's Churchyard, to sell their produce. But the mayor and aldermen having ascertained that this street market was a great nuisance to the priests who sang matins and mass in St. Austin's, and to others, "both clerks and laymen, in prayers and orisons there serving God," as also to passers-by on horse and foot, and to what we should call "the respectable inhabitants" of that neighbourhood, owing to the clamour and scurrilous language of the gardeners and their men, ordered them, whether aliens or freemen, to take themselves off with their pulse, cherries, vegetables, and other wares, to the space between the south gate of St. Paul's Churchyard and the garden wall of the Friars Preachers at Baynard's Castle. St. Paul's Churchyard, it must be remembered, once extended to Creed and Carter Lanes, which marched with the Friars.

To say nothing of other street markets, this St. Austin's nuisance presents a striking analogy to that caused to the ministers and congregations of Holy Trinity, Shore-ditch, and St. Matthias, Bethnal Green, by the utterly unnecessary bird fair held on Sunday mornings in Club Row and Hare Street.

In 1350, just after the dread Black Death had carried off half of the population, the mayor and aldermen, &c., of London sent a petition to Pope Clement VI., praying that Brother John de Worthyn, a Friar Preacher, and he only, might be empowered to grant

absolution in the city, and that if he too should be struck down, the Prior of the Convent of Black Friars might appoint, with the assent of the mayor, another brother of the same order in his stead.

In Edward III.'s reign again, 1362, a list was drawn up of the sums of money disbursed for the good of the soul of John de Oxenford, by Adam Fraunceys, his devisee. It contains this item: "Also paid to the Prior of the Order of Friars Preachers, in London, the 20th day of February, for praying for the soul of John de Oxenford, pelterer, 40s."

In 1375, the mayor, William Walleworth, the aldermen, and commonalty of London, granted unto Robert de Lenne, jeweller, and Joanna his wife, leave to hold at a rent of 40s., recoverable by distress, a movable stall beneath the Ludgate, on the Friars Preachers' side, namely, between the upper post of the gate, situate near to the house which Thomas atte Crouch, sporiere, there held, and the lower post of the gate. The year before, the friars had obtained leave to eat meat, in order, as they said, that they might not be burdensome to the laity.

In the eleventh year of Richard II.'s reign, the overlookers of the trade charged at Guildhall certain cordwainers with having brought together at the Friars Preachers a riotous assembly, for the purpose of forming an illegal fraternity, and with having assaulted, to the peril of his life, a dissentient brother snob, one Richard Bonet. The accused pleaded guilty, and declared that Brother William Burton, of the Friars, had promised, for a pecuniary consideration, to secure them the Pope's confirmation of their fraternity. They were accordingly committed to Newgate.

In 1417 Henry V. issued this summons: "Herry, by the grace of God, Kyng of Ingelond and of Fraunce, and Lord of Irlond, hoteth and comaundeth that al maner of Knyghtes which that are of the Kynges Retenue, and bene withinne the Cite of Londone, drawe hem to the Frere Prechours; that they be there redy be thus after none be fore the Kynges Counseille."

The liberty of Blackfriars was large, and shut up within four gates. Its inhabitants claimed to be subject to none but the king, the superior of the monastery, and the justices of the precinct; they scoffed at the Lord Mayor and all his myrmidons. It may be readily supposed therefore that, as has

been intimated, no love was lost between the corporations secular and sacred. One prior, having been compelled by law to pave the street outside the convent wall, pulled down a cage which the city set up on the pavement, saying that if he had been forced to make it, he was not going to give up his claim to the land it covered. Amongst the privileges which the inhabitants of the precinct claimed was one that specially annoyed the citizens, that of exemption from taxation for the expense of the militia musters.

When, after the suppression of monasteries, the city again attempted to extend its authority over Blackfriars, Henry VIII. caused the Lord Mayor to be informed that he could keep the liberties of the precinct quite as well as the friars. Another attempt to the same end in Queen Mary's reign proved fruitless. In 1586 Black and White Friars joined in a satiric petition to be kept sacred from civic rule, on the ground that "The Burden ys great aleadie of the Government of the Citie, born by such as are for the most part unlearned, as their late hard dealing with Bedlam, and many other Examples may plainly prove. And, therefore, we pray most humblie your Lordships that they may not be further troubled with us.

In 1735 an action was tried to decide this disputed jurisdiction—City Chamberlain *v.* a shalloon and druggot-seller in the precinct, not a freeman. The Chamberlain produced charters to show that the monastery had belonged to the city before there were any shops in it, and obtained a verdict with 5s. damages. Blackfriars then became a precinct of the ward of Farringdon Within. Edward I. kept his charters and records at Blackfriars, and in his time and long afterwards it was a favourite place of residence with the nobility. In 1522 the Emperor Charles V. was lodged there, and his suite over the way—the gallery bridge and waterway of Fleet Ditch—in Bridewell, a palace then. In Queen Elizabeth's time noblemen still had their town houses in Blackfriars. Lord Herbert, son of the Earl of Warwick, lived there, and when he had married the daughter and heiress of Lord John Russell, son of the Earl of Bedford, the Queen visited him there. She was met at the waterside by the bride, and carried in a litter by six knights to Lord Herbert's house, where she dined. She supped at his neighbour's, Lord Cobham's, where there was a memorable masque of eight ladies, and a strange dance just in-

vented. Each lady wore a skirt of silver cloth, a rich waistcoat of gold and silver-laced silk, and a mantle of carnation-coloured taffeta. Their hair hung about their shoulders, curiously knotted and interlaced. Each had to ask another lady, selected from the spectators, to dance.

Mistress Fitton, their leader, solicited the queen to honour her by becoming her partner.

"What is your name?" asked the queen.

"Affection," answered Mrs. Fitton.

"*Affection!*" bitterly exclaimed the queen (the love of Essex rankling in her breast)—"Affection is false!"

Nevertheless she rose and joined in the measure, although she was nearly seventy—vain, valiant old woman!

Shopkeepers, moreover, flourished within the precinct, in spite of their being looked upon by the freemen of the city with an angry mixture of envy and contempt as unfairly prosperous Pariahs. The monastery's rental from shops, &c., amounted at the time of the dissolution to £104 15s. 4d. per annum.

Parliaments and other assemblies were held at the priory of Blackfriars—so substantial once, now as non-extant as a burst bubble. In 1524 a Parliament assembled at the house of the Black Friars, and finished its sittings at the house of the Black Monks, Westminster, at nine o'clock at night, having in the meantime imposed a tax of 2s. in the pound, to be paid in two years, on every one worth or "dispending" £20 per annum. From the combination of these circumstances it was called the Black Parliament. It was in a hall at Blackfriars that trumpets and cornets sounded their "ennet" as two vergers entered with short silver wands, followed by two scribes in doctors' robes, the Archbishop of Canterbury walking alone, the Bishops of Lincoln, Ely, Rochester, and St. Asaph, a gentleman bearing the Purse, the Great Seal, and a cardinal's hat; two priests, each bearing a silver cross; a gentleman usher bare-headed, with a serjeant-at-arms bearing a silver mace; two gentlemen bearing two silver pillars; the two cardinal judges, Wolsey and Campeius; two noblemen with sword and mace; and then, with their trains from the palace at Bridewell, on the other side of the Fleet, the royal plaintiff, and defendant or respondent, Henry and Katharine. In the same hall sat the Parliament before which the English divorce court judge was impeached.

To be buried in the habit of a Friar

Preacher was supposed to be a sure protection against the devil. John, it may be remembered—of whom it was said, "Foul as it is, hell itself is defiled by the fouler presence of John"—gave orders that he should be buried in the habit of a monk. What if he had recovered?

"When the devil was sick, the devil a monk would be;
When the devil got well, the devil a monk was he."

In 1492, Richard Billesden was, according to the instructions in his will, buried before the image of St. Erasmus in the Priory church of Blackfriars; and in 1518 Elizabeth Denton, according to the instructions in hers, before the image of St. Thomas Aquinas. I subjoin a selection from the list of those buried in the old church. Margaret, Queen of Scots; the hearts of Queen Eleanor, Edward I.'s wife, and her son Alfonso; the hearts of John and Margaret, children of William Valence; John, Duke of Cornwall, brother of Edward III.; King James of Spain; the father and mother of Henry VIII.'s Catherine III.

The church which succeeded that of the dissolved monastery contained a monument with these inscriptions:—

"Sacred unto Memory. Religion to its primitive simplicity restored, Peace thoroughly settled, Coins to the true value refined, Rebellion at home extinguished, France neere Ruine by intestine Mischiefes relieved, Netherland supported, Spaine's Armada vanquished, Ireland, with Spaniards' expulsion, and Traitors' correction, quieted; both Universities' Revenues, by a Law of Provision, exceedingly augmented; Finally, all England enriched, and 45 yeeres prudently governed.

"Elizabeth, a Queen, a Conqueress, Triumpher, the most devoted to Piety, the most happy after 70 years of her Life, quietly by Death departed."

"Unto Elizabeth, Queen of England, France, and Ireland, Daughter of King Henry VIII., Grandchild to King Henry VII., Great grandchild to King Edward IV. The Mother of this her country, the Nurse of Religion and Learning. For perfect Skill in very many Languages, for glorious Endowments, as well of Mind as of Body, and for Regal Vertues beyond her Sex.

She { began } her Reign } Nov. 17, 1558.
 { ended } } Mar. 24, 1602.

"I have fought a good fight," etc.

On the 27th of April, 1534, the Prior of the Black Friars subscribed to the Royal Supremacy. Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, afterwards held the priory *in commendam*, and with fifteen brethren surrendered it

to the Pope-King in the thirtieth year of his reign.

Edward VI. gave Blackfriars, buildings and site, to Sir Thomas Cawarden, who pulled down the old church. Being called upon to provide the inhabitants with another, he gave them an upper room, which tumbled down. It was repaired, enlarged, burnt down, and over its ashes rose the St. Anne's, Blackfriars, which was destroyed by the Great Fire.

On October 26th, 1623, Blackfriars was the scene of a calamity which has come down to us under the name of the Black Vespers, or Dismal Evensong.

Three hundred persons, English, Scotch, Welsh, and Irish, chiefly Catholics, with a sprinkling of Protestants, had assembled at the house of the French Ambassador, Count de Tillier, in Blackfriars, for sermon and service, not in the chapel of the Embassy, but in a chamber occupied by one Father Redyate, a room sixty feet by twenty feet, on the third floor from the ground, substantially built of brick and mortar.

Father Drury, a member of a good Norfolk family, and, although a Jesuit, much respected by unprejudiced Protestants, was to be the preacher. A presentiment seems to have shadowed his mind. Although of a lively disposition, he had sat sad and silent all the day before. To the last he had wished to be excused, but was persuaded by his friends to keep his appointment. When he reached the room, a gentlewoman warned him that she did not think it safe, but then it was too late to retract.

Clad, according to the custom of his order, in a surplice with a linen girdle, and having on his head a red cap with a white one under it, the Father proceeded to a raised chair in the middle of the room, crossed himself, offered silent prayer, and then took his text from the Gospel for the day, Matthew xviii., emphasizing in particular the last part of the passage he had selected—"I forgave thee all that debt because thou desiredst me: shouldest not thou also have had compassion on thy fellow-servant?"

Protestantism he, in some way, made out to be the wicked servant.

So he was proceeding when, in the midst of his sermon, at four P.M., the floor gave way, and crashed, with the bulk of the congregation, through that of the room beneath, down to the ground. A few persons, some twenty or thirty, remained on fragments of the floor which still clung to the walls, "lifting up their hands for help, and beating their

breasts for life." Eventually they cut their way through the lath and plaster partition which divided them from another room in the ambassador's house.

At the sound of the crash, a crowd suddenly assembled—as crowds do congregate, as if they had sprung up from the earth, in London—some coming simply to stare, others with spade and pickaxe to assist. For the protection of the French Embassy, the Recorder, Serjeant Finch, placed guards at the heads of all the passages.

The scene within was awful. Here legs alone writhed agonizedly in the air; there a head appeared buried almost up to the lips; and yonder a half-buried body struggled to extricate itself from the heaving chaos, in which living and dead were locked together in involuntary embrace.

All night, by the light of lanterns and torches, and part of next day, the work of exhumation went on. Ninety-five corpses were dug out: amongst them those of Father Drury and his friend, Father Redyate. As the news spread that such-a-one and such-another was dead, mourners went about the streets, bewailing their bereavement. Having first shut up Ludgate, and doubled the guards to keep out the crowd, the Recorder and the sheriffs met at the Embassy to view the place, and a coroner's inquest was held.

The verdict they brought in was "accidental death," but rabid Romanists attributed the catastrophe to Protestant conspirators, whilst rabid Protestants again cried, "God's judgment on the idolaters!"

For some time afterwards the officiating priests in Roman Catholic places of worship in England used, after the benediction, to call for three Paternosters and three Ave Marias "for those who died at Blackfriars." We are told that some who had escaped with their lives when the floor fell, wished that they had perished when they heard these reiterated prayers and salutations, thinking that with such a many-lipped power of piety exerted on their behalf, their souls would have been sure of salvation.

St. Anne's Church having been destroyed by the Great Fire of 1666, Blackfriars was annexed to the parish of St. Andrew's Ward-

robe, so called because it once contained the royal wardrobe. The account of the wardrobe keeper in Edward IV.'s reign has been preserved, and quotes, as the market reports say, these prices:—

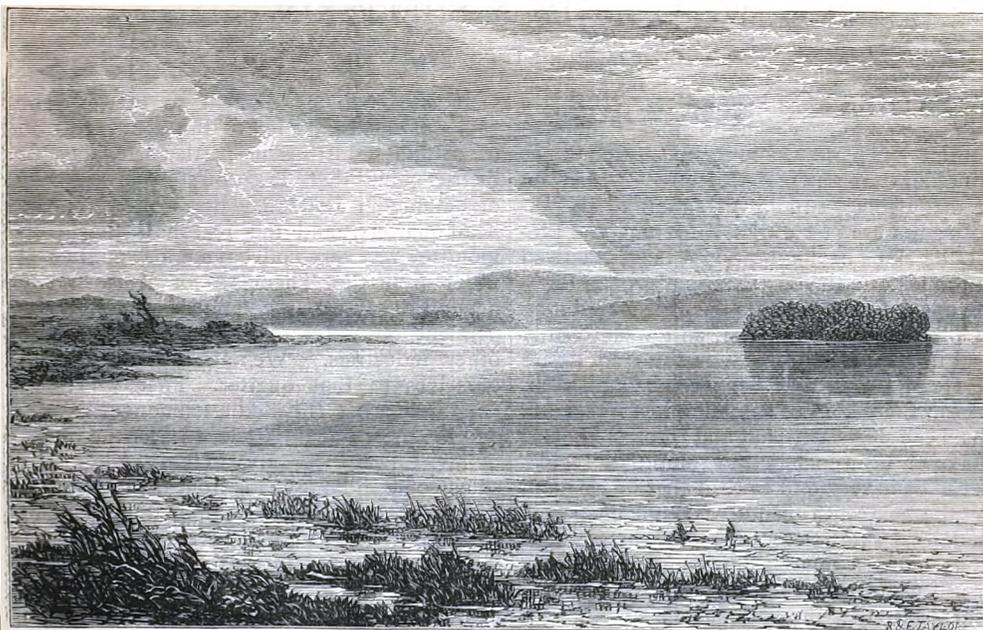
Hats, 1s.; ostrich feathers, 10s. each; Spanish leather shoes, double-soled, 1s. 4d., black leather boots, 6s. 8d. per pair; feather beds with bolsters, 16s. 8d. each; velvet from 8s. to 16s. a yard; velvet upon velvet, 40s.; cloth of gold, ditto; damask, 8s.; satins, 6s., 10s., 12s.; sarcenets, 4s. to 4s. 2d. The keeper had £100 a year, but his clerk only 1s. a day. The king paid his tailors 6d. a day, and 3d. a pair to the laundresses who washed his sheets. Candles at that time were 1d. per pound.

After the Great Fire, some men digging on the site of the monastery of the Black Friars came upon a vault in which were four pots of thick fine pewter, with ringed covers of the same, flat in front but curved behind. They held four embalmed heads, with hair still on, and teeth still in them, wrapped in black silk which had almost rotted away. The bottoms of the pots were powdered with black dust. On the inside of one cover, "J. Cornelius" was scratched, and near the pots, or urns, was found a headless corpse. It has been conjectured that these heads belonged to Friars Preachers decapitated for their presumption in denying Henry VIII.'s ecclesiastical supremacy. One was given to an apothecary, another to the parish clerk, who made a show of it; they were all eventually, it is supposed, exported as relics.

If there had been a *Times* to record the sayings and doings of its precinct from the day when the Black Friars first settled there, what fascinating reading its early files would have afforded! How hard it is now to realise that kings and queens, nobles, and ecclesiastics have strutted like peacocks in secular or sacred pride in the dingy but not venerable-looking block of London in which the bit of old wall which hundreds may, or just as probably may not, have noticed, when taking a short cut through St. Martin's Court, will soon be the only old thing left.

RICHARD ROWE.





LOCH AN-DORB.

[A fine sheet of water, about nine miles from Grantown, Morayshire. It is over two miles long by one broad, and belongs to the Earl of Seafield and the Earl of Moray, who preserve it. In this loch is an old Highland fortress, once a stronghold of the Comyns, assailed by Edward I., and occupied by him for some time. Near it is a road supposed to be of Roman origin, and mentioned in a charter by Alexander II. of Scotland.]

FAR in the wilds of Moray, black and bare,
 Set like a gem, 'mid steep, encircling hills,
 With sides deep-scarred by frequent wintry rills,
 Lone Loch An-Dorb, thou smilest sweet and fair.
 Thy island, castle-crowned, in ruin rare,
 Calls up rude days, far in the mist of years,
 When the fierce Comyns held, in blood and tears,
 Their fastness in these regions, bleak and spare.
 Scarce changed since then the scene; but now no more
 Stern clansmen man these walls, nor tread this strand:
 Here range unchallenged men from many a shore—
 The grave, the gay—alone, in pensive band;
 And where the shouts of war oft rang of yore
 A desert stillness reigns o'er all the land.

WILLIAM BENNETT.



WHAT IS IN A SHEEPSKIN.

I.—LEATHER—ITS PREPARATION.

LEATHER has a long history. If it is a too exclusive motto that "there is nothing like leather," few manufactured things are older. It was probably the very first bit of manufacture—rude, yet suited to its purpose; the use of bark for hardening and preserving skins having no doubt been practised in pre-historic times. Even our progenitor—the ancient Briton—used a strong hide thong to throw his stones with, and was scantily clad in leather—anticipating the odd desire of George Fox, the founder of Quakerism. Within the period of authentic history leather has been legislated for and protected, and has often been included in sumptuary regulations. It is very odd to read that in England in the sixteenth century complaints were made that skins were tanned in three weeks (thus unconscionably shortening the period of use and wont, which had been about one year), and that in consequence an Act was passed in 1548, prohibiting tanners from selling hides that were not attested to have been nine months in the tan-pit. And the jealousy of rival guilds, which did something in old days to secure the division of labour, if nothing more, is also seen in the history of leather. In 1439 tanners were prohibited from being shoemakers; while in 1562 butchers were precluded from becoming tanners under a penalty. Some of the restrictions which surrounded the leather-manufacture actually remained until 1830, when they were completely removed by an Act of George IV. Free trade in tanning, then introduced, gave an immense impetus to the application and extension of the chemical discoveries which had been made by Seguin in 1795, and by Sir Humphrey Davy in 1803. These applications of chemistry have rendered the process more and more complicated. Time is gained; and in the higher departments of the work the spirit of fine art comes so largely into play, that we are quite sure few of our readers, when they see a hat lining, a pair of gloves, or of kid boots, not to speak of commoner productions, have any idea of the many processes and kinds of manipulation it has gone through before reaching that stage. They may, therefore, be interested in following a short description of some visits paid to large establishments for the manufacture of leather.

It is sometimes difficult to get at the reasons which have led to the concentration of certain industries in particular places or districts, but there is no mystery in the case of tanning in London. Bermondsey is the head-quarters, and the reason is that Bermondsey was very convenient for supplies of water from the Thames: for it is hardly needful to say that the tanners are more dependent on water than are those in most other industries. We accordingly betake ourselves to that quarter. First we must peep in at what is called a fellmonger's yard, and are most obligingly shown over the works of Mr. Edward Cordery. Here the hides or skins come in large loads from the slaughter-houses, with the wool still upon them. The chief work here is to remove the wool, and all is preparatory to this. The skins are spread out on blocks and beaten with rough mallets to loosen the clotted blood or any dirt that may adhere to the wool, and then they are thrown into large tanks and washed in pure water. After that they are spread out and painted over in the inside with a thickish liquid of lime, and hung up to dry to a certain extent in the open air, and after that in heated presses. Then they are handed to men who spread the skins over a block in front of them, and with a few passes of an instrument like a giant spoke-shave easily remove the wool from the skin already well loosened from it. These men know by the class to which the skin belongs, the quality of the wool from off each part—back, breast, or top of the legs—and roughly assort the wool as they detach it, by throwing it into one or other of a range of boxes before them. The wool, before it leaves the fellmonger's yard, undergoes further very careful processes of picking and sorting; but to follow up the wool belongs to a different part of our subject. The skins are now put into lime pits, where they lie for a few days, and then they are ready to go to the tanners, whither we must follow them.

Messrs. Bevingtons and Sons, of Neckinger Mills, are one of the oldest and largest firms in the trade, and owing to their kindness, and the friendly attentions of Mr. Samuel B. Bevington, we may with all justice say that we could hardly have seen the various processes of the leather manufacture under more favourable conditions. Here the sheep skins, after

inspection, are again put into pits, where they are subjected to the action of lime and water for about a fortnight, being drawn up at intervals and passed successively into stronger solutions of lime.

They are next submitted to the process known technically as *fleshing on the beam*. This means that they are struck out on a sloping block or beam, having a convex surface whereon the skin may be conveniently laid, and are gone over by a rough two-handled knife to detach any of the particles of flesh that may have been left after flaying, and have not yet been removed. The texture of the skin is thus opened also as a preliminary to processes to come. They are then laid on the top of the others in piles for a day or two.

The next stage through which many of the finer skins pass, is that of *splitting*. In a machine room we see several splitting knives at work. This machine, like most others, has by gradual stages reached its present form. The skin is fixed by steel hooks attached to a roller, and is passed over a straight edge, being pressed against it by means of a spring bar. A very sharp horizontal knife, worked by a crank and connecting rod, oscillates backward and forward rapidly, thus dividing the skin as it is drawn by the roller over the straight edge. The invention is at once admirably simple and admirably perfect, and illustrates the economy which machinery brings into manufacture. Before this knife was invented, many of the skins for fine work could only be thinned by paring down; so that a great portion of the skin was lost. Nowadays, by means of this machine sheepskins can be so split, that two skins practically are got out of one. Seal skins are also split, and in the case of large ones the flesh side is tanned for inferior purposes, but the outsides of small ones are of no value, and are sold for purposes of manure, being especially in demand among the hop growers. And here we may remark, that the "fleshings" from the tanner's yard are sold for making glue and size, and the finer sorts for gelatine. The *split* sheepskins have the technical name of "skivers," while the whole or unsplit ones are called "roans"—which may impart some meaning to words that are to be seen on the signs of leather merchants.

The sheepskins intended for "roans" are then *tumbled*, i.e. they are thrown into gigantic revolving tubs through which water runs. These tubs contain perhaps ten dozen skins at a time, and it is certainly a striking

sight in such large manufactories as that of Messrs. Bevingtons and Sons to see a row of these ponderous wheels revolving with their heavy contents. Inside they are constructed rather like a washing-machine, having shelves arranged in somewhat the same way, and against these shelves the skins are driven and dashed with great force several times in each revolution. The next process is called *puering*—the skins being immersed in a solution of dog's-dung, and worked on the beam with a two-handled knife. A slate knife is also used in the process to remove the fine hairs which may yet remain.

The next stage is the *pressing*—some twenty dozen skins being put in a hydraulic press with metal plates between them. The purpose of this is to squeeze all remains of fatty matter completely out, and when the skins are taken from the press it is evident to the eye how much in bulk has been lost through the extreme thinness that they now present.

The skins are next *drenched*, which means that they are thrown into a mixture of bran and water—which has the effect, by its fermentation, of opening the pores of the skin and softening it. But here we must pause to explain that now the skins divide themselves into two great classes (all kinds having, with a few modifications, up to the present followed the course described)—those which are coarsest in quality and are to be devoted to commoner uses, being sent with the seal-skins and hides to the bark pits, to go through the somewhat slow process of tanning there; while the finer skins have a different destination, involving a far greater and more interesting variety of treatment. Bark, though its stringent properties render it most efficient in tanning, has the disadvantage of leaving a colour on the skin, and therefore the skins that are meant to be white or to be dyed in fine colours must not be submitted to treatment by it. After casting a glance at the large bark-pits, where men are fishing up skins out of many feet of water thick with bark, and laying in others, we turn away, and follow the processes in the case of the finer ones.

These are taken and tumbled once more, struck out again, and submitted anew to the slate knife, lest any hairs should still remain; then they are put in a weak solution of sulphuric acid, then washed in water once again. This process is called *sweetening*, because its intention is to take the sour acid out, and to open the skin for the reception of the tanning matter.

Our next visit is to a chamber the sight of which somewhat surprises us. Here are dozens of women and girls engaged in sewing up what appear to be skin bags, somewhat like big water-bottles used in the East, and at first we cannot imagine of what use their work can be. It is essential, however, in tanning with *sumach*, as we shall immediately see. About eightpence per dozen is paid for the sewing of the skins into these bags. When we step into the next department the reason of the bag-sewing becomes fully apparent. Here we find men engaged in filling up these bags with a brick-brown coloured liquid, and afterwards throwing them down to float about in it in big round tubs. The *sumach*, which is scientifically called *Rhus coriaria*, belongs to a genus of deciduous trees, and the ground-leaf from it is fine and soft, and for this process is simply mixed in water. The bags are kept floating about in the sumach liquor for some hours—generally between three and four—after which the water is squeezed through the pores of the skin by the pressure of their own weight on the framework over the one side of the tub on which they have been piled while still filled. The whole tanning process in this case only requires some twelve hours—a great improvement certainly on the bark in all its forms, which needed weeks, and sometimes even months. After this process of tanning the skins are ripped open, washed out carefully so as to remove all the adherent sumach, struck out on a table, and dried in lofts by the action of the air; when thoroughly dried they are technically known as *in the crust*.

Having now described the process of tanning the *roans*, or unsplit sheepskins, we will take up the *skivers*, or split sheepskins, from the splitting engine.

Being of more delicate texture and substance than the roan they are not subjected to any of the more violent processes required to soften and cleanse the former. Instead of being *tumbled* they are merely washed in clean water, after which they go through the processes of *puering* and *drenching* as already described. The pressing for the extraction of the grease is omitted in their case. On account of their thinness it is not requisite; the process of *puering* being quite sufficient to remove all traces of grease. They are then tanned in open vats with sumach, but without being sewn into bags, and after being washed in water to remove the superfluous sumach, are dried in the lofts by the action of the atmosphere.

Here again we encounter a parting of the ways—a division in the destination of the products we have followed thus far. Some of the skins now go to the dye-house, others—the white ones—pass on to “finishing,” undergoing a preparatory process, however, in the dye-house. This consists in an application of sugar-of-lead and sulphuric acid, the purpose of which is to bleach them. Those which are to be coloured are also put through this very dilute sulphuric acid, as it enables them to take on the colour more easily and more perfectly. Plaster of china clay is then put on the white skins to whiten them more thoroughly, and after that they are rubbed with the white of egg, and then rolled. This gives that shininess which is found on white hat-leathers, for example. The peculiar markings called “grain,” which are also frequently seen, are produced by “graining” or “finishing” machines, which pass a grooved wooden wheel, fixed on a shaft, rapidly over the surface put at a proper level, the skin being shifted as is needful at each movement; and the same process is applied to all finer leathers that, after being finished, are what is called “grained.”

The process in the dye-house is one in which chemistry plays so important a part that it is difficult to describe it familiarly. Suffice it to say, that logwood and ordinary dyeing materials are largely in request there, and that furnaces and vats of peculiar construction are to be seen, the skins being plunged into the vats according to the colour required.

One of the most important departments of the work is certainly that called “shaving,” the last process to which fine skins are subjected by the knife. The expertness required in it is such that it not improbably gave rise to a common slang expression derived from the name. “Shaving” may be called the fine art of the leather trade, for it certainly requires great skill. After the dyed skins have been brought from the dye-house, they are conveyed to a room where some half-a-dozen men are at work leaning over a block or beam, on which a skin is thrown wrong side up, and bringing a knife of very peculiar make across it at certain parts. This knife has the edge at right angles to the blade, and to get the proper edge on a knife requires itself a training. The purpose of the shavers’ work is to equalise the thickness of the skin throughout, and to remove any fault in it. An unskilful “shaver” might speedily destroy much pro-

perty, and render null and void all the labour that had already been expended on the articles. One of the craft modestly urged its claims upon us, saying that the seven years' apprenticeship demanded was by no means too long; for during the first two years the youth was merely learning to handle the knife, and could not be trusted to put it on a fine skin; and from what we saw we are inclined to think that the facts were not greatly overstated.

Shamoy skins are, as every one knows, largely used for many purposes—for inside linings of gloves, &c., and for cleaning purposes in many departments. It is not derived from the skin of the chamois, as is sometimes ignorantly supposed, from the sound of the name, which results from the process, but from the flesh-side of the sheepskins which have been *split*. The skins, after having been passed in the ordinary way through the earlier processes of washing, &c., are soaked first in lime-water and next in a mixture of bran and water, or in a weak infusion of sulphuric acid, after which they are beaten in a mill till no moisture remains in them. Fish oil is then poured over the skins, which are again beaten till they are thoroughly impregnated with it. This is done over and over again until the skins can receive no more oil; and then they are hung for a short time in a room heated up to a certain temperature. They are then carefully washed in a solution of potash, which removes any oil that may still remain about the leather; and thus we have the shamoy skin of daily use.

The drying processes in connection with leather-dressing are of so great importance that a word may be allowed on them. In such an establishment as that of Messrs. Bevingtons and Sons, which occupies over five acres of ground, and actually seems to have a little Thames running through it, a very large proportion of the buildings is devoted to drying lofts, some of which are unheated, and others kept at different temperatures. The shifting of the skins from loft to loft in the process of drying is one of the most urgent parts of the work, requiring unceasing care and watchfulness. The portions of such a factory which are seen by the passers by are indeed nothing but these huge drying lofts, whose sides are composed of louvre boards, and the floors often of open lathwork.

As we pass from room to room we are surprised to observe the speed with which lads and young women cut out and run through machines, somewhat like sewing-machines,

the hat-leathers and other articles, which are to be seen in large packages of many thousands. Calf-leather for bookbinding in all colours, with a beautiful smoothness that feels to the touch like satin, leather for furniture, and leather for gloves, we see in the very rarest and finest qualities, in such quantities as awakens quite a new conception of the place of leather in the world's requirements, seeing that this is but one of a multitude of similar establishments.

A word or two may not unfittingly be added about the special processes used in producing other forms of leather, though we have been principally concerned with the sheepskins. Morocco leather is made from goatskins, tanned in sumach, dyed in the ordinary way, having been previously immersed in a solution of sulphuric acid; and the grain or stamping upon it is done either by hand or by machinery, similar to that which we have already described for the purpose of dicing or graining. Very fine small skins for gloves are often prepared by immersion in a solution of alum and salt instead of tannin, flour and the yolk of eggs being afterwards applied to soften and whiten. Buff leather, not now quite so much in request as in former days, was at first made from the skin of an animal called the *bufe*, or urus, which was then common in Western Europe. When new, the leather was always a tawny yellow, and the skins gave the name to the colour. Cordovan leather was first made at Cordova in Spain, from hides dressed to be used with the grain-side outwards. It was from this leather that the title of cordwainer came. Russia leather is tanned in an infusion of willow or birch bark, and derives its peculiar and long-enduring odour from the birch oil with which it is dressed. Levant leather is first "struck out" in warm water on a mahogany table, "blacked" with logwood and iron liquor, then polished by revolving rollers, and "grained up" by the workman with a "corking board" on a table. The grain is set into the leather in a hot stove, and after this it is oiled with cod oil. In finishing japanned leather the japanning mixture is worked by the hand alone. This mixture consists simply of linseed oil and Prussian blue, the last coat being of linseed oil and lamp black, put evenly over the surface as it lies spread out on a table. No machine has, as yet, been made to supersede the hand in this part of the work. In the blacking of skins a mixture of ox blood and acetate of iron is now very often used.

In all the processes of tanning and curry-

ing great attention is necessarily paid to the *stretching* of the skin, so as to secure its utmost capacity, and the importance of this work increases the nearer that we approach to the "finishing."

Generally speaking, leather of the stronger kinds, which is tanned by any of the quicker methods of strong solution, is less durable than that which has been treated by the slower process of the bark-pit.

H. A. PAGE.

A SAWDUST PIE.

WHILE holding in profound respect and admiration the Christmas season and its festivities, it has struck me, in common with many others, that some of the latter receive more honour than is justly due to them. Apart from religious considerations, it certainly is the custom for families at this season to meet, and in these reunions many little jealousies and slights, real or fancied, are forgiven, and all are prepared to start on the new year with their ill-feelings cancelled, if not forgotten. These and other praiseworthy considerations naturally endear Christmas to us all; but it is still doubtful whether the high reputation of "Good Cheer" (I apply the term to the feastings, and not in any way to the Christmas publication of that name) is not frequently a great mistake. Frankly, I have outlived my love for plum-pudding, as I am persuaded it frequently causes more inconvenience from indigestion than the pleasure experienced in eating it is worth. There even appears to me something doubtful about the reputation of that "Good old British joint," the sirloin of beef, for I am unable to call to mind, in the many descriptions I have read of mediæval feastings, a single instance in which that joint has been mentioned. For snapdragon I have a profound dislike, and mince-pies, from sanitary causes, I hold in utter aversion.

Repugnant to my taste as many of our Christmas dishes may be, I lately received an invitation to be present at a children's party, at which the principal object of attraction, as stated in the card of invitation, was to be a "Sawdust Pie." Again, there appeared in this intimation something like a cruel piece of mockery, inasmuch as the governors of the charitable institution in which this singularly unappetising dish was to be placed before the guests (all of whom were to be little girls from ten to fourteen years of age), had hitherto enjoyed an unblemished reputation for kindness and liberality to those under their charge; and to offer a dish of the kind to these poor destitute little creatures would be an atrocious act, which would exceed in cruelty anything recorded in the

annals of Bumbledom. To clear up this anomaly I decided on accepting the invitation, and, on a cold and dreary evening, I crossed the river and proceeded to the institution in question, which was situated in St. George's Field's, Southwark.

The hall in which this singular banquet was to take place was large and lofty, but narrow in proportion, its length being, perhaps, a hundred and twenty feet by some twenty-five feet in breadth. About half-way down this hall, on a low table, appeared the preparations for the feast. These consisted of a large oval washing-tub or trough in the centre of the table, and a smaller and circular one on each side of it. All three were filled to the brim with sawdust, but I found, on nearer approach to them, not with sawdust alone. Not only was I told that beneath the surface, down to the very bottom of the tubs, were concealed many objects of value, or, at least, objects held in high estimation by the little guests, but on the surface were stretched some eight or ten dolls dressed in a singular variety of costume, and each in its way very attractive. There was one feature in the hall which struck me as being inappropriate to a festival of the kind,—it was insufficiently lighted; in fact there was an appearance of gloom about it which was, to say the least, very depressing. True, there was sufficient light near the table to display the objects on it, though nothing to spare, while the extremities of the long room were in almost total darkness. Nor should these remarks appear too critical, for the reader will admit that in all Christmas festivities an abundance of light is necessary. Even the poorest cottager, on occasions of the kind, tries to illuminate his squalid room, if only by the addition of another candle stuck in a ginger-beer bottle. On the arrival of the guests, however, a good and valid excuse soon became apparent for this imperfect illumination; for had the hall been resplendent with the most brilliant lime-light it would have been utterly thrown away upon them—they were all stone-blind, and had been so from their birth.

After the children, some twenty-five in

number, had entered the hall, accompanied by the head nurse, they were formed into a group beside the wall. As each child's name was called, she advanced towards the pies, and when told to search into them for a prize remained there till she had found one. She was then led to the other side of the room, where she was to remain. Another child's name was then called, and so on, till each child had received a prize, and then the pies and the tables being removed, general conversation commenced. It would be difficult to describe the many little interesting episodes which had taken place during the search. Each child, as she was led towards the pies, betrayed an expression of anxiety which her sightless face would hardly have been thought capable of displaying, and which increased in intensity when her hands touched the sawdust. They all seemed to be actuated by the idea that the most valuable prizes would be placed at the bottom of the tubs, and in consequence they immediately plunged their hands into the sawdust as deep as they would go, little imagining that those they most coveted, the dolls, were placed on the top. Occasionally a child might be seen searching anxiously at the bottom for a doll, while a doll was on the surface within an inch of her arm. More than once I was on the point of telling the poor child how close the doll was to her, but I was reminded that this would hardly be fair to the others who had yet to run their chance. And then again all received some prize of equal value, if not as much esteemed as the doll, such as a pot of jam, a box of doll's tea-things, or some other toy, so that none had any real cause for disappointment. One of the most interesting sights during the search, was when a child, one of the last, had, with a look of sorrow on her face, withdrawn her empty hands from the bottom of the pie, and in doing so touched the dress of the last remaining doll on the surface. A more rapid change of expression, from disappointment to joy, I never witnessed on the face of a human being.

The comparative silence and decorum which had reigned in the room during the search for the prizes now vanished, and a state of joyous excitement supplied its place. The owners of the dolls, as well as the dolls' toys, congregated together and explained to each other the beauties and peculiarities of the prizes they had obtained. They generally first passed the hand over the face, as endeavouring to identify by the form of the features whether it was pretty or otherwise,

but upon what data their ideas of beauty were based it would be difficult to imagine. Certainly they had some ideas of a pretty face, for if the doll in that respect came up to the ideal of its owner, it was generally rewarded with a kiss. The hair was then examined, especially the manner in which it was dressed, whether in good taste or bad (for personal appearance, gentle reader, is as much appreciated by the generality of sightless girls as by those who possess eyes of heaven's own blue, or any other colour). But the dresses of the dolls occasioned more discussion among the children than the form of their features and the fashion in which their hair was dressed put together. They minutely examined not only the fit of their frocks and their texture and qualities, but their underclothing and shoes and stockings as well. It was also singular to see how soon each got acquainted with the peculiarities of her own doll. After it had been a quarter of an hour in her possession, it would have been as difficult to impose another girl's doll on her as her own as it would be to persuade a sighted mother that another woman's infant in her arms was her own offspring.

But while the owners of the dolls and the gainers of the boxes of little teacups and saucers, and other articles necessary to a doll's well-being and happiness, were discussing matters connected with their newly-found little ones, several other children were collected round the chaplain's wife, who on this occasion acted as lady superior of the whole entertainment, as well as confidential adviser to all present. To answer in a satisfactory manner many of the questions put to her, was a matter of no little difficulty to this lady, ample as her stock of patience indisputably was. The quality and contents of the pots of jam and other eatables occasioned her no difficulty whatever, but with the toys it was different, one or two puzzles especially. But perhaps the most difficult task of all was to explain to a very intelligent child, some ten or eleven years of age, a tin model of a locomotive engine and tender. She had acquired before she entered the institution, a tolerably exact idea of a horse and cart, and she understood the mechanism of this movement by one girl drawing another round the room; but in what manner an object having neither life, intelligence, or will, could perform the wonders it did, puzzled her mightily, and the more so from the proof she had of the truth of the lady's statement, when a few months before she came up to London by train to become an

inmate of the institution. Even after she had quitted the lady superintendent, I noticed her, silent and thoughtful, carefully examining the toy with her hand, and on speaking to her she told me she could not understand how, if the tender were in front of the engine, it was possible for the train to move. If one of her companions stood before her she herself must come to a dead stop or go round, unless she pushed her on one side.

I remained with the children till it was time for them to go to bed. The following morning, having some business to transact on the Surrey side of the water, I called on the chaplain who had given me the invitation, but who was unavoidably absent the evening before, to thank him for his kindness, and express the great pleasure I had experienced by my visit. Our conversation naturally turned on the poor children, and the peculiar ideas and idiosyncrasies engendered by their blindness. To my great surprise he told me that although some differences existed between them and other children as to their mode of thought, it was not carried to the extent which might be imagined. To my great satisfaction I found that none among them appeared to grieve at the terrible misfortunes they were labouring under. They had never known the blessing of sight, and therefore did not grieve for its loss. And then again, if misfortune had deprived them of one faculty, nature, to a certain extent, had compensated them for the loss by increasing the power and acuteness of several of their other faculties. For example, sense of touch among them became finer, in some cases wonderfully so. They could detect without difficulty irregularities of surface so small as to be invisible to a child endowed with the most perfect eyesight. Indeed so perfect was the sense of touch in many of them, as almost to form a parallel to the old Eastern fable of the genii who to compensate for the punishment of blindness inflicted by Allah on an unbeliever, placed an eye on the tip of his fore-finger. Their sense of hearing also became wonderfully acute, and that to a point which would almost appear impossible to an individual not accustomed to mix with them. True, they are not like Prince Fortunio's gifted servant in the fairy tale who heard the grass grow as he rode along, still when a score of these poor children are assembled together, and a stranger, no matter how softly, joins them, on the first hush of silence among them they will detect his presence, solely by the difference in his breathing. Their

memory also becomes wonderfully retentive. They certainly learn more slowly than a sighted child, but their attention being less likely to be called off by external objects, their lessons remain the more deeply impressed upon the memory. Again, this faculty is still further increased by a rule they are always enjoined to bear in mind, and that is, never to put down any object they may want again, without impressing on the memory the exact spot in which it may be found.

Before leaving the blind school I again, accompanied by the chaplain, visited the hall in which I had passed the previous evening. Here I found the greater part of the poor children whose behaviour at the Festival of the Sawdust Pie had so much interested me. Several of these had their dolls with them. Meeting a group of three girls walking together, all of whom I knew had gained dolls the evening before, I asked them what had become of their babies; they answered me, with all the gravity of matrons, that after having dressed them they seemed tired, so they had put them to sleep and were themselves meanwhile taking a little walk. On questioning the nurse as to the instinctive ability of these blind little girls to attend to their dolls, she told me that it was perfectly wonderful, as from their sightless condition they were unable to learn from imitating others. More than one of those who had gained a doll the night before, though she had never previously had one in her hands, undressed it and put it to bed as handily as the others.

By way of carrying out her theory as to the instinctive ability of these poor blind girls in the management of their dolls, she took us to another part of the room where there was a little group of these children collected round a fire-place from which they were separated by a tall iron fender. Here I found that a serious accident had occurred to two of the dolls which had been gained as prizes the previous evening. One of these was a fearful rent which had occurred in a light blue gauze frock; fortunately, however, it was capable of being repaired. The doll at the moment of my arrival had been placed in the hands of one of the older children, a girl of perhaps thirteen years of age, who, I was informed, was an excellent needlewoman. Nor was the character given of her more than she deserved. After having carefully, with her hand, examined the tear in the frock, she took from a case a needle and then felt carefully for the position of the eye. When she had exactly found it, with a dexterity

which could not have been surpassed by a finished seamstress, she passed the thread through it, and went on with her work, possibly a little slower than an ordinary needlewoman, but with equal neatness and exactitude. The other case was a far more serious affair. In some unexplained manner the other doll had, in the course of the night, lost her legs—a circumstance which naturally caused great grief to its distracted parent. The nurse, who had great experience in such

matters, assured her that the misfortune could be easily repaired, and the owner had now only to soothe the sorrows of her doll. This she was doing in a perfectly maternal manner. She had placed the child's head near her left shoulder, and was patting its back in a most soothing manner. With these two exceptions, not very serious in themselves, every reminiscence I have of my first Sawdust Pie Treat is a pleasurable one.

WM. GILBERT.

THE EARTH'S PLACE IN NATURE.

A Sketch of a Branch of Physiography.

From Notes of Lectures given for the Gilchrist Trustees in the years 1874 and 1875.

By J. NORMAN LOCKYER, F.R.S.

NO. I.

THE present century is remarkable for the manner in which the unity of nature, and therefore the unity of science, which is the study of nature, is being demonstrated to us. We live at a period which, in the coming time, will be looked upon as a very memorable one, because it has taught us that there is as distinct a unity of matter in the universe, as in Newton's time it was clearly demonstrated that there was a unity of force.

Only a few years ago, when we wished to know anything about matter external to the planet on which we dwell, the only means at our disposal was that furnished us by the fall of those mysterious meteoric masses of iron or stone which are, and were then, found from time to time, some few of which have actually been watched in their fall from the heavens to the earth. At the present day, however, by means of the spectroscope, any particular substance which is known to the chemist here is instantly detected in the most distant regions of the universe, if it happens to be giving out or absorbing light which eventually reaches our eyes.

The result of such observations of distant matter has already been that, with small and trivial exceptions, we find that the matter with which we are familiar in this earth is precisely that matter which is found in all the regions of space accessible to our inquiries.

This wonderful result, which demonstrates a new and close bond of union between our Earth and the other masses of matter in space, naturally increases our interest in these bodies. Knowing thus much we thirst to know more, and we at once associate our interest in the heavenly host with that in our

own world to which they have been proved to be akin. Hence these facts have grouped round a new centre. Formerly when we dealt with matter outside our own planet, we were apparently approaching an astronomical subject. This is really not so, in the light of modern knowledge, at least in the old sense of the word. Astronomy may be very sharply divided into two distinct branches: one which I will call mechanical astronomy, which deals with the motions and the exquisite order of the motions of the heavenly bodies; and another, which I will call physical astronomy, which concerns itself not so much with the motions of the masses as with the motions of the molecules of which these masses are built up. In the latter branch we leave the molar forces, that is, those which have to do with the motions of each heavenly body as a whole, and come to the molecular ones, that is, those of the parts of which it is built up. We deal with molecular motion in a star or in a nebula, or in any other cosmical body; but in doing so we follow physical methods which are scarcely yet acclimatised in any observatory. Not only then is the point of view not an astronomical one in the old sense of the word, but it becomes more limited still if celestial kinships are chiefly studied.

What I have set myself to do in these pages is to bring together some lines of thought which will enable us to form an idea of the Earth's Place in Nature, especially, though not exclusively, from the new standpoint to which I have referred; and I propose to do it in this way: I shall first summarise in the briefest possible way the facts connected with the earth, which we can, very

closely indeed in some cases, and more or less roughly in the rest, compare with similar ones relating to the other heavenly bodies.

We shall have a distinct advantage in beginning with statements regarding the earth, because we live on it; indeed, we shall be adopting the only true way of scientific investigation, namely, gradually travelling outwards from the known. It will also be necessary to pass from the properties of elementary aggregations of matter to those larger aggregations which we call planet, sun, comet, nebula. In doing this I hope soon to show that I am by no means travelling out of my subject; for what the valley of the Thames is to the whole earth's surface, a molecule of matter is to the whole cosmos.

These facts will form our stock-in-trade. We shall draw upon mechanical astronomy for facts concerning other bodies, which will enable us to form an idea of the earth's place in nature as a member of a system of planets travelling round a star; and then upon the newer astronomy for those others which will furnish us with ideas of its place in nature, so far as the past, present, and future of its constituent molecules are concerned. This latter study will enable us to directly compare the earth's present chemical and physical condition with the condition of the other celestial bodies, and to study those interactions of one celestial body on another which are among the most mysterious problems presented to the modern investigator.

It will be well also, seeing that we shall have so much to do with the bodies external to the earth, to refer briefly to the methods by which we are enabled to make ourselves acquainted with their chemistry and physics by means of spectroscopes.

The earth has been pretty well studied, and in bringing together the facts concerning it we get a notion of the wonderful interaction and interweaving of all the sciences. It no longer suffices a man to be a geologist, or a chemist, or a biologist; for biology has to lean on chemistry and physics, as they must do on mathematics; the geologist is powerless in the study of his favourite science unless he has a knowledge of physics and chemistry, and so on. If we compare the various sources from which we have derived our present knowledge of the earth, we find that at least four important branches of science, to say the least, have to be drawn upon.

In the first place, the shape and volume of

the earth are matters which have been studied by means of geometry. The physics of the earth, by which I mean its present physical condition—such matters as its density and therefore mass; the physical conditions of the materials of which it is composed, apart from their chemical condition—is of course a question for the physicist. Then again the nature of the materials of which the earth is built up, their various compoundings, their various arrangements generally, form a subject with which chemistry alone has to deal. Whilst, last of all—and I say last of all because I am now dealing with the most recent of the sciences—geology comes and tells us of the earth as it existed in past times, and brings to us the idea of successive actions which have been and are still going on in this earth of ours, now of one kind and now of another.

Now, if we were not to think of the various phenomena presented to us by the matter in all its forms by which we are surrounded until we were profound geometers, or chemists, or physicists, or geologists, we might almost as well be born blind, for they are the very things which strike us most from childhood, side by side with our mother's love. The sky and the cloud, the grass and stones at our feet, the running of the brook, the various forms of animal and vegetable life, each and all fill us with questioning; and for the child there are few blank pages in the book of nature—none which it does not wish to read. Moreover, there is no better discipline for the youthful mind than a careful watching of cause and inevitable effect which are always going on around it. Hence it is that, long before we had any hold on matter beyond our own earth, elementary facts culled from all branches of knowledge, which facts enabled us to comprehend the phenomena continually going on around us, were grouped together to form what has been termed "physical geography." Here the earth was the unit. When we pass, as we can now do, however dimly and darkly, from the earth to the universe itself, from $\gamma\eta$ to $\phi\upsilon\sigma\iota\varsigma$, the extended horizon, while it adds grandeur to the picture, takes away nothing from its orderly beauty or the interest it should possess for mankind.

In the first place I note the fact that the earth is a globe—a statement proved, as we all know, to demonstration, by the way in which at sea we observe ships gradually disappear; first their lower portion—their hulls, and lastly their loftiest sails. When in the Red Sea a few years ago, on a very fine quiet

day, I saw some smoke ahead, coming, apparently, from a submarine volcano. There was no land in sight, and we saw this smoke when we saw nothing else except the sea and sky. In an hour's time I detected (I was using a very powerful telescope at the time) the top-mast of a steam-vessel, which vessel we subsequently passed. A subsequent comparison of notes showed that at the time that I saw the column of smoke the vessel was more than forty miles away.

Another obvious demonstration familiar to all who have travelled is, that whenever we considerably change our latitude, the well-known stars no longer occupy the same position when they cross the meridian. So that such familiar northern constellations as the Great Bear, or Charles's Wain, and the Pole Star itself, gradually get lower and lower until they scarcely appear above the horizon as we get nearer and nearer the equator; whilst, on the other hand, stars which one who has lived all his life in England has never seen, burst upon his sight. He finds as it were a new heaven revealed to him by simply travelling about this round globe.

The next point, then, is the size of this round globe. Its size has been determined, I have no doubt, to within a very few miles, in what appears to us now a very simple manner. In the first place every section of the earth is bounded approximately by a circle, and mathematicians divide all circles into 360 degrees. Hence, if we can measure accurately the $\frac{1}{360}$ th part of this great circle, and if, when we have got that measure out into miles, we multiply it by 360, we get the circumference of the earth, that is to say, the whole distance round it. Then by dividing this result by something a little over 3 (3.1416, the ratio of the circumference of the circle to its diameter) we find out how far it is from one side of the earth to the other. This gives us the diameter of the earth. As a result of a long series of observations, it has been found that a degree measures as near as possible on the average $69\frac{1}{2}$ miles. It can be stated in inches, but it is near enough for me to give as a first statement of result that it is about $69\frac{1}{2}$ miles; and if you take the trouble to multiply $69\frac{1}{2}$ miles, the average length of one degree, by 360 degrees, the number of degrees that there are all round the earth, you will find that the circumference is something like 25,000 miles, and therefore that the diameter of the earth is something like 8,000 miles.

Mark well the words "on the average."

In truth the earth is flattened at the poles, so that the length of the degree varies from the pole to the equator; and hence the diameter in the equatorial plane is in excess of the diameter from pole to pole. These two diameters, expressed in feet, are as follows:—

Equatorial	41,848,380
Polar	41,708,710

We shall see in the sequel the meaning of this. There is another point. If we liken the earth to an orange the orange must be a squeezed one. The equatorial diameter which passes through the earth from long. $14^{\circ} 23'$ east to $194^{\circ} 23'$ east of Greenwich, is two miles longer than the one at right angles to it.

The next point is, that the earth turns round, or rotates, or spins like a top. In order to make an ordinary globe, representing the round earth, to do this, we have to insert a metal rod, the two ends of which, as we all know, are generally fastened into a circle. The earth itself has no such interior economy as this, but it has something which does just as well, a mathematical line which is called the axis, and round this mathematical line the earth is perpetually rotating with constant speed.

How can I prove this? There are two ways of proving it without entering into any astronomical question at all. A long, heavy pendulum, freely suspended and set swinging in such a manner that it will swing a long time, *goes on swinging in the plane in which it was started*. This pendulum will oscillate in a vertical plane, and with regard to infinite space and to the surface of the earth at rest, that vertical plane would be unchanging; *i.e.* if the pendulum were suspended from the interior of the dome of St. Paul's and set swinging east and west, it would always go on swinging east and west. But how would it be if St. Paul's, which is on the earth, were to change its place in consequence of the earth's motion? We should find that the plane of the pendulum's swing will appear to change—that the pendulum, in swinging, will perpetually change its plane, *or appear to do so*, with regard to the floor of St. Paul's. This indicates, not that the pendulum itself is changing its plane, but that the floor to which we refer that motion is really changing its position with regard to the plane of the oscillation of the pendulum.

This experiment is not an easy one to make, but there is an instrument which exemplifies the same principle in a much more easy manner.

All are familiar with steam-engines, and know that in many forms of them there is what is called a fly-wheel. What is a fly-wheel, and what is its use? Its use is to get over what is termed the dead point—that is, the point when the piston and crank of the engine being in one straight line, the piston cannot produce any motion of the crank. As almost all steam-engines transfer the backward and forward motion of the piston into circular motion, the dead point is got over and the circular motion kept up and equalised by the use of a large wheel with a very heavy rim. Such a wheel, when once set going, keeps the motion which has been communicated to it for a long time. It is impossible to stop it all at once, hence it carries the crank over the dead point. That is one fact about the fly-wheel.

Another fact about a wheel of that kind is this. Not only will it keep its motion, but it does not like being disturbed. If you were to try, for instance, suddenly to shift a fly-wheel on its supports, you would find that it would resist enormously, and to an altogether unexpected extent, any force which you might apply to it in order to get it out of the plane of its motion.

The instrument called a gyroscope is a sort of fly-wheel of the most perfect construction. It can be put into an enormously rapid rotation—so rapid that you cannot see that it is going at all—and if one tries to draw it out of its original plane it resists violently and turns head over heels rather than do so. It simply will not go. Now if, while this wheel is revolving in this beautifully even manner, I fix a telescope to the stand which carries it, and look at a star through the telescope, I find that the star keeps in the field of view, while, if I look at a terrestrial object, it appears to move slowly. Many of you know that it requires a very elaborate contrivance called a "driving clock" to enable an ordinary telescope to follow a star, as it is called, that is, to keep a star always in the field of view of the telescope, so that the astronomer may study it at his ease and measure it. But when I connect a telescope with the stand on which this revolving wheel is placed, it never leaves the star. In other words, the wheel, by virtue of the momentum which it got in a particular direction, and by virtue of the great objection that it has to get out of that direction in which it first began its work, keeps the telescope pointing to the same part of space, quite irrespective of the motion of the earth.

Here, then, we have a physical proof of

the rotation of the earth, quite independent of those astronomical teachings which refer to the apparent daily motion of the stars, and of the question as to whether the earth goes round the sun, or whether the sun goes round the earth.

Further we have used the rotation of the earth to found a system of what we call *time*. We know how much time the earth takes to make a rotation on its axis, this we call a day.

I shall next give, for future reference, some facts with regard to the physical condition of the earth which are familiar to most, namely, that the earth is solid—that is to say, we have a solid ground to walk upon; that although the earth is solid more than three-fourths of its surface are covered with water—oceans, seas, lakes, and rivers; while it is entirely surrounded with a gaseous atmosphere consisting chiefly of oxygen and nitrogen as well as the vapour of water.

I have said that the earth is solid. I do not mean to say absolutely that it is solid like a marble right through, though that is the most probable view. A few years ago it was considered almost as a demonstrated certainty, that the earth had a crust only 25 or 28 miles thick. Now if we take a terrestrial globe a yard in diameter, representing the earth with its diameter of some 8,000 miles, the height of the highest mountain will be represented by the $\frac{1}{1000}$ th part of the diameter of the globe, that is by a very small fraction of an inch. If we take the $\frac{1}{1000}$ th part of the diameter of the globe to represent the thickness of the earth's crust, supposing it to be something like 30 miles, we shall see that such a crust would be a mere shell; it would scarcely be thicker in proportion than the shell of an egg. This condition of things was supposed to be established by the fact, that when men went down mines they found that as a rule the deeper they got the hotter it was. It is true that in some mines the temperature is higher at a certain depth than it is in others; but still it did look very like the truth, that, for a depth of something like 30 yards we got an increase of 1° , and for a depth of twice 30 yards we got an increase of 2° , and so on. If this were so the temperature of boiling water would be reached at a depth of about 2 miles; and the temperature of red-hot iron at a depth of about 7 miles; a temperature which, so far as we know, would melt everything, being reached at a depth of about 25 or 28 miles.

At the same time that this idea was very fully held by geologists, there was another

idea to which physicists were led by a mathematical discussion of the various motions of the Earth. This idea was that the earth was really solid or nearly solid to its centre; that there might be cavities in it here and there which might help to explain the phenomena of volcanoes and hot springs; but that there could be no vast central cavity under a mere shell or crust in whole or in part filled with molten material. I shall have to return to this point in the sequel. I may dismiss it now with the remark that the current of modern geological and physical notions is, that the solid substance of the earth is probably continuous to the centre.

In the latter view as in the former one it is acknowledged that the earth has some interior heat, although geologists no longer hold as they once did that we get absolute evidence of a molten interior sea in the case of volcanoes, which were supposed to be funnels up which the interior fluid was occasionally driven to the surface from the interior central sea. The heat which accompanies volcanic action has been by some ascribed to the crushing together of rock masses by a slow contraction of the globe.

Still, however this may be, the fact that at the poles of the earth, which are nearer the heated centre than the other portions of the surface are, we get perpetual ice, shows very clearly that the higher temperature of the other portions—temperate here, torrid near the equator—does not come from within.

We shall see the bearing of this by-and-by when I come to talk of the other heavenly bodies.

Leaving however the debatable land of the thickness of the crust, there is one thing about the earth which we do know, which is quite independent of the thickness of the crust, and that is, that the earth weighs about $5\frac{1}{2}$ times as much as a similar globe of water would do. If we put some water into a tumbler and drop a cork into it, the cork will not sink, but if we drop a piece of lead into it the lead will sink. These facts are expressed in scientific language by saying that the specific gravity of cork is less, and that of lead greater, than that of water. If the specific gravity of water be taken as 1 the specific gravity of cork is said to be less than 1, the specific gravity of lead greater than 1.

We can find exactly how much the specific gravity of every substance differs from that of water. Thus we find that lead is $8\cdot241$ times

heavier, and so we say that its specific gravity is $8\cdot241$.

We have already seen that the size of the earth is known, so it is easy to find how much it would weigh were it a ball of water 8,000 miles in diameter. We should have to find out how many cubic feet there are, and then to weigh a cubic foot of water and multiply these numbers together. But how are we to weigh the real earth? Some will say take a cubic foot of rock and weigh it; but that would be to take for granted that the earth was built up of that particular kind of rock from surface to centre.

Several methods less direct than this but much more satisfactory have been suggested. I shall simply refer to the principles involved in one of them, suggested by Michel and carried out by Cavendish and Baily. The weight of a body is the measure of the earth's pull upon it, the pull representing the earth's attraction, which depends upon its mass or total weight, which of course depends upon the specific gravity or density of its constituents. Thus if the earth were made of cork its density, weight, and therefore attraction, would be much less than if it consisted of lead or platinum. By very careful and delicate experiments, Baily found the dead pull of a ball of lead one foot in diameter upon a small ball. He could then calculate the dead pull of a ball made of lead the size of the earth. Now the weight of the small ball was already the measure of the dead pull of the earth. He found that the dead pull of a leaden earth would be greater than that of the real one, and he was able to prove that the density of the earth was a little over $5\frac{1}{2}$ times (exactly $5\cdot67$) the density of water.

We also know that if we take the rocks composing the crust of the earth with which we are familiar, the density of those rocks is not so high as $5\frac{1}{2}$ times that of water. So that however thick or however thin the crust of the earth may be, there must be something inside the earth, below the geological formations that we know about, which weighs more than the materials we walk upon and can study.

In connection with this statement I may conveniently refer to the chemical nature of that part of the earth we can get at. An eminent geologist, Professor Prestwich, thus states the composition of the earth's crust:—

“The whole number of known elements composing the crust and atmosphere of the earth amount only to sixty-four, and their relative distribution is vastly disproportionate. It has been estimated that oxygen in com-

bination forms by weight one-half of the earth's crust; silicon enters for a quarter; then follow aluminium, calcium, magnesium, potassium, sodium, iron, carbon. These nine together have been estimated to constitute $\frac{10}{100}$ of the earth's crust. The other $\frac{90}{100}$ consist of the remaining fifty-five non-metallic and metallic elements."

With the exception of the pure gases, oxygen and nitrogen, in the air, nearly all the elements are, moreover, found in a state of combination. Of course the region open to our investigation is limited, but for all that the facts are very remarkable and, as we shall see in the sequel, full of teachings.

We now finally pass to facts of a different order. A new idea is introduced. All the statements we have made up to the present have referred to the earth absolutely. The facts would be there if no other body existed in the cosmos. But now interaction comes in, we begin to get the idea of influence, and this influence comes from without.

The earth is a dark body, that is, it has no light of its own. We associate our *day* with the visible presence of the sun.

Again, as before pointed out, the equatorial portion of the crust of the earth is warmer than that near the poles, and cannot therefore come from within. We learn in fact that this surface heat, like our light, comes from the sun.

Then with regard to our atmosphere. We not only know its constituents, but by means of a barometer we can determine its pressure and the changes of that pressure, and we know that the energies in this atmosphere are always changing their intensity. We are now terrified by sudden storms, and again entranced by the sight of the whole world sinking to repose, lulled by the glorious colour-play of the departing sunbeams on a placid sea of cloud.

Not only have we sudden changes, but there are constantly recurring ones, and this brings me to my point. Here we are in presence of the ebb and flow of action from without.

It may not have struck every one that the existence of the liquids and gases which clothe our earth as with a garment is entirely a question of temperature. We all know that water freezes—supposing the earth were cold enough the water would be frozen not only at the poles but even in the tropics. Supposing the earth still colder, what would happen to a very large constituent of our atmosphere, the vapour of water? That water

vapour also would be frozen just as much as the seas would be. So that at the present moment, because we have a certain temperature upon the earth—because the earth is warmed to a certain extent—we have, besides solids, liquids, and besides liquids, gases. We may thus imagine a time when the earth will be much colder, so that we shall lose all trace of water. We can also take it the other way, and suppose an increase of temperature. The liquid with which we are most familiar here is water; but if we suppose the earth to be very much hotter, a good many other things, including some metals, would be liquid, and these would take the place of water, which would in its turn be driven into steam or aqueous vapour.

The next property of our planet to which we have to refer is of a much more mysterious nature; it is one, moreover, in which an influence from without is as strongly felt as in many of those phenomena with which we are familiar in our atmosphere. Every child knows what a magnet is, and many of even my youngest readers I am sure have often amused themselves by attracting needles with pieces of iron endowed with this peculiar property.

Now the earth itself is a big magnet, and it also attracts needles, and hence it is that our mariners can sail with such unerring certainty over the trackless ocean. When we consider that the commerce of the world depends upon the compass, as the needle used by the mariner is called, and that the use of the compass depends upon a true theory of the earth's magnetism, it is not a little curious to find this subject so generally passed over as if it were neither useful nor interesting. As it is both, I shall dwell upon it somewhat.

The direction and amount of this magnetic force vary in different parts of the earth's surface. If we take a magnetic needle free to move in a horizontal plane (in other words, a compass needle which rests and swings on a pivot in the centre) in some places we find the north end of it pointing to the astronomical north, in others to the astronomical south, east, west, or some intermediate point, the needle in all cases coming to rest in a certain definite position at the same place at the same time; and the needle is said to lie in the magnetic meridian of that place. In two points on the earth's surface, however, it is so sluggish that it points indifferently in all directions. If now we take another similar needle, free to move in a vertical plane and

place it in the magnetic meridian, we find similar variations in the positions at which it comes to rest; in one place it is upright, in others more or less inclined.

Now all these various effects are due to the compounding in various degrees of the amount and direction of the magnetic force in different regions. The horizontal departure from the astronomical meridian is termed *declination* or *variation*; the dip of the needle free to swing in a vertical plane is termed *inclination*, the word "dip" itself being also used. This inclination is greatest, *i.e.* 90°, at the magnetic pole, where the compass ceases to indicate direction.

So far we have dealt with the direction of this mysterious force. We next come to its amount. No reliable method at present exists for determining the total force absolutely, but it can be found by combining the horizontal force and the dip in a certain way. We have then to measure the horizontal force, which is done as follows:—

A magnetic needle or bar, of which the dimension and weight are accurately known, is suspended by a few fibres of silk and made to vibrate in a horizontal plane on either side of the magnetic meridian. The time of vibration at each place will depend upon the magnetic force of the earth and also of the bar. The latter is eliminated and that of the earth determined by the process.

This mysterious force is not a constant thing. The magnetic poles may be said roughly to travel round the poles of the earth (the ends of the earth's axis) in a period of from 900 to 1,000 years, and the magnetic force in any one place is subject to sudden changes, termed "magnetic storms," which are accompanied with displays of that most beautiful phenomenon the aurora borealis or northern lights. We shall see in the sequel that these sudden changes, and those regular ones which have also been carefully observed, depend like meteorological phenomena upon an influence from without.

There now only remains one point of the earth's interior economy to refer to in this first paper.

Not only is the earth a great magnet, but in its crust and in its atmosphere electricity is perpetually at work. The telegraphic operator sometimes finds his work impeded for days together by "earth currents," like

sprites distorting his messages. The amount and duration of them, like meteorological and magnetical changes, also depend upon an influence from without.

With regard to this electricity we have, as Sir William Thomson has well put it, "to look upon the earth and the air as a whole—a globe of earth and air—and consider its electricity, whether in rest or in motion." Indeed it is not yet known whether the magnetism of the earth is not due to this outer shell of currents revolving round under the upper surface. This would make the earth an *electro-magnet*, instead of a *natural one* like the loadstone. Further, the electricity of the earth's surface and of the lower air is generally negative, and we infer that the electricity of the upper regions of the air is of the opposite kind.

So much then for those attributes of the earth which are in the first instance most important for my purpose, which is to compare the earth with the other celestial bodies and to study the various influences which bind the earth to them or some or one of them.

We have now got so far:—

1. The earth is round.
2. Its size has been determined, and its equatorial diameter is larger than the polar one.
3. The earth turns on an axis.
4. The earth is probably solid to its centre, which is much hotter than its surface.
5. The temperature of the surface does not depend upon this interior heat.
6. The earth as a whole is $5\frac{1}{2}$ times denser than water, although its crust is only about half as dense as this.
7. $\frac{1}{1000}$ ths of the crust consist of nine only of the 65 elements which are known to chemists.
8. The earth is a dark body and gets its light from without.
9. The energies of the atmosphere depend upon an influence from without.
10. The earth is a magnet, and our magnetism like our meteorology obeys some external influence.
11. Besides the magnetism of the interior, the surface and atmosphere present to us electrical phenomena.

So much then for the present.



A JOURNEY OF A DOG AND A MAN FROM CARIBOO TO CALIFORNIA.

By MAJOR W. F. BUTTER, C.B.

IT was summer in the forest and yet Quesnelle was not amiable. Its mood was even gloomy. Like many other communities in the world, that of Quesnelle existed solely upon gold; but the fact of their lives being dependent upon the precious metal was, perhaps, more thoroughly brought home to the every-day denizens of Quesnelle than it is to those of many more important and world-famous cities.

Standing on the high bank which overhung the broad, swift-rolling Frazer, and looking full into the face of Quesnelle, even a stranger could quickly realise the fact of the city's being out of sorts. Fully half of its wooden houses showed unmistakable signs of un-occupation; the boards of verandahs were loose and broken; grass grew vigorously before the doorways; broken windows, or windows which would have been windows if old doors had not been nailed across them, stared blankly at one along the front of the single street which constituted the city. And even the two or three saloons in respective possession of Mr. William Davron, native of Ireland; Mr. Steve Knightly, native of New Brunswick; and Mr. Hank Fake, native of one of the New England States, had about them individually and collectively an air of perfect repose and meditative loneliness quite out of keeping with the festive character usually pervading such establishments.

Yes; although it was summer in the forest, and earth and air seemed filled with the freshness of leaf and the perfume of flower; although birds sang and streams rippled, Quesnelle took small heed of such things, looking buried in a "mid-winter of discontent." And so it is all the world over, in other cities, big and little, besides Quesnelle. Golden sunshine, scent of early summer, freshness of first leaf, and perfume of June rose are dead things to the gold-hunter in a Californian or Columbian mining city, quite as much as they are to the pleasure-seeker in the gayest of Europe's capitals. It is not only "on the desert air" that nature wastes her sweetness; her most lavish extravagance is that which is spent upon man when gold and pleasure mark the goal towards which he toils.

The morning had worn to mid-day. The sun hung full over the broad channel of the Frazer, and yet Quesnelle showed no symp-

oms of rousing itself from the apathy of the earlier forenoon. Once or twice indeed, Mr. William Davron came forth from his saloon towards the high river bank, and leisurely scanned the farther shore of the majestic river, and the red dusty track which led from it, curving up the steep outer hill until it was lost in the great green forest. But on these occasions Mr. Davron beheld nothing to call forth from his usually loquacious lips anything more expressive of his emotions, than a wreath of blue grey smoke from a very indifferent cigar, and he had re-entered his saloon for the third time ere there occurred aught on the farther shore to justify his continued survey of that portion of the landscape.

But at last, when there was no watcher on the high bank, there did appear on the farther side of the river some sign of life and movement. Down the hill along the light streak of curving pathway, which showed plainly here and there among the green underbush of the forest clearing, which sprang up when the older giants had been levelled, there arose a cloud of dust which trailed away behind into a finer vapour. At the head of the cloud appeared a small group of horsemen, moving at a sharp canter down the steep incline. The road wound in curves down the hillside, sometimes dipping out of sight and reappearing again, until it at last reached the level valley at the base, and it was difficult to tell the exact number of the party until the nearer and more level land had been attained, so frequently did the little group become lost to view behind the clumps of brushwood.

But, as the horsemen came cantering up to the farther shore of the river, their numbers and possible condition in life became the subject of much comment among the little group of citizens, who, called suddenly from their wooden houses by the news of "Strangers a-coming," had assembled on the high bank in front of Quesnelle.

"Blow me, if I can make out much of 'em!" emphatically observed Mr. Davron, as he dropped from his eye the hand which had held a much-used binocular to that optic. "Thar's Rufus an' his Injun among them; an' thar's a boy from the camp—for he's got camp fixins with him; but thar's a long-legged chap an' a big dog thar that

beats me blind altogether. The man is in leather, as though he came from across the mountains, an' the dog is a coyote or a wolf, with a tail just stretched over his back like a darned chip-monk. Blow me, if I know what he is!"

Now a man who has a binocular to his eye is more or less a person of authority among other men who do not possess that article; but Mr. Davron maintained always a certain degree of authority among the inhabitants of Quesnelle, and was considered by them to be, with or without a binocular, a very far-seeing person indeed, whose opinion should not be lightly gainsaid in any matter concerning man or beast.

It is easy to imagine, then, that when Mr. Davron declared in curt and forcible language his utter inability to resolve the nebulous character of the party on the opposite shore, his hearers should have experienced considerable excitement. Strangers from the north were, at this season of the year, rare exceptions.

Beyond Quesnelle, towards the north, there lay a huge wilderness—pine forest, lake, mountain, rushing river—a vast expanse of untamed nature, where the wind and the torrent revelled in loneliness, and made music night and day in pine-branch and rock-rapid. In this great solitude stretching to the north, Quesnelle was an advanced post of civilisation, an outlying picket of that vast army of man which is ever engaged upon the conquest of the wilderness.

It was here at Quesnelle that the ways of civilised wheel-travel ended, and the rude work of pack-saddle began. Here was the last hotel, the last group of houses, the last post-office—all rude and rough and simple in their ways, but still tangible proofs of the reality of civilised man existing as a community.

Beyond the Frazer River, on the other hand, the wilderness reigned supreme. There the traveller carried his blanket bed, ate his dinner upon the ground, slept at night under his tent, swam his horse across the brooks and rivers, and conformed to the ways of the wilds in all things. So far it would seem as though both armies had halted here at this broad river, and looked across the swift waters: the one afraid to advance deeper into the wilds, the other loth to retire from such a vantage point. And so it was.

During nearly fourteen years the city of Quesnelle had stood on the east shore of the Frazer without gaining one inch of territory from its savage antagonist; nay, even there

were symptoms apparent to a close observer that seemed to reverse the usual experience of such things, and to foreshadow a retreat on the part of civilisation from the advanced post which it had taken up. Of these symptoms we have already spoken. Grass was in the street; wooden boards hung over the windows; soon, perhaps, the trees would spring again from that earth which ever rejoices in a chance of relapsing into savagery, despite all man's complacent ideas of the improvement of his husbandry. Little by little the hold which Quesnelle had placed upon the forest empire seemed to be loosening, bit by bit each spring seemed to win back something of the lost dominion. The reason was easy to find. Quesnelle lived upon a fact which was rapidly becoming a fiction. That fact was, a gold mine, lying in the midst of mountains some fifty miles east of where Quesnelle stood.

The story of this mine had been a curious one; not that it differed from the stories of a hundred other gold mines scattered over the vast continent of West America, in aught save in the excessive richness and abundance of the find; which made the name of Cariboo a magic sound to every miner along the Pacific slope. Here, at Cariboo, the original find had been, as elsewhere, the result of stray attempts at following up the sand bar workings of the channel of the Frazer along the smaller affluents of the main river. But when once the precious metal had been struck along the rocky ledges of the creeks of Cariboo, the news went forth to the south of such a wondrous yield of gold, that thousands and tens of thousands hurried to the scene.

That scene lay a long way off from even a remote civilisation; four hundred miles farther south the Frazer River entered the sea in a deep inlet but little known to aught save a few adventurous fur-traders, who, for more than half a century, had contrived to keep to themselves the secrets of the wild and savage but most picturesque land which to-day bears the name of British Columbia. Many rugged mountain chains crossed the country at either side of the deep channel of the Frazer; at several points these mountains seemed to have flung themselves boldly across the impetuous river, which, in turn, had eaten its way deep into the very hearts of the hills, until rock and rapid, cliff and cataract, lay buried from human vision far down in gloomy cañons from which the wild din of ceaseless strife came floating up along the tops of jagged pine-trees, whose

heads, stretching out from splintered ledge and rocky cleft, craned far over the abyss.

But men who seek for gold are not to be kept back by obstacles of this kind. They came with canoes that could only ascend from the sea to the rapids; they came with pack-mules and saddle-horses that had to scramble over mountains and swim torrents; men trudged on foot, carrying on their bent backs pick and shovel, axe and tent. Weak men came, who, if the gold had lain within a day's march of the sea, had not physical strength to make a common living by their toil; but the real gold-miner was there in a vast majority. That man, so different from all other men—made from a hundred varying nationalities, but still uniform in his type, whether his cradle had been rocked in an Irish cabin, or his mother had swung him as an infant from the saddle peak of a Mexican mustang—reckless, daring, generous, free of purse and ready with life—the most desperate soldier ever sent forth by civilisation to conquer savagery. *

In this wooden "city" called Quesnelle, on the east bank of the Frazer River, these men first planted their outpost settlement, for here the road to that rich mine called Cariboo quitted the banks of the Frazer River and struck inland into the hills.

On the wonders of Cariboo it is needless here to enlarge; they lie outside the real purpose of our story, and they would well merit a separate paper for themselves; for how could justice be done in the scant measure of a chance paragraph to that hero among miners who in one season dug from the ledges of the little creek two mule loads of solid gold? or that other hero who at the bar of the principal saloon of this same city of Quesnelle was so dissatisfied with his personal appearance as it was reflected in the large mirror at the back of the "mint juleps" and the "brandy smashes" and other innumerable slings, fixins, and cocktails, that he indignantly sent a large handful of gold twenty-dollar eagles flying into the offending reflector, and laconically requested the bar manager to take the reckoning and retain the change? Or again, how could we tell the story of that hapless youth who, upon arrival at the creek set his stockings, like nets, in the stream, under the belief that in the morning he would find them filled with gold nuggets?

Besides, all these are things of a long dead past compared with the time at which our story opens. Cariboo still held rich store of precious metals, but it lay deep down in the white quartz reef, many hundred feet below

the surface, where machinery alone could reach it, and where even the dauntless spirit of toil of the individual miner was powerless to carry him.

The "placer" diggings had, in fact, been worked out, and only capital working through companies could now reach the gold of Cariboo.

But the individual miner was not the man to accept quietly the fact that Cariboo had, in his own language, become "played out," without some attempt at seeking fresh fields and pastures new in the vast solitudes of rock and forest lying to the north and west of his favourite find.

One by one all the countless creeks and streams that flow from the height of land between the head-waters of the Frazer and the Peace Rivers, were diligently examined by small parties of adventurers, who sometimes spent a whole summer season in thus exploring the wild and savage solitude that lay locked among that labyrinth of hills, where the misty peaks of the Bald Mountains touch upon one side the coast or Cascade Range, and on the other join hands with the rugged masses of the Rocky Mountains. Time after time these wandering prospectors returned to the outskirts of civilisation from a fruitless search; but either the next season found them again ready to dare some new enterprise, or fresh men were there to take their places in the arduous and unprofitable toil. At last a tangible success seemed to reward these persistent efforts. A party of explorers discovered in the bed of a small stream, which fell into the Ominica River, on the north side of the Bald Mountains, gold in considerable quantity. Quickly ran the news of this new find along the Pacific shore of North America. The restless stream of gold-seekers began to flow towards the spot; wild and rough as was the path thither, hundreds of men succeeded in pushing through. The summer season was a short one in this northern latitude. Caught by the frost in their return journey, some of the adventurers paid with their lives the penalty of their rashness; but another summer found a still larger crowd hurrying to the Ominica. Then the tide began to ebb, the gold was getting scarce in the gravel ledges; Ominica, like its richer predecessor, Cariboo, was getting "played out," the rush grew fainter and fainter, and the city of Quesnelle, which had flared once more into a thriving state upon the windfall of this second find, began to sink again into despondency and discontent.

It was to this northern camp in the Ominica that the trail, of which we have just spoken, led; and as it was the early summer season when men sought these northern wilds, the advent of strangers coming to Quesnelle along the trail from the north was an event sufficient to cause the inhabitants of the now declining city considerable excitement, and many were the speculations among the group on the river side, as to the strange man and stranger dog described by Mr. Davron. Meanwhile the rapid rate at which the party on the opposite shore travelled had brought them to the bank of the river.

Dismounting from their horses, they had soon taken their places in a small "dug out" canoe, which seemed but ill suited to carry so many men across the broad river now rolling along in the full majesty of its early summer level, bearing to the Pacific the vast harvests which thousands of snowy hills had gathered from the skies during the long months of the preceding winter. As the little boat gained the centre of the river, the group of watchers on the shore no longer looked to Mr. Davron's binocular for information; each one strove for himself to unravel the mysterious natures of the man in skins and the dog with the bushy tail; but it was difficult to make much of them in the crowded state in which they lay huddled together, the dog apparently stretched across the man for the safer trimming of the tiny craft.

The canoe touched the shore, and the people it carried began to disembark. First came the big dog; he appeared in no way to realise the fact that he was at last approaching a centre of civilisation. The wooden houses in a row, the three saloons, the group of citizens on the river-bank, all these varied adjuncts of civilisation caused him no emotion. He did not appear even to notice the surprised looks with which the inhabitants regarded him, but rapidly ascending the shingle bank he precipitated himself with great violence towards a very small dog, who, perceiving that he was about to be attacked by an antagonist of strange mien and powerful proportions, fled howling in an opposite direction.

Then, seemingly satisfied with this assertion of superiority, the large animal returned to the river-shore, and took up a position on the bank overlooking the disembarkation, with the tip of his tail so elevated that it would appear as though that appendage had become thoroughly imbued with a lofty contempt of civilisation.

Meanwhile the disembarkation of the men

in the boat went on, and soon the entire party stood grouped upon the left bank of the river; some in animated conversation with the citizens, others standing aloof in the restraint of strangers only just arrived.

But in such places as Quesnelle the forms of introduction are not based upon the rigid rules of older organized communities. Ere many minutes had elapsed, dog and man had taken their places among the broken miners, the miners who had yet to be broken, among the store-keepers, bar-keepers, hotel-keepers, and the sundry other householders and citizens. Ensnconed in the hotel—a large wooden building, that consisted of one immense room, and a number of small adjoining dens—a building which in the early days of Quesnelle had attained to very remarkable celebrity as a hurdy-house, gambling saloon and general demoralisation domicile, but which in the degenerate days of our story had sunken to very respectable limits—the dog and his master soon made acquaintance with many worthy representatives of the saloon and mining interest in the extreme north of the Pacific slope. Many were the curious comments bestowed upon the strange dog, and varied were the animals who were supposed to have had an influence direct or remote upon the contour of his head, the bushiness of his tail, or the woolly nature of his coat. The bear, the wolf, the coyote, were all credited with a relationship more or less remarkable, as the speaker's opinion led to each or to all of these quadrupeds as sharers in the ancestry of this honest old hauling dog, who now, his long toil over, had settled down to the simple rôle of friend and travelling companion. But while, with legs high poised upon the iron stove in the centre of the big room, many miners thus discussed the merits of the new animal, and conjectured his probable descent from a variety of wild and savage beasts, the object of their solicitude began to display certain tendencies which have always been associated with the civilised dog in all countries and among all peoples. He showed a decided preference for the kitchen over any other apartment in the hotel; he developed a spirit of marked antagonism to, and an uncalled for ferocity against, a large black cat; he became so enamoured of a Chinaman who fulfilled the functions of cook in the establishment that it was matter of fear lest the American portion of the community might entertain towards him, by reason of that friendship, those feelings of acute detestation which, from the

high moral standpoint of republican equality and brotherhood towards all men, they have so frequently manifested against hard-working Chinese of every class. He showed symptoms of recommencing a study of poultry, a predilection for which he had years before exhibited in a now distant sphere. It was no unusual pastime for him to spend hours lying in front of a hen-coop, absorbed in the contemplation of the habits and customs of fowls in general, and of a large rooster in particular. Nor was it only in his inward or mental nature that this dog seemed to be impressed with the social distinctions and civilised customs which he now found himself brought into contact with. His outward form also underwent a change. He grew visibly larger. Under the influence of the genial summer warmth he began to dispense with quantities of the long hair and thick wool in which, on the approach of the previous winter, he had so completely muffled himself.

At night he sojourned underneath his owner's bed in one of the small wooden dens called rooms already mentioned, which was situated directly over the hotel kitchen, and from the extraordinary manner in which he became aware of what was transpiring beneath in all matters connected with meals, cooking and culinary prospects generally, there was reason to suppose that he could see as far through a deal board as the majority of mortals. The dog, in fact, was having an easy, idle time of it, and he was making the most of it. There was full reason why he should do so. Six months earlier he had started from the shores of Lake Winnipeg, and his own stout legs had carried him to this Frazer River across two thousand miles of snow-clad wilderness. All that long distance had lain within the realm yet unconquered from the forest and the prairie, and, as here at Quesnelle the Frazer marked the boundaries of the rival powers, so, here at Quesnelle the two rovers of the wilds, dog and man, passed out of the solitude and entered once more the regions of civilised life.

It will be our lot to follow their wanderings along the Pacific shore of North America, through lands which, if they do not contain anything that is absolutely new, are still none of them old enough to have become familiar even in name to the ear of the great outside world. Lands of tall and stately pine forests, of broad and swift-rushing rivers, of meadows backed by lofty peaks, whose crests hold aloft into blue midsummer skies the snow cast upon them by many a winter's storm.

Here at Quesnelle we are in the centre of British Columbia. Our course will lie nearly due south, along the water system of the Frazer to its mouth, at New Westminster, then over the boundary line into the territory of Washington. Southward still, over the Columbia River into Oregon; then up the valley of the beautiful Willamette until the Siskyou range rises before us, and the Madrono begins to scent the soft air of the Californian night. Over the Siskyou, and down into the valley where sparkling Sacramento has its cradle, and thence around the base of solitary Shasta into the sunlight of California. It is the 8th of June; there lie one thousand miles before us ere the Golden Gate of San Francisco is gained.

The man's baggage was not large—a small hand-bag held it all. Here, at Quesnelle, he parted from many old friends. An iron cup and saucer, sacred to the memories of hot delicious drinks in icy bivouacs, a copper kettle, black with the smoke of a thousand camp fires, and dented with blow of tree stump and sled upset; blankets burnt and scorched by pine-wood sparks on many a freezing night in far-away Athabasca. All these tokens of the silent track were given away to other wanderers, whose steps were about to lead back again into the northern solitude. "Come, old dog," said the man, "it is time to start." The man shouldered his pack, the dog shook out his bushy tail to the wind, and the travellers began their new journey.

W. F. B.

SICK CHILDREN.

A Sermon preached to Children in Westminster Abbey on Innocents' Day, December 28, 1877.

By ARTHUR PENRHYN STANLEY, D.D., DEAN OF WESTMINSTER.

"Is it well with the child? . . . It is well." *—2 KINGS iv. 26.

I HAVE usually spoken to you on this day of the life and happiness of children. I wish to speak to you this evening of the sufferings and sorrows of children, and con-

cerning children—or rather, I will say, of the

* I have been reminded that a sermon on this text was preached by Dr. Doddridge on the death of a beloved child, having been written actually on the child's coffin.

happiness which out of their sufferings and sorrows God intends to bring to us.

First let me speak of the death of children. It is one of the chief thoughts placed before us by the Festival of the *Innocents*—the Holy Innocents, as they are called. We know nothing about those little children of Bethlehem, except that they died. What is the good which can be brought to any of us, old or young, by the death of those dear little ones, who have been lent to us for so short a time that we seem to have lost them almost before we have time to know them? "Is it well with the child?" said Elisha to the mother of the little boy that he had known from his birth. The little boy was dead—but the poor mother was still able to say "It is well." Yes, there are several ways in which even in this hard trial, we may say, "It is well." "It is well," because in God's sight all that happens is well, if only we use it rightly. "It is well," because the child that dies in its innocence is taken, if any human creature is, to the presence of God and of Jesus Christ. He himself has told us that the characters of little children are the likeness of the characters in heaven. When we think of heaven we think of them. "It is well," because it makes, or ought to make, on our hearts an impression which perhaps nothing else can make. Even a hard-hearted man, when his child dies, or his little brother dies, is deeply moved. He thinks that he might have been more kind whilst they lived. He looks at the little vacant chair, and his eyes fill with tears.

And we are comforted by thinking of them.

I have heard of a little child dying with such bright and beautiful visions before him that his countenance was quite transfigured and glowed as with heavenly colours, and his parents, as they looked at him, were more than consoled. They went away strengthened in their faith and hopeful in their good deeds.

This Abbey is full of the remembrances of great men and famous women. But it is also full of the remembrances of little boys and girls whose death shot a pang through the hearts of those who loved them, and who wished that they never should be forgotten.

Almost the earliest royal monument in this Abbey is of a beautiful little deaf and dumb girl of five years old—the Princess Catherine, daughter of King Henry III., who loved her dearly. She was not forgotten, and her two little brothers, and perhaps four little nephews, were buried close to her, as if to keep her

company. And so there are two small tombs in Henry VII.'s Chapel of the two infant daughters of King James I. Over one of them are some touching lines written by an American lady, which all mothers should read. And to these tombs of these two little girls were brought in after days by their nephew, Charles II., the bones of the two young murdered princes, which in his time were discovered at the foot of the staircase in the Tower.

And there is in the chapel of St. Michael another tomb of a little child that died from a mistake of its nurse; and we know* from her will that she never ceased to lament the little darling, and begged, if possible, very urgently, to be buried beside it. And there is a monument in the cloisters which contains only these words, "Jane Lister—dear child," with the dates of the child's age and the record of her brother's death. It is an inscription which goes to the heart of every one. It was in the year 1688, just a month before the great English Revolution, but the parents thought only of "Jane Lister," their "dear child."

Do not forget the dead children. They were not forgotten in Westminster Abbey—they ought never to be forgotten elsewhere. Mothers, parents, who, like Rachel, mourn for some dear daughter or son, think that they are still yours, to animate and urge you forwards. That was a true answer which the little girl made to the poet Wordsworth, who asked how many they were—

"Seven boys and girls are we;
Two of us in the churchyard lie,
Beneath the churchyard tree."

"How many are you then?" said I,
'If those two are in heaven?'
The little maiden made reply,
'O master, we are seven!'

And there is another beautiful poem by the father of three sons; † two were living, but the third was dead. Of him he thus speaks:—

"I have a son—a third sweet son, whose age I cannot tell,
For they reckon not by months and years where he has gone
to dwell.

I cannot tell what form is his, what looks he weareth now,
Nor guess how bright a glory crowns his shining seraph
brow.

"But I know, for God doth tell me this, that now he is at
rest,
Where other blessed infants be, on their Saviour's loving
breast.
Whate'er befall his brethren twain, his bliss can never
cease;
Their lot may here be grief and care, but his is perfect
peace."

But I would not speak only of dead children. I will speak of sick children, of

* Colonel Chester's edition of "The Registers of Westminster Abbey," p. 220.

† Moultrie's poem on "The Three Sons."

children who have some illness or infirmity, crippled, or weak, or ailing, like some of those who are here to-day from the Royal Infirmary for Children. "*Is it well*" with those suffering little ones? Yes, "it is well," for them and for us, if we take the sickness as it is intended by our Heavenly Father.

There is a beautiful picture, by the famous painter Holbein, of a family who are praying, or perhaps giving thanks, for the recovery of their sick child—and the prayer is supposed to be granted by the appearance of the child Jesus in the midst of the family, happy and strong, whilst the poor sickly child is represented as in the arms of the Virgin Mother, taken as her own. That is a likeness to us of what we ought to hope for in the case of our sick and ailing children. The sickness may perhaps continue, but it may be under the protection of our good Father, and nursed as it were for Himself; and amongst us the child, the inner spirit of the child, which will grow up amidst suffering and weakness, is like the spirit of the holy child Jesus, happy and strong, and pure and good.

Sickness and illness may make a child fretful and selfish, and the people about a sick child may spoil it by giving up everything to it, and encouraging it to ask for everything. But it may also teach a child to be patient and considerate, and grateful for all the care it gets; and then, instead of being a source of sorrow and vexation in the household, it becomes a source of instruction and comfort to all.

I will try to make this clear to you from several examples. One is taken from a story: it is one which some of you may have read, called the "*Heir of Redclyffe*." In that story is described a sickly boy called Charles. He is, at the beginning of the story, like one of those fretful, peevish invalids of whom I spoke just now—speaking sharply and crossly to every one, and making every one's will bend to his. But in the course of the story there comes into the house another boy full of health and life, but also full of generosity and kindness, and the sickly, selfish boy turns over a new leaf—his character is transformed as the story goes on. He still remains a suffering cripple, but he becomes the stay and support of the house; instead of always demanding comfort from them, he, in all the troubles of the family, gives comfort to all the others.

This is from a story, an imaginary tale of what might happen. Now I will tell you of

what has happened. It is a contrast between two boys in Scotland, to which my attention was called some time ago by an excellent Scottish judge, now dead. They were boys who both became famous in after life, and many of you have heard of their names. One was Lord Byron, the other was Sir Walter Scott. Well, both these boys had the same kind of misfortune. Both Lord Byron and Walter Scott, from their earliest years, were lame. Each of them had what is called a club foot, or something very like it. But now what was the different effect produced by this lame foot on the two boys? Lord Byron, who was a perverse, selfish boy, was made by this club foot discontented and angry with every one about him. It went like iron into his soul. It poisoned his heart. It set him against all mankind, and it injured his whole character. He had a splendid genius, but amidst many fine qualities it was a genius blackened and discoloured by hatred, malice, uncharitableness, and the deepest gloom. Walter Scott, on the other hand, never lost his cheerfulness. His lame foot made him turn to the reading of good old books, and to the enjoyment of the beautiful sights and sounds about him, and he too grew to be a great poet and the writer of stories which will live in every age and in every country. But in him the lameness which he had borne patiently and cheerfully in childhood never interfered with his kindness and his good-humour to those about him. He was a delight to all that came across him, and even when he was at last overtaken by heavier misfortunes he never lost his loving, generous disposition. The lameness which in Byron led to what St. Paul calls a savour of death unto death, became in Walter Scott a savour of life unto life.

This, then, is the lesson which I would wish to teach to all children who are sickly and suffering, or who may become sickly and suffering: Do not think that you are without an object—do not think that you cannot be useful—do not think that everything has gone against you. No. It is well with you; you can be most useful—you can be *the* useful child; and when you grow up you can be *the* useful man or *the* useful woman in the home. You can arrange plans of amusement for the others who are too busy to arrange it for themselves. You can show by your constant cheerfulness that happiness does not depend on the good things which you eat, or on the active games which you play, but on a contented, joyful heart. You can make them

feel that there is a better world above, where you hope to be, and where you may be almost now, because your thoughts are with God and with Jesus Christ. And you children who are strong and healthy, remember that to you this little sick brother or little sick sister is a blessing that God has given you. *It is well* for you to have them. They may not be able to share in your games—you will often be obliged to be quiet in their sick room, or when they come amongst you. But that is good for you, because it makes you see very early the joy, the happiness, the usefulness, of having some one weaker than yourselves when you are put out—some one in pain or suffering to whom you can minister like a ministering angel. Do not be hasty or angry with a deaf brother, or I may say a deaf mother or aunt, because they cannot hear you; or a blind sister, or I may say a blind father or uncle, because they cannot see you; or with a lame or deformed brother or cousin or companion, because they cannot take an active part in your amusements. No. They cannot do this; but they can do much better than this for you—because they make you feel for deafness and blindness and lameness everywhere. When you have seen it in those you love, you will be reminded of it in those you do not love.

And if you have had any of these misfortunes yourselves, and have grown out of them, the recollection of what you have suffered may make you of much use to others. There is a distinguished man, very high in rank, and of absolutely indispensable value in the public service of his Church and country, who when a little boy was very lame. He recovered, but he never lost his fellow-feeling for lame people; and once, when we were walking together, I remember that he gave some money to a poor lame man who opened the gate for us, and he told me that he always did so, in remembrance of his own lameness.

Learn to be tender to your suffering brothers or sisters. You who are sick or weakly, always keep up that fellow-feeling. It will make your weakness or illness a blessing and not a curse. You who are well and have sick friends, you also try to keep up that fellow-feeling. In the story of Elisha and the sick child, we are told that when he hoped to restore the child to health "he went up and lay upon the

child, and put his mouth upon the child's mouth, and his eyes upon the child's eyes, and his hands upon the child's hands; and he stretched himself upon the child," and the flesh of the child waxed warm. This is a likeness of the sympathy which all in health, whether old or young, should try to have for those who are in pain or deformity. We give life and happiness to the sick by giving them, as it were, a taste of our life and happiness; our words are words to them, our eyes are eyes to them, our hands are hands to them. There were some sailors who were stranded on a desert rock on a freezing night. There was one little midshipman amongst them; they put their clothes upon him, they covered him up. They all were found dead in the morning; but, if I remember right, the little boy, through their kindness, survived—their warmth had saved him, they died that he might live. And so, even without such great efforts, we should try to put ourselves in the place of our sick and suffering companions. We should try to feel for them, as we should wish them to feel for us—to tell them of the happy and beautiful things of the outside world—to make them understand that they are not forgotten—to show them what is the sphere in which they can be useful.

It is for this reason that hospitals for Sick Children are much to be encouraged. In old barbarous heathen times the life of a sick or deformed child was not thought worth possessing. The sickly children were thrown on the road as not worth saving. But they *are* worth saving; they may be the saving of those about them. One of the first great changes that was made by Christianity was that those sick children left to perish were adopted by kind men and women, who brought them up as their own. And so not only in hospitals, but in every family where there is a sick child, remember that it is your duty, your privilege, to look after such. If you are kind to them God will be kind to you. They are your special charges; they are the good things committed by God to us for our keeping. They are our earliest and best teachers in the good way. Whoever does anything for them does it to the good God and merciful Saviour, who entrusted them to us, and we shall not lose our reward. *It will be well* for the children, and *it will be well* for us.



DEATH'S CHANGED FACE.

SWEET Saviour, since the time Thy human feet
Trode thirty years our parched and dusty ways,
How hath the wilderness of life grown sweet
With flowers and warbled praise !

How hath the heavy mist that wrapt us round,
The weary mist of tears and soul-wrung sighs,
Lifted, and bared to us the blue profound
Of God's far quiet skies !

And more than all, how hath a gracious change,
To poor scared men that slunk with fluttering breath,
Passed o'er the face, that erst was stern and strange,
Of Thy strong angel, Death !

Lo, through the mazes of a tangled wood,
Nowhither bound, we groped through vistas dim,
While shadowlike amid the shadows stood
Old Death, the archer grim.

We deemed his face was pitiless and blind ;
Shot all at random seemed each whirring dart,
Yet none did fail a resting-place to find
In some wrung, quivering heart.

And there, with writhen limbs and sightless stare,
Down in the drenchèd grass the victim lay,
What erst was man, erect and tall and fair,
Now shrunk and fading clay.

And over him in dull and hopeless pain
The mourners stood, sore stricken and perplex ;
" He lieth prone ; he will not rise again ;
And who shall fall the next ? "

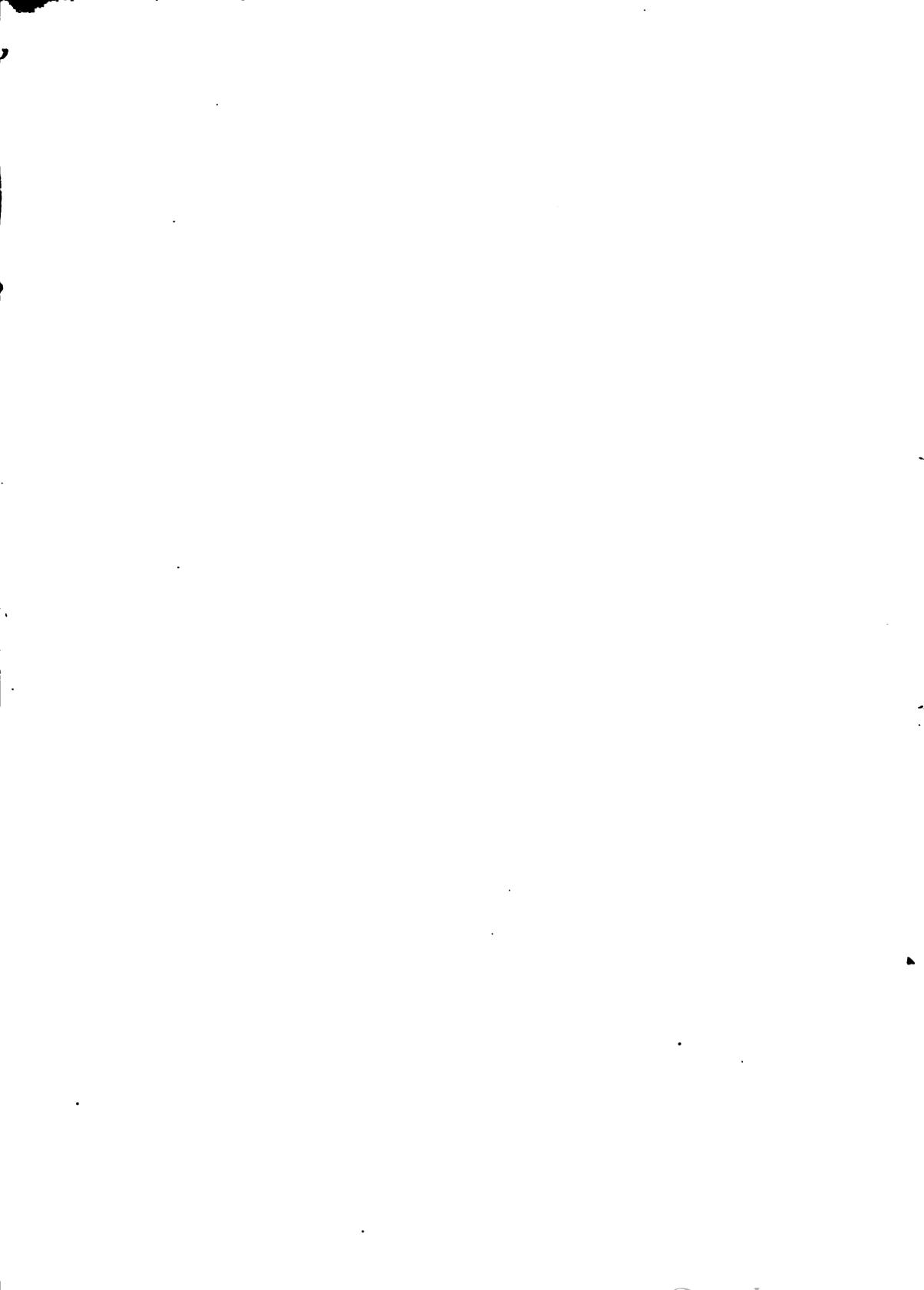
O sweet changed face ! We see, we know him now,
Rent the thick mist that blurred our straining ken—
Death : of all angels round the throne that bow,
Most pitiful to men !

Through the dusk chamber where the watchers weep
Slowly he moves with calm and noiseless tread,
And o'er the weary one that longs for sleep
He bends his gracious head.

" Poor eyes ! " he saith, " long have ye wept and waked ;
I come to bid your tears and vigils cease."
" Poor heart ! " he saith, " long hast thou yearned and ached ;
I come to give thee peace."

" Be of good cheer," he saith, " world-weary waif.
One sharp swift step, and all the way is trod :
Through the heaped darkness I will lead thee safe
To the great light of God."

A sharp sweet silence smites the tingling ears.
How snow-like falls the peace upon his brow !
Hark ! happy mourners, smiling through their tears,
Whisper, " He sleepeth now ! "





“MACLEOD OF DARE.”

MACLEOD OF DARE.

BY WILLIAM BLACK, AUTHOR OF "MADCAP VIOLET," "A PRINCESS OF THULE," ETC.

CHAPTER VIII.—LAUREL COTTAGE.

A SMALL, quaint, old-fashioned house in South Bank, Regent's Park; two maidens in white in the open verandah; around them the abundant foliage of June, unruffled by any breeze; and down at the foot of the steep garden the still canal, its surface mirroring the soft translucent greens of the trees and bushes above, and the gaudier colours of a barge lying moored on the northern side. The elder of the two girls is seated in a rocking-chair; she appears to have been reading, for her right hand, hanging down, still holds a thin MS. book covered with coarse brown paper. The younger is lying at her feet, with her head thrown back in her sister's lap, and her face turned up to the clear June skies. There are some roses about this verandah; and the still air is sweet with them.

"And of all the parts you ever played in," she says, "which one did you like the best, Gerty?"

"This one," is the gentle answer.

"What one?"

"Being at home with you and papa, and having no bother at all, and nothing to think of."

"I don't believe it," says the other, with the brutal frankness of thirteen. "You couldn't live without the theatre, Gerty—and the newspapers talking about you—and people praising you—and bouquets!"

"Couldn't I?" says Miss White, with a smile, as she gently lays her hand on her sister's curls.

"No," continues the wise young lady. "And besides, this pretty, quiet life would not last. You would have to give up playing that part. Papa is getting very old now; and he often talks about what may happen to us. And you know, Gerty, that though it is very nice for sisters to say they will never and never leave each other, it doesn't come off, does it? There is only one thing I see for you—and that is to get married."

"Indeed."

It is easy to fence with a child's prattle. She might have amused herself by encouraging this chatterbox to go through the list of their acquaintances, and pick out a goodly choice of suitors. She might have encouraged her to give expression to her profound views of the chances and troubles of life, and the

safeguards that timid maidens may seek. But she suddenly said, in a highly matter-of-fact manner—

"What you say is quite true, Carry, and I've thought of it several times. It is a very bad thing for an actress to be left without a father, or husband, or brother as her ostensible guardian. People are always glad to hear stories—and to make them—about actresses. You would be no good at all, Carry!"

"Very well, then," the younger sister said, promptly, "you've got to get married. And to a rich man, too; who will buy you a theatre, and let you do what you like in it."

Miss Gertrude White—whatever she may have thought of this speech—was bound to rebuke the shockingly mercenary ring of it.

"For shame, Carry! Do you think people marry from such motives as that?"

"I don't know," said Carry; but she had, at least, guessed.

"I should like my husband to have money, certainly," Miss White said, frankly; and here she flung the MS. book from her, on to a neighbouring chair. "I should like to be able to refuse parts that did not suit me. I should like to be able to take just such engagements as I chose. I should like to go to Paris for a whole year—and study hard!"

"Your husband might not wish you to remain an actress," said Miss Carry.

"Then he would never be my husband," the elder sister said, with decision. "I have not worked hard for nothing. Just when I begin to think I can do something—when I think I can get beyond those coquettish, drawing-room, simpering parts that people run after now—just when the very name of Mrs. Siddons, or Rachel, or any of the great actresses makes my heart jump—when I have ambition, and a fair chance, and all that—do you think I am to give the whole thing up, and sink quietly into the position of Mrs. Brown or Mrs. Smith, who is a very nice lady, no doubt, and very respectable, and lives a quiet and orderly life, with no greater excitement than scheming to get big people to go to her garden-parties?"

She certainly seemed very clear on that point.

"I don't see that men are so ready to give up their profession, when they marry, in order to devote themselves to domestic life,

even when they have plenty of money. Why should all the sacrifice be on the side of the woman? But I know if I have to choose between my art and a husband, I shall continue to do without a husband."

Miss Carry had risen, and put one arm round her sister's neck, while with the other she stroked the soft brown hair over the smooth forehead.

"And it shall not be taken away from its pretty theatre, it shan't!" said she pettingly; "and it shall not be asked to go away with any great ugly Bluebeard, and be shut up in a lonely house"—

"Go away, Carry," said she, releasing herself. "I wonder why you began talking such nonsense. What do you know about all those things?"

"Oh! very well," said the child, turning away with a pout; and she pulled a rose, and began to take its petals off, one by one, with her lips. "Perhaps I don't know. Perhaps I haven't studied your manoeuvres on the stage, Miss Gertrude White. Perhaps I never saw the newspapers declaring that it was all so very natural and life-like"—She flung two or three rose-petals at her sister. —"I believe you're the biggest flirt that ever lived, Gerty. You could make any man you liked marry you in ten minutes."

"I wish I could manage to have certain schoolgirls whipped and sent to bed."

At this moment there appeared at the open French window an elderly woman of Flemish features and extraordinary breadth of bust.

"Shall I put dressing in the salad, Miss?" she said with scarcely any trace of foreign accent.

"Not yet, Marie," said Miss White. "I will make the dressing first. Bring me a large plate, and the cruet-stand, and a spoon and fork, and some salt."

Now when these things had been brought, and when Miss White had set about preparing this salad-dressing in a highly scientific manner, a strange thing occurred. Her sister seemed to have been attacked by a sudden fit of madness. She had caught up a light shawl, which she extended from hand to hand, as if she were dancing with some one, and then she proceeded to execute a slow waltz in this circumscribed space, humming the improvised music in a mystical and rhythmical manner. And what were these dark utterances that the inspired one gave forth, as she glanced from time to time at her sister and the plate?

"O, a Highland lad my love was born,
And the Lowland laws he held in scorn."

"Carry, don't make a fool of yourself!" said the other, flushing angrily.

Carry flung her imaginary partner aside.

"There is no use making any pretence," said she sharply. "You know quite well why you are making that salad-dressing."

"Did you never see me make salad-dressing before?" said the other, quite as sharply.

"You know it is simply because Sir Keith Macleod is coming to lunch. I forgot all about it. Oh, and that's why you had the clean curtains put up yesterday!"

What else had this precocious brain ferreted out?

"Yes, and that's why you bought papa a new neck-tie," continued the tormentor; and then she added, triumphantly, "*But he hasn't put it on this morning—ha, Gerty?*"

A calm and dignified silence is the best answer to the fiendishness of thirteen. Miss White went on with the making of the salad-dressing. She was considered very clever at it. Her father had taught her; but he never had the patience to carry out his own precepts. Besides, brute force is not wanted for the work; what you want is the self-denying assiduity and the dexterous light-handedness of a woman.

A smart young maidservant, very trimly dressed, made her appearance.

"Sir Keith Macleod, miss," said she.

"Oh, Gerty, you're caught!" muttered the fiend.

But Miss White was equal to the occasion. The small white fingers plied the fork without a tremour.

"Ask him to step this way, please," she said.

And then the subtle imagination of this demon of thirteen jumped to another conclusion.

"Oh, Gerty, you want to show him that you are a good housekeeper—that you can make salad"—

But the imp was silenced by the appearance of Macleod himself. He looked tall as he came through the small drawing-room. When he came out on to the balcony, the languid air of the place seemed to acquire a fresh and brisk vitality: he had a bright smile and a resonant voice.

"I have taken the liberty of bringing you a little present, Miss White—no, it is a large present—that reached me this morning," said he. "I want you to see one of our Highland salmon. He is a splendid fellow—twenty-six pounds, four ounces, my landlady says. My cousin Janet sent him to me."

"Oh, but, Sir Keith, we cannot rob you," Miss White said, as she still demurely plied her fork. "If there is any special virtue in a Highland salmon, it will be better appreciated by yourself than by those who don't know."

"The fact is," said he, "people are so kind to me that I scarcely ever am allowed to dine at my lodgings; and you know the salmon should be cooked at once."

Miss Carry had been making a face behind his back, to annoy her sister. She now came forward and said, with a charming innocence in her eyes—

"I don't think you can have it cooked for luncheon, Gerty; for that would look too like bringing your tea in your pocket, and getting hot water for twopence. Wouldn't it?"

Macleod turned and regarded this new comer with an unmistakeable "Who is this?"—"Cò an so?"—in his air.

"Oh, that is my sister Carry, Sir Keith," said Miss White. "I forgot you had not seen her."

"How do you do?" said he, in a kindly way; and for a second he put his hand on the light curls as her father might have done. "I suppose you like having holidays?"

From that moment she became his deadly enemy. To be patted on the head, as if she were a child, an infant—and that in the presence of the sister whom she had just been lecturing!

"Yes, thank you," said she, with a splendid dignity, as she proudly walked off. She went into the small lobby leading to the door. She called to the little maid-servant. She looked at a certain long bag made of matting which lay there, some bits of grass sticking out of one end. "Jane, take this thing down-stairs at once! The whole house smells of it."

Meanwhile Miss White had carried her salad-dressing in to Marie; and had gone out again to the verandah, where Macleod was seated. He was charmed with the dreamy stillness and silence of the place—with the hanging foliage all around, and the colours in the steep gardens, and the still waters below.

"I don't know how it is," said he, "but you seem to have much more open houses here than we have. Our houses in the north look cold, and hard, and bare. We should laugh if we saw a place like this near us—it seems to me a sort of a toy-place out of a picture—from Switzerland or some such

country. Here you are in the open air—with your own little world around you; and nobody to see you; you might live all your life here, and know nothing about the storms crossing the Atlantic, and the wars in Europe, if only you gave up the newspapers."

"Yes, it is very pretty, and quiet," said she, and the small fingers pulled to pieces one of the rose-leaves that Carry had thrown at her. "But you know one is never satisfied anywhere. If I were to tell you the longing I have to see the very places you describe as being so desolate — But perhaps papa will take me there some day."

"I hope so," said he, "but I would not call them desolate. They are terrible at times; and they are lonely; and they make you think. But they are beautiful, too—with a sort of splendid beauty and grandeur that goes very near making you miserable. . . . I cannot describe it. You will see for yourself."

Here a bell rang; and at the same moment Mr. White made his appearance.

"How do you do, Sir Keith? Luncheon is ready, my dear—luncheon is ready—luncheon is ready."

He kept muttering to himself as he led the way. They entered a small dining-room; and here, if Macleod had ever heard of actresses having little time to give to domestic affairs, he must have been struck by the exceeding neatness and brightness of everything on the table and around it. The snow-white cover; the brilliant glass and spoons; the carefully arranged, if tiny, bouquets; and the precision with which the smart little maidservant—the only attendant—waited: all these things showed a household well managed. Nay, this iced claret-cup—was it not of her own composition?—and a pleasanter beverage he had never drank.

But she seemed to pay little attention to these matters; for she kept glancing at her father, who, as he addressed Macleod from time to time, was obviously nervous and harassed about something. At last she said—

"Papa, what is the matter with you? Has anything gone wrong this morning?"

"Oh, my dear child," said he, "don't speak of it. It is my memory—I fear my memory is going. But we will not trouble our guest about it. I think you were saying, Sir Keith, that you had seen the latest additions to the National Gallery"—

"But what is it, papa?" his daughter insisted.

"My dear, my dear, I know I have the lines somewhere ; and Lord — says that the very first jug fired at the new pottery he is helping shall have these lines on it, and be kept for himself. I know I have both the Spanish original and the English translation somewhere ; and all the morning I have been hunting and hunting—for only one line. I think I know the other three—

'OLD WINE TO DRINK.
'OLD WRONGS LET SINK.
* * * * *
'OLD FRIENDS IN NEED.'

It is the third line that has escaped me—dear, dear me ! I fear my brain is going."

"But I will hunt for it, papa," said she, "I will get the lines for you. Don't you trouble."

"No, no, no, child," said he, with somewhat of a pompous air. "You have this new character to study. You must not allow any trouble to disturb the serenity of your mind while you are so engaged. You must give your heart and soul to it, Gerty ; you must forget yourself ; you must abandon yourself to it—and let it grow up in your mind until the conception is so perfect that there are no traces of the manner of its production left."

He certainly was addressing his daughter ; but somehow the formal phrases suggested that he was speaking for the benefit of the stranger. The prim old gentleman continued :

"That is the only way. Art demands absolute self-forgetfulness. You must give yourself to it in complete surrender. People may not know the difference ; but the true artist seeks only to be true to himself. You produce the perfect flower ; they are not to know of the anxious care—of the agony of tears, perhaps—you have spent on it. But then your whole mind must be given to it ; there must be no distracting cares ; I will look for the missing line myself."

"I am quite sure, papa," said Miss Carry, spitefully, "that she was far more anxious about these cutlets than about her new part this morning. She was half-a-dozen times down to the kitchen. I didn't see her reading the book much."

"The *res angustæ domi*," said the father, sententiously, "sometimes interfere, where people are not too well off. But that is necessary. What is not necessary is that Gerty should take my troubles over to herself, and disturb her formation of this new character, which ought to be growing up in her mind almost insensibly, until she herself will scarcely be aware how real it is. When she steps on to the stage, she ought to be

no more Gertrude White than you or I. The artist loses himself. He transfers his soul to his creation. His heart beats in another breast ; he sees with other eyes. You will excuse me, Sir Keith ; but I keep insisting on this point to my daughter. If she ever becomes a great artist, that will be the secret of her success. And she ought never to cease from cultivating the habit. She ought to be ready at any moment to project herself, as it were, into any character. She ought to practise so as to make of her own emotions an instrument that she can use at will. It is a great demand that art makes on the life of an artist. In fact, he ceases to live for himself. He becomes merely a medium. His most secret experiences are the property of the world at large, once they have been transfused and moulded by his personal skill."

And so he continued talking, apparently for the instruction of his daughter, but also giving his guest clearly to understand that Miss Gertrude White, was not as other women, but rather as one set apart for the high and inexorable sacrifice demanded by art. At the end of his lecture, he abruptly asked Macleod if he had followed him. Yes, he had followed him ; but in rather a bewildered way. Or had he some confused sense of self-reproach, in that he had distracted the contemplation of this pale and beautiful artist, and sent her down-stairs to look after cutlets ?

"It seems a little hard, sir," said Macleod to the old man, "that an artist is not to have any life of his or her own at all—that he or she should become merely a—a—a sort of Ten-minutes emotionalist."

It was not a bad phrase for a rude Highlander to have invented on the spur of the moment. But the fact was that some little personal feeling stung him into the speech. He was prepared to resent this tyranny of art. And if he, now, were to see some beautiful, pale slave bound in these iron chains—and being exhibited for the amusement of an idle world—what would the fierce blood of the Macleods say to that debasement ? He began to dislike this old man, with his cruel theories, and his oracular speech. But he forbore to have further, or any, argument with him ; for he remembered what the Highlanders call "the advice of the bell of Scoon—the thing that concerns you not, meddle not with."

CHAPTER IX.—THE PRINCESS RIGHINN.

THE people who lived in this land of summer and sunshine and flowers—had they

no cares at all? He went out into the garden with these two girls; and they were like two young fawns in their careless play. Miss Carry, indeed, seemed bent on tantalising him by the manner in which she petted, and teased, and caressed her sister—scolding her, quarrelling with her, and kissing her all at once. The grave, gentle, forbearing manner in which the elder sister bore all this was beautiful to see. And then her sudden concern and pity when the wild Miss Carry had succeeded in scratching her finger with the thorn of a rose-bush! It was the tiniest of scratches; and all the blood that appeared was about the size of a pin-head. But Miss White must needs tear up her dainty little pocket-handkerchief, and bind that grievous wound, and condole with the poor victim as though she were suffering untold agonies. It was a pretty sort of idleness. It seemed to harmonize with this still beautiful summer day, and the soft green foliage around, and the quiet air that was sweet with the scent of the flowers of the lime-trees. They say that the Gaelic word for the lower regions, *ifrin*, is derived from *i-bhuirn*, the island of incessant rain. To a Highlander, therefore, must not this land of perpetual summer and sunshine have seemed to be heaven itself?

And even the malicious Carry relented for a moment.

"You said you were going to the Zoological Gardens," she said.

"Yes," he answered, "I am. I have seen everything I want to see in London, but that."

"Because Gerty and I might walk across the Park with you, and show you the way."

"I very much wish you would," said he, "if you have nothing better to do."

"I will see if papa does not want me," said Miss White calmly. She might just as well be walking in Regent's Park as in this small garden.

Presently the three of them set out.

"I am glad of any excuse," she said, with a smile, "for throwing aside that new part. It seems to me insufferably stupid. It is very hard that you should be expected to make a character look natural when the words you have to speak are such as no human being would use in any circumstances whatever."

Oddly enough, he never heard her make even the slightest reference to her profession without experiencing a sharp twinge of annoyance. He did not stay to ask himself why this should be so. Ordinarily, he simply made haste to change the subject.

"Then why should you take the part at all?" said he bluntly.

"Once you have given yourself up to a particular calling, you must accept its little annoyances," she said frankly. "I cannot have everything my own way. I have been very fortunate in other respects. I never had to go through the drudgery of the provinces, though they say that is the best school possible for an actress. And I am sure the money and the care papa has spent on my training—you see, he has no son to send to college. I think he is far more anxious about my succeeding than I am myself."

"But you have succeeded," said Macleod. It was, indeed, the least he could say; with all his dislike of the subject.

"Oh, I do not call that success," said she simply. "That is merely pleasing people by showing them little scenes from their own drawing-rooms transferred to the stage. They like it because it is pretty, and familiar. And people pretend to be very cynical at present—they like things with 'no nonsense about them'—and I suppose this sort of comedy is the natural reaction from the rant of the melodrama. Still, if you happen to be ambitious—or perhaps it is mere vanity?—if you would like to try what is in you"—

"Gerty wants to be a Mrs. Siddons: that's it," said Miss Carry, promptly.

Talking to an actress about her profession; and not having a word of compliment to say! Instead, he praised the noble elms and chestnuts of the park—the broad, white lake, the flowers, the avenues. He was greatly interested by the whizzing by overhead of a brace of duck.

"I suppose you are very fond of animals?" Miss White said.

"I am indeed," said he, suddenly brightening up. "And up at our place I give them all a chance. I don't allow a single weasel or hawk to be killed—though I have a great deal of trouble about it. But what is the result? I don't know whether there is such a thing as the balance of nature; or whether it is merely that the hawks and weasels and other vermin kill off the sickly birds; but I do know that we have less disease among our birds than I hear of anywhere else. I have sometimes shot a weasel, it is true, when I have run across him as he was hunting a rabbit—you cannot help doing that if you hear the rabbit squealing with fright long before the weasel is at him—but it is against my rule. I give them all a fair field and no favour. But there are two

animals I put out of the list—I thought there was only one till this week—now there are two; and one of them I hate, the other I fear.”

“Fear?” she said: the slight flash of surprise in her eyes was eloquent enough. But he did not notice it.

“Yes,” said he, rather gloomily. “I suppose it is superstition—or you may have it in your blood—but the horror I have of the eyes of a snake—I cannot tell you of it. Perhaps I was frightened when I was a child—I cannot remember; or perhaps it was the stories of the old women. The serpent is very mysterious to the people in the Highlands—they have stories of water-snakes in the lochs—and if you get a nest of seven adders with one white one you boil the white one, and the man who drinks the broth knows all things in heaven and earth. In the Lewis they call the serpent *righinn*, that is ‘a princess’; and they say that the serpent is a princess bewitched. But that is from fear—it is a compliment”——

“But surely there are no serpents to be afraid of in the Highlands?” said Miss White. She was looking rather curiously at him.

“No,” said he, in the same gloomy way. “The adders run away from you, if you are walking through the heather. If you tread on one, and he bites your boot, what then? He cannot hurt you. But suppose you are out after the deer, and you are crawling along the heather with your face to the ground, and all at once you see the two small eyes of an adder looking at you and close to you”——

He shuddered slightly—perhaps it was only an expression of disgust.

“I have heard,” he continued, “that in parts of Islay they used to be so bad that the farmers would set fire to the heather in a circle, and as the heather burned in and in, you could see the snakes and adders twisting and curling in a great ball. We have not many with us. But one day John Begg, that is the schoolmaster, went behind a rock to get a light for his pipe; and he put his head close to the rock to be out of the wind; and then he thought he stirred something with his cap; and the next moment the adder fell on to his shoulder, and bit him in the neck. He was half mad with the fright; but I think the adder must have bitten the cap first and expended its poison; for the schoolmaster was only ill for about two days, and then there was no more of it. But just think of it—an adder getting to your neck”——

“I would rather not think of it,” she said, quickly. “What is the other animal—that you hate?”

“Oh!” he said, lightly, “that is a very different affair—that is a parrot that speaks. I was never shut up in a house with one till this week. My landlady’s son brought her home one from the West Indies, and she put the cage on a window recess in my landing. At first it was a little amusing; but the constant yelp—it was too much for me. ‘*Pritty poal! pritty poal!*’ I did not mind so much; but when the ugly brute, with its beady eyes and its black snout used to yelp ‘*Come and kiz me! come and kiz me!*’ I grew to hate it. And in the morning, too, how was one to sleep? I used to open my door, and fling a boot at it; but that only served for a time. It began again.”

“But you speak of it as having been there. What became of it?”

He glanced at her rather nervously—like a schoolboy; and laughed.

“Shall I tell you?” he said, rather shamefacedly. “The murder will be out, sooner or later. It was this morning. I could stand it no longer. I had thrown both my boots at it; it was no use. I got up a third time, and went out. The window, that looks into a back-yard, was open. Then I opened the parrot’s cage. But the fool of an animal did not know what I meant—or it was afraid—and so I caught him by the back of the neck and flung him out. I don’t know anything more about him.”

“Could he fly?” said the big-eyed Carry, who had been quite interested in this tragic tale.

“I don’t know,” Macleod said, modestly. “There was no use asking him. All he could say was, ‘*Come and kiz me!*’; and I got tired of that.”

“Then you have murdered him!” said the elder sister in an awe-stricken voice; and she pretended to withdraw a bit from him. “I don’t believe in the Macleods having become civilised, peaceable people. I believe they would have no hesitation in murdering any one that was in their way.”

“Oh, Miss White!” said he, in protest, “you must forget what I told you, about the Macleods; and you must really believe they were no worse than the others of the same time. Now I was thinking of another story the other day, which I must tell you”——

“Oh, pray don’t,” she said, “if it is one of those terrible legends!”——

“But I must tell you,” said he, “because it is about the Macdonalds; and I want to

show you that we had not all the badness of those times. It was Donald Gorm Mòr; and his nephew, Hugh Macdonald, who was the heir to the chieftainship; he got a number of men to join him in a conspiracy to have his uncle murdered. The chief found it out, and forgave him. That was not like a Macleod," he admitted, "for I never heard of a Macleod of those days forgiving anybody. But again Hugh Macdonald engaged in a conspiracy; and then Donald Gorm Mòr thought he would put an end to the nonsense. What did he do? He put his nephew into a deep and foul dungeon—so the story says—and left him without food or water for a whole day. Then there was salt beef lowered into the dungeon; and Macdonald he devoured the salt beef; for he was starving with hunger. Then they left him alone. But you can imagine the thirst of a man who has been eating salt beef, and who has had no water for a day or two. He was mad with thirst. Then they lowered a cup into the dungeon—you may imagine the eagerness with which the poor fellow saw it coming down to him—and how he caught it with both his hands. *But it was empty!* And so, having made a fool of him in that way, they left him to die of thirst. That was the Macdonalds, Miss White; not the Macleods."

"Then I am glad of Culloden," said she, with decision, "for destroying such a race of fiends."

"Oh, you must not say that," he protested, laughing. "We should have become quiet and respectable folks without Culloden. Even without Culloden, we should have had penny newspapers all the same; and tourist-boats from Oban to Iona. Indeed you won't find quieter folks anywhere than the Macdonalds and Macleods are now."

"I don't know how far you are to be trusted," said she, pretending to look at him with some doubts.

Now they reached the gate of the gardens.

"Do let us go in, Gerty," said Miss Carry. "You know you always get hints for your dresses from the birds—you would never have thought of that flamingo pink and white if you had not been walking through here"—

"I will go in for a while if you like, Carry," said she; and certainly Macleod was nothing loth.

There were but few people in the Gardens on this afternoon; for all the world was up at the Eton and Harrow cricket match at Lord's; and there was little visible of 'Arry and his pipe. Macleod began to show more

than a schoolboy's delight over the wonders of this strange place. That he was exceedingly fond of animals—always barring the two he had mentioned—was soon abundantly shown. He talked to them as though the mute enquiring eyes could understand him thoroughly. When he came to animals with which he was familiar in the north, he seemed to be renewing acquaintance with old friends; like himself, they were strangers in a strange land.

"Ah," said he to the splendid red deer, who was walking about the paddock with his velvety horns held proudly in the air, "what part of the Highlands have you come from? And wouldn't you like now a canter down the dry bed of a stream, on the side of Ben-an-Sloich?"

The hind, with slow and gentle step, and with her nut-brown hide shining in the sun, came up to the bars, and regarded him with those large, clear, grey-green eyes—so different from the soft dark eyes of the roe—that had long eye-lashes on the upper lid. He rubbed her nose.

"And wouldn't you rather be up on the heather, munching the young grass, and drinking out of the burn?"

They went along to the great cage of the sea-eagles. The birds seemed to pay no heed to what was passing immediately around them. Ever and anon they jerked their head into an attitude of attention; and the golden-brown eye, with its contracted pupil and stern upper lid, seemed to be throwing a keen glance over immeasurable leagues of sea.

"Poor old chap," he said to the one perched high on an old stump, "wouldn't you like to have one sniff of a sea-breeze, and a look round for a sea-pyot or two? What do they give you here—dead fish, I suppose?"

The eagle raised its great wings, and slowly flapped them once or twice, while it uttered a succession of shrill *yarups*.

"Oh, yes," he said, "you could make yourself heard above the sound of the waves. And I think if any of the boys were after your eggs, or your young ones, you could make short work of them with those big wings. Or would you like to have a battle-royal with a seal, and try whether you could pilot the seal into the shore, or whether the seal would drag you and your fixed claws down to the bottom and drown you?"

There was a solitary kittiwake in a cage devoted to sea-birds, nearly all of which were foreigners.

"You poor little kittiwake," said he, "this is a sad place for you to be in. I think you would rather be out at Ru-Treshanish, even if it was blowing hard, and there was rain about. There was a dead whale came ashore there about a month ago; that would have been something like a feast for you."

"Why," said he, to his human companion, "if I had only known before! Whenever there was an hour or two with nothing to do, here was plenty of occupation. But I must not keep you too long, Miss White—I could remain here days and weeks."

"You will not go without looking in at the serpents?" said she, with a slight smile.

He hesitated for a second.

"No," said he, "I think I will not go in to see them."

"But you must," said she, cruelly. "You will see they are not such terrible creatures when they are shut up in glass boxes."

He suffered himself to be led along to the reptile house; but he was silent. He entered, the last of the three. He stood in the middle of the room, and looked around him in rather a strange way.

"Now come and look at this splendid fellow," said Miss White, who, with her sister, was leaning over the rail. "Look at his splendid bars of colour—do you see the beautiful blue sheen on its scales?"

It was a huge anaconda, its body, as thick as a man's leg, lying coiled up in a circle, its flat ugly head reposing in the middle. He came a bit nearer. "Hideous!" was all he said. And then his eyes were fixed on the eyes of the animal—the lidless eyes, with their perpetual, glassy stare. He had thought at first they were closed; but now he saw that that opaque yellow substance was covered by a glassy coating, while in the centre there was a small slit as if cut by a penknife. The great coils slowly expanded and fell again, as the animal breathed; otherwise the fixed stare of those yellow eyes might have been taken for the stare of death.

"I don't think the anaconda is poisonous at all," said she, lightly.

"But if you were to meet that beast in a jungle," said he, "what difference would that make?"

He spoke reproachfully, as if she were luring him into some secret place, to have him slain with poisonous fangs. He passed on from that case to the others, unwillingly. The room was still. Most of the snakes would have seemed dead, but for the malign stare of the beaded eyes. He seemed

anxious to get out; the atmosphere of the place was hot and oppressive.

But just at the door there was a case, some quick motion in which caught his eye; and despite himself he stopped to look. The inside of this glass box was alive with snakes—raising their heads in the air—slimily crawling over each other—the small, black-forked tongues shooting in and out, the black points of eyes glassily staring. And the object that had moved quickly was a wretched little yellow frog, that was now motionless in a dish of water—its eyes apparently starting out of its head with horror. A snake made its appearance over the edge of the dish. The shooting black tongue approached the head of the frog; and then the long, sinuous body glided along the edge of the dish again—the frog meanwhile being too paralyzed with fear to move. A second afterwards the frog, apparently recovering, sprang clean out of the basin; but it was only to alight on the backs of two or three of the reptiles lying coiled up together. It made another spring, and got into a corner, among some grass. But along that side of the case another of those small, flat, yellow-marked heads was slowly creeping along, propelled by the squirming body; and again the frog made a sudden spring, this time leaping once more into the shallow water, where it stood and panted, with its eyes dilated. And now a snake that had crawled up the side of the case put out its long neck as if to see whither it should proceed. There was nothing to lay hold of. The head swayed and twisted—the forked tongue shooting out—and at last the snake fell away from its hold, and splashed right into the basin of water, on the top of the frog. There was a wild shooting this way and that—but Macleod did not see the end of it. He had uttered some slight exclamation—and got into the open air, as one being suffocated—and there were drops of perspiration on his forehead, and a trembling of horror and disgust had seized him. His two companions followed him out.

"I felt rather faint," said he, in a low voice—and he did not turn to look at them as he spoke—"the air is close in that room."

They moved away. He looked around—at the beautiful green of the trees, and the blue sky, and the sunlight on the path—God's world was getting to be more wholesome again, and the choking sensation of disgust was going from his throat. He seemed, however, rather anxious to get away from this place. There was a gate close by; he proposed they should go out by that. As he walked back with

them to South Bank, they chatted about many of the animals—the two girls in especial being much interested in certain pheasants, whose colours of plumage, they thought, would look very pretty in a dress—but he never referred, either then or at any future time, to his visit to the reptile house. Nor did it occur to Miss White, in this idle conversation, to ask him whether his Highland blood had inherited any other qualities besides that instinctive and deadly horror of serpents.

CHAPTER X.—LAST NIGHTS.

“GOOD-NIGHT, Macleod!—good-night!—good-night!” The various voices came from the top of a drag. They were addressed to one of two young men who stood on the steps of the Star and Garter—black figures in the blaze of light. And now the people on the drag had finally esconced themselves; and the ladies had drawn their ample cloaks more completely round their gay costumes; and the two grooms were ready to set free the heads of the leaders. “Good-night, Macleod!” Lord Beauregard called again; and then, with a little preliminary prancing of the leaders, away swung the big vehicle through the clear darkness of the sweet-scented summer night.

“It was awfully good-natured of Beauregard to bring six of your people down and take them back again,” observed Lieutenant Ogilvie to his companion. “He wouldn’t do it for most folks. He wouldn’t do it for me. But then you have the grand air, Macleod. You seem to be conferring a favour when you get one.”

“The people have been very kind to me,” said Macleod, simply. “I do not know why. I wish I could take them all up to Castle Dare, and entertain them as a prince could entertain people”——

“I want to talk to you about that, Macleod,” said his companion. “Shall we go up-stairs again? I have left my hat and coat there.”

They went up-stairs, and entered a long chamber which had been formed by the throwing of two rooms into one. The one apartment had been used as a sort of withdrawing-room; in the other stood the long banquet-table, still covered with bright coloured flowers, and dishes of fruit, and decanters and glasses. Ogilvie sat down, lit a cigar, and poured himself out some claret.

“Macleod,” said he, “I am going to talk to you like a father. I hear you have been going on in a mad way. Surely you know that a bachelor coming up to London for a

season—and being asked about by people who are precious glad to get unmarried men to their houses—is not expected to give these swell dinner-parties? And then, it seems, you have been bringing down all your people in drags. What do those flowers cost you? I dare say this is Lafitte, now?”

“And if it is, why not drink it, and say no more about it? I think they enjoyed themselves pretty well this evening—don’t you, Ogilvie?”

“Yes, yes—but then, my dear fellow, the cost! You will say it is none of my business; but what would your decent, respectable mother say to all this extravagance?”

“Ah,” said Macleod, “that is just the thing—I should have more pleasure in my little dinner-parties if only the mother and Janet were here to see. I think the table would look a good deal better if my mother was at the head of it. And the cost?—oh, I am only following out her instructions. She would not have people think that I was insensible to the kindness that has been shown me; and then we cannot ask all those good friends up to Castle Dare—it is an out-of-the-way place—and there are no flowers on the dining-table there”——

He laughed as he looked at the beautiful things before him; they would look strange in the gaunt hall of Castle Dare.

“Why,” said he, “I will tell you a secret, Ogilvie. You know my cousin Janet—she is the kindest-hearted of all the women I know—and when I was coming away she gave me £2,000 just in case I should need it”——

“£2,000!” exclaimed Ogilvie. “Did she think you were going to buy Westminster Abbey during the course of your holidays?” And then he looked at the table before him; and a new idea seemed to strike him. “You don’t mean to say, Macleod, that it is your cousin’s money”——

Macleod’s face flushed angrily. Had any other man made the suggestion, he would have received a tolerably sharp answer. But he only said to his old friend Ogilvie—

“No, no, Ogilvie; we are not very rich folks, but we have not come to that yet. ‘I’d sell my kilts, I’d sell my shoon,’ as the song says, before I touched a farthing of Janet’s money. But I had to take it from her, so as not to offend her. It is wonderful, the anxiety and affection of women who live away out of the world like that. There was my mother, quite sure that something awful was going to happen to me, merely because

I was going away for two or three months. And Janet—I suppose she knew that our family never was very good at saving money—she would have me take this little fortune of hers, just as if the old days were come back, and the son of the house was supposed to go to Paris to gamble away every penny”——

“By the way, Macleod,” said Ogilvie, “you have never gone to Paris, as you intended.”

“No,” said he, trying to balance three nectarines one on the top of the other, “I have not gone to Paris. I have made enough friends in London. I have had plenty to occupy the time. And now, Ogilvie,” he added brightly, “I am going in for my last frolic, before everybody has left London; and you must come to it, even if you have to go down by your cold-meat train again. You know Miss Rawlinson; you have seen her at Mrs. Ross’s, no doubt. Very well, I met her first when we went down to the Thames yacht race, and afterwards we became great friends; and the dear little old lady already looks on me as if I were her son. And do you know what her proposal is?—that she is to give me up her house and garden for a garden-party, and I am to ask my friends; and it is to be a dance as well, for we shall ask the people to have supper at eight o’clock or so; and then we shall have a marquee—and the garden all lighted up—do you see? It is one of the largest gardens on Campden Hill; and the coloured lamps hung on the trees will make it look very fine; and we shall have a band to play music for the dancers”——

“It will cost you £200 or £300, at least,” said Ogilvie sharply.

“What then? You give your friends a pleasant evening, and you show them that you are not ungrateful,” said Macleod.

Ogilvie began to ponder over this matter. The stories he had heard of Macleod’s extravagant entertainments were true, then. Suddenly he looked up and said—

“Is Miss White to be one of your guests?”

“I hope so,” said he. “The theatre will be closed at the end of this week.”

“I suppose you have been a good many times to the theatre?”

“To the Piccadilly Theatre?”

“Yes.”

“I have been only once to the Piccadilly Theatre—when you and I went together,” said Macleod coldly; and they spoke no more of that matter.

By-and-by they thought they might as well smoke outside; and so they went down and out upon the high and walled terrace over-

looking the broad valley of the Thames. And now the moon had arisen in the south, and the winding river showed a pale grey among the black woods, and there was a silvery light on the stone parapet on which they leaned their arms. The night was mild, and soft, and clear; there was an intense silence around; but they heard the faint sound of oars far away—some boating-party getting home through the dark shadows of the riverside trees.

“It is a beautiful life you have here in the south,” Macleod said, after a time, “though I can imagine that the women enjoy it more than the men. It is natural for women to enjoy pretty colours, and flowers, and bright lights, and music; and I suppose it is the mild air that lets their eyes grow so big and clear. But the men—I should think they must get tired of doing nothing. They are rather melancholy; and their hands are white. I wonder they don’t begin to hate Hyde Park, and kid gloves, and tight boots. Ogilvie,” said he, suddenly straightening himself up, “what do you say to the 12th? A few breathers over Ben-an-Sloich would put new lungs into you. I don’t think you look quite so limp as most of the London men; but still you are not up to the mark. And then an occasional run out to Coll or Tiree in that old tub of ours, with a brisk sou’-wester blowing across—that would put some mettle into you. Mind you, you won’t have any grand banquets at Castle Dare. I think it is hard on the poor old mother that she should have all the pinching, and none of the squandering; but women seem to have rather a liking for these sacrifices; and both she and Janet are very proud of the family name—I believe they would live on seaweed for a year if only their representative in London could take Buckingham Palace for the season. And Hamish—don’t you remember Hamish? He will give you a hearty welcome to Dare; and he will tell you the truth about any salmon or stag you may kill—though he was never known to come within five pounds of the real weight of any big salmon I ever caught. Now then, what do you say?”

“Ah, it is all very well,” said Lieutenant Ogilvie. “If we could all get what we want, there would scarcely be an officer in Aldershot Camp on the 12th of August. But I must say there are some capitally good fellows in our mess—and it isn’t every one gets the chance you offer me—and there’s none of the dog-in-the-manger feeling about them: in short, I do believe, Ogilvie, that I could get off for a week or so about the 20th.”

"The 20th? So be it. Then you will have the black-cock added in."

"When do you leave?"

"On the 1st of August—the morning after my garden-party. You must come to it, Ogilvie. Lady Beauregard has persuaded her husband to put off their going to Ireland for three days in order to come. And I have got old Admiral Maitland coming—with his stories of the press-gang, and of Nelson, and of the raids on the merchant-ships for officers for the navy. Did you know that Miss Rawlinson was an old sweetheart of his? He knew her when she lived in Jamaica with her father—several centuries ago you would think, judging by their stories. Her father got £28,000 from the Government when his slaves were emancipated. I wish I could get the old Admiral up to Dare—he and the mother would have some stories to tell, I think. But you don't like long journeys at ninety-two."

He was in a pleasant and talkative humour, this bright-faced and stalwart young fellow, with his proud, fine features and his careless air. One could easily see how these old folks had made a sort of pet of him. But while he went on with this desultory chatting about the various people whom he had met, and the friendly invitations he had received, and the hopes he had formed of renewing his acquaintanceship with this person and the next person, should chance bring him again to London soon, he never once mentioned the name of Miss Gertrude White, or referred to her family, or even to her public appearances, about which there was plenty of talk at this time. Yet Lieutenant Ogilvie, on his rare visits to London, had more than once heard Sir Keith Macleod's name mentioned in conjunction with that of the young actress whom society was pleased to regard with a special and unusual favour just then; and once or twice he, as Macleod's friend, had been archly questioned on the subject by some inquisitive lady, whose eyes asked more than her words. But Lieutenant Ogilvie was gravely discreet. He neither treated the matter with ridicule nor, on the other hand, did he pretend to know more than he actually knew—which was literally nothing at all. For Macleod, who was, in ordinary circumstances, anything but a reserved or austere person, was on this subject strictly silent—evading questions with a proud and simple dignity that forbade the repetition of them. *'That which concerns you not, meddle not with'*: he observed the maxim himself, and expected others to do the like.

It was an early dinner they had had, after their stroll in Richmond Park; and it was a comparatively early train that Macleod and his friend now drove down to catch, after he had paid his bill. When they reached Waterloo Station it was not yet eleven o'clock; when he, having bade good-bye to Ogilvie, got to his rooms in Bury Street, it was but a few minutes after. He was joyfully welcomed by his faithful friend, Oscar.

"You poor dog," said he, "here have we been enjoying ourselves all the day, and you have been in prison. Come, shall we go for a run?"

Oscar jumped up on him with a whine of delight; he knew what that taking up of the hat again meant. And then there was a silent stealing down-stairs; and a slight, pardonable bark of joy in the hall; and a wild dash into the freedom of the narrow street when the door was opened. Then Oscar moderated his transports, and kept pretty close to his master as together they began to wander through the desert wilds of London.

Piccadilly?—Oscar had grown as expert in avoiding the rattling broughams and hansoms as the veriest mongrel that ever led a vagrant life in London streets. Berkeley Square?—here there was comparative quiet, with the gas-lamps shining up on the thick foliage of the maples. In Grosvenor Square he had a bit of a scamper; but there was no rabbit to hunt. In Oxford Street his master took him into a public-house and gave him a biscuit and a drink of water; after that his spirits rose a bit, and he began to range ahead in Baker Street. But did Oscar know any more than his master why they had taken this direction?

Still further north; and now there were a good many trees about; and the moon, high in the heavens, touched the trembling foliage, and shone white on the front of the houses. Oscar was a friendly companion; but he could not be expected to notice that his master glanced somewhat nervously along South Bank when he had reached the entrance to that thoroughfare. Apparently the place was quite deserted; there was nothing visible but the walls, trees, and houses, one side in black shadow, the other shining cold and pale in the moonlight. After a moment's hesitation Macleod resumed his walk—though he seemed to tread more softly.

And now, in the perfect silence, he neared a certain house, though but little of it was visible over the wall and through the trees. Did he expect to see a light in one of these

upper windows, which the drooping acacias did not altogether conceal? He walked quickly by, with his head averted. Oscar had got a good way in front, not doubting that his master was following him.

But Macleod, perhaps having mustered up further courage, stopped in his walk, and returned. This time he passed more slowly, and turned his head to the house, as if listening. There was no light in the windows; there was no sound at all; there was no motion but that of the trembling acacia-leaves as the cold wind of the night stirred them. And then he passed over to the south side of the thoroughfare; and stood in the black shadow of a high wall; and Oscar came, and looked up into his face.

A brougham rattled by; then there was utter stillness again; and the moonlight shone on the front of the small house, which was to all appearance as lifeless as the grave. Then, far away, twelve o'clock struck, and the sound seemed distant as the sound of a bell at sea in this intense quiet.

He was alone with the night, and with the dreams and fancies of the night. Would he, then, confess to himself that which he would confess to no other? Or was it merely some passing whim—some slight under-chord of sentiment struck amid the careless joy of a young man's holiday—that had led him up into this silent region of trees and moonlight? The scene around him was romantic enough; but he certainly had not the features of an anguish-stricken lover.

Again the silence of the night was broken by the rumbling of a cab that came along the road; and now—whatever may have been the fancy that brought him hither—he turned to leave, and Oscar joyfully bounded out into the road. But the cab, instead of continuing its route, stopped at the gate of the house he had been watching, and two young ladies stepped out. Fionaghal, the Fair Stranger, had not, then, been wandering in the enchanted land of dreams, but toiling home in a humble four-wheeler from the scene of her anxious labours? He would have slunk away rapidly but for an untoward accident. Oscar, ranging up and down, came upon an old friend, and instantly made acquaintance with her, on seeing which, Macleod, with deep vexation at his heart, but with a pleasant and careless face, had to walk along also.

"What an odd meeting!" said he. "I have been giving Oscar a run. I am glad to have a chance of bidding you good-night. You are not very tired, I hope?"

"I am rather tired," said she, "but I have only two more nights, and then my holiday begins."

He shook hands with both sisters, and wished them good-night, and departed. As Miss Gertrude White went into her father's house, she seemed rather grave.

"Gerty," said the younger sister, as she screwed up the gas, "wouldn't the name of Lady Macleod look well in a play-bill?"

The elder sister would not answer; but as she turned away there was a quick flush of colour in her face—whether caused by anger or by a sudden revelation of her own thought it was impossible to say.

CHAPTER XI.—A FLOWER.

THE many friends Macleod had made in the south—or rather those of them who had remained in town till the end of the season—showed an unwonted interest in this nondescript party of his; and it was at a comparatively early hour in the evening that the various groups of people began to show themselves in Miss Rawlinson's garden. That prim old lady—with her quick, bright ways and her humorous little speeches—studiously kept herself in the background. It was Sir Keith Macleod who was the host. And when he remarked to her that he thought the most beautiful night of all the beautiful time he had spent in the south had been reserved for this very party, she replied—looking round the garden just as if she had been one of his guests—that it was a pretty scene. And it was a pretty scene. The last fire of the sunset was just touching the top-most branches of the trees. In the colder shade below, the banks and beds of flowers, and the costumes of the ladies, acquired a strange intensity of colour. Then there was a band playing; and a good deal of chatting going on; and one old gentleman with a grizzled moustache humbly receiving lessons in lawn-tennis from an imperious small maiden of ten. Macleod was here, there, and everywhere. The lanterns were to be lit while the people were in at supper. Lieutenant Ogilvie was directed to take in Lady Beauregard when the time arrived.

"You must take her in yourself, Macleod," said that properly constituted youth. "If you outrage the sacred laws of precedence"—

"I mean to take Miss Rawlinson in to supper," said Macleod; "she is the oldest woman here, and I think my best friend."

"I thought you might wish to give Miss White the place of honour," said Ogilvie, out

of sheer impertinence; but Macleod went off to order the candles to be lit in the marquee, where supper was laid.

By-and-by he came out again; and now the twilight had drawn on apace; there was a cold clear light in the skies, while at the same moment a red glow began to shine through the canvas of the long tent. He walked over to one little group who were seated on a garden-chair.

"Well," said he, "I have got pretty nearly all my people together now, Mrs. Ross."

"But where is Gertrude White?" said Mrs. Ross, "surely she is to be here?"

"Oh, yes, I think so," said he. "Her father and herself both promised to come. You know her holidays have begun now."

"It is a good thing for that girl," said Miss Rawlinson, in her quick, *staccato* fashion, "that she has few holidays. Very good thing she has her work to mind. The way people run after her would turn any woman's head. The Grand Duke — is said to have declared that she was one of the three prettiest women he saw in England: what can you expect if things like that get to a girl's ears?"

"But you know Gerty is quite unspoiled," said Mrs. Ross, warmly.

"Yes; so far," said the old lady, "so far, she retains the courtesy of being hypocritical" —

"Oh, Miss Rawlinson! I won't have you say such things of Gerty White!" Mrs. Ross protested. "You are a wicked old woman — isn't she, Hugh?"

"I am saying it to her credit," continued the old lady, with much composure. "What I say is, that most pretty women who are much run after are flattered into frankness. When they are introduced to you, they don't take the trouble to conceal that they are quite indifferent to you. A plain woman will be decently civil, and will smile, and pretend she is pleased. A beauty—a recognised beauty—doesn't take the trouble to be hypocritical. Now Miss White does."

"It is an odd sort of compliment," said Colonel Ross, laughing. "What do you think of it, Macleod?"

"These are too great refinements for my comprehension," said he, modestly. "I think if a pretty woman is uncivil to you, it is easy for you to turn on your heel and go away."

"I did not say uncivil. Don't you go misrepresenting a poor old woman, Sir Keith. I said she is most likely to be flattered into being honest—into showing a stranger that she is quite indifferent, whereas a plain

woman will try to make herself a little agreeable. Now a poor lone creature like myself likes to fancy that people are glad to see her; and Miss White pretends as much. It is very kind. By-and-bye she will get spoiled like the rest; and then she will become honest. She will shake hands with me, and then turn off, as much as to say, 'Go away, you ugly old woman, for I can't be bothered with you, and I don't expect any money from you, and why should I pretend to like you?'"

All this was said in a half jesting way; and it certainly did not at all represent—so far as Macleod had ever made out—the real opinions of her neighbours in the world held by this really kind and gentle old lady. But Macleod had noticed before that Miss Rawlinson never spoke with any great warmth about Miss Gertrude White's beauty, or her acting, or anything at all connected with her. At this very moment, when she was apparently praising the young lady, there was a bitter flavour about what she said. There may be jealousy between sixty-five and nineteen; and if this reflection occurred to Macleod, he no doubt assumed that Miss Rawlinson, if jealous at all, was jealous of Miss Gertrude White's influence over—Mrs. Ross.

"As for Miss White's father," continued the old lady, with a little laugh, "perhaps he believes in those sublime theories of art he is always preaching about. Perhaps he does. They are very fine. One result of them is that his daughter remains on the stage—and earns a handsome income—and he enjoys himself in picking up bits of curiosities" —

"Now that is really unfair," said Mrs. Ross, seriously. "Mr. White is not a rich man, but he has some small means that render him quite independent of any income of his daughter's. Why, how did they live before they ever thought of letting her try her fortune on the stage? And the money he spent, when it was at last decided she should be carefully taught" —

"Oh, very well!" said Miss Rawlinson, with a smile; but she nodded her head ominously. If that old man was not actually living on his daughter's earnings, he had at least strangled his mother, or robbed the Bank of England, or done something or other. Miss Rawlinson was obviously not well disposed either to Mr. White or to his daughter.

At this very moment both these persons made their appearance, and certainly, as this slender and graceful figure, clad in a pale summer costume, came across the lawn, and as a smile of recognition lit up the intelligent

fine face, these critics sitting there must have acknowledged that Gertrude White was a singularly pretty woman. And then the fascination of that low-toned voice! She began to explain to Macleod why they were so late. Some trifling accident had happened to Carry. But, as these simple, pathetic tones told him the story, his heart was filled with a great gentleness and pity towards that poor victim of misfortune. He was struck with remorse because he had sometimes thought harshly of the poor child, on account of a mere occasional bit of pertness. His first message from the Highlands would be to her.

"O Willie brewed a peck o' maut" the band played merrily as the gay company took their seats at the long banquet-table, Macleod leading in the prim old dame who had placed her house at his disposal. There was a blaze of light and colour in this spacious marquee. Bands of scarlet took the place of oaken rafters; there were huge blocks of ice on the table, each set in a miniature lake that was filled with white water-lilies; there were masses of flowers and fruit from one end to the other; and by the side of each *menu* lay a tiny nosegay, in the centre of which was a sprig of bell-heather. This last was a notion of Macleod's amiable hostess; she had made up these miniature bouquets herself. But she had been forestalled in the pretty compliment. Macleod had not seen much of Miss Gertrude White in the cold twilight outside. Now, in this blaze of yellow light, he turned his eyes to her, as she sat there demurely flirting with an old admiral of ninety-two, who was one of Macleod's special friends. And what was that flower she wore in her bosom—the sole piece of colour in the costume of white? That was no sprig of blood-red bell-heather, but a bit of real heather—of the common ling; and it was set amid a few leaves of juniper. Now the juniper is the badge of the Clan Macleod. She wore it next her heart.

There was laughter, and wine, and merry talking. '*Last May a braw wooer*' the band played now; but they scarcely listened.

"Where is your piper, Sir Keith?" said Lady Beauregard.

"At this moment," said he, "I should not wonder if he was down at the shore, waiting for me."

"You are going away quite soon then?"

"To-morrow. But I don't wish to speak of it. I should like to-night to last for ever."

Lady Beauregard was interrupted by her neighbour.

"What has pleased you, then, so much?" said his hostess, looking up at him. "London? Or the people in it? Or any one person in it?"

"Oh!" he said, laughingly, "the whole thing. What is the use of dissecting? It is nothing but holiday-making in this place. Now Miss Rawlinson, are you brave? Won't you challenge the Admiral to drink a glass of wine with you? And you must include his companion—just as they do at the city dinners—and I will join too."

And so these old sweethearts drank to each other. And Macleod raised his glass, too; and Miss White lowered her eyes, and perhaps flushed a little as she touched hers with her lips; for she had not often been asked to take a part in this old-fashioned ceremony. But that was not the only custom they revived that evening. After the banquet was over; and the ladies had got some light shawls and gone out into the mild summer night; and when the long marquee was cleared, and the band installed at the farther end; then there was a murmured talk of a minuet. Who could dance it? Should they try it?

"You know it?" said Macleod to Miss White.

"Yes," said she, looking down.

"Will you be my partner?"

"With pleasure," she answered, but there was some little surprise in her voice, which he at once detected.

"Oh," said he, "the mother taught me when I was a child. She and I used to have grand dances together. And Hamish, he taught me the sword-dance."

"Do you know the sword-dance?" she said.

"Any one can know it," said he, "it is more difficult to do it. But at one time I could dance it with four of the thickest-handled dirks instead of the two swords."

"I hope you will show us your skill to-night," she said, with a smile.

"Do you think any one can dance the sword-dance without the pipes?" said he, quite simply.

And now some of the younger people had made bold to try this minuet; and Macleod led his partner up to the head of the improvised ball-room; and the slow and graceful music began. That was a pretty sight for those walking outside in the garden. So warm was the night that the canvas of one side of the marquee had been removed; and those walking about in the dark outside could look into this gaily-lighted place with the

beautifully-coloured figures moving to the slow music. And as they thus walked along the gravel-paths, or under the trees, the stems of which were decorated with spirals of coloured lamps, a new light arose in the south to shed a further magic over the scene. Almost red at first, the full moon cleared as it rose, until the trees and bushes were touched with a silver radiance, and the few people who walked about threw black shadows on the greensward and gravel. In an arbour at the furthest end of the garden a number of Chinese lanterns shed a dim coloured light on a table and a few rocking-chairs. There were cigarettes on the table.

By-and-by, from out of the brilliancy of the tent, stepped Macleod and Fionaghal herself, she leaning on his arm, a light scarf thrown round her neck. She uttered a slight cry of surprise when she saw the picture this garden presented—the coloured cups on the trees, the swinging lanterns, the broader sheen of the moonlight spreading over the foliage, and the lawn, and the walks.

"It is like fairy-land!" she said.

They walked along the winding gravel-paths; and now that some familiar quadrille was being danced in that brilliant tent, there were fewer people out here in the moonlight.

"I should begin to believe that romance was possible," she said, with a smile, "if I often saw a beautiful scene like this. It is what we try to get in the theatre; but I see all the bare boards and the limelight—I don't have a chance of believing in it."

"Do you have a chance of believing in anything," said he, "on the stage?"

"I don't understand you," she said, gently; for she was sure he would not mean the rudeness that his words literally conveyed.

"And perhaps I cannot explain," said he. "But—but your father was talking the other day about your giving yourself up altogether to your art—living the lives of other people for the time being—forgetting yourself—sacrificing yourself—having no life of your own but that. What must the end of it be?—that you play with emotions and beliefs until you have no faith in any one—none left for yourself—it is only the material of your art. Would you not rather like to live your own life?"

He had spoken rather hesitatingly; and he was not at all sure that he had quite conveyed to her his meaning—though he had thought over the subject long enough and often enough to get his own impressions of it clear.

If she had been ten years older, and an experienced coquette, she would have said to herself, "*This man hates the stage because he is jealous of its hold on my life,*" and she would have rejoiced over the inadvertent confession. But now these hesitating words of his seemed to have awakened some quick responsive thrill in her nature, for she suddenly said, with an earnestness that was not at all assumed—

"Sometimes I have thought of that—it is so strange to hear my own doubts repeated. If I could choose my own life—yes, I would rather live that out than merely imagining the experiences of others. But what is one to do? You look around, and take the world as it is. Can anything be more trivial and disappointing? When you are Juliet in the balcony, or Rosalind in the forest, then you have some better feeling within you, if it is only for an hour or so."

"Yes," said he, "and you go on indulging in those doses of fictitious sentiment until— But I am afraid the night air is too cold for you. Shall we go back?"

She could not fail to notice the trace of bitterness, and subsequent coldness, with which he spoke. She knew that he must have been thinking deeply over this matter; and that it was no ordinary thing that caused him to speak with so much feeling. But of course, when he proposed that they should return to the marquee, she consented. He could not expect her to stand there and defend her whole manner of life. Much less could he expect her to give up her profession merely because he had exercised his wits in getting up some fantastic theory about it. And she began to think that he had no right to talk to her in this bitter fashion.

When they had got half way back to the tent, he paused for a moment.

"I am going to ask a favour of you," he said in a low voice. "I have spent a pleasant time in England, and I cannot tell you how grateful I am to you for letting me become one of your friends. To-morrow morning I am going back home. I should like you to give me that flower—as some little token of remembrance."

The small fingers did not tremble at all as she took the flower from her dress. She presented it to him with a charming smile, and without a word. What was the giving of a flower? There was a cart-load of roses in the tent.

But this flower she had worn next her heart.

THE ARMENIANS: THEIR PAST AND FUTURE.

FOUR nationalities, or well-individualised races, have a living interest in the issue of the struggle in which the Turk has been engaged since Kars fell in Asia and Plevna capitulated in Europe. The Hellenic people, cheated of Thessaly and Macedonia in the former war, and having done nothing in this, yet claim their old land up to the Maritza, in the first instance, and would fain re-enter Constantinople at once as the representative of the Powers which cannot trust Russia. The Slav is as much the heir of the future as the Hellen of the past. Could the two agree,

there would be no room for Russia south of the Danube, and the Eastern Question would be solved so far as its European side is concerned. But, in spite of the slavish vices of a long-oppressed people, the Slavs may escape both Austrian and Russian domination, and find time to prepare for independence under the guarantee of Europe. The Asiatic side of the question, also, involves the destiny of two races, older than even the Hellenic, and long more outraged than the Slavonian. The Jew and the Armenian find their origin in the roots of history. They point to their



Great and Little Ararat, from the Fortress of Erivan.

ancestors by name in the Bible register of the Beni-Noah, who colonised the old world from the still Armenian Ararat. If the Jew is silent while the empire of the Turk seems about to break up, it should not be forgotten that he has suffered most of all. Nor is it unknown to others than those who are of Israel, that the national party of the Jews is ever increasing under the thrill which the last assault on Islam has sent through east and west. Old men like Sir Moses Montefiore, and young men like Professor Kaufmann, of the Jewish College of Buda-Pesth, acknowledge in the "Daniel Deronda" of George

Eliot the most real as well as vivid exposition of sacred longings which seek in Palestine, no longer a grave for the dust of Israel, but a home for their scattered children—a throne for their visible power. And what the Jew has been to the Theocracy as its oldest representative, the Armenian was to the Christianity in which the Theocracy is fulfilled. The children of Noah, who clung to the Ararat plateau all through the Assyrian and Egyptian, the Hellenic and Latin efforts after a world-wide civilisation, were the first as a people to profess Christianity. Dertad, or Tiridates, their king, was baptized by his cousin, Gregory

the Illuminator, thirty-seven years before Constantine submitted to the rite. And all through the nearly sixteen centuries the four or five millions of Armenians have clung to their

faith, like the five or six millions of Jews to theirs, with a constancy that has defied the persecution of the Fire-worshippers, the sword of the Saracens, and the outrages of the



Armenian Monk.



Philaret, Metropolitan of Moscow. Mongolian features contrasting with those of the Armenian.



Ancient King of Armenia, exhibiting the fine features of the race.

Turks, who gave the last blow to their independence. Like the Jews, though under a blessing rather than impelled by a curse, the Armenians have in large numbers sought in

other lands the protection to life, and property, and faith denied them in their own. I have met them, and know not a few of them well, in cities so remote from each other and

from Ararat, as Calcutta and Bombay, Cairo and Constantinople, Moscow and Amsterdam. Thousands of them are prosperous British subjects; thousands more at home have been made Protestants by the accomplished American missionaries there. The Hellenic, the Slavonic, the Jewish interest in the disintegration of the Turkish Empire all understand; but not so many are familiar with the case of the Armenians. Are a people who add to the commercial virtues of the Jew, the historic claims and high character of the earliest Christian kingdom, whose intellectual power Russia has long practically used—as now in Trans-Caucasia—and whose press has left its mark on the scholarship of Europe, to be left to be quietly absorbed by any other Power, just as they have been ignorantly abandoned so long to Turkish oppression? Is the solution of the Eastern Question to leave Armenia a province of Russia, or to make it again one of the few and most necessary Christian kingdoms of Asia, as it was in its best days? In October, 1876, the Armenians themselves presented a memorial to the Great Powers before these entered on the Conference of Constantinople, claiming an answer. The question is quite as much one for the Church as for diplomacy. For not only are the Armenians the oldest of Christian peoples; they are the purest and least effete of the Oriental Churches. Through them best of all may light be reflected back over the East, from which it came to us.

Nature would seem to have made the high table-land of Armenia to be the birth-place of a great race. It forms the northern portion of the still more famous plateau of Iran, whence all the early migrations and civilisation of man radiated, south unto India, or west and north in successive streams to the lands of the Mediterranean. The triangle between the most easterly gulf of the Great Sea, the Black Sea, and the Caspian, an area of which Ararat is the centre, is Armenia, from whose mountains and lakes the great rivers of our earliest history find their way to these three seas and the Persian Gulf. Ezekiel mentions the horses fed on its rich pastures; their breed was as famous then as that of Arabia since. Such was its repute for the precious metals and stones, that on one occasion the Romans carried off its king in chains of gold. Herodotus places its warriors in the army of Xerxes; for, from even the earliest times, Armenia was the Switzerland of the East. Placed between the Great Powers of the ancient world, Asiatic and European, it was now

independent for a time, and now subject to Assyrian, Persian, Macedonian, and Roman supremacy. The subjection of all the highlands of Syria and Armenia to the suzerainty of Rome opened to their people at the earliest time the door of Christianity. The story which Eusebius seems to have found in the records of the great Christian city and college of Edessa was undoubtedly apocryphal, but it seems to mark the close as well as early connection of Armenia with the Apostolic Church at Jerusalem. Akbar, king of that portion of north-western Mesopotamia, hearing of the miracles of Christ, is said to have written a letter to "Jesus, the good Saviour," in the spirit and almost the very words of Nicodemus. "Come to me," wrote the prince, "and heal my distemper," after declaring that the miracles of healing showed one of two things: "Eith^r thou art God, come down from heaven to do these things, or thou art the Son of God and so performest them." Our Lord's reply is an expansion of the words of Thomas, on the blessedness of those who have not seen and yet have believed, and He promises to send a disciple after "I should be received up to Him that sent me." Thaddæus, accordingly is represented by the legend as having gone to heal Akbar in the name of Jesus, of whom the grateful sovereign said, "I have so believed in Him that I would go with an army to extirpate the Jews who crucified Him, if I did not fear the Roman power." The whole story is doubtless a later reflection of the events which mark historically the introduction of Christianity into Armenia. The spot was that Echmiatzin, still the ecclesiastical capital, near the base of Ararat, which means the descent of the Only Begotten, for there the light of the Lord first shone and the first Christian church was built. The church has an interest still for the rare traveller who finds his way thither, far above that of any holy place in all history, save Bethlehem and Jerusalem. The time was the year 302. Of the royal house of Armenia, which Chosroes the Great had made illustrious, two only escaped massacre at the hands of the Persians—his son Tiridates, and Gregory, whom some accounts represent as the cousin of Tiridates. During their exile, Gregory was educated in Christianity at the Cappadocian Cæsarea, while Tiridates succeeded, with Roman aid, in regaining his father's throne. Gregory, placing himself at the head of the infant Church in Armenia, was cast into prison, and the king waged a bitter persecution against his followers. But, as in the

Akbar legend, being seized by sore sickness he was healed through the prayer of Gregory, and accepted for himself and all his people the true faith. Gregory received Episcopal consecration at the hands of the Metropolitan of Cæsarea, and laid broadly and deeply the foundations of the oldest Church of Christendom, which has withstood alike the persecutions of the infidel, and the pressure of those of the Greek and Latin rites who menaced its independence. A few indeed have succumbed to the arts of Rome. What are called the United, as distinguished from the Gregorian Armenians, are represented at the Porte by a Patriarchate, the disputes about the succession to which have led the Vatican to throw all its influence on the side of the Sultan in the fight of Islam against Christianity. But to this day the successor of Gregory, as Catholicos or Patriarch rather than the suffragan of any other prelate, rules the four millions who follow the old Armenian rite, and from Echmiatzin sends forth bishops and priests to Calcutta and Peking, and the regions between. The work of the enlightened and enlightening Gregory was continued by scholars like Miesrob, translator of the Bible and modifier of the old Haik alphabet; Moses of Khorene, most accurate and patriotic of historians; David, the philosopher and expounder of Aristotle, down to the sixth century. No nation at that period, few nations at any time, had annals so bright. From Byzantium to Rome, and Alexandria to Athens, there was no place of culture in which Armenian scholarship was not represented.

The bitter and persistent persecutions of the Zoroastrians of Persia stopped all that. The succeeding wars of the Mahomedans and especially the Turks completed the miserable work, driving forth to happier lands than their own every scholar, and teacher, and priest, who could escape. Now and then, in the centuries from the sixth to the hopeless supremacy of the Ottomans in the fourteenth, some Armenian or Armeno-Jewish dynasty would manage to exist in the intervals of oppression, or to obtain recognition from the Caliphs. But through it all, and to the last hour of political autonomy, Armenian independence meant Christianity, as much as it ever did in our own history. Driven to Lesser Armenia, to the shelter of the Cilician Taurus, King Rhupen, or Ruben, held the ground till he could help the Crusaders, and his alliance with them and the kings of Cyprus has been correctly described as forming "the

last bulwark of Christianity in the East." After a heroic resistance, Leon, the last king who ruled even a portion of Armenia, was taken captive by the Mamelukes, then became a fugitive in Europe, and died in Paris in 1393. The Crescent had blotted out all of the Cross that the Persian Magi had left in Armenia, while the Parsees also thenceforth became fugitives till, like their quondam Armenian victims, they found an asylum under the Christian Government of India.

From that time to this all that is best in the Armenian nation has sought a career in commerce, while waiting and longing for the hour which seems at hand when they may once more become an independent nationality. Scattered, they are still as much a people as the Jews. Like the Jews also, theirs has been the romance of history. The atrocities of Timour, the raids of the savage Koords, and the permanent oppression of the Turks in the west, desolated the fair pastures and once flourishing Christian cities of the highlands of the Euphrates, the Tigris, and the Araxes, till at the opening of the seventeenth century the rivalry of Shah Abbas with the Ottoman Ahmed once more gave the country hope. That great monarch of Persia may have shown to his own family and people the arbitrary cruelty of the typical despot of Asia; but to the Armenians and all Christians, this friend of the Sherleys was not only tolerant but fostering. The forty thousand inhabitants of Julfa, who had long groaned under the Turkish rule, welcomed him as their deliverer, and he in turn transplanted them to a new Julfa in the suburbs of Ispahan. There they built churches, and soon became the most successful traders in their adopted country. Chardin draws a vivid picture of their prosperity, under the man who, fanatical Mahomedan though he was, would do anything to league the powers of Europe with himself against the Turkish Sultan. His successors proved to be of the true intolerant stamp, yet, when their weakness had tempted the Afghan invasion under Mahmood, the Armenian colony of Julfa stood alone in the courage with which they resisted the enemy. Left to themselves they were forced to pay a contribution of 70,000 tomâns. That was a small matter compared with the horror of seeing fifty of their best and most beautiful maidens shut up in the harem of the Afghan savage and his generals. Old Jonas Hanway, the London merchant and philanthropist, who, after developing the Caspian and Persian trade,

found a resting-place in Westminster Abbey, tells how even the Afghans, moved by the despair of the mothers and fathers of a Christian people who had ever kept their families sacred from the contaminations of Mahomedan and heathen sensuality, returned the girls. From that time the number of the Armenians in Persia has steadily diminished. When Sir John Malcolm went there as ambassador from Lord Minto, the Governor-General of India, their bishop returned the strength of the colony at 12,383, or not more than a sixth of the number before the Afghan invasion. The Persian dominion became, and has ever since continued, as bad as the Turk. A well-informed Armenian writer declares that the few families still to be found in Julfa are kept there for political reasons by their Patriarch, who is subsidised to report to Russia the secret moves of the Persian court. Males are allowed to leave the community, but their families are detained unless they give security that they will return. The ablest Armenian in Calcutta in my time, Mr. Avdall, who translated Chamich's History of his country, was a native of Shiraz, and he bears witness to the combined oppression of the Russianising Patriarch and the Shah.

The capitulation of Julfa and fall of Ispahan pushed many Armenians south to India. There the Portuguese attracted them to Goa, and the English to Surat and Bombay, Madras and Calcutta. The early records of European settlement in India teem with notices of this trustworthy and enterprising people. They penetrated where the more foreign merchants of the West could not go, and hence they were invaluable as agents and envoys to the country powers. In the first century of its existence, the East India Company found that Armenians could retail the woollens of England, and bring from the interior the fine muslins and gold-thread work of the natives, more cheaply than their own factors, and more honestly than other Orientals. In the dearth of European ladies, Armenians were in request as wives. When the rival Companies fought each other by diplomacy and bribes, the older corporation sent an Armenian as envoy to the Great Mogul. When the new Company's servants were denied the use of the Christian cemeteries the Armenians volunteered to their dead a grave. In the infant capital of Calcutta this community had reached such a pitch of prosperity that Jaffir Khan specially granted them, through Clive, compensation for the sack of the settlement by Suraj-ood-Doulah to the amount of more than £70,000.

In what is now the closest and most densely inhabited part of the metropolis of India, the quaint church of St. Nazareth stands in a quadrangle of gravestones. The spot was used as a cemetery only till 1724, when Cavond, an architect, came from Persia and erected it in place of the old chapel close by. The inscriptions tell of Gregorys and Aviets, Arakiels and Pauls, Agabegs and Manooks, and even Grants, who had married Scottish civilians, from places so distant as Julfa and Penang. Very touching are some of the inscriptions. On one is Ken's Evening Hymn; on another, to a young wife,—

"Sleep soft in dust, await the Almighty's will,
Then rise unchanged and be an angel still."

At a time when no other attempt had been made in Calcutta to provide for the higher education, the Armenians established the Philanthropic Academy, from which and the Doveton College that superseded it not a few have passed into the professions and the Civil Service, and are now distinguished barristers and judges. The climate has shown its deteriorating effect, especially in Madras, in those who have lived in the Tropics for generations. But the ranks of the community are frequently recruited from their native land, the priests and deacons especially being sent from Echmiatzin. The Queen has no more loyal or intelligent subjects. Through the Russia Company, also, this country has come into contact with the Armenians, whom their agents found in possession of the Persian silk trade. Parliament passed an Act, on the representations of that company, to encourage the import of Persian silk through Russia, which was looked on as most favourable to the Armenians as the principal carriers. When the Scottish Darien Company formed the secret project of trading with India it was through the Armenians that they proposed to strike at the English monopoly there. The agent in the delicate negotiations was one Martin Gregory of Amsterdam. The Dutch had always earned the gratitude of this community, whether by protecting them in such foreign settlements as Chinsurah or in their own cities at home. In Holland Armenians were long known as "the gentlemen." At an early period they established a college in Amsterdam and a press, from which went forth the first printed copy of their version of the New Testament, a work which is now of value as adding the disputed verse, 1 John, v. 7. Not many have settled in our own country, where Jew and Greek have anticipated them, but an Armenian from Madras, Alexander

Raffaële, becoming a Roman Catholic, sat at one time in the House of Commons. The same gentleman encouraged the small colony of his countrymen in Vienna, where he established a college for them, and a press, which sent forth, among other fine works, the "Gallery of Armenian Alphabets." Even in the far north of Sweden the Armenian Mouradge, or Mourat, was foreign minister at the close of the last century. An academy opened at Paris for the orthodox followers of St. Gregory fell a victim to the jealousy of the United or Romish Armenians, as much else that was promising in the progress of the nation has done.

More remarkable, and much more permanent, however, has been the Armenian establishment at Venice, with which the name of the poet Byron has connection of curious interest. The monk Mechitar, founder of the order which bears his name, after seeking rest in vain in Constantinople and the Morea, whence successively he was driven by the Turks, appealed to the Republic of Venice for an asylum. The State, forbidden by its law to allow them to settle in the city, assigned to the Mechitarist order the island of San Lazzaro, two miles off, which has ever since been an object of interest to the traveller. Since the beginning of the eighteenth century the monastery of San Lazzaro has been a light to the United or Romanist Armenians at least. It has been more, for Mechitar's grammar and dictionary marked the beginning of a revival in the literature of his desolated country, which his co-religionist, Saint Martin, and a whole host of French, Russian, and German philologists have continued ever since. The Armenian press of San Lazzaro holds a most honourable place in the history of printing, and all the progress which depends on printing. Its close connection with the Propaganda College of Rome has made it a channel for the diffusion of western ideas as well as, unfortunately, Romanist influence; for the Mechitarist monastery has widened the schism between the orthodox Gregorian and the United Armenian, till the one looks on the other with feelings of antipathy which a Jew could scarcely surpass, according to a writer who is one of the former class. It was in 1816, when Byron had left England for the last time, under the cloud caused by his relation to his wife, that the poet took up his residence in Venice. His letters to Moore and Murray from that city are devoted chiefly to two subjects—his scandalous amours and his study of Armenian. "I found," he writes to

the former, "that my mind wanted something craggy to break upon, and this—as the most difficult thing I could discover here for an amusement—I have chosen to torture me into attention. It is a rich language, however, and would amply repay any one the trouble of learning it." Not only did he spend a good deal of money in promoting the publication of an Armenian grammar by Paschal Auher, one of the fathers, asking Mr. Murray to find out if the types from which the Whistons printed their text of Moses of Khorene's "History of Armenia" still existed at either of the universities, but he himself translated the pseudo-epistles of the Corinthians to St. Paul, and from St. Paul in reply. Byron's knowledge of the canonical writings and of Biblical criticism was below that even of his day, when, after studying the evident forgeries, he could write to Moore of the correspondence, "It seems to me very orthodox, and I have done it into scriptural prose English." The translation will be found in the appendix to Moore's "Letters and Journals of Lord Byron." Of greater value is the poet's account of the impression made on him by the brethren of the order, who still show with pride the table at which he studied. His words are still more applicable to the orthodox majority who have retained the comparative purity and simplicity of Gregory, their founder. "These men are the priesthood of an oppressed and noble nation which has partaken of the proscription and bondage of the Jews and the Greeks, without the sullenness of the former or the servility of the latter. This people has attained riches without usury, and all the honours that can be awarded to slavery without intrigue. But they have long occupied, nevertheless, a part of 'the house of bondage,' which has lately multiplied her many mansions. It would be difficult, perhaps, to find the annals of a nation less stained with crimes than those of the Armenians, whose virtues have been those of peace, and their vices those of compulsion. But whatever may have been their destiny—and it has been bitter—whatever it may be in future, their country must ever be one of the most interesting." The satraps of Persia and the pashas of Turkey, he adds, have alike desolated the region where God created man in His own image. It was in San Lazzaro that the better nature of Byron learned to assert itself, sometimes at least. There he first burned with that devotion to the cause of the oppressed which led him in 1823 to give his life for the cause of Greek independence.

The close of the war which left the Hellenic question only half solved, to add in our own day to the complications of South-eastern Europe, delivered a portion of the Armenians from the long oppression of the Turks, but only added those so rescued to the ranks of their countrymen who had for some time come under the iron sway of the Czar in Georgia. Such had been the loyal services of his new subjects in 1813 that Alexander I. addressed a letter of gratitude to "our dear faithful Armenian people of all classes inhabiting Georgia." They are assured of the continuance of the imperial favour, because of their exemplary firmness and devotedness "at a time when malevolence and inconstancy were endeavouring to trouble the tranquillity which we had restored in Georgia." In the half century since, and never at any time more zealously than in the present war against Turkey, Armenia has given the ablest generals and the best of its blood to the Russian service, while its sons have found a career as administrators and as scholars in St. Petersburg and Moscow. But it has all been at the price of surrendering their nationality and even their Church. Russia has gained far more than it has given, even if anything could compensate for the denial of a national and free ecclesiastical life. Long before Navarino colonies of Armenians were tempted by their own leaders in the service of Russia to flee from the misrule of the Turk to the paternal arms of the Czar. In 1832 Admiral Lazareff induced seventy thousand families to move into the southern wastes of Russia, but hundreds fled back again to their old homes only to perish of hunger and cold on the way.

Such names as Bagrathion, of old royal blood, Bubaloff, Madatoff, and others, half concealed by being Russianised, are found in the brightest annals of Russian warfare. But the cry of the journal (*Morning Land*) of the orthodox is not without truth — "Few of the children of Armenia find bread in the workshop, but many find their death in the battle-field." Still, at each new attempt to send the Turks back to the barbarism out of which they sprang the old Armenian names reappear. Sometimes hate of the Russian will lead a soldier like Osman Pasha to apostatize to Mahomet. But it is by Armenian generals that the Turks have been driven out of Bayazid, and Kars, and Erzeroum. Loris Melikoff, the most successful of them, before whom Kars has fallen for the third time, has the typical black hair, and dark eyes, and irregular features, and intellectual gravity of the ancient race, who were civilised when Assyria piled up its libraries of tablets, who first accepted the light of Christ, who were long the bulwark of Europe against the Magi and then the Mahomedans, and who have been industrious, loyal, and cultured citizens in the lands of their adoption ever since.

Is this older civilisation, this purer Church, this higher national life, this historic people, to be lost in the as yet barren uniformity of Russian ambition? I cannot say that a continuance of the Turkish oppression were better. But in Armenia, as in Bulgaria, in Bosnia, and in Greece, the best of all is a restoration of that independence for which no Christian people is so well fitted, or has such ancient claims, as the Armenians.

GEORGE SMITH.

SOME THOUGHTS ON DESIGN IN NATURE.

THE most recent attitude of natural science and of many investigators to the question of the origin and sequence of natural phenomena, has been that of denying the existence of any intelligent cause or design in the works of nature. The tendency of evolution at first sight appears to be thoroughly in opposition to the idea that any natural contrivance or structure in animals or plants was formed for the express purpose of serving a particular end. Maintaining that "secondary" causes alone are appreciated by the human understanding, many scientists content themselves with teaching the doctrine that the action of the world upon the living form, and the reaction

in turn of the living being upon the world, are together competent to produce all the adaptations of structure necessary for the wants of its existence. According to this idea, which was held by Goethe, and which unquestionably involves a great, but not the whole, truth, the parts and structures of animals and plants appear as the result of a constant law of adaptation. The living organism is regarded as being moulded and formed by the outward circumstances of its life. Harmonious adjustment to its place or situation in nature forms, it is true, the predominating law and rule in the life of every animal and plant; and could no higher law be shown to operate, the question of design or no design might

very well be put out of court altogether, and abandoned as a thing literally "past finding out." Examples of the harmonious relationship of living beings to their surroundings are very readily found. Changes in the habitation and food of animals and plants, for example, are well known to produce very marked and important results on their form and structure. Two plants of the same species, grown, the one in a moist locality and the other in a dry and barren situation, will vary in a marked manner in their general development as well as in special parts of their structure. The former will develop thick and fleshy leaves; these organs, in the latter case, appearing as thin, dried structures. The nature of the soil has influenced the growth of the plants, and the development in either case presents us with an index of the principle of close reaction upon, and adaptation of the living form to its surroundings. The animal which possesses in a temperate climate a thin covering of hair, becomes covered with a woolly coat in a colder region. The bird which possesses a powerful flight in its wild state, deteriorates as regards the extent of its flying powers when domesticated by man. Whilst conversely, the domesticated birds, more accustomed to a terrestrial life than their wild neighbours, exhibit a special development of the leg-bones—facts well illustrated by the comparison of wild with domesticated ducks, and with other birds brought under the influence of man.

Perhaps the results accruing from the relationship between animals and their surroundings is in no case better exemplified than by the case of parasitic animals, which attach themselves to other animals or to plants, usually as guests of unwelcome kind. Every naturalist must admit that the condition of parasitism is an acquired one. We cannot reasonably believe that animals were created or produced with their parasites already formed. Every conception of natural law and order, on the contrary, forces us to the belief that the parasite has gradually acquired its curious habit of association with its host. Probably what was in reality a chance companionship at first, has become intensified into a permanent connection. The first guest benefited from its attachment to its host, and its descendants in like manner repeated the practice of association, until the habit became a confirmed and invariable practice. The parasite, having no need of its organs of locomotion, gradually loses its limbs. The inevitable "law of the use and disuse of organs" operates in the latter phase of

its action and causes decrease and, at last, disappearance, of the limbs through the abeyance of their functions; and thus we find the great majority of parasites to be stationary, limbless creatures. Even to a greater extent may this backsliding in development proceed, induced by the dependence of the parasite on its host for the necessities of existence. Provided, as in the case of internal parasites, with access to the stores of nourishment its host is elaborating, the parasite is saved the trouble of exercising its own commissariat, and hence its digestive organs may become depraved or may altogether disappear—a condition illustrated by many organisms living as parasites within the alimentary canal of neighbour animals. In such cases, then, we see exemplified in the most forcible manner the adaptation of the being to its environments, and to the special mode of life which it has selected, or which, through the operation of unknown causes, has been selected for its pursuit.

Regarding the whole scheme of living creation in this light, it can readily be understood how and why naturalists were led to depreciate the idea of design in nature. The opinions of former years, it must be owned, were unduly strained in the opposite direction, and it was with a sense of relief that scientists turned to the consideration of the law of adaptation, just illustrated, as a reasonable explanation of the origin of animal and plant forms and structures. The opinion which formerly maintained the creation or production of parasites as they were found inhabiting their hosts, might, it is true, be received by many as an article of unquestioning faith; but there can be no doubt of the reasonable supremacy of the explanation which, as we have seen, maintains the origin of parasitism through the gradual modification and adaptation of the parasite to its peculiar surroundings. The old ideas that such animals as the leeches were specially "designed" for the purposes of the surgeon, appear ridiculous when contrasted with the larger and truer conception of nature which the student is led to form, when he regards each animal as filling a definite place in the universe for its own good, and entirely apart from human needs and requirements. The idea of special design in the leech, for blood-sucking purposes, for example, is not more tenable than that which would hold that fur seals were specially intended to afford the materials for sealskin garments. This latter supposition, although indefensible on the ground of its presuming that nature would minister to

human luxury, is in truth not a whit more unreasonable than that of maintaining that inflammatory diseases and the presence of leeches are correlated facts in the domain of nature. The truth is, that animals and plants must be viewed as existing for their own good, and in accordance with the great plan of nature at large. Humanity is apt to take very selfish views of nature wherever a natural product has been found to minister to man's enjoyment or comfort. We continually overlook the higher purposes which animals, plants, and minerals serve in the maintenance of the universal order of nature, of which man himself is but a part—even if he may be regarded as having been favoured above all other beings. The beauty and the wealth of nature have existed upon and have adorned our earth in the long ages before man appeared. Countless generations and species of animals and plants were produced and passed out of existence before the human epoch; and the choicest flowers still bloom and waste their sweetness in regions where man has not yet penetrated, or where the human sense of beauty has not attained development. It is against this narrow conception of natural objects, which assumes that all things were produced for man's exclusive use, that natural science so strongly protests; and it was similarly because such a thought was permitted to mingle with the question of the origin of animal structures that many naturalists were led to oppose the idea of special and preconceived design in nature as an unwarrantable supposition, or as a veritable myth.

But having thus substituted a reasonable conception of natural laws and operations for a very one-sided interpretation of these laws, the tendency of the new current of thought appeared to lead scientists to altogether ignore the idea of any primary source from which the regulation of the laws might proceed. Absorbed in their consideration of the law visible which operated within and adapted the living organism to the varied circumstances of its life, naturalists became unheeding of the possible existence of a law invisible—of a higher "law within the law," upon which the clearly perceived laws of adaptation might depend. Hence the idea of preconceived design and of a Mind operating through well defined laws, came to be regarded as representing a primitive belief of a past era of scientific history. And thus, with uncompromising haste, the idea of creative or other interference with the regulation of nature was departed from, and by many

scientists was relegated to the limbo of untenable and forgotten beliefs.

But if the older theories of design were, as we have shown, carried to extreme lengths, and if they were frequently of unreasonable kind in their assumption of the knowledge of the ends for which living beings were produced, no less plain is it that in refusing to recognise design at all scientists were exemplifying a most illogical form of procedure. The spirit of agnosticism, which asserts that it has no knowledge of any other but a secondary and ascertained *raison d'être* for the world at large, possesses no logical standing whatever. In making the statement that we cannot comprehend the existence of a Higher Law, the disciple of the "know nothing" school of philosophy is making a positive statement which his negative creed does not entitle him to advance. Persons who begin by postulating ignorance and negation of any given point, must needs be chary, as a matter of mere logic, in asserting their own positive knowledge of the inability of others to know and perceive. Hence, as far as the mere denial of knowledge of primary causes is concerned, the advocate of the recognition of higher laws is in no worse position than his agnostic opponent. But having ascertained the operation of the visible laws which regulate the life of animals and plants, is it reasonable to suppose that the intellect will stop short in its consideration of nature at large with the mere recognition of secondary causes? The existence of law logically implies the existence of a lawgiver, and the very harmony and exact operation of the law argue powerfully in favour of its inner and higher origin and cause. Every discovery which places what is curious in animal and plant structure on a reasonable basis of explanation, must be regarded as testifying no less powerfully to the perfection of the law's regulation and institution than to the excellence of the law itself.

Let us select, by way of illustration of the latter points, one or two examples of the striking harmony between cause and effect apparent in the lives of certain living beings. If we gather a number of primroses, and examine the structure of the flower, we shall find that in some of the flowers the pistil, or central and seed-producing organ, possesses a long neck or "style," reaching almost to the top of the flower; whilst in others the style is very short, and appears hidden within the deep cup formed by the united petals. This common flower presents to the botanist one of the most familiar

examples of a condition known under the name of *Dimorphism*—this term indicating that in one and the same species of plant two forms or dispositions of flower occur. The arrangement thus detailed might be regarded by the casual observer as of no importance, and might be considered as exemplifying what is utterly unknown in the whole domain of life, namely, “a freak of nature”—nature’s so-called “freaks” being regulated, in truth, by laws as definite as those which control her normal and ordinary states. To the botanist himself, this condition long remained inexplicable; but Mr. Darwin, by the exercise of that patient industry in the observation of nature for which he is so justly famous, noted that the development of long-styled and short-styled primroses was perfectly adapted to secure an interchange of the pollen, or fertilising matter,

between the two kinds of flowers. These flowers are fertilised through the agency of insects. It will therefore be readily noted that when an insect visits, say a short-styled primrose, and thrusts its proboscis into the flower, the organ will come first in contact with the stamens, which, in the short-styled primroses, are placed near the top of the flower. The insect will thus carry off some of the pollen, or matter formed in the “anthers” or tops of the stamens. When it visits a long-styled flower, the pollen gathered from the short-styled primrose is deposited on the pistil of the former; the long style being the first object with which the proboscis will come in contact. And, *vice versa*, the pollen carried off from the long-styled primroses, which have their stamens situated far down within the flower, will be placed by the insect on the pistil of the short-styled flowers

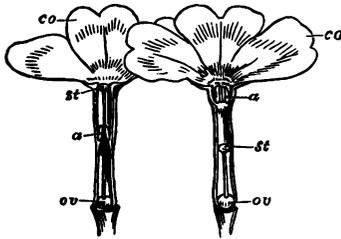


Fig. 1.—Section of Primrose. In the right-hand figure the short-styled flower is seen; the long-styled form being represented in the left-hand drawing—*co*, corolla; *a*, stamens; *st*, style; *ov*, ovary containing seeds.

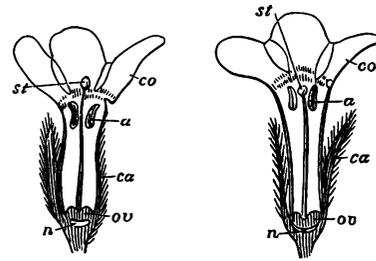


Fig. 2.—Section of *Myosotis palustris*, a species of Forget-me-not. In the left-hand figure the flower is represented in its young shape, the stamens (*a*) being below the style or pistil (*st*). In the right-hand figure, representing the subsequent growth of the flower and its parts, the stamens are seen to have grown so as to overtop the style, and are thus placed in a position to fertilise the ovules contained in the ovary (*ov*); *co*, corolla; *ca*, calyx.

which it visits. In this way is secured a due interchange of pollen between the two forms of primroses, and the seeds of the one variety, as nature seems to intend, are thus fertilised by the pollen of the other form of flower.

Even more interesting than the case of the primrose is that of the *Myosotis versicolor*, a species of “forget-me-not,” the arrangement for securing fertilisation of the seed exhibiting a perfect adaptation to all possible exigencies which may arise in the life-history of the flower. If we examine the myosotis just after the flower has opened, the pistil with its long style is seen to project above the level of the flower itself. It thus presents a most likely object for contact with the proboscis of an insect which has come from another myosotis laden with pollen. But failing to obtain fertilisation of its seeds by insect-carried pollen from a neigh-

bour-flower, the myosotis has yet another resource in the pollen of its own stamens. The stamens at the opening of the flower are placed far below the style, and hence it is impossible, so long as the stamens remain below, for the pollen to be placed on the pistil, and thus to fertilise the seeds. But nature has been equal to such an emergency. As time passes we find the stamens to grow upwards with the petals, and as in time they overtop the pistil, the flower is enabled in this fashion to fertilise its own seeds. Not less interesting or remarkable are the phases observed in the action of pollen itself, in its work of fertilisation. Left to themselves, and unapplied to their special purpose, the little yellow grains of pollen wither and die. But placed in its appropriate and intended situation on the pistil, each pollen-grain, as if guided by some inherent instinct, projects from its surface a

tube-like structure, which passes through the style of the pistil, and brings the essential matters of the pollen-grain in contact with the seeds.

Regarded even in a cursory manner, the foregoing phases of plant-history are full of meaning to the scientist. Everywhere he sees order and contrivance; blind chance seems to have no part in the ordering of nature's affairs. The growth of the long and short-styled flowers in the primrose, and the upward growth of the flower of myosotis, are *purposive* actions in the plainest meaning of the term. They are meant to subservise a special end—thus much the botanist has discovered—and that they have been “designed,” somehow or other, to this end is a statement with which every scientist will agree. That the pollen-grain has been invested by some power, and in some fashion or other, with the property of emitting its pollen-tube when placed on the pistil, and under no other circumstances, is a self-evident fact; and that we are thus witnessing the operation of some well-defined law regulating the functions of pollen-grains, constitutes a statement admitting of no dispute.

The great question, however, which underlies these statements, relates to the institution and regulation of the laws whose operation is so readily apparent to the seeking mind. Will it be regarded as a satisfying and reasonable explanation, that contrivances of such orderly and well-balanced nature have arisen by chance, fortuitously, or through the demands which nature at large has made upon her own resources? Has the purpose been self-created and self-propagated? and has the wondrous intercalation of cause and effect between insect and flower, between pollen and seed, or between one part of the flower and another, been induced and continued entirely by the operation of surrounding conditions? Are we, in short, to begin and end by simply seeing and admitting the perfection of the adaptation, and by assuming the competence of the conditions which we see in operation to have determined, in the beginning, their own impulse, effort, and direction? If we are to answer these questions in the affirmative, and as a certain school of thinkers would reply, it must be said that we are compelled to make calls upon our belief and imagination, of the extent of which we can hardly form any conception. The idea of an order or design which is capable of self-origination, is a conception requiring a much greater exercise of faith in scientific hypothesis than that which, through faith of

another order, regards the design as the product of a Mind, correlating the most minute and insignificant as well as the grandest phases of natural law. The entire question, in short, is one of choice between investing force and matter with self-creating and self-sustaining properties, or of relegating the source of natural actions to Mind and Will operating through force and matter, and through laws of well-defined and stable kind. Nor do we think the reasonable mind can hesitate in the choice between the two opinions. If the ordinary experience of life, and the common, every-day sequence of cause and effect in human life, possess any power or value in guiding us towards a rational explanation of the origin and control of nature's ways and works, there can be no hesitation in boldly affirming that the exhibition of design and purpose in nature is only explicable to the human mind on the assumption that there exist a Mind and Designer.

The attitude of modern science, where it has joined issue with natural theology, is strongly marked by its negation of the right to infer the operation of Mind in nature from the contrivances and designs discoverable in the universe at large; the presumption placed before us being that the apparent design has arisen out of necessity, and through the operation of the law of adaptation. But what, it may be asked, determines the necessity or institutes the laws which supply the needs and wants of nature? Could this allegation of necessity in nature being the parent of invention and contrivance be shown to possess no exception, and to be invariably explanatory of the origin of animal and plant structure, the theory might be regarded as possessing some strong points in its favour. But if we are to displace the idea of intelligent design in nature, it behoves us to assure ourselves of the fitness of the rival and deposing idea to fill its place. The belief in the existence of Mind in nature, ruling and controlling the destinies of all nature's belongings, satisfactorily, simply, and fully explains the origin and mutations of the living and non-living alike. If, on the contrary, we are to replace this idea of referring effects to a distinct cause, by another idea, in which the cause is relegated to some inexplicable and indistinct source, connected with, and originating from, “matter and force,” we are bound to assure ourselves that matter and force are fully equal, as we know them scientifically, to the performance of the tasks with the performance of which they are credited.

A case in illustration of the statement that design and contrivance in nature may arise in utter independence of causes—such as use and disuse—competent to produce many obvious changes in animals and plants, is afforded by the consideration of the electrical organs of certain fishes. As seen in the *Torpedo*, or Electric Ray, for example, the electrical organs consist of two large masses of honeycomb-like structure, placed one on each side of the head. In this structure are imitated all the conditions which man brings together in forming an electric battery; and through the peculiar modification which nerve-force undergoes when transmitted through this curious apparatus, an electric current is evolved, capable of being used with violent effect on the living beings with which the fish comes in contact. If we inquire how the electrical organ in this fish has been developed, and how the intricate conditions between the nerves and the organs have been adjusted, we find natural science to afford no clear answer to the query. The law of use and disuse of organs is totally inadequate to explain the nature or action of this apparatus, and it can hardly be accounted an explanation of any kind to allege that it has been developed through the interaction and operation of unknown conditions. Its purpose, on the contrary, is very evident. Living animals brought into contact with the fish are either killed or paralyzed, and thus no clearer example of the adaptation of means to an end could well be found than in the consideration of an instance like the present. If we refuse to admit the idea of Design in this case, we may simply confess our inability to form any idea whatever of the nature of the electric organ. If, on the other hand, we recognise this structure as presenting us with a clear example of an organ designed to serve a special end, and by a Mind which has through special laws wrought out its development, all our difficulties disappear. And in the contemplation of the electrical organ of the fish, we behold as perfect an exercise of constructive power, and as admirable an adjustment of means to an end, as, when in the telegraph we note a veritable triumph of human science. The credit we so freely give to humanity in designing an apparatus of such delicacy, intricacy, and utility as the electric telegraph, we may not withhold when paying tribute, in the form of the deepest admiration and reverence, to the Mind, which, for the purposes of its creatures, designed a similar contrivance

ages before man appeared on the stage of being.

The old standing of teleology, or the reading of purpose and design in the works of nature, can thus be shown to be unaffected by the modern extension of knowledge, and by the wider recognition of the laws according to which living beings are formed and arranged. Even if it be proved to us that the eye and ear of man represent modified and improved states of the organ of sight and hearing in lower animals—or if, as has been alleged, the eye of man itself is, as an optical instrument, not entirely free from defects—the consideration will not in one degree lessen the innate truth that the laws of development have been enunciated and ordered by a Great Lawgiver, and that the purpose and design of these organs are not a whit the less perfectly served, because of apparent imperfections or on account of their mode of origin. Disease itself makes sad havoc in the organ of sight, as well as in every other portion of our frame; and the argument that the imperfection of the eye betokens its emanation from a Hand other than Supreme, is of no more account than that which would maintain the imperfections of our whole frame, and our inability to retain our place in nature, because we are subject to disease and to death itself. The laws of life and development are, in truth, clearly correlated with those of disease and death; and exactly as we can extend our ideas to include all the laws and conditions of life in one great scheme, so proportionally shall we obtain clear glimpses of the perfect harmony between cause and effect, and of the attestation of living nature to the presence of her Lawgiver and Lord.

As a closing thought to these reflections, it may be appropriate to point out that, recognising this extension of the purposes of Mind in nature, each fresh discovery may frankly be hailed as furnishing us with new and striking proofs of the operation of intelligence and design. With the special readings and constructions of the Supreme Mind, as contained in systems of religious belief, there may be much with which science disagrees in her interpretation of nature at large. But beneath these discrepancies in the letter, there remains, in fact, the deeper reading of the spirit of a reasonable religion and of true science—a spirit which, recognising the incorporation of Mind with Matter, regards Nature as related to God in the light of a “living appeal of thought to thought.”

ANDREW WILSON.

THE LITTLE MAID THAT SLEPT.

SOMBRE folds the windows shroud,
 Phantom figures come and go—
 Hearts that must not break too loud,
 Muffled footfalls, whispers low,
 Cool deft hands—about a bed
 Where, 'neath fever's scorching sway,
 Lies a little restless head,
 Tossing, tossing, tossing aye.
 But the hour of fate draws nigh,
 And the mid-sun overhead
 Shrieks and drops from out the sky—
 Yea, the child is dead!

But she lies so dimpling-fair,
 In her bed-gown long and white,
 With her waves of heavy hair
 Drowning neck and shoulder bright,
 With the flower-lips just apart,
 Half way budded to a smile—
 Pure young heart, O sweet child-heart,
 Hardly smirched with human guile!
 Life so bright on cheek and brow
 And those thin white lids of hers—
 Fancy whispers, "Softly now,
 Softly—see, she stirs!"

But the twin hands fairy-small,
 Crossed above the bosom's snow,
 Never rise and hang and fall
 With the breath's soft ebb and flow.
 Yea, the breaking mother-heart,
 Throbbing close, in anguish prest,
 Vainly would its warmth impart
 To the blue-veined marble breast;
 Kisses win no kissed reply,
 Yea, the pet-name softly said
 Lures no smile to mouth and eye—
 Truly, she is dead.

* * * *

First to heaven He turns His eyes
 One long moment, as in prayer,
 Then upon the maid that lies
 Lapt in slumber still and fair.
 Lo, His hands just touch her clay;
 "Little maiden, wake, arise!"
 And the sharp sweet light of day
 Smites in lightning on her eyes,
 And the blood's swift tide again,
 Like a stream its chain that breaks,
 Sings through every tingling vein,
 As she sighs, and smiles, and wakes.
 Lips that laugh and eyes that weep,
 Throat that thrills with stifled scream!
 Little maiden, thou didst sleep—
 Oh to know thy dream!

WITH ST. PAUL IN ATHENS.

BY THE REV. PROFESSOR PORTER, D.D.

II.

ST. PAUL IN THE "MARKET-PLACE."

ST. PAUL, as was his custom, directed his attention first to his countrymen, with whom "he reasoned in the synagogue." But he does not appear to have had much success; he therefore turned to the Greeks, for intercourse and controversy with whom his early training and habits of thought specially fitted him, having been educated in the philosophical school of Tarsus, which at that time rivalled, if it did not excel, Athens. In order to obtain easy and free communication with the people he adopted the plan of their own teachers, and went out into the Stoas of the *Agora*. The English rendering of this word, "market-place," does not convey a right conception of the Greek. The *Agora* was a place of public resort, in which, it is true, there was a market; but where all classes of the people, learned and unlearned, teachers and pupils, were wont to congregate in spacious halls, beneath long *stoas*, or colonnades, and in the porches of the numerous temples, for the purpose of hearing the newest philosophical theories, and discussing the events and politics of the day. The character and habits of the Athenians of that period are admirably sketched in a single sentence of the sacred narrative, most probably in the language of St. Paul himself: "All the Athenians and strangers which were there spent their time in nothing else but either to tell or to hear the newest thing."* And this agrees exactly with the judgment of some of their own most famous orators and writers.

The *Agora*, with all its traditions and surroundings, was well fitted to inspire a scholar like St. Paul, and to kindle the pride of the Athenians themselves. It was in shape a natural amphitheatre, some three hundred yards in diameter. On its southern side was the *Pnyx*, a large artificial terrace on the face of a low hill, sloping gently upwards to the *Bema*, or pulpit, a little square platform of natural rock, with steps leading to it. On the *Pnyx* the great popular assemblies were held, and from the *Bema* the greatest orators of Athens—Demosthenes, Pericles, Themistocles, and Solon—addressed the Athenians. North of the *Agora* was the *Areopagus*; and on the north-east was the *Acropolis*.

In such a place, and among such people, St. Paul found a ready, if not a very hopeful audience. Certain of the Epicureans and Stoics condescended to listen to him; roused, apparently, from their wonted indifference and philosophic repose by the intense earnestness of the man, which was as new and as strange to them as were the doctrines he taught.

The Epicureans were the Materialists of Athens, who followed the Atomic theory of Democritus; believing that the world, with all its varied forms of beauty—its plants and animals, its men and women, its literature and art—was the fully developed result of a fortuitous concourse of atoms. The gods, they said, led an untroubled life, taking no part in earthly affairs; and consequently they were not to be regarded as objects either of superstitious veneration or disquieting fear. Their ethical system was embodied in the principle, that happiness is the true aim of life, and this happiness consists in the fullest temporal enjoyment. Virtue has no value except in so far as it is agreeable. Happiness is to be attained, however, not by sensual indulgence, for that entails pain, but by tranquillity of soul—doing nothing, and thinking of nothing, present or future, calculated to give pain. Death is annihilation; and there was no terror to the Epicurean in simply ceasing to be.

The Stoics were Pantheists. According to them God and matter, body and spirit, are the same in essence. Matter is the passive foundation of things; God the active and formative power of matter. The world is God's body; God the world's soul. Men are but parts of the universal deity, and consequently individual freedom is a myth. Everything in the universe, animate and inanimate, is inspired by the divine life, ruled by the divine will, and destined to return to the divine unity. This withering system set aside at once the personality of God and the responsibility of man.

It will be seen how diametrically opposed these dogmas were to the truths of the Gospel. St. Paul preached a Personal God, the Creator and Ruler of the Universe; man sinful, responsible, immortal; atonement by a crucified and risen Saviour; the resurrection of the dead, and a future state of reward and punishment; together with that sublime

* Acts xvii. 21. In the Greek.

ethical code which results from these doctrines, and is developed in his Epistles. These were all new and strange to the Athenian philosophers. The Epicureans simply set them aside, because they would not disturb the calm repose of their minds with disquieting topics; and they called the Apostle "a babbler"—a man who talked fluently without purpose and without effect. The Stoics seem to have been more rational, for they wished to hear the new faith. They thought, perhaps, the Apostle was guilty of the crime for which Socrates had been put to death—that he was "a setter forth of strange gods, because he set forth to them Jesus and the Resurrection." As the Athenians were accustomed to deify abstract qualities, they supposed St. Paul intended to introduce to them two new deities. In order, therefore, that he might have an opportunity of explaining his meaning, they took him away from the din and bustle of the Agora, and placing him in the midst of the Areopagus, said: "May we know what this new doctrine is of which thou speakest? for thou bringest strange things to our ears." There was no force used. They treated the Apostle with the utmost courtesy, and they gave him an opportunity which he himself had doubtless longed for. But as, by the law of Athens, it was death for any private person to disturb the religion of the state by the introduction of a deity not publicly recognised, they considered it only fair to hear St. Paul upon the matter, and to hear him upon the spot where, from time immemorial, such points had been determined in the high Court of the Areopagus.

THE AREOPAGUS.

Next to the Acropolis, the Areopagus was the most honoured spot in Athens. It was a mound of rugged rock; its sides cliffs, varying from ten to thirty feet in height, and its broad top descending with an easy slope to the south. Below it lay the Agora, with the Pnyx in full view directly opposite. The highest point of the rock was on the east, facing the Acropolis, which was not quite three hundred yards distant. A flight of twenty steps, hewn in the rock, led from the Agora to this point, and at the top was a rectangular area, artificially levelled, having a ledge round it like a bench; here the Court of Areopagus held its sittings. It was, doubtless, by those steps the Apostle ascended, and on that level area, "in the midst of Mars Hill," he stood when he addressed the Athenians.

Æschylus, in his tragedy of Orestes, thus accounts for the name Areopagus:—

. . . "This the hill
Of Ares, seat of Amazons, their tent,
What time 'gainst Theseus, breathing hate, they came,
Waging fierce battle, and their towers upreared,
A counter-fortress to Acropolis.
To Ares they did sacrifice, and hence
This rock is titled *Areopagus*."

The origin of the Court is involved in mystery; though of its remote antiquity and high functions there can be no doubt. One popular legend was, that it was established to try Ares (Mars) for the murder of Hephæstus, a son of Poseidon. Æschylus gives another, as follows: Orestes, being pursued by the Furies for the murder of his mother, Clytemnestra, at Mycenæ, fled to Athens to claim the protection of Minerva. On arriving there, the Furies agreed to submit the case to her judgment. She, however, feared to take the responsibility, and so instituted the Court. Æschylus gives her words:—

"But since this weighty cause hath lighted here,
Judges of murder, bound by oath, I'll choose,
Solemn tribunal for all future time.
But for yourselves call witnesses and proofs,
Sworn evidence collect to aid your suit;
Myself the noblest of my citizens,
To whom is dear the sanctity of oaths,
Will cull; then hither come to judge this cause."*

It is afterwards added in the language of a solemn proclamation:—

"Behold! This court august, untouched by bribes,
Sharp to avenge, wakeful for those who sleep,
Establish I, a bulwark to this land."

But, whatever may have been its origin, it was held by the Athenians in highest veneration. On one side of the place of meeting was a temple of Ares; and on the other, in a gloomy grotto under the brow of the cliff, was a shrine of the Furies. The Areopagus was the supreme council of Athens—a kind of Senate, or House of Lords; at once the highest criminal tribunal, and, as Æschylus indicates, the guardian of the laws of the State. It had another function: to try and punish the impious and irreligious, and decide cases bearing upon alleged dishonour to the national deities. Its members were men of great distinction, and constituted a civic nobility.

ST. PAUL'S SPEECH ON MARS HILL.

There is no evidence that St. Paul was taken before the council, or that he was in any sense placed upon a judicial trial. But, at the same time, from the character of the statement made by those who "brought him unto Areopagus," "he seemeth to be a setter forth

of strange gods," and from his own knowledge of the law of Athens in this respect, and of the office of the court, he must have felt that his being taken to that spot, and his having the question there put to him, "May we know what this new doctrine whereof thou speakest is?" indicated, on the part of the people, a desire to have, if not a legal, at least a popular trial. He was certainly aware of the deep solemnity of the occasion, and the momentous issues involved—issues far more momentous than any affecting his own personal safety. His speech was worthy of the occasion. With matchless skill he took advantage of the very superstitions of the Athenians to show them the reasonableness and press upon their acceptance the fundamental doctrine of Christianity, while at the same time setting aside their charge of introducing strange gods: "Men of Athens, I perceive that in every respect you carry your religious veneration very far." There is no blame expressed, as our English version, unfortunately, would seem to imply; there is rather an approval of the deep religious feelings of the people, in that they recognised the hand of Deity in everything. The palpable evidence of this was before him, for within sight, as he stood on Mars Hill, was a temple or statue to almost every deity in ancient mythology.

The apostle's second point was still stronger, and even better adapted to the purpose he had in view. It comes in as one of the most striking illustrations of the intense religious feelings of the Athenians: "As I was passing through (your city), and observing your objects of worship, I found an altar on which was inscribed, 'TO AN UNKNOWN GOD.' Whom, therefore, ye worship, not knowing Him, Him I set forth to you."* He thus shows the Athenians that he is giving them the very knowledge which they ought, as a matter of course, to wish for—knowledge of a God whose power they recognised, whom they worshipped, and yet whom they confessed they did not know. The apostle does not mean to say that it was the true God to whom the altar was originally dedicated, or that those who dedicated it had Him in their minds. There is a deeper meaning in his words. He speaks of the God of whom they, by the inscription they had put upon the altar, confessed themselves ignorant; and he tells them that, as they did not know him, he would make Him known to them. St. Paul's very words are

selected with a skill which proves his wonderful acuteness of mind and dialectic power. Our English version, unfortunately, misses the finer and more delicate turns of expression. The inscription on the altar was "To an *unknown* God" (*ἀγνώστῳ θεῷ*); and St. Paul says, "whom, therefore, ye, *without knowing* Him (*ἀγνοοῦντες*), worship, Him I set forth to you." In making his explanation and defence he employs the very word they had put upon the altar. Then, further, the phrase, "Him I set forth" (*καταγγέλλω*), is employed advisedly to meet their charge, "He seemeth to be a *setter forth*" (*καταγγελεύς*) "of strange gods." It was impossible to withstand this logic or meet this plea. Out of their own mouth he justified himself.

St. Paul then develops the nature and character of the true God. He is not an image of gold or silver, wood or stone, however skilfully wrought; but an Almighty Spirit, the Creator and Governor of all things. In this sentence he strikes at the root of idolatry, for the doctrine of creation is the refutation of idol worship. Stier has well said on this point, "Every system of divinity, either of ancient or modern times, whether it calls itself philosophy, dogmatism, or theosophy, if it does not, as its first principle, adopt the biblical theory of creation, must take to itself the warning words of the Apostle John addressed to the Church in every age: 'Little children, keep yourselves from idols.' Until we acknowledge *the* God whom Paul preached at Athens—that is, the God who, as the Eternal, by His personal and free-will and working, in the beginning of time made the world, so long shall we, like the Athenians, serve an 'unknown God,' let our philosophy be ever so eminent and our feelings of devotion and dependence ever so deep. The New Testament theory of redemption can only be rightly built up on the Old Testament theory of creation."*

And this idea of God, the Supreme Creator, embodies in it the nature of the worship which alone can be acceptable to Him—not the erection of gorgeous temples, not the offering of costly sacrifices, "as though He needed anything," for, on the contrary, we are dependent on Him "for life and breath and all things." He is a Spirit, and requires spiritual worship. He demands the entire consecration of the intellect, the heart, the physical powers, to His work and glory here, that we may be fitted for the Resurrection,

* Acts xvii. 23. In the Greek.

* "The Words of the Apostles," Clark's ed., p. 295.

Judgment, and heaven hereafter. This grand truth is more fully developed by St. Paul in his Epistle to the Romans, where he brings out the necessary connection between the divine nature and human duty: "Of Him, and through Him, and to Him are all things . . . I beseech you, therefore, that ye present your bodies" (yourselves, with all your powers, physical as well as mental) "a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable to God, which is your reasonable service."*

While thus setting before the Athenians the fundamental principles of Christianity, one can see with what tact and power he exposed the unreasonableness of idolatry, and the utter rottenness of their whole social system, civil as well as religious. Every word of his speech, also, was adapted to the scene on which he looked, as he stood "in the midst of Mars Hill." Over his head was the glorious sky of Greece, and around him a vast panorama of earth and sea; so he said, "God made the world and all things therein; . . . He is Lord of heaven and earth." Glancing at the temples which filled the Agora and covered the Acropolis, and pointing probably to the colossal bronze statue of Minerva which towered over them all, glittering in the sunbeams, he thus continued: God "dwelleth not in temples made with hands, neither is served of human hands;" that is, He is not served with the genius of the sculptor or the skill of the architect; He requires something higher from a spiritual and immortal being.

St. Paul had doubtless observed the degrading effects of slavery in Athens and Attica, where there were twenty slaves to every freeman. He knew how the Athenians prided themselves on their origin, imagining that they were the children of the soil, while their slaves were an inferior race, unfit for, and unworthy of, the rights of manhood. The treatment which the slaves received was hard, and in some cases brutal. How appropriate, therefore, and how telling were his words, uttered as he looked from the circle of haughty citizens on the Areopagus down on the crowds of slaves in the Agora: "God made all nations of men of one blood, to dwell on all the face of the earth."

Next, with happy allusion to the well-known literary tastes of the Athenian audience, he quoted from their own poets an illustration and proof of another fundamental truth, that we, intellectual beings, are "*the offspring of God*"—His creatures; and that,

consequently, no thoughtful man could suppose that the God who created him "is like unto gold or silver, or stone graven by art and man's device." By such an unworthy supposition man would dishonour himself. There is here, in all probability, special allusion to the statue of Minerva, in the Parthenon, the masterpiece of Phidias, and as a work of "art and man's device" the glory of Athens. By worshipping it, they worshipped, not their Creator, but a thing of their own creation. And this truth finds a noteworthy illustration in the inscription cut by the sculptor on the base of the wonderful statue of the Olympian Jove. It was as follows:—"Phidias, Charmides' son, the Athenian citizen, made ME." The statue is here, with grim humour, made to speak as a person, and thus almost becomes the god himself, and yet this god describes the artist as having *made* him! The whole passage in the poet Aratus, part of which the Apostle quotes, is deserving of attention, as showing how the more enlightened of the Greeks sometimes obtained glimpses of divine truth. It has been rendered as follows:—

"From God begin we—who can touch the string
And not harp praise to Heaven's eternal king?
He animates the mart and crowded way,
The restless ocean, and the sheltered bay.
Doth care perplex? Is lowering danger nigh?
We are his offspring, and to God we fly."*

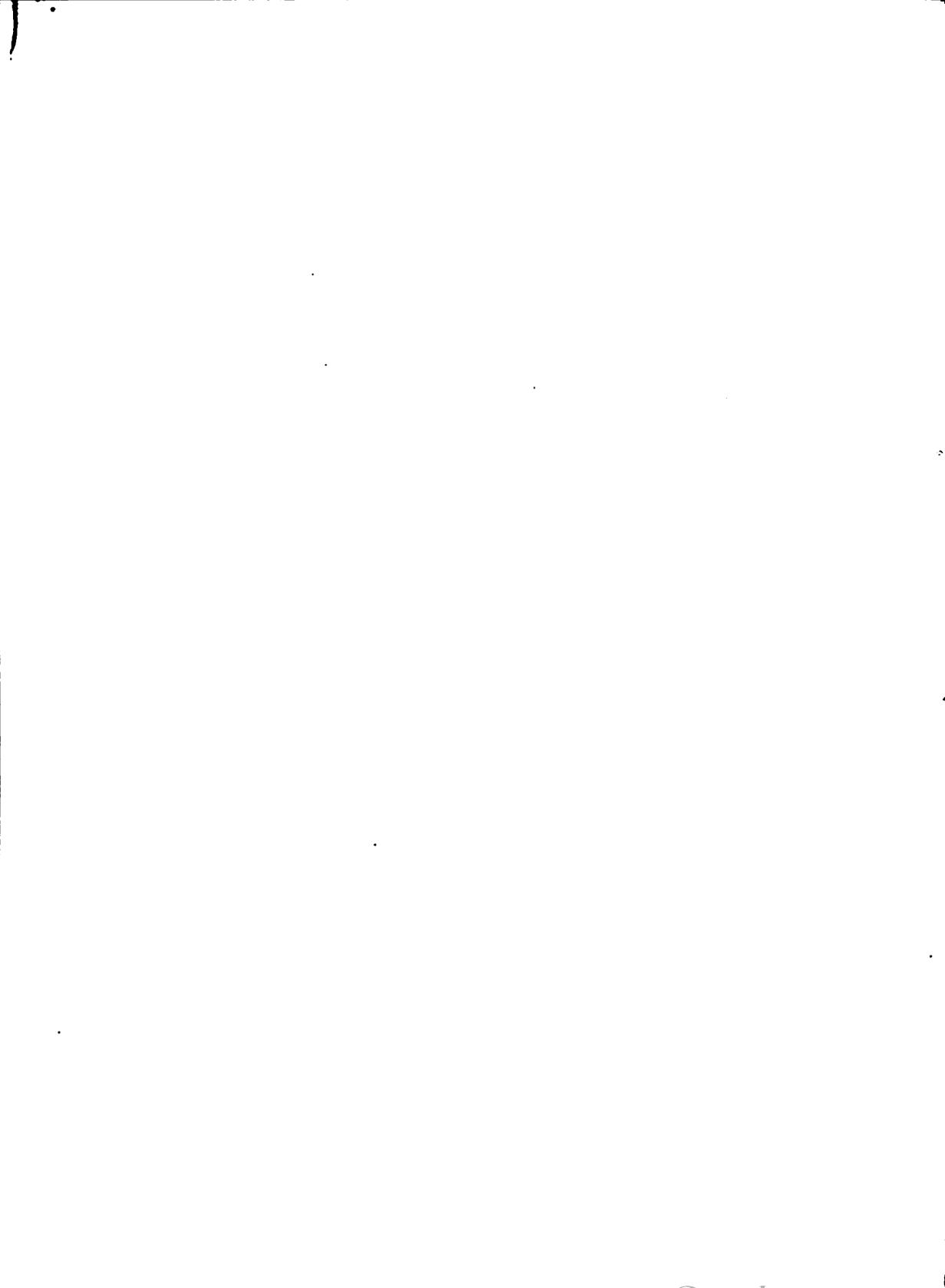
The same sentiments are also expressed with much force and beauty by another old Greek poet; and although his hymn is addressed to the heathen Jove, it might with far more truth be addressed to the Jehovah God of the Bible, for were its statements carried out to their full logical sequence they would demolish polytheism:—

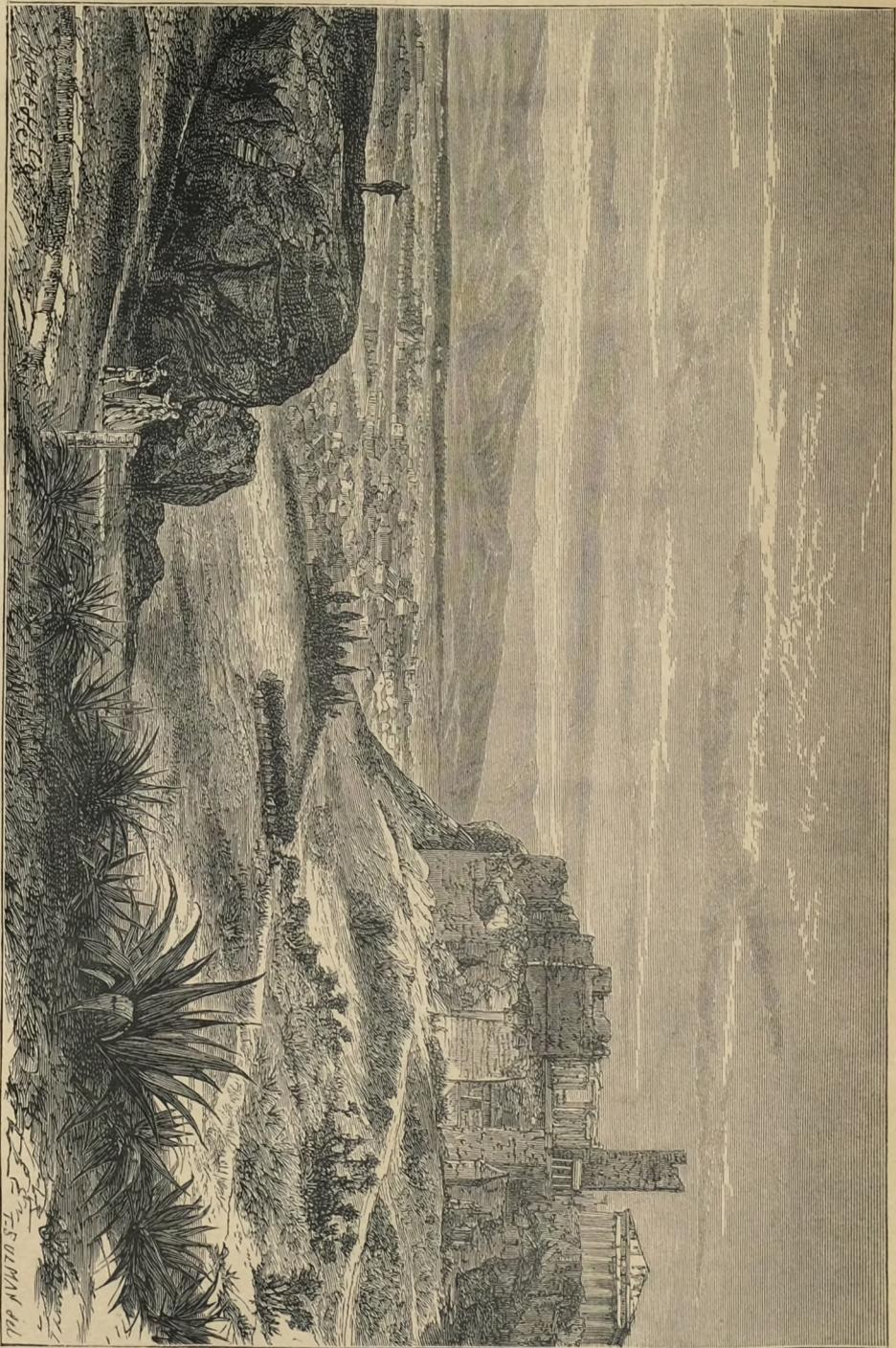
"Most glorious of the gods, immortal Jove!
Supreme on earth beneath, in heaven above!
Thou Great First Cause, whose word is Nature's law,
Before thy throne we mortals bend with awe;
For we thine offspring are. To man is given—
To man alone—to lift a voice to heaven."†

The statement of the most solemn and startling of all doctrines, a judgment to come, was also singularly appropriate as made on that spot where the highest tribunal of Athens had been wont to meet from time immemorial. Another local circumstance may have helped to suggest it, while it tended to connect with it a feeling of deeper awe even in the minds of the sceptical Epicureans and Stoics. Beneath the rock on which the apostle stood was, as has been said, the shrine of the *Furies*—those mythical

* Aratus was a native of Tarsus, and consequently a countryman of St. Paul. He lived about B.C. 270.

† The Hymn of Cleanthus. The original may be seen in Lewin's "Life of St. Paul," i. 265.





THE AREOPAGUS AND ACROPOLIS, ATHENS.

beings who were supposed to chase and punish throughout eternity guilty criminals. St. Paul was doubtless aware that the poet Æschylus represents the Furies as standing on the Areopagus and chanting these appalling words :—

“For Fate supreme ordains that we
This office hold for evermore :
Mortals imbrued with kindred gore
We scathe, till under earth they flee ;
And when in death
They yield their breath
In Hades still our thralls they be.”*

For so far the audience heard St. Paul with patience. His tact and talent riveted their attention ; his knowledge of their religion and philosophy astonished them ; while his intense earnestness and enthusiasm roused them from their customary indifference. They all felt that the subject-matter of his address exactly suited the spectacle round him ; it embraced poetry, philosophy, and theology, while it portrayed with the skill of a master the most prominent traits of the Athenian character, and brought out in vivid colours the contrast between Greek idolatry and spiritual Christianity, showing the folly, the unreasonableness, of the one, and the divine philosophy inherent in the other. But when St. Paul proceeded to speak of the resurrection, that doctrine was so entirely new to them—so utterly opposed, besides, to all their ideas about matter and spirit, about the order and beauty of the present life and man’s high dignity here—that some openly mocked, while others politely, yet evidently with a half-scornful smile, put the matter aside, saying, “We will hear thee again of this.”

His noble statement, however, was not altogether in vain, for “some clave unto him

and believed,” and among them was Dionysius the Areopagite.

A modern school of destructive criticism objects to this whole narrative on account of its “evident design and studied arrangement.” Baur says, “All the well-known characteristic traits of the Athenian character are cleverly and ingeniously pressed into the service, so that the contrast which must have been presented in this brilliant seat of Grecian culture between Christianity and polytheistic heathenism and between a Christian and a popular character like the Athenian, may be brought forward as prominently as possible.”* But is not this just what one would look for from such a man as St. Paul speaking in such a place? An argument of this sort will have little weight with those who proceed with unbiassed minds to an investigation of the facts of history. The whole life and writings of St. Paul show how skilfully he could adapt his reasoning and language to the circumstances and modes of thought of the different classes he addressed. In the highest and best sense he was able to say, “I am become all things to all men, that by all means I might save some.” In fact his address at Athens is a practical illustration and proof of the accuracy of the sketch which he gives of his own character and object in his first Epistle to the Corinthian Church.† And one who takes his stand on the Areopagus, and who, in the light of the scene around him, and of the early history and political state of Athens, studies the narrative in the Acts of the Apostles, will receive an impression, not only of its perfect truthfulness, but also of its masterly adaptation and consummate ability, which no argument can ever shake.

FIRST PRINCIPLES.

A Sermon by the Right Rev. The Lord Bishop of Rochester.

“For the kingdom of God is not in word, but in power.”—1 Cor. iv. 20.

YET a man might be pardoned for thinking otherwise. For our Christian religion, which is but another expression for the kingdom of God, not being a private system of philosophy for a handful of leisurely scholars, but a gospel of life and freedom and glorious immortality for the race, the way of making it known could not be so conveniently by books, which few then could either read or procure, as by mouth-teaching ; the magic

influence of living spoken words, which like fire running along the ground should burn and spread as it burned. So the first herald of this kingdom was a preacher, preaching repentance for remission of sins ; and the first king of it was the Incarnate *Word* of his Father, speaking as never man spake ; who before He left the earth made it his instruction to his followers to *preach* the gospel,

when He had gone back into heaven, vouchsafing as the proof of it the portent of flaming tongues, accompanied with miracles of speech. Yet this same apostle, who always makes so much of preaching, and in his own case treats it as of more importance than anything else, here tells us that the kingdom of God is not in word, but in something else ; and when we ponder what he means by it, we soon perceive that it is no flighty paradox, no hot back-thrust at bragging enemies, who tilted at his shadow but dreaded to look him in the face. Rather, he is deliberately laying down a profound and universal principle, good for that time, but especially for this time, when every truth is jealously looked at from behind and before, and on both sides ; and when, properly enough, reason claims her place at the side of love.

What is this kingdom of God, or kingdom of Christ? It is that spiritual society of baptized souls, which He was born to incorporate, lived to initiate, died to purchase, rose to justify, and ascended to govern. It is called a "kingdom" for two reasons. First, in blessed fulfilment of the hopes and aspirations of the race from which according to the flesh he sprang, and which through ages of oppression and disappointment steadily looked for a king who should rule in righteousness, and a prince who should reign in judgment. Also, because He was a king, in everything that makes true kingship, doing a king's work, showing a king's qualities, and winning a king's empire. Of the way in which He set up His kingdom, and ruled it as it grew, it has been well said, that it was His own, and no others ; and that the mere conception of it, as well as the instruments used for it, go far to prove Him Divine. He neither coined money, nor raised taxes, nor hired soldiers, nor kept court. His robes were meekness and humility ; His crown was of thorns ; His authority was the influence of character ; His marvellous power, used reluctantly and even parsimoniously, was never exerted for Himself, only for His brethren. Tiberius and Jesus were both on earth together ; but while an unspeakable shudder is the verdict of the human conscience over the recluse of Capreae, in Jesus and His royalty not one quality is wanting. We see calm self-restraint, overflowing sympathy, terrible sternness at evil and baseness, and an insatiable benevolence. The men who rushed to seize Him stumbled before His majesty ; the wretched worldling who condemned Him felt his last remorse in the act, which not all the water of Jordan could wash away : nature paid Him her homage in

the earthquake and darkness ; a heathen by His cross publicly confessed of Him that He was the Son of God.

Of this kingdom St. Paul affirms that it "is not in word, but in power." What does he mean by this, and how can it be shown to be true? What he means is this : that a kingdom, which above everything else is Divine, does not consist in as its essence, does not move in as its proper sphere, does not depend on as something indispensable to it, the outward vehicle and expression of its substance and force. Meant for men and moving among visible and mundane things, and partly approached and apprehended through the senses, it cannot, of course, afford to be quite indifferent either to external forms, or human agencies, or mental culture, or even material elements ; but while it consents to use them, it disdains to lean on them ; it is a free and mobile, not a slavish use ; and what really is incessantly, though invisibly, potent in this kingdom is that strange factor in the world's affairs which so puzzles philosophers, who must not ignore it, and baffles sceptics, who dare not despise it, and vexes statesmen, who cannot escape it, and consoles saints, in whom it dwells as their life and gladness—the free, boundless, universal grace of God.

There are four chief things in this kingdom in which at all times men have been tempted more or less to put their trust, and without meaning it, so to use and appreciate and magnify, that occasionally they have become snares to the Church at large, and to many individuals in particular ; and have thereby provoked sharp reactions, and driven the multitude, who always prefer feeling to thinking, into perilous extremes on the other side ; and in discouraging even the wise and moderate use of reasonable liberty have crippled the Church's action, to the grievous hurt of souls.

"The kingdom of God is not in word but in power," and (to take instances of what he means) it is not in ritual, or temple, or ceremony, which are but expressions and places and symbols of worship, that its essence consists, but in that spirit of holy worship that enables us to adore God always, and anywhere, and with all forms or no forms, in a stately shrine or under a fig-tree, on Sabbath days or any day of the week, making us feel that the one thing we want to see is the King's face, the one sanctuary we try to reach is the King's presence, the one result we desire to attain is the King's image and superscription. Clearly this was Christ's own teaching to the woman of Samaria, when she

tried by a morose narrowness to put off the stranger, who read the secrets of her uneasy heart. "Woman, the hour cometh, when neither in this mountain nor yet in Jerusalem shall men worship the Father. God is a spirit." And indeed it is the truth of truths to get hold of, and keep tightly, and pass on to others, that the end of all worship, ornate or simple, common or private, of angels or of men, is to reach and touch God; that whatever helps to this edifies, and whatever hinders this hurts; that the ritual itself, apart from its results, is a matter of supreme indifference, without the grace of the spirit of prayer must be but a gaudy delusion; nay, that the heart may thrill, and the spirit move, and the surface of our whole being be stirred by the stately pageant or the lofty hallelujah, without the finger of God touching one pulse in the conscience, or the worship which it seemed to quicken reaching His Throne.

Again, the kingdom of God is not in mundane policy, or imperial alliances, or opulent endowments, or physical aid, nor has it ever been a question of mere counting heads. "My kingdom is not of this world," said Christ to the ruler at the moment he was sentencing Him to die. These outward accidents, if rightly understood and wisely used and equipoised by counteracting forces, may help her usefulness; but they do not make her essence, nor touch her life. The Church's power is in the life of God dwelling in her by the Holy Ghost. Union with Christ gives her life, and sustained union with Him deepens, strengthens, nourishes, and perfects it. "I in them and thou in me"—this is the mystery of her existence. "Receive ye the Holy Ghost;" here are the keys of her power. And all this world can give, without God, or what comes to the same thing, used without recognition of Him, dependence on Him, or devotion to Him, instead of helping the Church must presently blind and paralyze her. In the end she will once more learn to say, "We have no king but Cæsar," and while Pilate cleans his hands from the sin into which the Church has pushed him, once more Barabbas is chosen and once more Jesus dies.

Again, the kingdom of God is not in outward organization, or ecclesiastical discipline, or even primitive order. It must, of course, have machinery of some kind, and it must have discipline; but these can be altered as there is need for the ever-changing times. Nor is the operation of its grace confined to any single community, or any special form of government. The kingdom is too vast,

Christ too just, Scripture too silent, differences too inevitable, for this to be possible. No doubt the great Churches of the Christian system severally rejoice to believe that their doctrine and system conform more closely to the apostolic model than any other, and in basing their societies on the doctrine of Christ, and the practice of the primitive time, they possess a sure guarantee that they are accepted of God. Also be it observed, these matters are not so insignificant as some shallow triflers pretend them to be; and, in the face of so many intelligent and devout believers sturdily declining to compromise their consciences just for civility's sake, to vaunt their unimportance is an insincere folly. But the Church of Rome claims to date from the apostles, and does her grand antiquity either insure her a succession of doctrine or cover but one of her tremendous sins? Alexander VI. sat in St. Peter's chair, and polluted St. Peter's office, and would have scorned with an infinite scorn to be set in the scales against Thomas Cranmer or John Bunyan. But in the great day, when the fire shall try every man's worth of what sort it is, will Christ condemn for schism from the Catholic Church the man who fulfilled his word in separating from Rome, and refused to share her sins? As you see them judged before you, had you rather be the loathsome pontiff who burned Savonarola, or have written the "Pilgrim's Progress"? God refuses to shut up His blessing to only one order of things or only one ministry of truth. Those who think otherwise have a right to their opinions, but facts are against them, and facts are the crucible of laws. He fulfils Himself in many ways and by many men. Look round, and you will be convinced of it. It was one of his own apostles, and he not naturally a broad-minded man, who was taught to say that "in every nation he that feareth God and worketh righteousness is accepted of Him." It was another apostle who wrote to the Philippians that Christ preached any way was a cause of joy. To claim a monopoly of grace is to make God out to be another Being than what He has ever claimed to be. To establish an apostolicity both of origin and faith and discipline and ritual, is no doubt a task which those who try it do not always succeed in, yet it is reasonable to attempt it, noble to desire it, and good to secure it. Still, it is the presence of Christ that is the true charter, and the real power for His people everywhere. "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world."

Once more: the kingdom of God is not in creeds, nor in liturgies, nor in articles, nor in formularies of any kind, but is in that Truth which is above and beyond and beneath them all; that thought and purpose of God which the poor diction and confused understandings of men can no more compress into a few hundred crabbed sentences than a child's drinking-cup empty the Atlantic sea. About as well say that the twinkling of a mighty star, as it feebly flashes on the astronomer's strained sight through the lens of a telescope, sufficiently represents the light and glory of the orb as it blazes in space, as that any or all the creeds which man's thought can conceive, or his devotion utter, or his heart apprehend, or his words express, can adequately express the mind and heart of God. God is too great, and, let us say, man is too great likewise, for any human language either to reveal the one or content the other. Yet it does not therefore follow that creeds are not absolutely necessary or greatly helpful, manfully to be held fast, loyally to be handed down to the ages after us. They are landmarks of catholic conflicts, barriers against the ever-recurring subtleties and doubtings of restless intellectualism in ever new shapes and words. We thank God for the creeds, all of them. We thank God for our orthodox confessions of faith, all of them. Oply let us not suppose that in saying the creeds we of necessity grasp the truth that is contained in them, or have that personal faith in God which by His grace quickens truth with life. A creed may be a fire within us, burning and shining with light and power, or it may be as a handful of dead seeds withering in the memory. The sword of the Spirit can only make good fight for God when a regenerate hand clasps it. It was the orthodox Pharisees, not the outcast publicans, who sent Jesus to his cross.

In conclusion, these words rebuke pride, persuade toleration, and persuade victory.

There are many sorts of pride, and they are all forms of self-love; some grander, some meaner than others, yet with the universal tendency of practically dethroning God from his rightful supremacy over His creatures, with the inevitable result of robbing and injuring men. No doubt the basest is the pride of money, and the oddest (yet secretly the most coveted) is the pride of birth, and the most reasonable is the pride of knowledge, which, disdaining a life of sense, and desiring to get behind the manifold mysteries which baffle and yet tantalise us on all sides, has its great reward, its pure happiness, also its hidden snares. The pride of religious privilege was

the sin of those who of all His enemies were most obnoxious to Christ; and the pride of ceremonialism, in other words, of acting worship instead of offering it, is perhaps the easiest and shallowest of all. Yet to all these alike the words of the text are a stern reproof. Not in word, but in the truth behind the words; not in forms, but in the spirit beneath the forms; not in privileges, but in the grace that is behind the privileges, does the kingdom of God consist. That is, in *power*—of God, and not of men; of God who works, and for men who believe. "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven." "Let him that glorieth glory in the Lord." They also suggest toleration, and chiefly in our relations to each other. How tolerant we ought to be, and especially with the young—so eager, but so inexperienced, so generous, and often so self-denying, yet sometimes so headstrong, and withal shallow. If some of us by God's favour seem high up on the mountain brow rejoicing in the sunlight that falls full on us, let us not despise nor rebuke those who, perhaps for no fault of their own, are still groping in the mists beneath. Tell me a man's tolerance—if it be not the tolerance of a contemptuous apathy—and I will tell you the depth of his knowledge and the breadth of his charity. When we have thought out our convictions for ourselves, and know how we came by them, we are not easily unsettled by a few plausible words on the other side. But tenaciousness need not be moroseness. In proportion as we have the truth, and love it and trust it, shall we be able to leave it with the God of Truth to teach His own children in His own time and way.

But if patience is wise, hope is reasonable, for victory is sure. At least if God is God. Nay, hope is a duty, for we are saved by hope, and if we cannot hope let us throw up our hands and sink. But I say everything encourages hope, if it be but intelligent and wary; and nothing so much as the spirit of toleration, for thereby we come to see how many more are with us than we knew of; and if we can but wait a little, there will be more still. For if hope is the wine of generous souls, it is also the reward of faithful service; and those who keep nearest to God, who oftenest wrestle with Him, these see His face at break of day, and He blesses them; and He treats them as His friends by telling them things that are hidden from other men, and a great sense of power nerves and gladdens their souls. Christian hope is but the beating of the King's heart enshrined in ours; and

when He bids us hope, something must be at hand. For victory, which is the purpose of God, is also the work of God; and that Divine Spirit who regenerates and sanctifies, who helps the thinker to think and the saint to worship, is the power of God among men. Many things are good, but one thing is needful; there are gifts we are glad to have, though

we can do without them. There is one we must have, or the Church dies. For the devoutness of our worship, for the sweetness of our charity, for the purity of our lives, for the fruitfulness of our service, there is but one truth to confess. The kingdom of God is not in word, but in power; there is but one faith to maintain, “I believe in the Holy Ghost.”

“BLESSED ARE THEY THAT MOURN.”

ANCE I had a wife o' my ain,
 An ingle warm and bright,
 A candle in my window set
 To cheer me hame at night.
 And now the wife's in heaven aboon,
 An' through its opened door,
 Heaven's glory's hauding up my heart,
 Across earth's lanely moor.

Ance I had a bit bonnie farm
 And watched for rain and shine,
 But noo' I look on a' the land,
 And a' the land seems mine.
 And in the vera sun i' the lift
 I feel to have my share :
 There's something in me sib to all
 That's living anywhere.

An' thochts come ben, I canna tell ;
 In talk they'd only look
 Like butterflies wi' pins stuck through
 An' fastened in a book.
 I'd rather let 'em flutter out
 On God's own bonnie trees :
 The eyes may aften ha' a glimpse
 O' what hands shouldna seize.

There's depth in life man canna sound,
 There's height he canna reach,
 But there's a Light that shines for all,
 And there's a Way for each.
 And turning to the right is joy,
 And to the wrong is hell,
 Yet there's one thing he canna miss,
 An' that is God Himsel'.

ISABELLA FVIE MAYO.



SKETCHES IN OUR PARISH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE PENFOLK."

PART I.

BY the will of my late friend, Mr. Robert Lindsay, there was bequeathed to me his Diary, from which I propose to extract and give to the public from time to time a few of what he calls "Sketches in our Parish." But before doing so it seems necessary to relate some things which have given to the Diary a more than private interest.

Our intimacy from early boyhood arose from our parents "adhering" to the same small brotherhood of Christians—a people who were tenacious about ecclesiastical order and minute points of unformulated doctrine. We, as boys, were equally proud of the church of our fathers, and when very young had begun to keep a diary; but as we lived several miles apart, we seldom met on week days, except at holiday-times, when we read from our book such items as referred to the men and things of *our* public, or incidents that had tickled our fancy in any way. Till after we reached manhood our intercourse was in great measure confined to the exchange of letters. From some of Bob's epistles, written as we emerged from boyhood, I discovered that he was losing his pride in the church community—a change which I could not understand till I learned that the domestic rule under which he lived was more repressive and the social atmosphere less genial than mine, which no doubt was the reason why he sought relief in revolt. In one of his letters which I preserve, bearing date Sunday, 10th July, 1831, the contempt he felt for his father's peculiarities is apparent. He says, "Your 'fair' comes on next month, and you must spend your idle days with us . . . Aunt Phemie has gone to the beloved village of her nativity, but will return before you come; so you may expect to hear wonderful wonders . . . Don't be afraid of father's archæological remains; mother will keep him from that museum for your sake. Sunbeam will be wed at Martinmas, so you shall not meet her here again . . . I do not know what mother will do when we have both gone. Her kingdom is small now; what will it be then?"

I had more reasons than one for declining the invitation. I knew from experience that it would be almost impossible to avoid controversy with Mr. Lindsay on his peculiar notions, and I have always had an aversion

to argue on matters of belief; opinion is so qualified by the disposition which lies behind and colours thought, that there are seldom any good results from argument. Mr. Lindsay was too violent a Christian to give heed to any one, much less to one he esteemed a mere boy. He was intensely dogmatic and intolerant, and had always on hand and at his tongue's end a complete system of theology, which he propounded by the most extensive vocabulary it has ever been my lot to listen to. Then my friend's mockeries of divine things were even more displeasing than his father's oddities. Irreverence was Bob's most prominent feature at the time—a rather forbidding one with which to start in life—whilst his father had several lovable ones. If he was in business worldly and grasping, and in religion narrow and intolerant, he was, apart from these, kind and conciliating, and liberal to generosity in almsgiving.

Then there were reasons why I ought to accept the invitation. There had been doctrinal differences which resulted in a suspension of intercourse between our parents; and although the feud did not affect our personal likings, my refusal might tend to widen the breach; and so, taking counsel of prudence, I went and enjoyed my holiday to my satisfaction. The first evening was very enjoyable, and the events which followed were too remarkable to escape my memory, even although I never had taken jottings of them.

Mr. Lindsay belonged to a landward parish; but when a young man he went, as many still do, to the city of Glasgow, as affording a wider field of work, where in course of years he amassed a considerable fortune. During all his life his prosperity had been unbroken by loss or cross, except that his wife had fallen into infirm health. His family consisted of a son and daughter and the young sister of Mrs. Lindsay, who, under his gentle wife's guidance, took supervision of his servants, occupied the "table-head" at meals, and was recognised as indispensable to the management and comfort of the household generally. There were only a few years between the age of Aunt Euphemia and that of Miss Lindsay, and when both were sitting in repose they might have been mistaken for twins. The manner, the mind, and the language of the

latter had, through her mother's influence, education, and frequent intercourse with people of refinement, been greatly modified and improved; her healthful roses, unlike her mother's, which were blanched from long continued pain, were in full bloom; whilst Phemie was a prize specimen of rude health and rustic beauty. She was as fresh as new hay, and at times as aggressive as a house sparrow; and had the sparkling wit and keen sense of humour for which her sister had been distinguished in her youth. Her most apparent weakness—common to most villagers—was that of magnifying the place of her nativity; on which subject there passed between her and my friend Bob an occasional shower of good-natured banter, in which Miss Lindsay joined and assisted each in turn. There was a tender purpose concealed under the mirth. Mrs. Lindsay, in the absence of more sedate topics, enjoyed the sharp-shooting—perhaps in remembrance of her own young life. Be that as it may, the two were successful in betraying her into forgetfulness of her ailments for a time. This was more noticeable when what they called “parenthetical remarks” were introduced, which provoked her to reprove them for interrupting the even course of some village narrative. With the same purpose of lifting her above herself, Phemie repeated whatever she could learn of the outside world, more especially of the families they knew “at home,” in which she took a Christian interest.

I found Mr. Lindsay as I had last left him, intensely dogmatic, intolerant of opposition, and plain to rudeness to any one who ventured to dissent from him. The biting epithets and taunts he tumbled forth were irritating in the extreme. One had either to laugh in his face or lift his hat and leave. A tolerable acquaintance he might be to meet once in a while, but not a man one would choose as a bedfellow. So at least I thought as I laughed at one of his voluminous tirades. Yet, during one of his exasperating denunciations I noticed a feature in his character which threw into the shade all his unlovely intolerance. While sitting at his wife's bedside he either held one of her hands which lay on the bedcover or patted it gently, and when she expressed an opinion, however adverse to his, his whole manner changed, his voice softened, and his look of reverent love gave him a new and better face.

“Father's always barking,” she once said with a smile, “but he never bites to hurt;” which was no doubt true as regarded herself,

but his hard corn-crake voice and the sensuous view he took of human life in its various aspects, were not less grating on the ear on that account. He discussed the creeds as if they were a casket of antiquities having little or nothing to do with the regulation of life.

We were relieved of his “highfaluting” at the tea-table, however; where I met Miss Helen Lennox, the betrothed of my friend, and the Rev. James Cranston, whose marriage to the household “sunbeam,” Miss Lindsay, was about to be celebrated. Aunt Phemie, with whom I had met before, took her place at the table as depute; and as she had just returned from the village, was expected by her sister to give the latest news thereof, which, to such as were interested in the parties referred to, she did with an admirable minuteness. And what village-born man or woman is not interested in the few old friends amongst whom were spent the first and perhaps the sunniest years of life? Some of her gossip was of a purely local nature; but it was related with such humour and pathos as either made us ring with laughter or threatened to start our tears. As her manner and voice cannot be communicated here, much that she said must be omitted.

“Have there been any marriages, auntie?” Miss Lindsay asked; and immediately after her mother added,

“Or any deaths among the old, Phemie?”

“Ye put me in min' o' anither thing,” Phemie said. “Hughie Galbreath saw a wee lassie lying on the road cryin' like to break her heart, an' he asked, ‘What are ye greetin' for?’

“‘Cause I've broken the jug an' spilt the milk, an' am feart mother gies me a lickin',” she answered.

“Rin awa to thy grannie, an' there'll be no fear o' thee,” Hughie said.

“But—grannie's—deein'.—O!”

“Gude pity thee then; thou maun just tak' thy paiks, an' tak' better care again.”

“I would not have thought Hugh Galbreath had as much good sense,” Mrs. Lindsay said quietly. “His family had the name of being short-witted when I was young.”

“Frae all I hear he's no like his family then,” Phemie replied, “an' Lizzy Sharp is o' the same min', for she's to be married to him—aff han'.”

“I am astonished,” Mr. Lindsay said hotly, “to hear of her stooping so low as to take Hugh! he comes of a disreputable family. The woman's absolutely demented!”

“Weel, William,” answered Phemie, with

a smile, "I see farer than you into this matter. Lizzie has missed her market, an' it's no wha she'll tak' but wha she can get, at her time o' life. An' then Hughie's nae mair disreputable than ony ane that's here present; for, according to what you say, we're a' totally depraved."

"Well done, auntie!" Miss Lindsay and her brother cried, the former clapping her hands.

"Now, do not raise arguments at the table, but let your aunt give us her news," Mrs. Lindsay said imperatively; and after some good-natured laughter, in which Mr. Lindsay joined, Aunt Phemie proceeded without much noticeable interruption.

"The only thing I e'er heard laid to the charge o' the Galbreaths is that they were poachers; an' as I have nae game to preserve I canna see the sin o't. I dinna deny that Hughie is a poacher, for he was on that errand when he fell in wi' the bairn. But he didna poach lang that day, for when he was on the hillside he heard a scream in the glen, an' he ran an' saw a bairn in the water. He wasna lang till he had her in his arms on the bank; and after bringing her to her senses, he took her to the porter-lodge, for she is ane o' the Laird's. In half-an-hour the Laird was down seeking, but didna find, Hughie, an' left word he wanted him up before gloaming. The hale town heard o' the bairn's mishap, an' wha saved her, for the Laird had tell'd it at the burial o' Sandy White, whare every man-body was in the forenoon. The lassie's grannie was poor auld Jean Tait, that was laid down an' deein'; wi' no ane to look to her but Lizzy Sharp, who told me she was clean distractet at the thought o' the poor woman being concerned about eternity, an' no a man in the place to pray for her. And I think there was nae won'er, for she had said, 'O, Lizzy, Lizzy, this is no' the way I intendet tae dee at-a', ava. I learnt the twenty-third Psalm, an' meant to say it at this present. Fifty an' fifty times have I said it when lootin' oure a boyne, an' my fingers peelt wi' sair wark scourin' blankets. The Lord's my Shepherd I'll not want. . . . And in God's house for ever more. . . . He makes me down to lie in pastures— Am a' wrang wi't, Lizzy? God forgie me! My memory's clean whaml't, an' my win's amaist a' gane.'

"'If ye could haud on awee, Jean,' Lizzy said, as she gied her a spoonfu' o' speerits, 'the minister will be back frae the burial, an' he'll put up a word for ye.'

"'I dinna want him; I ken brawly that

he'd say what I hae been I'll be, an' I winna hear him. I hope for better, Lizzy, than to scour blankets an' breathe in the reek o' saip-an'-soda for ever, lass.' And then the poor body fell into a doze."

"Her Christianity has been rather of a coarse kind, Phemie," said Mr. Lindsay.

"I'll no say but it was, William," Phemie answered confidently; "and yet when the veil's taen frae her face in the presence of the Lord, it may be o' a better quality than a prettier fabric. I ne'er saw great outcome frae superfine gudes o' ony sort."

"Dear me, Phemie, what a loose tongue ye have brought with you! Do not attend to what is said, but tell us all you know about poor Jean Tait. She was a comely woman when we were young, William, before she was way-laid," Mrs. Lindsay said.

"Weel," resumed aunty, "Lizzy ran to the door, thinking she might see some man-body that would ease Jean's mind, an' she saw Hughie Galbreath keekin by the house— en' watchin' if the Laird was in sight; nae doubt he was a proud man when Lizzy Sharp wagget him foret. She gripped him, and told how matters stood, and then said, 'Come awa in, like a gude chiel, an' say a word for her.'

"'Diel's i' the lass! me pray? What effect can ony prayer o' mine hae? I ne'er prayed for mysel', let alane pray for Jean Tait.'

"'Noo, Hughie Galbreath, Jean Tait mauna be allowed to dee like a doug; an' I once heard my grannie say that them who never prayed for ithers needna expect to get their ain prayers answered.' So wi' coaxing and flyttin', she led him in to the bedside; an' he slipit the hare he had in his oxter 'neath the bed, an' knelt down on his bonnet, real reverent like, wi' Lizzy beside him; an' then he took one o' Jean's han's. For a wee he said naething; an' then hauf greetin' he managed to say 'O, Lord! Lord Almighty, thou kens how matters stan' atwixt thee an' auld Jean Tait. Thou has the haft in thy ain han'; an', O Lord, Lord, guide the gully as best shoots thy glory an' the puir old woman's gude. Amen.' An' when he raise he whispered, 'I think Jean winna dee, Lizzy dear, she gied my han' a squeeze; an' pointing to where the hare lay, he said, 'Ready the poosy; it'll pit same pith in her; an' when he drave the dust frae his bonnet he keeket out to see if the coast was clear.'

"Well," Mr. Lindsay said with a sigh, as if sorry for the poacher, "it does really appear that Hugh may be a brand plucked from the burning."

"Tuts, William," retorted Phemie, "what has the chiel done to deserve *burning*? When Lizzy came frae the door, where she had stood for a minute or two wi' him, auld Jean had wakened up, an', looking to where the clock stood she said, 'It's wearing on till tea time;' then, closing her een, she lifted her sairly bleached han's and said, 'My table thou hast furnished, . . . in presence,' then ane o' the han's fell on her brow, an' the ither on her breast, and she gied a great yawn and fell into anither doze; an' in a wee, wee whilie she sougled awa, real pleasant-like. Lizzie then knelt down beside the corp, an' when she had said Hughie's prayer oure again, she took the hare in her lap hame to him, saying it was na needit.

"'Diel's i' the lass! I'm no wantin' 't,' he said, 'keep it for thy kin'ness tae auld Jean;' an' covered it up again in her apron.

"Just as he was convoying her to the door, wha but the Laird came in beside them.

"'Is your name Hugh Galbreath?' he said quite friendly like.

"'Yes sir,' said Hughie.

"'Is this your wife?'

"'I wush tae goodness she was.'

"'I want to pay you in some way for saving my daughter's life. What can you work at?'

"'He'd make a famous gamekeeper, sir,' said Lizzy laughing; 'he kens a heap about game, but he can do a-maist ony thing.'

"'So I understand from the gatekeeper,' he said with a laugh, "but I must have a married man.'

"'Weel, sir,' replied Hughie, 'if a'm no' a marret man an' your gamekeeper in a month's time, ye maun wyte Lizzy there, an' no' me.'

Aunt Phemie concluded by saying "Lizzy told me that when Hugh knelt down at the bedside an' prayed sae earnestly, her heart gaed out to him; for she thought him just gran'-like; she had nae thought o' marriage, she said, when she took the hare hame to Hughie, which I can believe; but when she said she had gien up a' thought an' wish to marry, 'deed I didna believe a word she said, no' a word."

"Was that all the courtship, auntie?" Miss Lindsay queried.

"A' that was given me, Maysie," was the reply; "but them that loves truly kens that there's mae ways o' courting than chattering oure a piano like toun misses."

"Then you know what it is, auntie?" cried Robert, as he sat "loof locked in loof" with Miss Lennox.

"Yes, Robert, I ken what it is, to my sorrow," she answered as she rose hurriedly, bursting into tears while leaving the room.

Miss Lindsay would have followed her, but was detained by her mother, who said, "Something is wrong; leave her alone, Marion."

My attention during Phemie's narrative had been divided now and then by observing the silent by-play of Robert and his sister with their "bride and bridegroom to be." Miss Marion's intended husband appeared to be a man of good parts when he spoke on the subjects of his studies; but it was evident that however great his abilities, the very common language he employed, and the more than common opinions he expressed on every-day matters, indicated the very humble sphere in which he had been reared. Neither his manners nor the tone of his mind bespoke gentle training; and subsequent intercourse, so far from effacing, tended rather to deepen my first impression; but, as I afterwards discovered, he had a dignity of manner, arising from integrity of character and high principle, that neutralised the want of fine breeding, which is, indeed, rarely found in those born in a condition of life where constant manual toil is a necessity, and where the opportunities, and often the desire, to improve their position or to educate their mind are absent. Where the great aim of life is to procure the means of living, the *kind* of life is often of secondary consideration.

In contrast to him Miss Helen stood out in bold relief. She was of exceeding loveliness—not altogether or perhaps chiefly because of her beautiful features, although these were the first to arrest attention, but also for her easy graceful bearing and sweet disposition, which made her quite fascinating. Every movement of her body, her low rippling laugh, which died away ere it could be caught to imitate her finely modulated voice, were attractive; and every word she uttered was so smooth and winning, as to make one forget the exquisite chisellings of her face.

In addition to her surpassing beauty, Miss Lennox, like the rest of us, inherited the taint of her family. In many cases the form and features are marred by latent disease, while in others there is a transparency, and what is called an angelic expression, due almost wholly to some indwelling force which purifies before it consumes. At the marriage of Miss Lindsay, Helen caught a cold—slight at first—which induced her to keep her room. One day she was caught in heavy

rain ; on the morrow she lost her voice in great part, and her parents, alarmed by experience, called the family doctor, who, knowing the family weakness, looked grave and serious. It was at this juncture that I first saw my friend since visiting him. From his look it was evident that something had gone wrong. What surprised me most was the unreasoning presentiment he expressed that she would not recover ; and, arising from that conviction, the prostration and hopelessness he evinced. It was useless to reason with him ; he listened to what I said, but returned to where he left and continued his wail. In a week he had worn himself out, took to his bed, and threw the family into fear of his death. Helen had recovered so far as, at his mother's request, to visit him ; she had no fear of her own danger, but was concerned about his. When parting he took farewell of her ; in three days after she died, and her death he, in his delirium, announced before that event had reached his parents. He laboured for weeks afterwards under brain fever.

Mr. Lindsay's long-cherished hope of relaxation during the remaining years of his life appeared blasted ; his sainted wife, with decreasing strength, had an accession of pain ; his daughter, who had been as the light of his eyes, was gone ; the supervision of his son's department of the business, which now fell upon him—all combined to wear and waste him. Mercifully he first entered the gate of death by falling a victim to apoplexy. In the absence of blood-relations he was buried by strangers.

By-and-by Robert recovered so far for a time as to visit his mother's bedside ; but her death, which took place in his presence, had not the power to awaken regret or interest of any kind. During the following autumn word came that Mrs. Cranston had died of Asiatic cholera in London, whither she had gone after her marriage ; and their aunt Phemie, whose hair began to show threads of white, was left with her somewhat imbecile nephew as his only remaining prop. It was not till the house had been thus emptied that her worth was known. Robert,

although he gathered strength, did not regain his former elasticity of mind ; he lost himself frequently within his own garden wall ; indoors he wandered from room to room, took book after book as if to read, till the bookcase was empty and every room littered with its contents.

In the meantime she disposed of the horses and carriage, discharged all his servants but two, and under legal advice disposed of the business, and invested the capital it produced. When the family doctor was informed of Robert's self-absorption, and that the Diary, instead of being written as formerly, was page after page filled with pencillings of an ear, an eye, an eyebrow, or other feature intended to portray his lost Helen, he ordered his removal elsewhere.

And to the "village" they went ; much to the gratification of Aunt Phemie, to whom the city with its sad memories was distasteful ; her health had become impaired, and her hair, although she was still in her twenty-third year, become grey. And there they remained for several years, to my astonishment, I confess ; for although her fresh colour returned, and his health, mental and physical, was confirmed, I could not understand how he endured the unbroken quiet—solitude is the better word. But it would appear he became enamoured with the people and the family histories, which year after year he recorded. We corresponded frequently, and on several occasions he spent a day or two with us ; and he persuaded me to visit him once, but I did not enjoy it much. Go where and when I chose during my stay, I felt as if all the people were engaged at grace before meat, or waiting at death-beds, so quiet and solemn was the whole place.

A locality where cats pause midway between the houses and look round with up-lifted paw, as if uncertain whether their procedure did not involve a breach of social order, may be beneficial to invalids with shattered nerves, but to those in health and inured to active life it tends rather to produce the "fidgets."



THE BRAZEN SERPENT; OR, THE TERRORS OF EXISTENCE FACED IN FAITH.

BY THE HON. AND REV. CANON LYTTTELTON, M.A.

THE story of the Brazen Serpent actually took place, we cannot doubt, as recorded by Moses. Some stories in the Divine records were, it has been very commonly held, intended by the inspired authors to be understood, at least with respect to parts of the narrative, as parables. So it has been thought by many is the case with the story of the Fall, in Genesis:—parts of it may be held to be expressed in figurative and symbolical, rather than in literal, forms of speech. But the story of the setting up of the Brazen Serpent cannot be so interpreted. The notion of a “myth,” which rationalistic interpreters might here suggest, is in this case absolutely inadmissible. The Brazen Serpent was a real one. For in the subsequent history, many hundreds of years later, we read of King Hezekiah being moved to destroy it, and to grind it to powder, because it had become an object of idolatrous veneration to the Israelites of his day.

This fact, however, is not in the least inconsistent with its having been intended by the Divine mind to be *also* an embodied image or parable of spiritual and eternal truths—as true now in England in this nineteenth century of our era, as in Israel thousands of years ago. For God can, and often does, teach by facts picturing ideas, which He causes to happen—by what Archbishop Whately happily called “acted parables” embodied in words. And in every true *type* we see the stamp of the Royal Seal of God’s Universal Kingdom—one *character* (which indeed is another word for a stamp or type) displaying itself in many various acts; one tune being recognisable in a myriad variations; one handwriting retaining its characteristics in all its products. The Brazen Serpent is such a central type and significant providential fact, instructive for all men in all ages. It has “primary” and “secondary” meanings. But this expression, often applied to prophecies, should not be understood to mean, as has sometimes been supposed, that the Divine Spirit Himself had more than one meaning in the words which He inspired; but that the one thought with which He filled the mind of the Prophet had many applications; the principle set forth in the simple original narrative or prophecy is in-

stanced anew,—and often in deeper and more suggestive ways,—in other acts of God.

Let us proceed to the consideration of the story.

As we read the Bible, we often feel, in a way we never do in reading any other book, how “deep calleth unto deep;” the deep utterances of inspired men find an echo in our own hearts, and are interpreted by our own spiritual experience. And it so happened— if I may be allowed to reveal an experience of my own life—that, in a time of terrible visitation from God, while I was perplexed and suffering under a mysterious stroke of Divine Providence, one of the passages of Holy Scripture to which I was called to listen in Church contained the ancient weird story of the Brazen Serpent; and it conveyed to me great spiritual lessons, specially fitted to my case at that time. These I wish now to set forth.

This incident of the Brazen Serpent is recorded in a part of the sacred story which we are specially authorized to consider as typical—I mean the story of the journey of the Israelites through the wilderness. It is of the events in that journey that St. Paul says, “All these things happened unto them for ensamples, and they are written for our admonition upon whom the ends of the world are come.” In it is signified and represented the life and experience of the mystical Israel, of the people of God in all ages and countries, on their journey out of the mystical Egypt—the state of nature and of bondage to sin and misery—to the mystical Canaan, the Land of Promise, which God has promised to His faithful servants, at the close of their pilgrimage on earth. Internal as well as external evidence goes to show that it was so overruled by the superintending providence of God as to bear this general application. It is therefore probable, at least, that any event recorded in this part of the sacred history will repay study in that view. The soil here is blest of God, it is a field which the Lord hath blest; if we dig in it in faith we shall, we believe, be rewarded with treasure-trove; we shall discover Divine lessons by which, not Jews only, but “all the families of the earth” may be blessed.

And, with regard to this particular incident in that journey, it should be noted that our Lord Himself, in His conversation with Nicodemus, selected it out of all history to stand as a symbol of some of the highest mysteries of redemption. We are, then, I think, fully justified in approaching the consideration of it with an expectation, grounded on faith in the Divine Word, that it contains much of universal truth.

What, then, is the primary and simplest meaning of the incident? This is the first inquiry we must make. For it is, unless I am mistaken, a fundamental principle of all sound interpretation of inspired sayings, that all other and deeper lessons which they may be intended or adapted to teach, must have their root in, and take their form and outline from, its primary and original sense.

Now it is, I think, clear that the brazen serpent was primarily intended simply to represent and vividly picture to the suffering Israelites those terrible and repulsive instruments of God's avenging justice through which He was at that time inflicting suffering upon them for their sins.

In the course of their wanderings—in no step of which, let it be borne in mind, were they guided by self-will or by any mere caprice of their own, but solely by the Pillar of Cloud and of Fire, which went before them, wherein the angel of God's presence dwelt—they were brought, we are told, into a region of great suffering and want. Under the pressure of their sufferings, they were led to murmur against Moses and Aaron; they looked back with regret and longing to the days when they "sat by the flesh-pots of Egypt." The spiritual degradation and misery of their life at that time, and their condition as slaves in a heathen land, were forgotten; nothing but the fleshly comforts and ease which they enjoyed there, compared with their present sufferings, was remembered. Their high calling and destiny as God's chosen people was overlooked or held cheap. This spirit of mind, like that of him "who for one morsel of meat sold his birthright," and, caring for the present, despised the greater future, would, if it had become habitual, have brought them to destruction and utter alienation from God. A sharp remedy was therefore needed, and was, we are told, applied, by God's judicial providence. Fiery serpents were sent amongst them, from whose bite many of them died. It was in this state of things that Moses was directed to make a Brazen Serpent—that is, an actual

image of the serpents from which they were at the time suffering; and to set it up on a pole before their eyes. And he was to teach them that if they contemplated this image in faith, they should be healed. How can we doubt what was the primary meaning of this? Surely it must have been intended simply to teach the great and pregnant truth, that if, when any of the terrors of God set themselves in array against us, we have the courage, instead of turning away our eyes and thoughts from them, to *look deliberately at them in faith*; to hold them up as it were, firmly between ourselves and heaven, and to contemplate them as God's appointments, and therefore certainly good under the circumstances, and if used aright; then the sting will be taken from these afflictions, and they will be turned into sources of spiritual blessing.

Such, it seems clear, must have been the first and immediate significance of the Brazen Serpent. It was simply a call to face God's terrible dispensation in faith and submission. The sufferers were called, according to our proverbial expression, to "grasp their nettle," in faith and submission to God.

And great is the blessing of so doing. Faith is, it is true, sometimes rightly pictured as blindfold; for she has often to go forward like Abraham, "not knowing whither she goes;" and there are many mysteries of God which cannot be made plain to her here on earth; for which therefore she must wait for light, satisfied to listen in the darkness to the Divine Voice, "It is I, be not afraid." But an equally true image of Faith would represent her open-eyed—daring, while holding to the hand of Christ, in the twilight of our present state, to look all facts, however terrible, in the face.

It is our duty and our wisdom to do so. To do otherwise, to keep any dark corner of our consciousness unlooked at, is to lay up a store of fears and uncertainties for our weaker moments, and to allow the enemy to lay an ambush against our peace.

And even if the terror be one that affects only other men, not ourselves directly, yet when we become aware of it our wisdom and our duty is to face it, holding to the hand of God. For in the first place not to do so is selfishness. It is deliberately to make ourselves happy, whatever may be happening to others; it is, while looking at others calamities, to say with the first bad man, "Am I their keeper?" instead of with St. Paul, "I have you in my heart to live and die with you." To suffer in other men's suffering is

to have the mind of Christ; and all that is not that is sin.

And besides, unless we do dare to look all terrors in the face we can never feel safe, even for ourselves. For if we believe in injustice or cruelty in God towards any creature, how can we be sure He will not be unjust to us too, and to those we love? Such expressions as occur sometimes in forms of prayer of very human composition, such as "Lord, we thank Thee that while others are to spend this night in pain or terror, our home is safe," are utterly unchristian. If we know that others suffer, how can we, without sinful selfishness and indifference, think of it serenely, except so far as we can believe that in some way God will overrule it for their greater good,—that it will be made a step on their road heavenwards, if they use it aright?

Turn not away then, in faithlessness and cowardice, from any thought of pain that meets you, till you have faced it, holding to the hand of Christ in the darkness, and have discovered how you can put it by, and refer it, by a conscious act of the soul, to God. Dare to make an image, if not material, yet mental—an *imagination*—of the object of your terror; hold it up between you and heaven.

Job is a great example of such courage in facing stern and mysterious facts in God's providence. It has sometimes, it is true, been asked how he can be called an example of patience when we see him complaining so vehemently, and even bitterly, of his fate, and picturing all its terrors in such bold and broad colouring? And much of this language no doubt cannot be justified. It was only, we must think, because he withdrew it in the end, that he received the Divine absolution. But at any rate all this powerful delineation of the terrible mysteries of evil and of sorrow that met him, clearly shows that he saw them in all their extremest terror,—that he felt them in all their acuteness. And yet, nevertheless, he did in the end submit, in absolute resignation and meekness to God. It was not, then, in blindness or darkness that he did so; but with eyes wide open, and a heart keenly sensitive to all. Thus did he hold up his Brazen Serpent to the light; thus did he at last learn in full sight of it to acknowledge the Divine justice and goodness. This alone is true faith. Easy it is in sunny times, while sailing in sunny seas, "hope at the helm

and pleasure at the prow," basking amidst the prosperities of the world, to call God "Father," and believe that He is a Father. But the difficulty is to do so when all is reversed, when all things seem against us, or when, though we ourselves are in prosperity, we see others round us in pain, in distress, in agony; to call God Father, as the Divine Man of Sorrows did, while hanging on a cross of torture, or from out of an agony of Bloody Sweat; when man is felt to be cruel and unjust; when the earth beneath our feet trembles; when the midday sky over our heads is darkened; when God Himself seems to have forsaken us, and we cannot see the reason. To cry then too, "Abba, Father," and believe what we say, is true faith—the only faith that fits the world as it is, and will carry us through life with eyes open. So nobly says one of our greatest teachers, speaking of the difficulties of providence that meet us in history and the temptation we feel to pass them over, and look only at the bright side of things. "In all suppressions," he says, "there is unbelief, there is sin, there is treachery to the maxims which our Christian and Protestant forefathers have bequeathed to us. They bade us go up to every fact, look it in the face, question it till it tells us what it means. So act the brave students of the phenomena of nature; so must we behave ourselves in the presence of the phenomena which perplex us in the life of nations and of men. When we come first to the mouth of the cavern, there may rise up dark vapours; confused sounds may be heard through them; when they take form as distinct words, the oracle may be ambiguous, bewildering, self-contradictory. But wait on, as those who care to know; watch as those watch who believe that the morning will come out of the darkest night. You will find that the answer proceeds from no mad or false priestess, but from the Spirit of Truth, who will Himself enable us to understand it, who Himself will direct the fulfilment of it."*

It is this courage in facing all facts, however terrible, in undoubting faith, that appears to be taught by the story of the Brazen Serpent. Some instances in which such courage may be shown in our day, it is proposed to set forth in another article.

W. H. LYTELTON.

* Maurice's "Learning and Working," p. 310.



CHINESE MANDARINS.

AMONG the diplomatic successes achieved by Sir Thomas F. Wade, K.C.B., Her Majesty's Minister at the court of Peking, in the course of his recent negotiation with the Imperial Government of China, arising out of the murder of Mr. Margary, is the concession by the Chinese of the right of intercourse with the high departmental officers of state. Whether this concession ought to be regarded as having any real importance, or whether such a question ought to have been imported into the late negotiations, we do not propose to inquire in this paper; but, in view of the greater interest taken nowadays in the affairs of the Far East, we take the opportunity—after a few words showing the way in which the right alluded to has been acquired—briefly to describe the machinery by which the central government of the Chinese Empire is carried on, adding some remarks as to the official hierarchy of China in general, or, to speak more concisely, to give some account of Chinese mandarins and their functions.

It is only in very recent years that the arrogance and self-conceit of Chinese statesmen have admitted the right of foreign officials to correspond and deal with them on anything like terms of equality. So great, indeed, have been the difficulties arising out of this matter that it was found necessary to devote to it a separate article of the treaty signed at Nanking on August 29th, 1842, by which the modes of address and correspondence between British and Chinese officials were definitely settled, and their relative ranks were further clearly defined by the seventh article of the treaty of Tien-tsing (June 26th, 1858). Since the latter date, at any rate, matters have, on the whole, worked pretty smoothly in this respect, and it is but rarely that one hears of any intentional want of courtesy on the part of Chinese officials towards their British compeers. Still the intercourse between them has always been of a more or less restricted nature, and even her Majesty's minister, though himself a most eminent Chinese scholar,—equally with the representatives of other nationalities at the court of Peking—has not been able, from the inflexible rules of Chinese etiquette, to cultivate friendly relations with the high officers of state resident at the capital, unless they chanced to be also members of the Tsungli Yamên, the office which was specially constituted after the last war for the trans-

action of business with western nations. On the 29th of September, 1875, however, there appeared in the manuscript copy of the *Peking Gazette* (as foreigners term the *Ching-pao*) a memorial from the Prince of Kung and his colleagues, the ministers of the Tsungli Yamên, in which they went with some detail into the question of personal intercourse between Chinese and foreigners, and they prayed for a "decree which, as a declaration from the Throne, might dissipate men's doubts, and hinder suspicion and misunderstandings." Among other things, they state that the ministers of foreign powers residing in the capital, have remarked to them that "as visits were never exchanged between the high officers of state departments and the representatives of foreign nations, it was not astonishing that, when their authorities kept thus aloof, the lower orders should make light of the officials and people of foreign nations." In regard to this assertion the prince and his colleagues affirm that in pursuing this course of action, or perhaps we ought to say inaction, the high officers of departments have simply conformed most scrupulously with the principle "that officials have no intercourse with foreigners," which was laid down in the *Li Chi*, the Book of Obligation and Observances, more commonly called the Book of Rites, a work for which all Chinese affect the most profound reverence. Circumstances, however, they think, alter cases, and having regard to existing relations with foreign countries, they are of opinion that "though it is not possible to treat foreign envoys in every way as they are treated in foreign states, eastern or western, still it does not for all that appear necessary that there should be no intercourse with them whatever." The language used is, perhaps, not very gracious; but after all, the principle thus ungraciously admitted is a great blow to the ancient prejudices of the Chinese high mandarins, who, as a class, are trained in the very strictest sect of bigotry, and view all concessions to the "outside barbarian" with the utmost distaste.

Let us now explain what are the departments of state constituting the central government of the Chinese Empire, whose heads will now be brought into friendly intercourse with the representatives of foreign powers, in consequence of the prayer of this memorial having been granted.

As far as home affairs are concerned, the

administrative business of the Peking government is transacted by two great councils of state, and six supreme boards or public offices, answering in some measure to our own departmental arrangement. The two great councils, about whose relative importance some misapprehensions exist, are as follows.

The *Nei-ko* (sometimes written *Nuy-ko*) is, as its name denotes, the Inner Council of the Emperor, and is usually, though incorrectly, described as the Cabinet. Whatever may have been its functions in former days, there can be no doubt that, in recent years, it cannot possibly have performed those appertaining to what we are accustomed to call a Cabinet, and, therefore, we think that it may be more correctly designated the Privy Council. The members composing it, who see the Emperor when invited to do so, are, in the first place, four *Ta-hsioh-shih* (literally, great learned scholars), two of whom are Manchu Tartars and two Chinese. This title has frequently been rendered Grand Secretary of State, but in reality it answers more nearly to our Privy Councillor. Besides these four high dignitaries, there are two *Hsieh-pan Ta-hsioh-shih*, or Assistant Privy Councillors, of whom one is a Tartar and the other a Chinese. According to the Chinese account of the functions of these high officials, given by Dr. Bridgman in his "Chinese Chrestomathy," their duties are to "deliberate on the government of the Empire, proclaim abroad the imperial pleasure, regulate the canons of state, together with the whole administration of the great balance of power, thus aiding the Emperor in directing the affairs of state. Whenever the great solemnities are to be celebrated, they then bring forward all the officers to take part. Whenever the imperial pleasure is to be promulgated, whether by an order, a declaration, a proclamation, or a warrant, in all cases their forms must be decided on and introduced for his Majesty's inspection; so also with the sacrificial liturgy; so, too, with the congratulatory cards, if they contain any phrases. Whenever they receive the Emperor's pleasure in commands to be promulgated, if it be an answer given to a memorial, and has already been sent down, they must consign it to the appropriate department to be copied." All documents, before they can be presented to the Emperor, must be submitted to this council, and when the imperial pleasure is to be proclaimed in any way, its high officers must apply for the imperial seals, and attach

impressions of them to the documents in question. These seals, it may be interesting to mention, are twenty-five in number, and are deposited in a building which may be termed the Palace of Peace; they are made of various descriptions of jade, green, white, clouded, &c., and, in one or two instances, of fragrant wood, all of them being from four to six inches square, and an inch thick, and ornamented with an imperial dragon. Such, in theory, are the duties of the members of *Nei-ko*, and, no doubt, they were actually performed by them in former years; but a careful study of the official gazette will show that most of their functions have passed to the *Chün-chi-choo*, and that the titles borne by the members of the *Nei-ko* are honorary. This will be the more obvious when we point out that the *Ta-hsioh-shih* are frequently governors-general of distant provinces, for it is out of the question to look upon the Governor-General at Canton, for example, who is a permanent official at a post more than 1,800 miles from the capital, in the light of a cabinet minister, as we understand the term. Any of the six members of the *Nei-ko* may however be cabinet ministers, and, indeed, some are so at the present moment, though not by virtue of their bearing the titles of *Ta-hsioh-shih* and *Hsieh-pan Ta-hsioh-shih*, but because they are also members of the *Chün-chi-choo*, which is really the Cabinet.

Before quitting the subject of the *Nei-ko* we will add a few words with regard to the titles borne by its members. The six great dignitaries composing it are denominated *Pai-hsiang*, that is, persons who make obeisance to and assist the Emperor. The senior *Ta-hsioh-shih* is also called *Shou-hsiang*, i.e. Head Assistant, a term which is sometimes erroneously rendered Prime Minister. The four *Ta-hsioh-shih* all have the title of *Chung-tang*, and even when holding the office of governors-general of provinces, they still retain this honorific title, and are not usually spoken of by the titles properly appertaining to their office, viz., *Tsung-too* or *Chih-tai*. Inferiors often call them *Ko-lao*, which literally means "council chamber old men." The term *Ta-hsioh-shih* was first made use of under the Tang dynasty (A.D. 618—906). At present the principal *Ta-hsioh-shih* is the celebrated Li Hung-chang, a Chinese, who is a very ambitious man, of great ability and energy, and who has shown considerable capacity as a military leader. He acquired a dubious fame some years ago in connection with the suppression of the Tai-ping rebel-

lion, being then governor, or *Foo-tai*, of the province of Kiang-soo, in consequence of which he is best known to foreigners as Li Foo-tai. He is now Governor-General of the metropolitan province of Chih-li, and in that capacity resides either at the treaty port of Tientsin or at the provincial capital, so that, although he is the *Shou-hsiang* of the *Nei-ko*, it would obviously be absurd to style him the Prime Minister.

The other, and nowadays, at any rate, more important council of state is the *Chiin-chi-choo*, which is commonly called by Europeans the General Council. Writing some sixty years ago, Dr. Morrison, the great Chinese lexicographer, being under a misapprehension as to the functions of this



Mandarin sitting in state.

body, thought that the expression *Chiin-chi-choo* might be rendered "a Council of War." The characters undoubtedly mean "army-machinery-place" (i.e. court or council), but from what we have said above, it will be tolerably clear that the *Chiin-chi-choo* more nearly answers to our idea of the Cabinet, and therefore Dr. Bridgman goes much closer to the mark than Dr. Morrison, when he remarks that "the general government of this country [China] partakes more of the military character than of the civil, and hence *kwan* [the Cantonese sounding of the character which is pronounced *chiin* in the northern court dialect], army, is used as an equivalent for state, and machinery of the army, instead

of council of state, or general council of the nation." The best exact translation of the expression would probably be "the court for managing the machinery of state." According to the old Chinese version of the duties of the members of this council, "its great ministers superintend the preparation of imperial edicts, together with the essential interests of the army and nation. On all ordinary days they repair to the forbidden palace, and there wait to be summoned to audience. The hall of the *Chiin-chi-choo* is situated within the Gate of Eminent Ances-



Mandarin reading the Emperor's Decree.

tors, and every day between five and six A.M. its ministers repair thither. After the completion of business, and when the eunuchs of the palace in attendance have communicated the imperial pleasure for their dispersion, they straightway retire. There are no fixed times [in the day] for audiences; sometimes they are summoned once and sometimes repeatedly on the same day. On approaching his Majesty's presence they place a mat on the ground, and are permitted to sit." Nowadays their duties are more multifarious than when the Collection of Statutes, from which we have quoted, was drawn up, and Dr. S. Wells Williams gives a correct view of the importance and constitu-

tion of the council, when he observes: "This is probably the most influential body in the government, and though quite unlike in its construction, corresponds to the ministry of western nations more than any other branch of the Chinese system. It is composed of princes of the blood, chancellors of the cabinet [by which expression Dr. Williams designates the *Ta-hsioh-shih* of the *Nei-ko*], the presidents and vice-presidents of the six boards, and chief officers of the other courts in the capital, selected at the Emperor's pleasure, who are unitedly called 'great ministers directing the machinery of the army'—the army being here taken to signify the nation." So far as we are aware, there is no distinction drawn between Manchus and Chinese in making appointments to this council; in fact its ablest member, Shên Kuei-fên, is a Chinese.

The chief subordinate branches of the public administration at Peking under these two great councils of state are the six *Poo*, or Supreme Boards as they are generally termed by foreigners, viz., the Boards of Civil Office, Revenue, Rites, War, Punishments, and Works. Each of these boards has two presidents, and two left and two right vice-presidents, these posts being equally divided between Manchus and Chinese. The presidents are styled *Shang-shoo*, and the vice-presidents *Shih-lang* or *Lang-chung*, though they are sometimes also known by other titles. In giving the following brief details respecting the duties appertaining to these six boards, we have drawn chiefly on the extracts from the official Collection of Statutes furnished by Dr. Bridgman.

The *Li-poo*, or Board of Civil Office, has under its care the government and direction of all the various officers in the Civil Service of the Empire. "Whatever appertains to the plans of selecting and arranging rank and gradation, to the rules of determining degradation and promotion, to the ordinances for granting investitures and rewards, and to the laws for fixing schedules [of officers for employment] and furloughs [for the purpose of mourning for the dead, attending upon aged parents, &c.], is reported to the board by the appropriate officers, and the presidents and vice-presidents, with those under them, deliberate thereon; if important affairs, they are reported to the throne, otherwise they are dispatched at once." Briefly, then, this board controls the selection, promotion, &c., of all the officers of the Civil Service, and in an empire governed as that of China is its functions are very important.

The *Hoo-poo*, or Board of Revenue, is not unlike our Treasury, but it has other duties besides. Its heads "direct the territorial government of the Empire, and keep the lists of the population. Whatever appertains to the regulations for levying and collecting duties and taxes, to the distribution of salaries and allowances, to the rates for the receipts and disbursements at the granaries and treasuries, and to the arrangements for transportation both by land and water, is reported to the board by the appropriate officers." It is also a land office, and has under its charge the measurement and survey of the Empire. Besides fourteen subordinate departments charged with the administration of the revenue of different divisions of the Empire, the board has under it a court of appeal for the settlement of disputes relating to property and the succession thereto, a mint, an office for the safe custody of metals, silks, &c., and an office for the management of the grain supply at Peking.

The *Li-poo*, or Board of Rites and Ceremonies (or National Usages), examines and gives directions concerning "the performance of the five kinds of ritual observances, and makes proclamation thereof to the whole people. Whatever appertains to the ordinances for regulating precedence and literary distinctions, to the canons for maintaining religious honour and fidelity, to the orders respecting intercourse and tribute, and to the forms of giving banquets and granting bounties, is reported to the board by the proper officers." In fact, it regulates all matters of ceremony, and even the pettiest details come under its supervision, for in China everything must be done and written according to *li*. Of the four subordinate departments of the Board of Rites, the most important "has the regulation of the etiquette to be observed at court, on ordinary and extraordinary occasions, on congratulatory attendance, in the performance of ministerial and official duties, &c.; also the regulation of dresses, caps, &c., as to figure, size, colour, and the nature of their ornaments; of carriages and all matters relating thereto, with the number of followers and the insignia of rank. It has also the direction of the entire ceremonial of personal intercourse between the various ranks, minutely defining the number of bows and degrees of attention which each is to pay to the other, when meeting in official capacities, according as they are on terms of equality or otherwise. It has also to direct the forms of their written official intercourse, including the

forms to be observed in addresses to and from foreign states [a matter in which the ancient traditions of the office have been very considerably upset in recent years]. It has further to attend to the establishment of governmental schools and academies, and the regulation of the public literary examinations, the number of the graduates, the distinction of their classes, the forms of their selection, and the privileges of the successful candidates," &c. We have not been able to ascertain what is the *personnel* of this department of the Board of Rites, but, judging from its extraordinarily multifarious and diversified functions, we should fancy that its staff of clerks must be on an enormous scale. The other three departments respectively deal with, 1, sacrificial rites; 2, the intercourse of hosts and guests, &c.; and 3, the preparation of food and cognate matters.

The *Ping-poo*, or Board of War, combines the functions of our War Office, Horse Guards, and Admiralty. It has "the government and direction of all the officers, within and without the provinces, employed in the military service of the Empire. Whatever appertains to the ordinances for taking away, giving, and granting office, or inheriting rank, to the management of the post-office department, to the rules of military examination and discipline, and to the rates of emolument and actual service," comes under the supervision of this board. Of its four subordinate departments, the first settles the ranks and grades of officers, examines into their skill in tactics, regulates their duties in camp, &c.; the second investigates the qualifications of officers, their claims for promotion, and their discipline, besides looking after their instruction in the military art; the third, to which is attached "the office for the announcement of victories" (*i.e.* posts and express office), has under its care the horses, waggons, &c., of the army; and the fourth has charge of military stores and munitions of war.

The *Hsing-poo*, or Board of Punishments, has "the government and direction of the punishments throughout the Empire, and whatever appertains to the measures of applying the laws with leniency or severity, to the hearing evidence and giving decisions, to the rights of granting pardons, reprieves, or otherwise, and to the amounts of fines," comes under its supervision. In hearing capital cases this board sits in conjunction with the *Tao-cha-yüan* and the *Ta-li-shih*; and to determine the appeals in criminal cases,

sent up every autumn, from the decisions of the provincial judges, a court is formed of these three bodies, the *Tung-ch'eng-sze*, and delegates from the other five supreme boards.

The *Kung-poo*, or Board of Works, has "the government and direction of the public works throughout the Empire, together with the current expenses of the same. Whatever appertains to plans for buildings of wood or earth, to the forms of useful implements, to the arrangements for stopping up or opening channels, and to the ordinances for constructing mausolea and temples, is all reported to the board." This is the Chinese way of putting the duties of the *Kung-poo*, but its functions are even more miscellaneous; "It has the cognisance," says Dr. Bridgman, "of all public works, such as the construction of all governmental offices, temples, palaces, &c., belonging to the state; it has the charge of preparing all implements of war, tents, carriages, shot, &c.; confiscated property, consisting of buildings, also comes under its care; it regulates the construction of all weights and measures; dykes and canals, highways and bridges, dockyards, &c., are under its supervision." In their intercourse with the heads of this board foreign envoys may not improbably find opportunities for doing great good in persuading its members of the advantages which would result from macadamising the dusty streets of the capital, and putting its ancient system of drainage into a state of proper repair; and in course of time they might even persuade them to entertain a comprehensive scheme of sanitary reform for the Empire at large.

Such, then, briefly described, are the great administrative offices of state in China; besides these, however, there are the newly-constituted *Tsungli Yamén*, or Foreign Office, spoken of before, with which alone the representatives of Western powers have hitherto had intercourse as a matter of right, and, in addition, two others with which they will perhaps be occasionally brought into contact, *viz.*, the Colonial Office and the Censorate, the latter being an odd but highly important institution.

The *Li-fan-yüan*, or Colonial Office, which was established by the present dynasty, is somewhat differently constituted from the six supreme boards, for Chinese seemingly never take part in its deliberations. Its high officers are a president and two vice-presidents, all Manchus, with a Mongolian as a supernumerary vice-president. The meaning of the Chinese title of this department is literally

a court, board, or office for the government of foreigners, by which are meant the subjected and tributary races of Mongolia, Turkistan, Thibet, &c. Since the erection of the *Tsungli Yamèn* as the office for the conduct of all affairs relating to the nations of the West, the *Li-fan-yüan* has not meddled with this branch of public business, but in days gone by some extraordinary memorials respecting the barbarians emanated from it, and in 1816 one of its presidents was appointed to receive the British embassy, as a duty properly appertaining to his post. The office contains six subordinate branches or departments, the titles of some of which sound oddly to European ears. Among them, the "flag-roll-pure-officers" department deals with boundaries, allotment of lands, rank and succession of chiefs, &c.; the "royal-assembly-pure-officers" department not only arranges for the visits of the Inner Mongolian chieftains to Peking and the payment of their tribute, but has control over all salaries and emoluments disbursed in that region; the "mild-distant-pure-officers" department does the same for Outer Mongolia; and the "drawn-remote-pure-officers" department has charge of the Mahommedan and other tribes on what were once the extreme frontiers of the Chinese Empire, but, owing to various circumstances, its duties must now be a sinecure.

The *Too-cha-yüan*, commonly called the Censorate, or more literally, the Office of Examiners, consists of sixty-two members in all, who are called *Yü-shih*, a title variously rendered Censors or Imperial Historiographers. The office is presided over by a Manchu and a Chinese, who have four assistants. The ordinary Censors are divided into two classes, *Chang-too Yü-shih*, of whom there are thirty, and *Chien-cha Yü-shih*, twenty-six in number. Governors-General and Governors of provinces are *ex-officio* members of these two divisions respectively. The power of the censors is very great, for they are allowed to memorialise the Emperor directly on any subject whatever; in fact, they have, as we have seen it remarked, a standing commission to inspect the action of the mandarins of all grades in all parts of the country, and with the view that they may do this the more effectually, they are appointed to overlook the affairs of certain specified portions of the Empire, though they have their headquarters at the capital. In order that they may be able to speak out more fearlessly, their persons are supposed to be inviolable: a rule which is but rarely

violated, though they are sometimes severely snubbed by their imperial master when they touch upon matters distasteful to him, especially when they venture to denounce extravagance in the palace. The power of this body of men is usually exercised with great discretion and with a sincere desire to promote the public weal, as may readily be seen from their memorials which appear from time to time in the official gazette.

Having thus described the chief departments of the central government of China, we will explain, as briefly as possible, the manner in which the affairs of its eighteen provinces are locally administered. The provincial officials are, of course, of two classes, those whose jurisdiction extends over a whole province, and those who are more strictly "local authorities."

The *Tsung-too*, or Governor-General, otherwise called the *Chih-tai* (ruling tribunal), has the supreme control over two provinces, except in the cases of the Governor-General of the metropolitan province of Chih-li, and the Governor-General of the Yellow River. Thus the Liang Kuang *Tsung-too* is the Governor-General of Kuang-tung and Kuang-hsi; the Liang Kiang *Tsung-too* is the Governor-General of Kiang-nan and Kiang-soo (not of Kiang-soo and Cheh-kiang, as Dr. Williamson erroneously states in his "Journeys in North China," vol. i., p. 49), the Liang Hoo or Hoo-kuang *Tsung-too* is the Governor-General of Hoo-pei and Hoo-nan, &c. This high official has the general superintendence of the two provinces, but does not usually take any very active part in their administration.

The *Foo-tai*, otherwise called the *Hsin-foo*, or *Foo-yüan*, is the Governor of a single province, and though he yields precedence to the Governor-General, and is, to a limited extent, his subordinate, he may fairly be called his colleague. A *Foo-tai* may, however, be entirely independent of all control, except that of the central government (to which, indeed, he often yields but a doubtful obedience), as in the case of the province of Shan-tung, which is not under any governor-general. Within the limits of his province the *Foo-tai* is practically supreme, for all civil and military power is vested in his hands.

The *Poo-chêng-shih*, or *Fan-tai*, the Provincial Treasurer, controls the local revenue. He receives the taxes from the subordinate official of the province, pays all salaries and allowances, repairs the city walls, and otherwise superintends public works. He is an

exceedingly important official, and on two occasions, viz., the death and the birthday of the Emperor, he takes precedence of all the high dignitaries of the province in the ceremonial observances which are then gone through.

The *Ngan-cha-shih*, or *Nieh-tai*, the Criminal Judge, has the general control of judicial matters within the province, and hears all appeals from the decisions of the district magistrates, &c.

The *Hsioh-tai*, or Provincial Examiner, sometimes called the Literary Chancellor, holds examinations for the first literary degree (*Hsiu-tsai*, B.A.) twice every three years in the departmental cities of his province.

The *Yen-yün-shih*, or Salt Commissioner, has charge of the salt monopoly and all that relates thereto.

The *Liang-tao*, or Grain Intendant, is the superintendent of the public granaries and all matters connected with the grain tribute, which, either in kind or money, has to be sent periodically to the capital. His office, like that of the salt commissioner, is, we suspect, a highly profitable one; in some parts of the empire his functions are exercised by the provincial judge.

For administrative purposes, each of the eighteen provinces of China is divided into *tao*, or circuits, which are composed of a certain number of *foo*, or departments; these, again, are subdivided into *hsien*, or districts. Besides these main divisions, there are also *chou*, which are sometimes inferior departments, and sometimes merely the same in importance as *hsien* or districts. It may, perhaps, be well to remark here that the fact of this word *chou* appearing in the name of a city, as it frequently does, does not by any means always indicate its class; thus *Soo-chou*, *Huang-chou*, *Chang-chou*, and numerous others are *foos* or departments, and their full names are therefore *Soo-chou-foo*, &c.

The *Tao-tai*, or Intendant of Circuit, exercises a general superintendence over two, three, and even four departments, though the number is more usually three. He has the control of a certain military force, which often exists only on paper, hears appeals from the prefects under his jurisdiction, &c. At the treaty ports he corresponds on terms of equality with the foreign consuls, and is besides Superintendent of Maritime Customs.

The *Chih-foo* (he who knows the *foo* or department), commonly called the Prefect, has charge of two or more districts; he hears appeals from the district magistracies, aids the

provincial examiner in the discharge of his duties, officiates every year as high-priest of spring, &c. The word *foo*, be it observed, may stand for the officer, his department, or the departmental city; thus *Han-yang-foo* might mean either the prefect, the department, or the city of Han-yang.

The *Chih-chou* (he who knows the *chou*), is the chief official in a *chou*; in some cases his functions and rank are the same as those of a prefect, while in others his position is simply that of a district magistrate.

The *Chih-hsien* (he who knows the *hsien* or district), the District Magistrate, has the most multifarious duties to perform, and is the hardest-worked and worst-paid official in China. He combines in one person offices, the work of which in this country would be performed by more than half-a-dozen functionaries. He is commissioner of police, county court judge, police magistrate, coroner, sheriff, and collector of taxes ordinary and extraordinary; he examines into all disputes about land, fixes boundaries, stamps and issues title deeds, &c. The remark made about *foo*, applies equally to the word *hsien*; for *Shang-hai-hsien* may mean either the magistrate, the district, or the city of *Shang-hai*.

Such is the administrative machinery by which the provinces of China are governed; for it is hardly necessary to go lower in the scale, and particularise all the inferior officials, deputies, secretaries, and subordinates of various grades, though many of them come within the meaning of the Chinese term *Kuan-foo*, which foreigners, following the example set them by the Portuguese of old, are accustomed to render *mandarin*. It is a standing rule that none of these officials, or mandarins, shall be allowed to hold a post of any description in his native province, that each shall remain in one place for a limited period only, and that very near relations may not be officially employed under one another. The reasons which originally prompted these restrictions will be sufficiently obvious, and this rule will also, in some degree, account for the apparently unnecessary minuteness of the personal details in the Chinese Civil Service List, of which, as our sketch of the civil administration of China would not be complete without it, we will say a few words in conclusion.

Judging from the varied nature of its contents, this publication, often styled by Europeans the Chinese Red Book, might fairly lay claim to the title of Civil Service List, and General Statistical and Geographical Direc-

tory. It is termed the "Red Book" on the same principle as many of our parliamentary papers are called "Blue Books," and it consists of six small volumes or parts, which are simply stitched up with red paper sides; it is published every three months by authority, and is badly printed on common soft paper. This Red Book gives the name of every civil mandarin, where he was born, and other

particulars respecting him; it also contains an extremely terse geographical description of each department in the empire, its distance from Peking and the provincial capital, the number of districts comprised within it, the amount of the grain tribute, and the salaries of the officials, as well as some concise remarks on the customs of the people and the products of each locality.

E. DUFFIELD JONES.

CONVICTS AND QUAKERS.

PART I.

VOLTAIRE'S visit to the country residence of Andrew Pitt, a retired Quaker merchant of London, is a notable incident in the life of a remarkable man, and in the history of a remarkable sect. Its object was to satisfy the curiosity by which the keenest intellect of the age had become possessed as to the nature of the Quaker religion. Its result was that Cowper's "brilliant Frenchman" was almost persuaded to be a Quaker, and that Howard's "favourite sect" was for once described from without, almost as if by the pen of a Christian.

"My dear sir, are you baptized?" was the first question which Friend Pitt was expected to answer—it was the question which good Catholics were accustomed to put to the Huguenots. His reply was, of course, negative. "What? morbleu!" Voltaire asked, "are you not Christians then?" "My friend," answered Andrew, "swear not; we are Christians, but we don't think that Christianity consists in throwing water and a little salt on an infant's head." "Have you forgotten that Christ was baptized?" inquired Voltaire. "Christ," replied Andrew, "received baptism from John, but he never administered baptism. We are not disciples of John, but of Christ." "How about the Sacraments?" was the next article of the sceptic's catechism. "We have none," was the Quaker's response; and on this head he referred to Barclay's "Apology" for the sect, which he declared was one of the best books that ever came from the hand of man, and was shown to be excellent by the fact that their enemies agreed that it was dangerous. An allusion to Barclay naturally led Andrew to offer his own apology for the Friends. He excused himself from responding to his polite visitor's bows and compliments without taking off his broad brim. He explained the literal and spiritual significance of the Quaker use of the second personal

pronoun singular. He had some remarks to make about Quaker dress. He expounded the objections of the Friends to the use of oaths and their opposition to war, being careful to state that this latter peculiarity was not due to any deficiency of courage, but to a becoming recollection of the fact that "we are neither wolves nor tigers nor dogs, but men, but Christians."

After attending a First Day meeting of the Friends at their "church" near the Monument, Voltaire had some more questions to propound, in reply to which he obtained information as to the peculiar forms of worship approved by the sect, as to their rejection of "new presbyter and old priest," and as to their doctrine of the inward light—a doctrine of which it seemed to him that he had heard before, and with reference to which he exclaimed, "Voilà le père Malebranche tout pur."

Thus interrogated in the person of Andrew Pitt before a friendly inquisition, the Society of Friends gave an account of itself in which all its well-known characteristics are to be seen at a glance. One thing only was overlooked, but that was more important than everything else, viz., the fact that among Christian sects the sect of the Quakers is eminently Christian, at any rate in its practice. It did not occur to Voltaire that there was anything to be gained by pursuing the line of inquiry which was started in the question, "Are you not Christians, then?" and thus, while it did not escape his notice that Andrew Pitt's pocket-flaps were superfluously ample, he missed the discovery in regard to the Quaker's religion, that its genius, according to the testimony of history, is displayed rather in the clothing of the naked than in the wearing of phylacteries.

No sect has ever identified itself with purely philanthropic causes in the way in which the Quakers have been associated with

Anti-Slavery, Abolition of Wars, Prison Reform, Treatment of the Insane. It is alleged that the Society has seen its best days; that it now shows signs of decrepitude and decay, at any rate in England. Some years ago prizes were offered for an essay on the subject of the numerical decline of the Friends, and it would seem probable that the competitors for those prizes might have assumed it to be a fact that the prosperity of the sect is on the wane in this country. If this be so, the whole history of the fraternity, its rise and progress, and now its decline and fall, may, perhaps, be justly said to turn upon the peculiarity of the Quaker religion, which escaped the notice of Voltaire, and which made Quakers "the favourite sect" of John Howard. Verily, the latter end of the peacemakers is peace. The Quakers have now no enemies, unless possibly it be among themselves. Only a very bitter enemy would dispute the statement that the Society has flourished till now rather in virtue of its determined philanthropy than by means of its indomitable preference for "thou" and "thee." And that which explains its rise and progress is the best interpretation of its decline and fall. George Dawson, of Birmingham, who, like Charles Lamb, loved Quakers well, was accustomed to say of them, that as a society their liturgy should consist now of one prayer, that of the aged Simeon, "Now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation." He was right. If the Quaker society is doomed, the reason is not, perhaps, so much that a great deal of its earlier testimony is now growing antiquated, as that its one great testimony, that which it has borne to the truth, that Christianity means peace on earth, good-will among men, has been superannuated by being generally accepted. If it be true that it is time now for the society to which Elizabeth Fry belonged to chant its "Nunc dimittis," it is because it has seen the salvation of God arrive in the form of all Christian sects learning to make some profession of that philanthropy which was long the glory of one. History will probably record, with regard to the Society of Friends, almost alone among Christian sects, not that it outlived its influence and then died hard, but that it lived till the principles for which it contended ceased to be those of a sect or a party, and then, at peace with the world which it had conquered and blessed, gave up the ghost.

The Quakers, in the course of a unique

career of beneficence, have had much to do with convicts. Those meekest of the meek of the Christian world who, when they are smitten by an enemy on the one cheek, turn to him the other also, have been more intimately associated than all other Christians, except jailers, with burglars, horse-stealers, highwaymen, wife-beaters, and murderers. Since long before the days of Elizabeth Fry, the amelioration of the state of criminals has been one of the things with which the Society of Friends has most persistently occupied its philanthropic energies. They were called Quakers, as everybody knows, by a judge who was only too happy to give their founder, George Fox, a taste both of the prison and the lash. Their refusal to take oaths in courts of justice, as well as the stiffness of their general nonconformity, and their preaching of the gospel of peace in an aggressive manner, gave thousands of them an acquaintance with the interior of prisons, and with jail-life, which could not be entirely without effect upon the permanent traditions and tendencies of the sect. It may be, therefore, that the influence of their early history, as well as the force of their peculiar principles, is to be traced in the society's continued and laborious efforts on behalf of criminals. Convicts, it may be, owe as much as they do to Quakers in the way of charity, because, for one thing, Quakers and convicts have been so often companions in other bonds than those of sympathy. But be this as it may, it will not be denied that the cause of the prisoner (at least till a comparatively recent period) has been almost made exclusively their own by the disciples of George Fox, that cheerful culprit who, as Voltaire puts it, when he had received his proper share of the lash, begged for a "double dose" for the good of his soul.

George Washington Walker, of whose life and labours it is proposed to give a brief account in these pages, was an excellent specimen of the Quaker fraternity, both on the score of its general philanthropy, and its special devotion to the cause of the prisoner. His name, though revered in the Society, and not forgotten in the colony in which he spent his later years, is most likely unknown in England; and for this reason a slight sketch of his career may have an interest for some readers, such as could not be easily imparted to the biography of more celebrated ornaments of the sect. Like many of his brethren, with all his taking of scripture literally where it would have been easier to take it otherwise, he took in that way its

philanthropy, and especially the precept, "Let not your left hand know what your right hand doeth." He was one of those friends of humanity, perhaps exceptionally numerous among Quakers, who do good by stealth, and for whom the information is not intended which is given as to charitable movements in some newspapers, "Notices must be paid for as advertisements." Within their own limited circle the Quakers may possibly be as much disposed as other Christian sects to promote good works by giving due publicity to any done by themselves. But it does not appear that they take the same pains, or, it may be, enjoy the same facilities as other and more powerful sects in the way of keeping the outside world informed as to what they have done and are going to do for its benefit.

George Washington Walker's fame has suffered in this way. It has suffered still more, perhaps, from what is rather an accident to which good men of all sects are posthumously liable than a rule of their society, which bears heavily on the best of deceased Quakers. His life has been written in one of those bulky volumes in which the memory of the just is destined to perish. Any chance that there was of his renown extending beyond the bounds of the Society, and of its being perpetuated to a distant age, was abolished by its being entombed in a large octavo, published by the Society. So that if *Ne quid nimis* is a rule which ought to be strictly applied in biography as in other literature, our good Quaker's memory has suffered from the breach of that rule in more ways than one; as, according to their custom, there was most likely too little said of him by the Friends while he lived, so by an exceptional conformity to the customs of an evil world, they have had too much say of him since his death, to admit of his being known as he ought to have been.

In any case, it may be safely assumed that few in England have heard his name, and that any interest belonging to his career is as fresh as any biographer, not himself a Quaker, could possibly desire. In one respect, at least, that interest is not small any more than stale. A great part of the Society's bulky life of him is occupied by his journals and letters, written during the period of his travels in Australia and in Africa. Though written with Quaker gravity and simplicity and stiffness, and though relating to countries which have been visited by troops of missionaries since his day, these journals and letters are by no means dull reading. It is

especially amusing as well as edifying to note in them how extremes of human character meet, and in their meeting display towards each other a courteous behaviour—the benefactor of his kind, purist even in his speech and in his dress, conversing amicably in the penal settlements of Australia with compatriots who had left their country for their country's good, thowing and theeing scoundrels converted by inhuman punishment into fiends, and at least in one case receiving from them what would thus seem to be a possibility of any conceivable state of sinners—a complimentary address: "We, the prisoners of the Crown, embracing the tenets of the Protestant faith," &c.

Walker was born in London in 1800, the son of Unitarian parents, of whom one died when he was very young, and the other, when he was five years old, removed to Paris, leaving him to the charge of his grandmother at Newcastle-on-Tyne. At the age of fourteen, after having been baptized by a Unitarian minister and confirmed by the bishop of the diocese, he was apprenticed to "a professor of religion," who was, nevertheless, "a very inconsiderate man, at whose death, his apprenticeship not having expired, he was transferred to the drapery establishment of Hawden Bragg," an upright and consistent member of the Society of Friends. After Hawden's death, his widow asked James Backhouse, of York, a leading member of the society, and not one of its least brilliant ornaments, to assist her in the valuation of the stock. On this occasion Backhouse and Walker met for the first time, and their meeting at the stock-taking in a Newcastle draper's shop was the commencement of a friendship which was cemented by much travel, and by much co-operation of another than the commercial sort. The immediate result of this acquaintance was the conversion of young Walker from the faith of his fathers to that of Mary Bragg and James Backhouse. He began to attend the meetings for worship of the Friends, and in 1827 was formally received into the society.

During his residence with the Braggs, an attachment sprang up between him and their daughter Mary, to which a melancholy end was put by her death. This episode in a life devoted to the sternest duties of philanthropy is not without a touch of poetic beauty. Poor Mary Bragg, for a year or two before her death, was afflicted with blindness, and in reference to this calamity her Quaker lover writes to her in a strain which would throw the audience in a law court on

certain occasions into fits of laughter, but which here, perhaps, may be read not without a sigh. "I have thought much of the declaration of Ruth to Naomi, and with my whole heart and soul I can address thee in the same manner. No language of my own can convey a more genuine transcript of my heart as it relates to thee than the sixteenth and seventeenth verses of the first chapter of Ruth, *which thy dear mother will read to thee.*"

Mary's death was followed by a memorable crisis in his life. His friend Backhouse "had for many years had an impression on his mind that it would be required of him to pay a religious visit to some parts of the southern hemisphere; and in this impression he was confirmed by the judgment of the society, which took the matter into consideration at its regular monthly, quarterly, and yearly meetings. After settling his affairs and leaving York, Backhouse waited in London for some weeks in the hope of a companion turning up. While he waited he prayed, and one evening, having as usual "suppliated" for a travelling companion, he retired to rest, with the feeling strong in his mind that any doubts as to his mission which still lingered about him would be set at rest if that supplication were successful. "Towards morning," he says, "before I was thoroughly awake, I was considering who there were in various places who might be suitable for such a service, when the words *now look northward* were distinctly and powerfully impressed upon my mind, and in a moment Newcastle and my friend G. W. Walker were set before me."

When this fact was communicated to Walker, he was brought by it "under close exercise of mind." He had not anticipated any call from being behind the counter in Newcastle to "ministerial duty" in the southern hemisphere. The oracular form in which it came to him did not, irrespective of the inward light, settle the question whether he should accept it. After much hesitation he did accept it, judging, in the first place, with characteristic sagacity and modesty, that the way to overcome tendencies to evil, of which he was conscious, was to avail himself of the opportunity to do good; and also that some indication of his duty had been given him in the fact that he was not hindered by domestic and social ties from devoting himself to the service of humanity.

Accredited to "the southern hemisphere" by a circular epistle from the Newcastle meeting of Friends, Walker and his companion

sailed from London for Tasmania in 1831. Some Chelsea pensioners, who had "commuted their life pensions for an advance of four years' payment," were their fellow voyagers, and with these drunken and disorderly steerage passengers the Friends had much to do on the side of peace and of the captain. In the course of the voyage, Walker became impressed with the belief that he had a commission to preach the Gospel as well as his companion, who was frequently moved to address the ship's company. His courage, however, failed him; "through fear and human weakness" the few remarks which occurred to him were suppressed, and he turned again to the lighter and less formidable duties of separating pensioners who were throttling each other, and of supporting J. B. and the captain in their efforts to suppress mutinies always breaking out afresh, either in the steerage or in the forecabin, on the subject of the daily dispensation of grog. How far the influence of goodness may extend, even when its influence is circumscribed by the fear and human weakness which suppress the tendency to preaching, was seen on this voyage on several occasions in Walker's case; and more especially when, on his interposing in a quarrel in which blows were going, one of the bystanders clasped him round the waist, and entreated him to let others mediate in a case in which there was so much risk of personal injury.

The ship having touched at the Cape, the Quakers visited the jail at Capetown, thus beginning work in South Africa, in which they were destined some years afterwards to earn for themselves and for the Society an honourable name. In one of the condemned cells there was a prisoner whose case deeply stirred their sympathies. He was under sentence of death, having been convicted of murdering his wife in a fit of drunkenness. A Hottentot and a Mahomedan, he had since his confinement been converted to Christianity, by the efforts of Dr. Philip, of the London Missionary Society, who, it was reported, finally gained his object by suggesting to the prisoner that he should ask the Mahomedan "priest" who visited him whether any provision was made in his religion for the pardon of sin—a question at which, so to speak, the Moslem theologian was obliged to surrender at discretion. At the same time, however, that he noted this triumph of the Christian divine over the priest of the false prophet, our Quaker missionary, with characteristic fairness, records a fact, on the strength of which the defeated

Mahomedan might perhaps, if he had chosen, have prolonged the contest with his adversary, viz., that the prisoner's brother, also a Hottentot and a Mahomedan, had subjected himself to confinement in order to be near him, and was converted along with him. Before they left Capetown, a prayer meeting was held in the Mission chapel, under the presidency of Dr. Philip, which the Friends "believed it right to attend," and they heard there what pleased them much, of the unity that prevails among spiritually-minded Christians "in essentials." Reckoning brotherly love, as they did, among the first of essentials, it might be curious to consider whether they were led to reflect at all upon a still larger spiritual unity among mankind, by the spectacle of a Hottentot Mahomedan consigning himself to a condemned cell to keep his brother company.

The Quakers, on their arrival in Tasmania, stayed three months in the capital, Hobart Town, which was then about a third of its present size, having a population of a little over eight thousand. During this time they arranged their plans for carrying out their mission, which, as described in a letter of Lord Goderich, the Secretary of State, introducing them to the Governor, Colonel Arthur, was "to promote the moral and religious welfare of the colony, especially of the convicts." More particularly defined, their object was to preach the Gospel everywhere, among prisoners and colonists; to inquire into the state of the aborigines; to inspect penal settlements, jails, schools, and public institutions; and lastly, to oppose the rampant evil of intemperance. Governor Arthur, no red-tapist, though something of a martinet, was ready to second their efforts, and his patronage was of course an invaluable help to philanthropists whose hat-brims were over the regulation breadth, and whose commission was only from Newcastle Friends to all whom it might concern.

In regard to the aborigines, the Quakers found that their mission was as nearly as possible not to the quick but to the dead. Before their arrival, most of the few remaining Tasmanians had been benevolently decoyed by George Augustus Robinson into a convenient corner of the country, from which they were transported to Flinders Island, in Bass's Straits, with the view of being civilised. The experiment failed. A tardy effort to improve the race was not attended with the success that had crowned earlier endeavours to exterminate it, and since then the last of the Tasmanians, an old

woman, has paid the debt of nature—paid it, or, perhaps, transferred it to the score of our national liabilities in relation to humanity.

George Augustus Robinson's story has been often told. The Quakers heard it from his own lips, and were much moved by it. It was, in fact, a story such as a Quaker might have loved to tell to Quakers. Robinson took up his abode with one of the tribes, or "mobs," as they were commonly called, on Bruni Island, and having established himself in their favour and confidence, he persuaded some of them to accompany him on a tour through the country in the capacity of interpreters. His hardships, and those of his black companions, were extreme. Such had been the effect of intimate acquaintance with the colonists and their convict servants upon the minds of the natives, that every white man was to them an enemy. Most of the tribes were hostile to each other, and they were all at deadly feud with the Christians, free and bound. To approach a native encampment, therefore, in the character of peacemaker, was attended with the same consequences as to challenge it to fight; and from these consequences Robinson's interpreters were in the habit of running away, leaving him to encounter them the best way he could. In spite, however, of all difficulties and dangers, he succeeded in collecting about a hundred savages, and in inducing them to remove with him to Flinders Island, to be protected from Christians and to be Christianised.

Their interest in the aborigines as well as their desire to till neglected spiritual ground led the Quakers to court acquaintance with a party of sealers from one of the small islands in Bass's Straits who chanced to visit Hobart Town, and with regard to whom shocking rumours were in circulation as to their appropriation of native women and their treatment of their offspring. G. W. Walker and his friend, with the characteristic bent of Quakers towards practical philanthropy, understood that they had been sent as missionaries, not to convert the converted but to save the lost, and here there seemed to be an opening for their efforts such as could scarcely be surpassed. When the sealer party was brought before Governor Arthur to be subjected to a sort of patriarchal catechization (with the cat-o'-nine-tails in the background), the Quakers who were present and all attention, expected to hear the most revolting evidence produced as to the ignorance in which the young sealers were allowed to grow up by their rude and

lawless parents. They were agreeably disappointed to find themselves present at an examination in religious knowledge which would have elicited the approbation of one of her Majesty's Inspectors, and would have satisfied a clerical countryman of John Knox. A sealer's so-called wife was asked if he had any children. The answer was, that he had two, both of them at the door, and ready to be called in for inspection. His Excellency had both introduced to him and proceeded to catechize them. The elder, nine years of age, repeated the Lord's Prayer and the Creed, and in answer to the Governor's questions showed that "he had correct notions of a future state." The younger boy, little more than six years old, in spite of an impediment in his speech, acquitted himself under examination no less admirably than his brother. As their father had been represented to be one of the worst of a bad lot G. W. Walker's reflection on the occasion was to the effect "that care is requisite in listening to reports prejudicial to individuals or communities"—a remark the far-reaching justice of which may be taken as an excuse for its Quaker-like simplicity. He and his companion afterwards exhibited their sympathy for the sealer in his lonely life and his supposed devotion to the care of his offspring, by cruising among the islands in Bass's Straits, at no small risk to their lives. In the meantime they were moved by pity for a calumniated class of men to be sectarian for once—in parting with three of their sealer friends they showed them from the example of the Society how worship might be maintained on Gun Carriage Island and other places, with a population of eighteen souls or thereabouts, without the presence of "a minister of human ordination," and, we should suppose, without the erection of expensive churches. Sectarianism, however, has seldom been of so neutral a tint as in this instance. It would not be amiss perhaps if the Quaker idea as to the possibility of worship being maintained on Gun Carriage Island were taken into consideration in certain parts of our own islands by sects who almost in the solitary wilderness, and certainly in the villages that Kedar doth inhabit, plant churches and employ ministers of human ordination without much regard to expense, and with no regard to peace.

If there was little to be done for the aborigines when the Quakers arrived in Tasmania, their mission to the convicts was not so ill-timed. As a home for prisoners Van Diemen's Land was then at the height of its

dismal prosperity, and a better idea of Paradise colonised from its exact antipodes, could scarcely be got than from the pages of G. W. Walker's journal descriptive of what he saw of the island. A few days after his arrival he went on board a ship which had just arrived in harbour with a cargo of two hundred and sixty male convicts, apparently a homogeneous load, but in reality miscellaneous, as was shown by the fact that the "magistrates were engaged in taking down a description of each as to character, &c." It was necessary, or at any rate useful, to take note of shades of reputation, though none of the very finest were to be looked for, inasmuch as the system of assigning prisoners as servants to the colonists was then in full vogue; and this cargo of villainy, like many a previous ship load of the same sort, was destined for distribution over the colony, and among people of various tastes in the matter of character. Some colonists wanting a servant might prefer a burglar to a poacher; others might prefer a bigamous tailor to a larcenous shoemaker. Mr. Prinsep, a colonist, wrote to his friends, "In our small *ménage* our cook has committed murder, our footman burglary, and the housemaid bigamy." Mr. Prinsep's neighbour perhaps chose to have his establishment differently furnished in respect of moral character. Different tastes had to be suited on the part of colonists, and accordingly the first thing done with a cargo of convicts was to classify them according to their quality as regards breaches of the ten commandments. After being thus classified they were informed, (sometimes by his Excellency himself, who was a capital preacher as well as a genuine statesman) of their prospects in the land of their probation. They were told that being assigned as servants to respectable colonists they would get food, clothing, and bedding, in return for their whole labour; that, as the result of good conduct, ticket-of-leave, conditional pardon, and even free pardon, were within their reach; that if they relapsed into crime there was first the watchhouse before them, then the prison or the chain-gang, then the scaffold, or as a worse alternative, transportation to a penal settlement like Macquarie harbour.

G. W. Walker and his companion began their labours among their countrymen to whom a new start in life was thus offered on the part of the Government, by a visit to a party whose prospects had been exceptionally bad from the first, or had been marred by a relapse into old habits. This was a chain-gang, consisting of one hundred and fifty

men, employed on the construction of a road across the Derwent by means of piers and a drawbridge. An undertaking of enormous magnitude and difficulty, this Bridgewater causeway, as the Quakers had probably heard before visiting it, had witnessed many strange and some terrible scenes, to which survivors of chain-gangs might be heard alluding in mysterious hints as to the material used being human agony and blood. The place, however, could scarcely have witnessed a stranger scene than was added to the memories connected with it by the visit of the Quakers. The prisoners, with their irons attached to the ankles, were drawn up in their barrack yard. A file of soldiers was stationed on an elevated position so as to hear, and perhaps also to see and to play the part of bishops. In attendance upon the Quakers was a servant of the Governor in his livery. Backhouse read the eighth chapter of Matthew, in which it will be remembered there are several references to possession by devils and a solemn allusion to the last judgment, and after a pause, expounded what he had read, urging "these poor criminals who

had been condemned at the bar of an earthly tribunal," to prepare for a greater assize so as to be in no danger of condemnation. Very remarkable scenes indeed must have been witnessed at Bridgewater if this was not one of the most memorable ever transacted in its neighbourhood. Never surely were missionaries farther from home than were Walker and his companion, thus preaching the gospel at the antipodes to those who even there, as belonging to the chain-gang, were far off. Nor was the genius of Christianity as a missionary, as a universal, religion, ever perhaps so strikingly illustrated in the adventures of Christian emissaries in heathen lands among savages and wild beasts, as by the disciples of George Fox, offenders against law and usage only, if at all, by opposition to war and oaths and all manner of violence in word and deed, standing at the very ends of the earth, before the chain-gang, victims of double crime and accumulated punishment, and reasoning with them concerning temperance and righteousness and judgment to come.

JOHN SERVICE.

A CLERGYMAN OF THE LAST CENTURY.

FEW of the numerous travellers who, in search of health or relaxation, annually flock to that enchanted lake-land, to which the towns of Penrith, Kendal, Cockermouth, and Ulverston may be said to act as sentinels, ever trouble themselves to imagine what sort of life is led by the inhabitants of that "land of mountain and of flood," when the tourist season is over and winter has cast her white mantle over fell and dale.

When the large hotels are deserted by the visitors, and even the servants have returned to the towns whence they emigrated in the spring; when the steam yachts and coaches have been discontinued, and all the consequent life and bustle have disappeared, the more remote parts of the English Lake district become, like most other tourist-haunted neighbourhoods, a lonely and silent land, as unlike as it possibly can be to the animated scene it exhibited a week or two previously. Even at the present time, life during the winter months must be quiet and monotonous in the extreme; but a century ago it was the quintessence of homely and rural simplicity.

In the course of the past year the Bishop of Carlisle had some difficulty in finding a clergyman to undertake the duties of one of the small livings in the Lake country. An advertisement in the local paper, however, immediately brought forward a host of candidates, and his lordship had no difficulty in making a suitable selection.

This parish of Martindale, situated in a wild valley near How Town, on Ulleswater Lake, is valued in the "Clergy List" at £87, together with a small parsonage, and contains one hundred and seventy-one inhabitants. Poor as is the stipend it is by no means the smallest in the district, some of which are under £50 per annum, and do not possess the luxury of a parsonage.

Small as these incomes appear they have been enormously increased within the last sixty or seventy years. A century ago the curacy of Buttermere, now worth £56 per annum without residence, was valued at £1.

The living of Wytheburn, which now affords its vicar a stipend of £90 a year, had then no money value whatever, his services being repaid by a sark, whittle-

gate, and gusegate. This particular parish of Martindale was even then valued at £2 15s. 4d., with a small house and four acres of land. The ancient custom of whittegate, just alluded to, consisted of going from house to house in the parish, taking a seat at the family board, and using one's own knife, or "whittle," upon whatever food happened to be served. Gusegate was the right of pasturing a goose, or geese, anywhere throughout the parish. Where these customs existed the curate received either a very small stipend or none at all. He was, therefore, annually supplied by his parishioners with a suit of clothes, two pairs of shoes, a pair of clogs and a limited number of "sarks," or shirts, and stockings.

Until the middle of George II.'s reign, these curates were unordained and were called "readers." At that period this was changed; but the bishop granted deacon's orders to all existing readers, without examination.

The "reader" invariably added to his means by following the trade of tailor, shoemaker, or clogger, or working at any other handicraft or labour which could command custom among his little flock.

Living in this primitive fashion, associating with and working with, or for, the peasantry, with whose daughters they intermarried, and from which class, indeed, they usually themselves sprang, these readers were often men of small education, uncultivated minds, and far from examples to their parishioners either in sobriety, honesty, or piety. Many of them fell victims to drink, while not a few by means of usury and extortion, which their somewhat superior learning enabled them to practise with success, managed to amass considerable sums. By such means one Richard Birkett left, at his death in 1689, no less a sum than £1,200; and Mattinson, incumbent of Patterdale, who died in 1770, aged 96, left £1,000, after having educated four children, one of whom he sent to college.

In addition to the above-named methods of making money, the curate was usually the village publican, and it was not an uncommon sight to see the Reverend host playing cards and drinking beer on a Sunday morning with his customers, until the church bell summoned them to perform the different characters of minister and congregation.

Such was the state of the clergy in the Lake district a century ago.

But there were many and striking contrasts

to such sluggish shepherds in these remote mountain parishes. There were men who loved their sacred calling, and were really "the guides, philosophers, and friends" of their simple flocks; and foremost among these stands the Reverend Robert Walker, or, as he was generally called, in recognition of his industry and determination, his talents and virtues, his integrity and high moral character, his manly piety and strict conscientiousness, "The Wonderful Walker." The readers of Wordsworth's noble sonnets to the river Duddon may remember that addressed to Seathwaite Chapel, the last four lines of which refer to this extraordinary man:

"A Gospel teacher
Whose good works formed an endless retinue;
A pastor such as Chaucer's verse portrays,
Such as the heaven-taught skill of Herbert drew,
And tender Goldsmith crowned with deathless praise."

The readers of these poems have doubtless read the note upon these lines which gives a brief memoir of Robert Walker; but to many readers of GOOD WORDS his name may be unknown. A short sketch of his career may, therefore, prove not uninteresting to those previously unacquainted with his history. It was while taking a holiday ramble, a short time back, down the romantic valley of the Duddon, Wordsworth in hand, that we came upon the tiny chapel of Seathwaite, hidden away in a wild corner of this unfrequented but beautiful vale, opposite the humble little parsonage where Robert Walker lived for sixty-seven years; and it was from Wordsworth's notes that we obtained what little knowledge we possess of this worthy of the past.

Robert Walker was born at Undercrag, in the parish of Seathwaite, in the county of Lancaster, in 1709. He was the youngest of twelve children, and was a sickly child. In the same building in which he afterwards officiated for so many years as minister he received the rudiments of his education. At an early age he became schoolmaster at Loweswater, where, by the assistance of a neighbouring gentleman, he mastered the classics or, at least, acquired some knowledge of them. He then took holy orders and had the offer of two curacies, Torver, in the vale of Coniston, and Seathwaite, in the neighbouring vale of the Duddon, which was his native parish. Each was valued at £5 per annum (the former is now worth £120 and the latter £60); but as Seathwaite possessed, in addition, a small parsonage house he chose it, as he was about to be married to a young woman, occupying the

position of a domestic servant, for whom he had formed an attachment, and who, for sixty-five years, proved herself to be a tender, loving wife, calculated in every way to support and encourage her husband in his battle through life. She had saved during her period of service £40, by no means an inconsiderable sum in that time and place, and upon this little capital the young couple commenced housekeeping. Robert Walker was twenty-six when he became curate of Seathwaite, his wife being two years his senior; and he occupied that position till his death in 1802, a period of nearly sixty-seven years.

Such is the account of this uneventful life given by Wordsworth. Another account states that, at the age of seventeen, he became schoolmaster at Gosforth, near Egremont, in Cumberland, and that, after two or three years, he removed to Buttermere, where he entered deacon's orders and acted as curate as well as schoolmaster, living according to the old custom of whittlegate. It was at one of these Buttermere farmhouses, according to this version of his history, that he met and loved his future wife, whose character and housewifely thrift and ability he would have ample means of observing. He is then said to have accepted the curacy of Torver, and afterwards to have removed to the neighbouring parish of Seathwaite. Whichever of these slightly different sketches of his early life is correct matters little, as all accounts agree regarding his life and character from the time of his settling in his parsonage house of Seathwaite, with which place his name is indissolubly associated. The following is the plan of his daily life. Throughout his whole career he rose at three in summer and at sunrise in winter. The morning was devoted to hard manual labour, for regular wages, on the small farms in his parish. When at work on the mountains or in the fields he never failed to collect the wool which the sheep had lost in scrambling through hedges or bushes. With this he knitted and mended his own stockings. In addition to this he tanned leather for his shoes and those of his family, and spun, in the winter time, linen and woollen thread. The morning having been spent in this manner he became, during the day, the village schoolmaster, for which office his fine temper, gentle manner, fair share of learning, and beautifully clear and legible handwriting eminently qualified him. He taught in the church, using the communion table as a desk, and working the spinning wheel the

while. He devoted no less than eight hours a day to teaching, and, school over, he adjourned to his house, where he continued his spinning at a smaller wheel, or spent the evening in writing out deeds of conveyance, wills, and other legal documents for his humble clients; for he was the self-elected doctor and lawyer of the parish as well as minister and schoolmaster. For this work he received some moderate remuneration, and never, probably, were lawyer's fees more honestly earned, as, in addition to his exactness and skill in drawing up wills and conveyances, he was always willing and anxious to settle disputes, prevent quarrels, and in every way to stop or prevent litigation. So much were his services, in this particular, in request, that between Christmas and Candlemas his legal work frequently occupied the whole of the night. Whatever leisure he could find was devoted to the composition and preparation of his sermons, two of which he preached every Sunday. The day finished with family worship and reading the Bible, in which all his children and the servant joined, reading a verse alternately. In this way the Bible was read and re-read several times. Saturday afternoon was the only time he allowed for recreation, when he indulged himself by perusing a newspaper or a magazine. Notwithstanding his multifarious employments he always recognised and enforced the commandment respecting the Sabbath and kept it strictly holy, not in a Puritanical spirit, but setting it apart as a day of rest and spiritual refreshment. He was a zealous follower of, and believer in, the tenets of his own Church. His sermons were simple, earnest, tender, and sympathetic. He read Scripture with such impassioned emphasis as frequently to draw tears from the eyes of his auditory. His pastoral duties were rigorously attended to; his love for his sacred calling being proportionate to his zeal. He was humbly and sensitively pious. For years he deemed himself unfit to administer the sacrament, and called in the assistance of a neighbouring clergyman to perform that sacred rite. His conversation was chaste and pure, fervent and eloquent; his written style correct, simple, and animated; his mind cultivated and intelligent; his manners pleasing and courteous. His character was a bright and living example to his flock; and none, in listening to his fervent exhortations to lead such a life here as would merit eternal life in the world to come, could doubt that he practised what he preached, and that the precepts which he advocated

were performed by him to the letter. His clothes and those of his family were homespun and simple, but always decent. Their diet was plain but sufficient. A sheep was killed once a month; and every autumn a cow was salted down for the winter's consumption, and its skin tanned for making their shoes. With all his thrift Mr. Walker was of a hospitable disposition. Every Sunday his table was covered with a plentiful supply of broth, for such of his scattered parishioners as came from distant dales across the rough mountain tracts to worship in the little chapel of Seathwaite. His assistance in material matters was, like his advice in spiritual concerns, ever at the service of his poorer neighbours. He loved old customs and usages with that love so strongly developed in the Saxon race, especially that portion of it which exists in the County Palatine. He was a passionate admirer of nature, and possessed the sympathy if not the execution of the poet. It was his greatest delight to watch the rising sun. He was a constant observer of the stars and winds. He was learned in fossils and plants and insects, and, by their means, instructed and amused his children.

Although so industrious and thrifty he was not avaricious. This is shown by the following fact. The Bishop of Chester suggested that the neighbouring parish of Ulpha should be united to that of Seathwaite, and offered Mr. Walker the united cure. He felt, however, that the extra duty would entail some neglect of those already committed to his care, and, with a rare conscientiousness, declined the additional stipend, informing the Bishop that the contemplated addition to his labours "would be apt to cause a general discontent among the inhabitants of both places; by either thinking themselves slighted, being only served alternately, or neglected in the duty, or attributing it to covetousness in me; all which occasions of murmuring I would willingly avoid, desiring, if it be possible, as much as in me lieth, to live peaceably with all men." His stipend at Seathwaite was eventually raised to £17 per annum. The following letter, written by himself about the time of his refusal of the curacy of Ulpha, gives a graphic account of Mr. Walker and his family at this period. It is addressed to a Mr. C— of Lancaster, who seems to have rendered him some pecuniary service, and reads as follows:—

SIR,—Yours of the 26th inst. was communicated to me by Mr. C—, and I should

have returned an immediate answer, but the hand of Providence, then laying heavy upon an amiable pledge of conjugal endearment, hath since taken from me a promising girl which the disconsolate mother too pensively laments the loss of; though we have yet eight living, all healthful, hopeful children, whose names and ages are as follows:—Zaccheus, aged almost eighteen years; Elizabeth, sixteen years and ten months; Mary, fifteen; Moses, thirteen years and three months; Sarah, ten years and three months; Mabel, eight years and three months; William Tyson, three years and eight months; and Anne Esther, one year and three months; besides Anne, who died two years and six months ago, aged between nine and ten; and Eleanor, who died the 23rd inst., aged six years and ten months. Zaccheus, the eldest child, is now learning the trade of a tanner, and has two years and a half of his apprenticeship to serve. The annual income of my chapel at present, as near as I can compute it, is about £17, of which is paid in cash, viz., £5 from the bounty of Queen Anne, and £5 from W. P. Esq., of P—, out of the annual rents, he being lord of the manor, and £3 from the several inhabitants of L—, settled upon the tenements as a rent charge; the house and garden I value at £4 yearly, and not worth more; and I believe the surplice fees and voluntary contributions, one year with another, may be worth £3; but as the inhabitants are few in number, and the fees very low, this last-mentioned sum consists merely in free-will offerings. I am situated greatly to my satisfaction with regard to the conduct and behaviour of my auditory, who not only live in the happy ignorance of the follies and vices of the age, but in mutual peace and good-will with one another, and are seemingly (I hope really, too) sincere Christians and sound members of the Established Church, not one dissenter of any denomination being amongst them all. I got to the value of £40 to my wife's fortune, but had no real estate of my own, being the youngest son of twelve children, born of obscure parents; and, though my income has been but small, and my family large, yet, by a providential blessing upon my own diligent endeavours, the kindness of friends, and a cheap country to live in, we have always had the necessaries of life.

By what I have written (which is a true and exact account, to the best of my knowledge), I hope you will not think your favour to me, out of the late worthy Dr. Strafford's effects,

quite misbestowed, for which I must ever gratefully own myself,

“Sir,
 “Your much obliged and most obedient humble servant,
 “ROBERT WALKER,
 “Curate of Seathwaite.
 “To Mr. C—— of Lancaster.”

One passage in the above epistle is worthy of notice, “not one dissenter of any denomination being amongst them all.” Robert Walker had a rooted and bigoted dislike to dissenters, and this is one of the few blots upon his character. When it is considered, however, that he lived at a period when dissenters were systematically denounced by the dignitaries of the Church to which he belonged, and to which he was so zealously and devotedly attached, as enemies to that Church and all true religion and order, we may pardon this simple and unsophisticated Dale parson of the last century for being, in this one respect, as narrow-minded as many of the prelates and beneficed clergy of our own enlightened times.

Thus lived and laboured Robert Walker, whom his fellow Dalesmen have dignified by the cognomen “Wonderful;” and wonderful indeed was his simple, honest, upright, God-fearing life. It would be but scant justice to an excellent woman were it to be omitted from this brief sketch of his life that he invariably, throughout their long union, received the loving support and encouragement of his faithful wife, who, without possessing his talents and capacity, was his equal in thrift, industry, self-denial, and conscientiousness. He never recovered from the effects of her death, in her ninety-third year. He followed her body to the grave with trembling steps, and weeping eyes from which sight—that sight which had been wont to feast on nature in her wildest and not least lovely aspect—had almost fled, holding a handkerchief attached to her coffin so as to constitute himself one of its bearers. Never could he preach again with steadiness; his voice faltered and he always looked towards her vacant seat. He could not pass her

tomb without tears; nor could aught fill the place or replace the image of her who had loved and cherished him, had helped to console him through many troubles and privations, and had now gone before him to the throne of the heavenly grace. The night before his death he gazed long and pensively at the moonlit heavens, saying, “How clear the moon shines to-night!” He then sighed and lay down, and at six next morning they found him a corpse! Never, surely, had any traveller arriving at heaven’s gate a truer right to receive the salutation, “Well done, thou good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.”

We cannot better close this brief sketch than by quoting from Wordsworth’s “Excursion,” the lines which apply to him, in the seventh book of that poem.

“In this one man is shown a temperance proof
 Against all trials; industry severe
 And constant as the motion of the day;
 Stern self-denial round him spread, with shade
 That might be deemed forbidding, did not there
 All generous feelings flourish and rejoice;
 Forbearance, charity in deed and thought,
 And resolution competent to take
 Out of the bosom of simplicity
 All that her holy customs recommend
 And the best ages of the world prescribe.
 Preaching, administering in every work
 Of his sublime vocation, in the walks
 Of worldly intercourse ’tween man and man,
 And in his humble dwelling, he appears
 A labourer, with moral virtue girt,
 With spiritual graces, like a glory, crowned.
 The Great, the Good,
 The Well-beloved, the Fortunate, the Wise,—
 These titles emperors and chiefs have borne,
 Honour assumed or given: and him the *Wonderful*
 Our simple shepherds, speaking from the heart,
 Deservedly have styled. From his abode
 In a dependent chapelry that lies
 Behind yon hill, a poor and rugged wild,
 Which in his soul he lovingly embraced,
 And, having once espoused, would never quit,
 Into its graveyard will ere long be borne
 That lowly, great, good man. A simple stone
 May cover him; and by its help, perchance,
 A century shall hear his name pronounced,
 With images attendant on the sound;
 Then shall the slowly-gathering twilight close
 In utter night; and of his course remain
 No cognisable vestiges, no more
 Than of this breath, which shapes itself in words
 To speak of him, and instantly dissolves.”

HENRY NAIRN.



UNDER THE TREE.

AUTUMN'S last relic of the summer's gold
 Burns on the swiftly-flowing river's breast :
 No sound but restless dipping of strong oars
 To break the charm of Nature's perfect rest.

Afar, the town's faint mingled clamour stirs,
 And through the silence of the nearer light
 The incense of the evening mist floats up,
 The day's last lingering love-word to the night.

A sudden shiver of regretful change
 Sighs through the leafless boughs that, overhead,
 Sway in the wind's breath ; down the red sun dips,
 And in the twilight's arms the day lies dead.

Then rain, and after, moonshine, cold and fair,
 And scent of earth, sweet with the evening rain,
 And slow, soft speech beneath the moon-washed trees—
 Ah !—that such things can never come again !



Oh ! listening trees, where are the words we spoke ?
 Where are our sighs, wind whom those sighs caressed ?
 Oh ! what a fate is ours ! too swift, too sad,
 If such an hour goes by with all the rest.

F. NESBIT.



A JOURNEY OF A DOG AND A MAN FROM CARIBOO TO CALIFORNIA.

BY MAJOR W. F. BUTLER, C.B.

II.

THE first sixty miles lay down the rapid rolling Frazer, now at the full tide of its early summer volume. Swiftly along the majestic river sped a small steamer, the current doubling the rate of speed, until the shores flitted past at railroad pace in the shadows of the June twilight.

Deep down in a gigantic fissure the river lay, 1,200 feet below the summit of the rolling plateau on either side; so steep the western cliff that darkness began to gather over the water, while yet the upper level caught the sunset's glow from across the wide Chilcotin plains, and pine-trees on the edge stood clearly out against the sky—solitary sentinels, keeping watch over the darkening channel.

It was almost night when the little boat drew underneath the high overhanging eastern shore, and made fast to a rude wooden staging. A few wooden houses stood on a narrow ledge of low ground between the cliff and the river—the stream named the houses—and at Soda Creek that night dog and man found lodging and entertainment.

The summer dawn was creeping down the great hill to the east next morning as Mr. Jack Hamilton took the reins of his six-horse coach, and pulled his team together to begin the long ascent that led from the wooden hotel up the east shore of the Frazer. An hour's slow work, and the coach stood 1,200 feet above the river on the summit of the plateau.

A fresh, fair summer morning, with summer mists rising from dewy hollows, and summer scents coming out from pine woods, and summer flowers along the smooth unfenced road that wound away over hill and valley, by glade and ridge, through wood and open, away over the mountain plateau of central British Columbia, 3,000 feet above the sea level.

On the box seat sat the man, and in the boot beneath the seat sat the dog. A free pass or ticket had been presented to the dog by the coach agent at Quesnelle, but the proverb which bears testimony to the difference between taking a horse to the water and making him drink therein was strikingly

exemplified in the matter of this dog and the boot of the box seat; it was one thing to have a free pass for the boot, and another thing to induce the dog to put a foot into this boot. Many expedients were tried, but they were all attended with difficulty. To poise the bulky form of the Esquimaux upon the fore-wheel of the coach, preparatory to lifting him still higher, was no easy matter, but it was simple work compared to that of lifting him six feet further into his seat.

Fortunately Mr. Jack Hamilton proved a stage driver of a most obliging disposition. Ever ready to lend his neighbours a hand, he did so on this occasion by hauling the dog chain from above. Thus propelled from below by his owner and hauled from above by the driver, the dog was placed securely in his seat by an intermediate process much resembling hanging.

The American stage coach on the Pacific slope is a long flat-roofed vehicle, carrying outside passengers only on the box seat. At the back of the coach there is a framework for holding baggage which forms a kind of intermediate step between the roof and the ground. Sometimes it became possible to utilise this baggage platform as a means of hauling the reluctant animal into his place; but whether the ascent was made through Mr. Jack Hamilton kindly consenting to play the part of Calcraft, or whether the end was attained by other devices, the result was the same, namely, a fixed dislike and persistent reluctance on the part of the dog to the occupation of the boot.

Ever from between his owner's legs he looked ruefully down at the road, as though he would infinitely have preferred toiling along on his own account. No doubt his look accurately told his thoughts; but six horses, changing every twenty miles, would soon have left him far behind; and although, given his own time, the seventy miles of the coach's daily run would have been covered by the dog on foot, still he would have taken all the day and half the night to do it.

The great waggon road which connects the mining regions of Cariboo with the

navigable portion of the lower Frazer, is a wonderful result of enterprise undertaken in the early days of Columbian prosperity. Throughout its long course of three hundred miles it crosses a wild and rugged land, pierces the great range of the Cascade Mountains, is carried along the edge of immense precipices overhanging the cañons of the Frazer River, until, emerging at the village of Yale, it lands its travellers at the gateway of the Pacific.

Along this great road we now held our way, from the first streak of a still frosty dawn until the sun was beginning to get low over the hill tops to the west.

A vast region this British Columbia—hill, lake, river, and mountain succeeding each other day after day; pine forests full of odour, and sighing with breezes that had already waved through nameless regions of forest. At times the coach wound slowly up some curving incline through varied woods of fir and maple, until gaining a ridge summit bare of trees, the eye of the traveller on the box seat could roam over many a far away mile of forest tops, and farther still catch the jagged line of snowy peaks that marked the mountain land where Frazer, and Columbia, and Thompson had their close linked sources. And once there opened out close to the road a strange freak of nature—a great cleft in the earth surface, a huge chasm as abrupt as though a superhuman sword had buried itself deep in the earth and cut asunder the crust of the world. The coach road had to make a sharp detour to avoid this fissure. Pulling up at the south side, where the road ran close to the edge of the chasm, Mr. Jack Hamilton informed his passengers that they might alight from the coach for a closer survey of this scene.

It was worthy of a halt. A few paces from the roadway the earth dipped suddenly down to a great depth, trees clustered close to the chasm's edge, but the sides were far too steep for growth of any kind, and the layers of red and dark rock alternated with each other in horizontal streaks that made the farther side look as though it had been painted with the favourite lines of some rude Indian decoration.

As far as this great rent in the earth was visible looking towards the east, it seemed to widen and deepen as it went; but there was little time for examination, for Mr. Jack Hamilton and his six horses were impatient to be moving, and the coach and its freight were soon rolling swiftly south to the city of Clinton.

Clinton stood in a broad valley under a bright, June sun. An affluent of the Bonaparte, here near its source, flowed through the village city over beds of glistening shingle; but a recent flood had washed away its gravelly banks and strewn the single street with wreck of wooden house and *débris* of stone and sand, making it no easy matter for the coach to work its way to the door of the hotel, over the great piles of rubbish.

At last the heavy vehicle pulled up at the door, which was literally packed with figures. Two large mule trains had arrived at Clinton on their way up country from the sea, and mule drivers, packmen, freighters, and miners thronged the little street. The dark-faced Mexican with broad sombrero was there, the yellow-skinned Chinaman with hair descending from the poll, the sallow Yankee with hair tuft sprouting from the chin; extremes of old and new world craft and cunning here met with the cordiality of a common hatred. The miner, diffident and shy, but with the diffidence of determination and the shyness bred by long intervals of solitude, was here too on his upward road to try his luck at some northern digging. Eagerly this flood-tide met the ebb-stream of our coach load and asked for news of former friend or comrade now delving at Germansen or Ominica, at Cariboo or Cottonwood. Every one seemed to know everybody. The distances might be vast, the country might be rugged, the trails difficult to travel, but all the same there was not a Pete or a Dave, a Steve or a Bill, in farthest camp along the affluents of the Peace River, whose name was not a household word in the hotel at Clinton.

Despite its vast area and its rugged surface, British Columbia, so far as settlement and civilisation were concerned, was nothing but a long waggon road with a gold mine at one end and a seaport at the other. One or two smaller offshoots branching away to mines more or less played out, had this great waggon road, but they were at long intervals apart, and were suitable only for the saddle and the pack-horse.

Up and down this road travelled every year the entire population; or if there remained at Soda Creek or at Quesnelle a few of the less fortunate gold-seekers whose finds did not permit their wintering so far south as Victoria, the capital, nevertheless their more fortunate friends seemed still to hold them in lively remembrance, and to have known Pete at the Ominica was to have a

claim upon the acquaintance of Dave at Clinton. "The boys ain't a bad lot," remarked Mr. Hamilton to his box fare, as, holding his horses well in hand, he rattled briskly down the incline that led to Clinton. "There's some of 'em as wouldn't wash two cents the bucket, an' there's more that has the metal thick enough on the bed-rock of their natures."

Mr. Hamilton was right. These "boys" called gold-miners are the cream of the working men. They are the natural successors of that race of fur hunters and trappers who, fifty years ago, made Missouri their base for the exploration of that vast region which then lay in pathless solitude to the waves of the Pacific Ocean. Reckless in their modes of hunting and trapping, these men quickly destroyed or drove away the wild animals that roved the plains; but when the furs were gone the gold came in, and where one had tried the wild life of the trapper, a hundred flocked to work the pick and shovel in the wild glens and valleys of the Pacific slope.

In the bar-room of the hotel at Clinton, the box-fare traveller and the dog sat and watched the coming and going of all these units of Western life. The long June evening was beginning to grow monotonous; the stove, the many spittoons, the bar-keeper, the brightly-coloured stimulants, had been studied individually and collectively; the art decorations had been closely examined, and had ceased to afford gratification to the eye. An engraving of the Federal General Hooker, "Fighting Joe," as he was affectionately termed, whose brief term of command was chiefly made illustrious by an order of the day in which he congratulated himself upon being called to the head of "the finest army on the planet," an order which was almost immediately followed by a most ignominious defeat—"Fighting Joe" now looked fiercely from above the bar, in close proximity to another print in which a dog was represented stretched upon his back, while beneath an inscription informed the drinking public that "poor Trust" was not only dead, but that bad pay had killed him.

Deeper in the glasses and the lemons and the juleps, there was observable a closer scrutiny a photograph of a frightened-looking volunteer soldier, who mournfully regarded a large sabre to which fate had apparently hopelessly secured him. All these things had been duly conned over and apathetically dismissed, when an event occurred which gave immediate relief to the *ennui* of the

community. The figure of a man appeared suddenly at the open doorway. "Bismarck has got out!" he exclaimed in hasty accents; and then in more forcible language than it is possible to repeat, he continued, "Gone, clane gone, I tell ye!" Had it been possible for any of those lately arrived by the coach to have accepted in quiescence this announcement of the great chancellor's flight or freedom, such equanimity must have soon disappeared before the fierce excitement which at once became manifest in the persons of the older inhabitants. The bar-keeper instantly suspended his operations in manipulating the coloured stimulants, and acting either by virtue of his high office as bar-keeper, or of some collateral right of special constable and justice of the peace, he exclaimed, "Bismarck is out, boys! Twenty-five dollars to the man who catches him!"

This liberal offer, following closely on the heels of the exciting news just received, caused a wild rush of the assembled citizens to the doorway, and the dog and man following in the wake of the throng, soon found themselves taking a keen interest in the pursuit of the chancellor.

It may have been that the capture was regarded by the citizens as a public duty, or it may have been that in the minds of many a lingering hope yet dwelt that twenty-five dollars would go some little way towards reanimating the prostrate form of Trust, so far as that faithful creature had reference to their individual accounts for drink and stimulants supplied in the bar-keeper's ledger. Such hypothesis would at least be doubtful.

At any rate, volunteers for the office of "running in" the chancellor were as numerous as though the score had been in Southern Germany or in Hanover, and the absconding native had been the chancellor himself; for alas! the fugitive was the great conspirator only in name.

The Clinton Bismarck was in fact a Chilcotin Indian, who, for some infraction of Columbian law, had been incarcerated in a neighbouring log-hut.

It appeared that the conditions of prison discipline had been of a cheap and novel kind. Bismarck was allowed to take exercise and air upon one stipulation, that he would perform the duties of jailer and turnkey upon himself, and that, moreover, he would employ his hours of exercise in repairing the public roads of Clinton. For some time he had regularly responded to this arrangement by letting himself out, watching

himself when he was out, and ceasing to superintend himself only when he had locked himself in again. But unfortunately for the permanent success of this simple and inexpensive mode of prison discipline, Bismarck, as we have seen, failed to comply with the latter portion of the programme, and on the day of the arrival of the coach he turned his face to his native hills and his back upon Clinton.

The wide semicircle of hills surrounding Clinton to the north and west looked very beautiful as the long shadows of the June evening fell from the lofty "sugar" pines that dotted their swelling sides and marked lengthening lines upon many a mile of silent peaceful landscape.

"Poor Bismarck!" said the box seat passenger to himself, as he looked from the motley group of citizens to the lonely hills. "May the pine-brush be thy bed to-night."

When the coach rolled away a little after day-break next morning, leaving Clinton lying in the mists of the Bonaparte, the Chilcotin's cage was yet empty, and the dog Trust lay still upon his back.

Rolling along a high ridge of land which overlooked the valley of the Bonaparte River, the coach held its southern way towards the great mountain mass through whose centre the Frazer River cleaves its course to the sea. No height of hill top, no depth of valley seemed able to set at rest in the brain of the dog the idea that his proper function was to haul and not to be hauled; indeed, judging from the persistent manner in which he continued to regard the road and not the country through which it led, it might have been apparent that he meditated a descent from the boot whenever opportunity might offer; but unfortunately, a word of prohibition was deemed sufficient preventive in view of the distance that intervened between the boot and the ground.

All at once, however, without any premonitory symptoms, he thrust himself suddenly from the boot and precipitated his great body outward into space. So far as the mere fact of getting out of the boot was concerned, the success of this attempt was complete. In very much less time than the narrative of this exploit has taken, the dog had reached the ground, but countermarching his body in the descent, his head, when that descent was accomplished, was where his tail should have been—next the wheels. The coach was a heavy one, it carried its full complement of passengers. To suppose that one of its wheels could roll over any portion of

the dog's body, and leave that portion intact would have been to suppose an apparent impossibility. Mr. Hamilton, handling his six horses with dexterity, stopped the coach ere it had run its length, but not before the near fore wheel had jerked over the outstretched paw of the lately landed dog. But the stout leg that had tramped through the long journey of the past winter had in it sinews and muscles able to bear without breaking the ponderous load that had now rolled over its wrist, and when the man had reached the ground and taken hold of the damaged leg, which the dog held high in air, the loud howl of agony sank quickly to a lower key. So it is with all true-natured dogs when hurt has come to them, if the maimed or broken limb be but held by a human hand; the cry soon sinks to a whimper under the touch that tells him that human sympathy has joined hands with him in his suffering.

Reinstated in the boot, and made secure from a repetition of sensation headers, the dog passed through the remainder of his Columbian coach journey without incident of danger; but the great canons of the Thompson and Frazer rivers which the waggon road pierces in the last seventy miles of its course, and the stupendous masses of rock frowning over the narrow ledge upon which the track is carried, apparently failed to remove from his mind the sense of injustice under which he deemed himself suffering in not being allowed to add his dog might to the locomotion of the coach, and still with mournful eye he looked steadily out from his coach upon the letter bags, a wiser, a sadder, but an unconvinced animal.

In a deep and narrow valley, close to the junction of the Thompson with the Frazer River, stands the little town of Lytton, once a famous point when the big sand-bars of the Frazer held their thousands of miners, now "brooding in the ruins of its life," a dreary wooden village fast relapsing into decay; for the sand-bars have long ceased to yield gold, and Mariner's and Forster's and Fargo and Boston bars no more hold their camps and shanties.

Melancholy enough looked Lytton as the coach drew up by the hotel door, having run its eighty-three miles in ten hours. The hotel had some peculiarities of construction that made it different from any hostelry which the box fare had ever sojourned at. It was a long, low, wooden building, containing many small dens built over a clear rushing stream of water. The wooden floor was old and in

places broken, and through the shrivelled planks the water could be seen as it rippled along, filling the den with pleasant murmur ; but these peculiarities were only observable to the box fare, when, late in the evening, he had returned from a ramble, to find all his fellow-passengers retired for the night and the hotel-keeper waiting his arrival with a light in one hand and a large black bottle in the other. A steady flow of language more or less irreverent, and an unsteady method of pursuing a line as he walked in front of the box fare along the occupied dens, clearly indicated that the hotel proprietor had at least taken the cork out of his bottle ; but it was only upon arrival in the den which was to hold the dog and the man until morning that the proprietor allowed his feelings their fullest flow, and evinced a desire to carry a spirit of animated discussion far into the night. Questions connected with the division of political power in Lytton (about twelve houses showed signs of permanent occupation), matters bearing upon finance, Indian statistics, and consolidation of the colony with the United States, were touched upon in such a thoroughly exhaustive manner that the dog was soon sound asleep and the box fare looked drowsily from his trestle bed at the garrulous proprietor, who, seated on a vacant bed, continued to pour forth stimulants for himself and statistics for his sleepy guest. At length the black bottle became silent, the hotel-keeper shuffled off to his den, and nothing broke the stillness of the night save the ripple of running water under the thin pine boards of the crazy building, and the long-drawn respirations of the dog under the trestle-bed.

Soon again the daylight broke. In the matter of getting up dogs have decidedly the better of their masters. Look at a man at the moment of his waking, and nine times out of ten you see a poor creature gaping, puzzled, and perplexed—not quite certain whether he is in the middle of last week or the beginning of the next ; but a dog rises from sleep, stretches himself on the points of his toes, wags his tail, and is instantly at home with the new morning. Out from underneath the trestle-bed, fresh and ready for the road, stepped the dog as daybreak struggled in through the tiny den window, while with many a lingering wish for one hour more, the master prepared himself for the journey. This day was to be the last of the coach travel, for at the village of Yale steam would again take up the running and carry the coach load to the sea.

So the coach rolled away from Lytton, and winding up a curving ascent, entered the cañons of the Cascades.

Gloomy spots are these cañons of the Cascades on the coach road to the sea. A narrow ledge cut out of the rock, smooth as a table edge, holds in mid-air the heavy coach and its six-horse team ; no fence, no parapet breaks the sheer descent into the horrid chasm ; six hundred feet beneath, the river roars in unseen tumult, and above the rugged mountain looks black against the sky.

No creeping pace is this at which these horses round these dizzy ledges, no hugging of the rock, but full and free the leaders gallop at the curves, facing boldly to the very verge of the precipice ere they sweep round these yawning "points." Eight miles in the hour along the smooth rock cuttings Mr. Jack Hamilton steers his team, with foot hard set on brake as the big coach thunders down some slope, and the pine tops beneath seem to be flying along the cañon edge. The box fare feels inclined to lean away from the edge, so close at hand, but he feels too that Mr. Hamilton has an eye on him as well as on his team, and he takes it as naturally as though a lifetime of nightmares had made him thoroughly conversant with the whole science of ledge galloping. Mr. Hamilton even finds time to enlarge upon the past history of the road, and among his anecdotes there figures one which tells how once a coach did go over the precipice. "And there wasn't," he adds, "no, there wasn't," he continues, "as much of horse, or driver, or passenger, or coach, ever picked up as a coroner could get a fee on."

But if it was nervous work driving when the coast was clear, much worse did it seem when a waggon with eight or ten pairs of mules had to be passed on the narrow ledge.

At such times the law of the road gave Mr. Hamilton the outside place, and from the tire of his outer wheels to the edge of the cliff scarce eight inches would intervene, yet was there no leading of leaders by men on foot. Gently by the perilous edge the coach would move until clear of the obstacle, and then away along the ledge again.

The bad places had all been safely passed, Yale lay but a few miles distant, Mr. Hamilton's foot was pressing firmly against the lever of the brake as the coach rolled swiftly down a long incline, one of the last ere the level river valley was finally reached. All

at once the iron bar broke from the driver's foot, the heavy vehicle, released from control, drove forward upon the wheelers, and Mr. Hamilton with difficulty retained his seat in the shock of the unlooked-for catastrophe. But he was equal to the emergency: he pulled himself and his team together in an instant; then he whipped his leaders, and held on down the long incline; the pace grew faster and faster; the inside passengers, knowing nothing of the accident, and deem-

ing that the usual "trot for the avenue" had been changed into a wild gallop to that destination, cheered lustily.

At the foot of the hill the coach was pulled up. Mr. Hamilton handed the ribbons to the box fare, and, descending, surveyed the brake. "Clean gone," he said, remounting. "Guess we'd 'ave bin clean gone too, if it 'ad happened back at Chinaman's Bluff or Jackass Mountain." Then he drove into Yale.

W. F. BUTLER.

NECESSITY.

By MRS. DAY.

THE more usual signification of the word "necessity" is perhaps in these days want, poverty. Nine persons out of ten would so define it. This is, however, but a secondary form, arising naturally enough—intense need and desire, as of hunger, compelling a man to seek food.

The primary meaning of the word appears to have been need, inevitableness, implying a sense of obligation, of compulsion. It is in this form we would speak of necessity.

In the civil polity of the ancients the distinctions of poor and rich were not analogous to those now existing. The Greek and Roman citizen had his greater or less wealth, at any rate his competency, and he had dependent upon him his slaves. These slaves corresponded in no degree with our poor, our paupers. They were often miserable enough, witness many descriptions in classic authors, and a forcible expression used by Mr. Morris in his "Jason," where an old slave woman describes herself as being "a slave wishing for death," and adds that she is on her "road from nothing unto hell." But they formed a recognised class, with acknowledged claims for maintenance and protection upon their owners.

The master held the power of life and death over his slave, and as is the case with unlimited authority, he often abused it, though there are many notable and well-known records of generous confidence, even of friendship, existing between them. The slave being somewhat in the position of a domestic animal, the better he was nourished, clothed, and cared for, the more valuable he became. The master found his own advantage in his well-being. Obedience was the law of the slave's life, it was enforced upon him, was a necessity; in want he usually was not. Beggars,

as we know them now, were not numerous; as in some modern communities, the richer members provided towards the support of the poorer and prevented abject want.

Ideal necessity was personified by the Romans as the goddess *Necessitas*, having the attributes of a Fate. She was unerring in her steps, unwavering in pursuit, not to be eluded by any means, and requiring submission to her authority.

The writings of the ancients are full of references to this ideal Fatality; amongst others there is a magnificent passage in the *Prometheus* of *Æschylus*, which rivets itself upon the memory by the beauty of its phrases—notably *κυμάτων ἀνάριθμον γέλασμα* (the countless smiles of ocean)—illustrating the ancient ideal Necessity. Observe how upon Prometheus the immortal weighs the sense of an oppressive inevitable Fate, which he endured, and must endure, without hope of redress at the hands of the gods. How full of woe and pathos is the whole soliloquy! how tersely the Greek expresses the unconquerable might of Necessity! how full of poetic fire is the whole play! With what power the dramatist seizes upon our imagination, and makes us stand at once in presence of a cruel, terrible deity, not to be propitiated, to whose might we must yield slavish obedience, with bowed heads, and hands upon our mouths!

In the month of November of the year 1783, occurred the first reading of Fox's India Bill. Fox, having made some powerful speeches on behalf of his bill, urged, in defence of the violation of the charters of the East India Company, in merely general terms, the plea of necessity.

"Necessity!" exclaimed Pitt when he rose to reply. "Necessity is the argument of tyrants; it is the creed of slaves."

Pitt, deeply versed as he was in classic lore, here evidently has in mind the not-to-be-contended-against force so constantly referred to, so deeply felt, by the ancient writers, and designated by them with such epithets as *dire*, *grim*, *terrible*. The statesman, proud of his free birth, and desiring nothing so much as the glorious freedom of his country, rebels against the bugbear Necessity.

We were struck, in reading this passage in Earl Stanhope's Life of Pitt, with the contrast offered by it to the tragedy of *Æschylus*.

Listen to the tones that pervade all the writings of the ancients. How full of hopelessness they are! how dark the shadow that broods over them! To the more thoughtful minds, how painful is life, how mysterious its arrangement and its possible issues! how gloomy is the contemplation of death; how sad the dead are! Except in the presence of the natural world, pleasing the senses with beauty and sunlight, and the abundant fruits of the earth, regardful only of the earthly Paradise, considering only the present hour and nought beyond, sporting like the animals, steeping their senses in forgetfulness of the time to come, how sad they all are!

The greatest philosophers alone had any notion of peace and joy in immortality. They were not content to be downtrodden and driven by the grim Fates, nor to worship the base unworthy gods of their pleasure-loving countrymen. They realised the soul as being greater than the body; for that soul they believe there must have been some Author who was best and greatest; for Him they groped darkling, feeling after if haply they might find Him. In the fulness of time He revealed Himself.

Out of what a depth of darkness and misery we have come into how marvellous a light! How the breast swells, and the eyes look up with a noble confidence from the removal of this grievous burden of necessity. How involuntarily we exclaim with Paul, "I was free born," and rejoice in our glorious liberty as children of God.

We say this advisedly. It is too common nowadays to speak as if civilisation and intellectual development would have ensued of themselves, and have brought with them liberty and peace. What greater intellect, what nobler aspirations, than those of Socrates? But the mass of the people were sunk in idleness, carelessness, degradation, misery. It needed the Evangel of peace and good-will to put

down false pride and brutish instincts—to teach men to live as brethren, to be kind to one another. Man out of his unaided inner consciousness could never have evolved the doctrine of true liberty. It needed Christianity to teach the new doctrine of Love. We all benefit under this new order, whether we believe it or not. Christ came to bring "gifts to men even, to His enemies."

The older books of our sacred writings are full of contrasts drawn between bond and free, but in the New Testament all men, whether bond or free, are bidden to be of good cheer; the spiritual life has begun; temporal distinctions are ended; the burden is lifted from all shoulders, the yoke from all necks; in Christ all are free. Grim necessity shall no longer dog man's footsteps, whether he be master or servant. No man shall say any more, "It is fate, and must be, whether I will or no." The master can still kill his servant; might may triumph over right; but right remains right, and the soul is free although the body may die. There is an appeal against injustice to a tribunal at which all appeals are heard—where wrong shall be righted, though not always when and where the appellant would have it.

"Necessity," cried Pitt, "is the argument of tyrants—the creed of slaves." Adapting the French adage, may we not say, "Oh, Nécessité, que de crimes se commettent en ton nom"?

In spite of the new Evangel, for Christianity is often a mere profession, how often has not the plea of necessity been urged as an excuse for the grossest acts of injustice! how often urged by the base and servile for submitting to wrong and contumely! Wherever necessity is pleaded in excuse for arbitrary measures, there, in some form, tyranny is rife; wherever alleged as the cause for baseness and cowardice, there dwells slavery. By such as these the grim goddess Necessitas is still worshipped.

Hence follow naturally the sayings, Necessity has no law; Necessity is the mother of invention. No law, for tyrants recognise no law but their own will and brute force to insure obedience. Cheerful voluntary duty, "reasonable service," cannot be rendered to tyrannic arguments; only servility follows; only dogged, grudging submission in the stronger minds, with the certainty of rebellion whenever time and opportunity serve; and the stupid attitude of "dumb driven cattle" in the weaker order, with an equal certainty of lying and subterfuge, any *invention* whereby to escape a grinding yoke.

Tyranny, with its unbridled passions and unrestrained licence, as surely degrades and ruins a man's character as does its opposite, extorted submission, with abject, cringing fear.

The truly noble and generous man desires not licence but liberty; he abhors equally the idea of coercing or of being coerced. Whilst demanding his own rights and privileges, he admits and respects those of others. He does not desire to be bound by no law, or that each man should be a law to himself, which state would be but the tyranny of many instead of that of one; but the law must be one he can understand, to which he can yield rational and willing obedience, a law which will not weigh him down, but will give room for mental and moral faculties to expand.

He desires liberty for himself and for his fellows, above all things liberty of conscience, that each may act, think, be, according to his own individuality, both in temporal and spiritual matters, for thus only is a man capable of doing good service.

The law has no false terrors for the upright man: "If thou do that which is evil be afraid," says the apostle to the Roman converts. For not in temporal or political matters alone; yet more in spiritual matters, should we hear the cry of our great statesman and make a stand against the grim necessity. The Zeus of the Greeks demanded unqualified submission; our God, whom we believe to be all good, as well as all wise and all powerful, will have no ignorant worship, but the freewill offering of the heart. His ways are above our ways, His thoughts past

finding out, but He desires that we should inquire of Him, and though we cannot understand we love.

There is no fetish, no devil-worship, for those who have learned the true law of liberty. God may try us long, but we look up free children to the Father who pities us, and who will, in His own good time, give us more than we have desired or deserved.

It is this attitude of trust and hope that so pathetically contrasts with the sad hopelessness of the ancients.

There seems to be an innate love of freedom and fair play in Englishmen, whether they have taken a stronger hold upon the spirit of Christianity or from whatever cause. Even the pleasure-loving, self-indulgent, cowardly Falstaff exclaims, "What, upon compulsion? I would give no man a reason upon compulsion;" and we endorse the sentiment with a smile. It was because the heart of the nation would respond to him that Pitt felt he did not exclaim in vain. He had set before himself, in all single-mindedness, the glory and prosperity of his country; he desired nothing for himself; he died a poor man. In the very outset of his career he gave utterance like a clear trumpet blast to that sentiment of lofty freedom upon which all his subsequent course turned, upon which he based the grandeur of this kingdom; knowing, with his far-sightedness, that upon the faithful carrying out of this principle in its noblest and most spiritual sense could alone be maintained that grandeur and stability upon which he founded his own undying fame.

YOUTH'S GLORY.

THE bud is fairer than the full-blown flower,
 For it doth hold within its closed leaves
 Something mysterious, which our fancy weaves
 Into a fairer than the fairest dower
 Of blossom-beauty in perfection's hour;
 Like as the dawn, in mystery seems to hold
 A glory greater than the sunset gold.
 So, howsoever wise or good or great
 Age is in its most honourable end,
 Yet do we see it all; no wonderings lend
 The charm which hovers round an unknown fate—
 The bloom which makes the future roseate.
 Thus Youth is fairer with its leaves still bound,
 And with the glamour of what *may* be crowned!

HELEN K. WILSON.





“MACLEOD OF DARE.”

MACLEOD OF DARE.*

BY WILLIAM BLACK, AUTHOR OF "MADCAP VIOLET," "A PRINCESS OF THULE," ETC.

CHAPTER XII.—WHITE HEATHER.

AND now behold! the red flag flying from the summit of Castle Dare—a spot of brilliant colour in this world of whirling mist and flashing sunlight. For there is half a gale blowing in from the Atlantic; and gusty clouds come sweeping over the islands, so that now the Dutchman, and now Fladda, and now Ulva disappears from sight, and then emerges into the sunlight again, dripping and shining after the bath; while ever and anon the huge promontory of Ru-Tresh-anish shows a gloomy purple far in the north. But the wind and the weather may do what they like to-day; for has not the word just come down from the hill that the smoke of the steamer has been made out in the south? and old Hamish is flying this way and that, fairly at his wits' end with excitement; and Janet Macleod has cast a last look at the decorations of heather and juniper in the great hall; while Lady Macleod, dressed in the most stately fashion, has declared that she is as able as the youngest of them to walk down to the point, to welcome home her son.

"Ay, your leddyship, it is very bad," complains the distracted Hamish, "that it will be so rough a day this day, and Sir Keith not to come ashore in his own gig, but in a fishing-boat, and to come ashore at the fishing-quay, too! but it is his own men will go out for him, and not the fishermen at all, though I am sure they will hef a dram whatever, when Sir Keith comes ashore. And will you not tek the pony, your leddyship? for it is a long road to the quay."

"No, I will not take the pony, Hamish," said the tall white-haired dame; "and it is not of much consequence what boat Sir Keith has, so long as he comes back to us. And now I think you had better go down to the quay yourself, and see that the cart is waiting and the boat ready."

But how could old Hamish go down to the quay? He was in his own person skipper, head-keeper, steward, butler, and general major-domo, and ought on such a day as this to have been in half-a-dozen places at once. From the earliest morning he had been hurrying hither and thither, in his impatience making use of much voluble Gaelic. He had seen the yacht's crew in their new jerseys. He had been round the kennels.

He had got out a couple of bottles of the best claret that Castle Dare could afford. He had his master's letters arranged on the library-table; and had given a final rub to the guns and rifles on the rack. He had even been down to the quay, swearing at the salmon-fishers for having so much lumber lying about the place where Sir Keith Macleod was to land. And if he was to go down to the quay now, how could he be sure that the ancient Christina, who was mistress of the kitchen as far as her husband Hamish would allow her to be, would remember all his instructions? And then the little granddaughter Christina—would she remember her part in the ceremony?

However, as Hamish could not be in six places at once, he decided to obey his mistress's directions, and went hurriedly off to the quay, overtaking on his way Donald the piper-lad, who was appareled in all his professional finery.

"And if ever you put wind in your pipes, you will put wind in your pipes this day, Donald," said he to the red-haired lad. "And I will tell you now what you will play when you come ashore from the steamer—it is the *Farewell to Chubralter* you will play."

"The *Farewell to Gibraltar!*" said Donald peevishly, for he was bound in honour to let no man interfere with his proper business. "It is a better march than that I will play, Hamish. It is the *Heights of Alma*, that was made by Mr. Ross, the Queen's own piper; and will you tell me that the *Heights of Alma* is not a better march than the *Farewell to Gibraltar?*"

Hamish pretended to pay no heed to this impertinent boy. His eye was fixed on a distant black speck that was becoming more and more pronounced out there amid the greys and greens of the windy and sunlit sea. Occasionally it disappeared altogether, as a cloud of rain swept across towards the giant cliffs of Mull; and then again it would appear, sharper and blacker than ever, while the masts and funnel were now visible as well as the hull. When Donald and his companion got down to the quay, they found the men already in the big boat, getting ready to hoist the huge brown lug-sail; and there was a good deal of laughing and talking going on, perhaps in anticipation of the dram they were sure to get when their master returned to Castle Dare. Donald jumped

* The right of translation is reserved.

down on the rude stone ballast, and made his way up to the bow; Hamish, who remained on shore, helped to shove her off; then the heavy lug-sail was quickly hoisted, the sheet hauled tight, and presently the broad-beamed boat was ploughing its way through the rushing seas, with an occasional cloud of spray coming right over her from stem to stern. "*Fhir a bhata,*" the men sung; until Donald struck in with his pipes, and the wild skirl of *The Barren Rocks of Aden* was a fitter sort of music to go with these sweeping winds and plunging seas.

And now we will board the steamer, where Keith Macleod is up on the bridge, occasionally using a glass, and again talking to the captain, who is beside him. First of all on board he had caught sight of the red flag floating over Castle Dare; and his heart had leaped up at that sign of welcome. Then he could make out the dark figures on the quay; and the hoisting of the lug-sail; and the putting off of the boat. It was not a good day for observing things; for heavy clouds were quickly passing over, followed by bewildering gleams of a sort of watery sunlight; but, as it happened, one of these sudden flashes chanced to light up a small plateau on the side of the hill above the quay, just as the glass was directed on that point. Surely—surely—these two figures?

"Why, it is the mother—and Janet!" he cried.

He hastily gave the glass to his companion.

"Look!" said he. "Don't you think that is Lady Macleod and my cousin? What could have tempted the old lady to come away down there on such a squally day?"

"Oh yes, I think it is the ladies," said the captain; and then he added, with a friendly smile, "and I think it is to see you all the sooner, Sir Keith, that they have come down to the shore."

"Then," said he, "I must go down and get my gillie, and show him his future home."

He went below the hurricane-deck to a corner in which Oscar was chained up. Beside the dog, sitting on a camp-stool and wrapped round with a tartan plaid, was the person whom Macleod had doubtless referred to as his gillie. He was not a distinguished-looking attendant to be travelling with a Highland chieftain.

"Johnny, my man, come on deck now, and I will show you where you are going to live. You're all right, now, aren't you? And you will be on the solid land again in about ten minutes."

Macleod's gillie rose—or rather, got down—from the camp-stool, and showed himself to be a miserable, emaciated child of ten or eleven, with a perfectly colourless face, frightened grey eyes, and starved white hands. The contrast between the bronzed and bearded sailors—who were now hurrying about to receive the boat from Dare—and this pallid and shrunken scrap of humanity was striking; and when Macleod took his hand, and half led and half carried him up on deck, the look of terror that he directed on the plunging waters all around showed that he had not had much experience of the sea. Involuntarily he had grasped hold of Macleod's coat as if for protection.

"Now, Johnny, look right ahead. Do you see the big house on the cliffs over yonder?"

The child, still clinging on to his protector, looked all round with the dull pale eyes, and at length said—

"No."

"Can't you see that house, poor chap? Well, do you see that boat over there? You must be able to see that."

"Yes, sir."

"That boat is to take you ashore. You needn't be afraid. If you don't like to look at the sea, get down into the bottom of the boat, and take Oscar with you; and you'll see nothing until you are ashore. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir."

"Come along then."

For now the wild skirl of Donald's pipes was plainly audible; and the various packages—the new rifle, the wooden case containing the wonderful dresses for Lady Macleod and her niece, and what not—were all ranged ready; to say nothing of some loaves of white bread that the steward was sending ashore at Hamish's request. And then the heaving boat came close to, her sail hauled down, and a rope was thrown and caught; and then there was a hazardous scrambling down the dripping iron steps, and a notable spring on the part of Oscar, who had escaped from the hands of the sailors. As for the new gillie, he resembled nothing so much as a limp bunch of clothes as Macleod's men, wondering not a little, caught him up and passed him astern. Then the rope was thrown off, the steamer steamed slowly ahead, the lug-sail was run up again, and away the boat plunged, with Donald playing the *Heights of Alma* as though he would rend the skies.

"Hold your noise, Donald!" his master called to him. "You will have plenty of time to play the pipes in the evening."

For he was greatly delighted to be among his own people again; and he was eager in his questions of the men as to all that had happened in his absence; and it was no small thing to them that Sir Keith Macleod should remember their affairs, too, and ask after their families and friends. Donald's loyalty was stronger than his professional pride. He was not offended that he had been silenced; he only bottled up his musical fervour all the more; and at length, as he neared the land, and knew that Lady Macleod and Miss Macleod were within hearing, he took it that he knew better than any one else what was proper to the occasion, and once more the proud and stirring march strove with the sound of the hurrying waves. Nor was that all. The piper-lad was doing his best. Never before had he put such fire into his work; but as they got close in shore the joy in his heart got altogether the mastery of him, and away he broke into the mad delight of *Lady Mary Ramsay's Reel*. Hamish on the quay heard, and he strutted about as if he were himself playing, and that before the Queen. And then he heard another sound—that of Macleod's voice.

"Stand by, lads! . . . Down with her!"—and the flapping sail, with its swinging gaff, rattled down into the boat. At the same moment Oscar made a clean spring into the water, gained the landing-steps, and dashed upwards—dripping as he was—to two ladies who were standing on the quay above. And Janet Macleod so far forgot what was due to her best gown that she caught his head in her arms, as he pawed and whined with delight.

That was a glad enough party that started off and up the hill-side for Castle Dare. Janet Macleod did not care to conceal that she had been crying a little bit; and there were proud tears in the eyes of the stately old dame who walked with her; but the most excited of all was Hamish, who could by no means be got to understand that his master did not all at once want to hear about the trial of the young setters, and the price of the sheep sold the week before at Tobermory, and the stag that was chased by the Carsaig men on Tuesday.

"Confound it! Hamish," Macleod said, laughing, "leave all those things till after dinner."

"Oh ay, oh ay, Sir Keith, we will hef plenty of time after dinner," said Hamish, just as if he were one of the party, but very nervously working with the ends of his thumbs all the time; "and I will tell you of

the fine big stag that has been coming down every night—every night, as I am a living man—to Mrs. Murdoch's corn; and I was saying to her, 'Just hold your tongue, Mrs. Murdoch,' that was what I will say to her, 'just hold your tongue, Mrs. Murdoch, and be a civil woman, for a day or two days, and when Sir Keith comes home, it iss no more at all the stag will trouble you—oh no, no more at all—there will be no more trouble about the stag when Sir Keith comes home.'"

And old Hamish laughed at his own wit—but it was in a sort of excited way.

"Look here, Hamish—I want you to do this for me," Macleod said; and instantly the face of the old man—it was a fine face, too, with its aquiline nose, and grizzled hair, and keen, hawk-like eyes—was full of an eager attention. "Go back and fetch that little boy I left with Donald. You had better look after him yourself. I don't think any water came over him; but give him dry clothes if he is wet at all. And feed him up: the little beggar will take a lot of fattening without any harm."

"Where is he to go?" said Hamish, doubtfully.

"You are to make a keeper of him. When you have fattened him up a bit, teach him to feed the dogs. When he gets bigger, he can clean the guns."

"I will let no man or boy clean the guns for you but myself, Sir Keith," the old man said, quite simply, and without a shadow of disrespect. "I will hef no risk of the kind."

"Very well, then; but go and get the boy, and make him at home as much as you can. Feed him up."

"Who is it, Keith," his cousin said, "that you are speaking of as if he was a sheep or a calf?"

"Faith," said he, laughing, "if the philanthropists heard of it, they would prosecute me for slave-stealing. I bought the boy—for a sovereign."

"I think you have made a bad bargain, Keith," his mother said; but she was quite prepared to hear of some absurd whim of his.

"Well," said he, "I was going into Trafalgar Square, where the National Gallery of pictures is, mother, and there is a cab-stand in the street, and there was a cabman standing there, munching at a lump of dry bread, that he cut with a jack-knife. I never saw a cabman do that before; I should have been less surprised if he had been having a chicken and a bottle of port. However, in front of this big cabman, this little chap I have brought with me was standing; quite

in rags; no shoes on his feet; no cap on his wild hair; and he was looking fixedly at the big lump of bread. I never saw any animal look so starved and so hungry; his eyes were quite glazed with the fascination of seeing the man ploughing away at this lump of loaf. And I never saw any child so thin. His hands were like the claws of a bird; and his trousers were short and torn, so that you could see his legs were like two pipe-stems. At last the cabman saw him. 'Get out o' the way,' says he. The little chap slunk off, frightened, I suppose. Then the man changed his mind. 'Come here,' says he. But the little chap was frightened, and wouldn't come back; so he went after him, and thrust the loaf into his hand, and bade him be off. I can tell you the way he went into that loaf was very fine to see. It was like a weasel at the neck of a rabbit; it was like an otter at the back of a salmon. And that was how I made his acquaintance," Macleod added carelessly.

"But you have not told us why you brought him up here," his mother said.

"Oh," said he, with a sort of laugh, "I was looking at him, and I wondered whether Highland mutton and Highland air would make any difference in the wretched little skeleton; and so I made his acquaintance. I went home with him to a fearful place—I have got the address, but I did not know there were such quarters in London—and I saw his mother. The poor woman was very ill; and she had a lot of children; and she seemed quite glad when I offered to take this one and make a herd or a gamekeeper of him. I promised he should go to visit her once a year, that she might see whether there was any difference. And I gave her a sovereign."

"You were quite right, Keith," his cousin said gravely; "you run a great risk. Do they hang slavers?"

"Mother," said he, for by this time the ladies were standing still, so that Hamish and the new gillie should overtake them, "you mustn't laugh at the little chap when you see him with the plaid taken off. The fact is, I took him to a shop in the neighbourhood to get some clothes for him, but I couldn't get anything small enough. He *does* look ridiculous; but you mustn't laugh at him, for he is like a girl for sensitiveness. But when he has been fed up a bit, and got some Highland air into his lungs, his own mother won't know him. And you will get him some other clothes, Janet—a kilt maybe—when his legs get stronger."

Whatever Keith Macleod did was sure to be right in his mother's eyes; and she only said, with a laugh—

"Well, Keith, you are not like your brothers. When they brought me home presents, it was pretty things; but all your curiosities, wherever you go, are the halt and the lame and the blind, so that the people laugh at you and say that Castle Dare is becoming the hospital of Mull."

"Mother, I don't care what the people say."

"And indeed I know that," she answered.

Their waiting had allowed Hamish and the new gillie to overtake them, and certainly the latter—deprived of his plaid—presented a sufficiently ridiculous appearance in the trousers and jacket that were obviously too big for him. But neither Lady Macleod nor Janet laughed at all when they saw this starved London waif before them.

"Johnny," said Macleod, "here are two ladies who will be very kind to you, so you needn't be afraid to live here."

But Johnny did look mortally afraid, and instinctively once more took hold of Macleod's coat. Then he seemed to have some notion of his duty. He drew back one foot, and made a sort of curtsy. Probably he had seen girls do this, in mock-heroic fashion, in some London court.

"And are you very tired?" said Janet Macleod, in that soft voice of hers that all children loved.

"Yes," said the child.

"Kott bless me!" cried Hamish, "I did not know that!"—and therewith the old man caught up Johnny Wickes as if he had been a bit of ribbon, and flung him on to his shoulder, and marched off to Castle Dare.

Then the three Macleods continued on their way—through the damp-smelling fir-wood; over the bridge that spanned the brawling brook; again through the fir-wood; until they reached the open space surrounding the big stone house. They stood for a minute there—high over the great plain of the sea, that was beautiful with a thousand tints of light. And there was the green island of Ulva, and there the darker rocks of Colonsay, and farther out, amid the windy vapour and sunlight, Lunga, and Fladda, and the Dutchman's Cap, changing in their hue every minute as the clouds came driving over the sea.

"Mother," said he, "I have not tasted fresh air since I left. I am not sorry to get back to Dare."

"And I don't think we are sorry to see you back, Keith," his cousin said modestly.

And yet the manner of his welcome was not imposing; they are not very good at grand ceremonies on the western shores of Mull. It is true that Donald, relieved of the care of Johnny Wickes, had sped by a short-cut through the fir-wood, and was now standing in the gravelled space outside the house, playing the *Heights of Alma* with a spirit worthy of all the Mac Cruimins that ever lived. But as for the ceremony of welcome, this was all there was of it. When Keith Macleod went up to the hall-door, he found a small girl of five or six standing quite by herself at the open entrance. This was Christina, the grand-daughter of Hamish, a pretty little girl with wide blue eyes and yellow hair.

"Hallo, Christina," said Macleod, "won't you let me into the house?"

"This is for you, Sir Keith," said she in the Gaelic, and she presented him with a beautiful bunch of white heather. Now white heather, in that part of the country, is known to bring great good fortune to the possessor of it.

"And it is a good omen," said he lightly, as he took the child up and kissed her. And that was the manner of his welcome to Castle Dare.

CHAPTER XIII.—AT HOME.

THE two women-folk with whom he was most nearly brought into contact, were quite convinced that his stay in London had in no wise altered the buoyant humour and brisk activity of Keith Macleod. Castle Dare awoke into a new life on his return. He was all about and over the place, accompanied by the faithful Hamish; and he had a friendly word and smile for every one he met. He was a good master: perhaps he was none the less liked because it was pretty well understood that he meant to be master. His good-nature had nothing of weakness in it. "If you love me, I love you," says the Gaelic proverb; "*otherwise do not come near me.*" There was not a man or lad about the place who would not have adventured his life for Macleod; but all the same they were well aware that the handsome young master, who seemed to go through life with a merry laugh on his face, was not one to be trifled with. This John Fraser, an Aberdeen man, discovered on the second night after Macleod's return to Castle Dare.

Macleod had the salmon-fishing on this part of the coast, and had a boat's crew of

four men engaged in the work. One of these having fallen sick, Hamish had to hire a new hand, an Aberdeenshire man, who joined the crew just before Macleod's departure from London. This Fraser turned out to be a "dour" man; and his discontent and grumbling seemed to be affecting the others, so that the domestic peace of Dare was threatened. On the night in question, old Hamish came into Macleod's conjoint library and gun-room.

"The fishermen hef been asking me again, sir," observed Hamish, with his cap in his hand. "What will I say to them?"

"Oh, about the wages?" Macleod said, turning round.

"Ay, sir."

"Well, Hamish, I don't object. Tell them that what they say is right. This year has been a very good year; we have made some money; I will give them the two shillings a week more if they like. But then, look here, Hamish: if they have their wages raised in a good year, they must have them lowered in a bad year. They cannot expect to share the profit without sharing the loss too. Do you understand that, Hamish?"

"Yes, Sir Keith, I think I do."

"Do you think you could put it into good Gaelic for them?"

"Oh ay."

"Then tell them to choose for themselves. But make it clear."

"Ay, Sir Keith," said Hamish; "and if it was not for that — man, John Fraser, there would be no word of this thing. And there is another thing I will hef to speak to you about, Sir Keith; and it is John Fraser, too, who is at the bottom of this, I will know that fine. It is more than two or three times that you will warn the men not to bathe in the bay below the Castle; and not for many a day will any one do that, for the Cave bay, it is not more as half a mile away. And when you were in London, Sir Keith, it was this man John Fraser, he would bathe in the bay below the Castle in the morning, and he got one or two of the others to join him; and when I bade him go away, he will say that the sea belongs to no man. And this morning, too——"

"This morning!" Macleod said, jumping to his feet. There was an angry flash in his eyes.

"Ay, sir, this very morning I saw two of them myself—and John Fraser he was one of them—and I went down and said to them, 'It will be a bad day for you,' says I to them, 'if Sir Keith will find you in this bay.'"

"Are they down at the quay now?" Macleod said.

"Ay, they will be in the house now."

"Come along with me, Hamish. I think we will put this right."

He lifted his cap and went out into the cool night air, followed by Hamish. They passed through the dark fir-wood until they came in sight of the Atlantic again, which was smooth enough to show the troubled reflection of the bigger stars. They went down the hill-side until they were close to the shore; and then they followed the rough path to the quay. The door of the square stone building was open; the men were seated on rude stools or on spare coils of rope, smoking. Macleod called them out, and they came to the door.

"Now look here, lads," said he: "you know I will not allow any man to bathe in the bay before the house. I told you before; I tell you now for the last time. They that want to bathe can go along to the Cave bay; and the end of it is this—and there will be no more words about it—that the first man I catch in the bay before the house, I will take a horsewhip to him, and he will have as good a run as ever he had in his life!"

With that he was turning away, when he heard one of the men mutter, "*I would like to see you do it.*" He wheeled round instantly—and if some of his London friends could have seen the look of his face at this moment, they might have altered their opinion about the obliteration of certain qualities from the temperament of the Highlanders of our own day.

"Who said that?" he exclaimed.

There was no answer.

"Come out here, you four men!" he said. "Stand in a line there. Now let the man who said that step out and face me. I will show him who is to be master here. If he thinks he can master me, well: but it is one or the other of us who will be master!"

There was not a sound or a motion; but Macleod suddenly sprang forward, caught the man Fraser by the throat, and shook him thrice—as he might have shaken a reed.

"You scoundrel!" he said; "you coward!—are you afraid to own it was you? There has been nothing but bad feeling since ever you brought your ugly face among us—well, we've had enough of you!"

He flung him back.

"Hamish," said he, "you will pay this man his month's wages to-night. Pack him off with the Gometra men in the morning;

they will take him out to the *Pioneer*. And look you here, sir," he added, turning to Fraser, "it will be a bad day for you the day that I see your face again anywhere about Castle Dare."

He walked off and up to the house again, followed by the reluctant Hamish. Hamish had spoken of this matter only that Macleod should give the men a renewed warning; he had no notion that this act of vengeance would be the result. And where were they to get a man to put in Fraser's place?

It was about an hour later that Hamish again came into the room.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said he, "but the men are outside."

"I cannot see them."

"They are ferry sorry, sir, about the whole matter, and there will be no more bathing in the front of the house, and the man Fraser they hef brought him up to say he is ferry sorry too."

"They have brought him up?"

"Ay, sir," said Hamish, with a gravesmile.

"It was for fighting him they were one after the other, because he will make a bad speech to you; and he could not fight three men, one after the other; and so they hef made him come up to say he is ferry sorry too; and will you let him stay on to the end of the season?"

"No. Tell the men that if they will behave themselves, we can go on as we did before, in peace and friendliness; but I mean to be master in this place. And I will not have a sulky fellow like this Fraser stirring up quarrels. He must pack and be off."

"It will not be easy to get another man, Sir Keith," old Hamish ventured to say.

"Get Sandy over from the *Umpire*."

"But surely you will want the yacht, sir, when Mr. Ogilvie comes to Dare?"

"I tell you, Hamish, that I will not have that fellow about the place—that is an end of it. Did you think it was only a threat that I meant? And have you not heard the old saying that 'one does not apply plaster to a threat'? You will send him to Gometra in the morning in time for the boat."

And so the sentence of banishment was confirmed; and Hamish got a young fellow from Ulva to take the place of Fraser; and from that time to the end of the fishing season perfect peace and harmony prevailed between master and men.

But if Lady Macleod and Janet saw no change whatever in Macleod's manner after his return from the south, Hamish, who was more alone with the young man, did. Why

this strange indifference to the very occupations that used to be the chief interest of his life? He would not go out after the deer: the velvet would be on their horns yet. He would not go out after the grouse: what was the use of disturbing them before Mr. Ogilvie came up?

"I am in no hurry," he said, almost petulantly. "Shall I not have to be here the whole winter for the shooting?"—and Hamish was amazed to hear him talk of the winter shooting as some compulsory duty, whereas in these parts it far exceeds in variety and interest the very limited low-ground shooting of the autumn. Until young Ogilvie came up, Macleod never had a gun in his hand. He had gone fishing two or three days; but had generally ended by surrendering his rod to Hamish, and going for a walk up the glen, alone. The only thing he seemed to care about, in the way of out-of-door occupation, was the procuring of otter-skins; and every man and boy in his service was ordered to keep a sharp look-out on that stormy coast for the prince of fur-bearing animals. Years before he had got enough skins together for a jacket for his cousin Janet; and that garment of beautiful, thick, black fur—dyed black, of course—was as silken and rich as when it was made. Why should he forget his own theory of letting all animals have a chance in urging a war of extermination against the otter?

This pre-occupation of mind, of which Hamish was alone observant, was nearly inflicting a cruel injury on Hamish himself. On the morning of the day on which Norman Ogilvie was expected to arrive, Hamish went in to his master's library. Macleod had been reading a book; but he had pushed it aside; and now both his elbows were on the table, and he was leaning his head on his hands, apparently in deep meditation of some kind or other.

"Will I tek the bandage off Nell's foot now, sir?"

"Oh yes, if you like. You know as much as I do about it."

"Oh, I am quite sure," said Hamish brightly, "that she will do ferry well to-morrow. I will tek her whatever; and I can send her home if it is too much for her."

Macleod took up his book again.

"Very well, Hamish. But you have plenty to do about the house. Duncan and Sandy can go with us to-morrow."

The old man started, and looked at his master for a second. Then he said "Ferry well, sir," in a low voice, and left the room.

But for the hurt, and the wounded, and the sorrowful, there was always one refuge of consolation in Castle Dare. Hamish went straight to Janet Macleod; and she was astonished to see the emotion of which the keen, hard, handsome face of the old man was capable. Who before had ever seen tears in the eyes of Hamish MacIntyre?

"And perhaps it is so," said Hamish, with his head hanging down, "and perhaps it is that I am an old man now, and not able any more to go up to the hills; but if I am not able for that, I am not able for anything; and I will not ask Sir Keith to keep me about the house or about the yacht. It is younger men will do better as me; and I can go away to Greenock; and if it is an old man I am, maybe I will find a place in a smack, for all that——"

"Oh nonsense, Hamish," Janet Macleod said, with her kindly eyes bent on him. "You may be sure Sir Keith did not mean anything like that——"

"Ay, mem," said the old man proudly, "and who wass it that first put a gun into his hand; and who wass it skinned the ferry first seal that he shot in Loch Scridain; and who wass it told him the name of every spar and sheet of the *Umpire*, and showed him how to hold a tiller? And if there is any man knows more as me about the birds, and the deer, that is right—let him go out; but it is the first day I hef not been out with Sir Keith since ever I wass at Castle Dare; and now it is time that I am going away; for I am an old man, and the younger men they will be better on the hills and in the yacht too. But I can make my living whatever."

"Hamish, you are speaking like a foolish man," said Janet Macleod to him. "You will wait here now till I go to Sir Keith."

She went to him.

"Keith," said she, "do you know that you have nearly broken old Hamish's heart?"

"What is the matter?" said he, looking up in wonder.

"He says you have told him he is not to go out to the shooting with you to-morrow; and that is the first time he has been superseded; and he takes it that you think he is an old man; and he talks of going away to Greenock to join a smack."

"Oh, nonsense," Macleod said. "I was not thinking when I told him. He may come with us if he likes. At the same time, Janet, I should think Norman Ogilvie will laugh at seeing the butler come out as a keeper."

"You know quite well, Keith," said his cousin, "that Hamish is no more a butler than he is captain of the *Umpire* or clerk of the accounts. Hamish is simply everybody and everything at Castle Dare. And if you speak of Norman Ogilvie—well, I think it would be more like yourself, Keith, to consult the feelings of an old man rather than the opinions of a young one."

"You are always on the right side, Janet. Tell Hamish I am very sorry. I meant him no disrespect. And he may call me at one in the morning if he likes. He never looked on me but as a bit of his various machinery for killing things."

"That is not fair of you, Keith. Old Hamish would give his right hand to save you the scratch of a thorn."

She went off to cheer the old man; and he turned to his book. But it was not to read it; it was only to stare at the outside of it, in an absent sort of way. The fact is, he had found in it the story of a young aide-de-camp who was entrusted with a message to a distant part of the field while a battle was going forward, and who in mere bravado rode across a part of the ground open to the enemy's fire. He came back laughing. He had been hit, he confessed; but he had escaped; and he carelessly shook a drop or two of blood from a flesh-wound on his hand. Suddenly, however, he turned pale, wavered a little, and then fell forward on his horse's neck, a corpse.

Macleod was thinking about this story rather gloomily. But at last he got up with a more cheerful air, and seized his cap.

"And if it is my death-wound I have got," he was thinking to himself, as he set out for the boat that was waiting for him at the shore, "I will not cry out too soon."

CHAPTER XIV.—A FRIEND.

His death-wound! There was but little suggestion of any death-wound about the manner or speech of this light-hearted and frank-spoken fellow who now welcomed his old friend Ogilvie ashore. He swung the gun-case into the cart as if it had been a bit of thread. He himself would carry Ogilvie's top-coat over his arm.

"And why have you not come in your hunting tartan?" said he, observing the very precise and correct shooting costume of the young man.

"Not likely," said Mr. Ogilvie, laughing. "I don't like walking through clouds with bare knees, with a chance of sitting down on an adder or two. And I'll tell you what it

is, Macleod: if the morning is wet I will not go out stalking, if all the stags in Christendom were there. I know what it is, I have had enough of it in my younger days"—

"My dear fellow," Macleod said seriously, "you must not talk here as if you could do what you liked. It is not what you wish to do, or what you don't wish to do; it is what Hamish orders to have done. Do you think I would dare to tell Hamish what we must do to-morrow?"

"Very well, then, I will see Hamish myself; I dare say he remembers me."

And he did see Hamish that evening, and it was arranged between them that if the morning looked threatening they would leave the deer alone, and would merely take the lower lying moors in the immediate neighbourhood of Castle Dare. And Hamish took great care to impress on the young man that Macleod had not yet taken a gun in his hand, merely that there should be a decent bit of shooting when his guest arrived.

"And he will say to me, only yesterday," observed Hamish confidentially, "it was yesterday itself he was saying to me, 'Hamish, when Mr. Ogilvie comes here, it will only be six days or seven days he will be able to stop, and you will try to get him two or three stags. And Hamish, this is what he will say to me, 'you will pay no heed to me, for I hef plenty of the shooting whatever, from the one year's end to the other year's end, and it is Mr. Ogilvie you will look after.' And you do not mind the rain, sir? It is fine warm clothes you have got on—fine woollen clothes you have, and what harm will a shower do?"

"Oh, I don't mind the rain, so long as I can keep moving—that's the fact, Hamish," replied Mr. Ogilvie, "but I don't like lying in wet heather for an hour at a stretch. And I don't care how few birds there are, there will be plenty to keep us walking. So you remember me after all, Hamish."

"Oh ay, sir," said Hamish, with a demure twinkle in his eye. "I mind fine the time you will fall into the water off the rock in Loch na Keal."

"There now," exclaimed Mr. Ogilvie, "that is precisely what I don't see the fun of doing, now that I have got to man's estate, and have a wholesome fear of killing myself. Do you think I would lie down now on wet seaweed, and get slowly soaked through with the rain for a whole hour, on the chance of a seal coming on the other side of the rock? Of course, when I tried to get up I was as stiff as a stone. I could not have lifted the

rifle if a hundred seals had been there. And it was no wonder at all I slipped down into the water."

"But the sea-water," said Hamish gravely, "there will no harm come to you of the sea-water."

"I want to have as little as possible of either sea-water or rain-water," said Mr. Ogilvie, with decision. "I believe Macleod is half an otter himself."

Hamish did not like this, but he only said respectfully—

"I do not think Sir Keith is afraid of a shower of rain whatever."

These gloomy anticipations were surely uncalled for; for during the whole of the past week the Western Isles had basked in uninterrupted sunlight, with blue skies over the fair blue seas, and a resinous warmth exhaling from the lonely moors. But all the same, next morning broke as if Mr. Ogilvie's forebodings were only too likely to be realised. The sea was leaden-hued, and apparently still, though the booming of the Atlantic swell into the great caverns could be heard; Staffa, and Lunga, and the Dutchman were of a dismal black; the brighter colours of Ulva and Colonsay seemed coldly grey and green; and heavy banks of cloud lay along the land, running out to Ru-treshanish. The noise of the stream rushing down through the fir-wood close to the castle seemed louder than usual, as if rain had fallen during the night. It was rather cold, too; all that Lady Macleod and Janet could say failed to raise the spirits of their guest.

But when Macleod—dressed in his homespun tartan of yellow and black—came round from the kennels with the dogs and Hamish, and the tall red-headed lad, Sandy, it appeared that they considered this to be rather a fine day than otherwise, and were eager to be off.

"Come along, Ogilvie," Macleod cried, as he gave his friend's gun to Sandy, but shouldered his own. "Sorry we haven't a dog-cart to drive you to the moor, but it is not far off."

"I think a cigar in the library would be the best thing for a morning like this," said Ogilvie, rather gloomily, as he put up the collar of his shooting jacket, for a drop or two of rain had fallen.

"Nonsense, man; the first bird you kill will cheer you up."

Macleod was right; they had just passed through the wood of young larches close to Castle Dare, and were ascending a rough stone road that led by the side of a deep

glen, when a sudden whirr, close by them, startled the silence of this gloomy morning. In an instant Macleod had whipped his gun from his shoulder and thrust it into Ogilvie's hands. By the time the young man had full cocked the right barrel and taken a quick aim, the bird was half-way across the valley; but all the same he fired. For another second the bird continued its flight, but in a slightly irregular fashion; then down it went like a stone into the heather, on the opposite side of the chasm.

"Well done, sir!" cried old Hamish.

"Bravo!" called out Macleod.

"It was a grand long shot!" said Sandy, as he unslipped the sagacious old retriever, and sent her down into the glen.

They had scarcely spoken when another dark object, looking to the startled eye as if it were the size of a house, sprang from the heather close by and went off like an arrow, uttering a succession of sharp crowings. Why did not he fire? Then they saw him in wild despair whip down the gun, full-cock the left barrel, and put it up again. The bird was just disappearing over a crest of rising ground, and as Ogilvie fired he disappeared altogether.

"He's down, sir!" cried Hamish, in great excitement.

"I don't think so," Ogilvie answered, with a doubtful air on his face, but with a bright gladness in his eyes all the same.

"He's down, sir," Hamish re-asserted. "Come away, Sandy, with the dog!" he shouted to the red-headed lad, who had gone down into the glen to help Nell in her researches. By this time they saw that Sandy was re-crossing the burn with the grouse in his hand, Nell following him contentedly. They whistled, and again whistled; but Nell considered that her task had been accomplished, and alternately looked at them and up at her immediate master. However, the tall lad, probably considering that the whistling was meant as much for him as for the retriever, sprang up the side of the glen in a miraculous fashion, catching here and there by a bunch of heather or the stump of a young larch, and presently he had rejoined the party.

"Take time, sir," said he; "take time. Maybe there is more of them about here. And the other one, I marked him down from the other side. We will get him ferry well."

They found nothing, however, until they had got to the other side of the hill, where Nell speedily made herself mistress of the

other bird—a fine young cock grouse, plump, and in splendid plumage.

“And what do you think of the morning now, Ogilvie?” Macleod asked.

“Oh, I dare say it will clear,” said he, shyly; and he endeavoured to make light of Hamish’s assertions that they were “ferry pretty shots—ferry good shots; and it was always a right thing to put cartridges in the barrels at the door of a house, for no one could tell what might be close to the house; and he was sure that Mr. Ogilvie had not forgotten the use of a gun since he went away from the hills to live in England.”

“But look here, Macleod,” Mr. Ogilvie said: “why did not you fire yourself?”—and he was very properly surprised; for the most generous and self-denying of men are apt to claim their rights when a grouse gets up to their side.

“Oh,” said Macleod simply, “I wanted you to have a shot.”

And indeed all through the day he was obviously far more concerned about Ogilvie’s shooting than his own. He took all the hardest work on himself—taking the outside beat, for example, if there was a bit of unpromising ground to be got over. When one or other of the dogs suddenly showed by its uplifted fore-paw, its rigid tail, and its slow, cautious, timid look round for help and encouragement, that there was something ahead of more importance than a lark, Macleod would run all the risks of waiting to give Ogilvie time to come up. If a hare ran across with any chance of coming within shot of Ogilvie, Macleod let her go by unscathed. And the young gentleman from the south knew enough about shooting to understand how he was being favoured both by his host and—what was a more unlikely thing—by Hamish.

He was shooting very well, too; and his spirits rose and rose until the lowering day was forgotten altogether.

“We are in for a soaker this time,” he cried quite cheerfully, looking around at one moment.

All this lonely world of olive greens and browns had grown strangely dark. Even the hum of the flies—the only sound audible in these high solitudes away from the sea—seemed stilled; and a cold wind began to blow over from Ben-an-Sloich. The plain of the valley in front of them began to fade from view; then they found themselves enveloped in a clammy fog that settled on their clothes and hung about their eyelids and beard; while water began to run down the

barrels of their guns. The wind blew harder and harder; presently they seemed to spring out of the darkness; and, turning, they found that the cloud had swept onward towards the sea, leaving the rocks on the nearest hill-side all glittering wet in the brief burst of sunlight. It was but a glimmer. Heavier clouds came sweeping over; downright rain began to pour. But Ogilvie kept manfully to his work. He climbed over the stone walls, gripping on with his wet hands. He splashed through the boggy land, paying no attention to his footsteps. And at last he got to following Macleod’s plan of crossing a burn, which was merely to wade through the foaming brown water instead of looking out for big stones. By this time the letters in his breast-pocket were a mass of pulp.

“Look here, Macleod,” said he, with the rain running down his face, “I can’t tell the difference between one bird and another. If I shoot a partridge it isn’t my fault.”

“All right,” said Macleod. “If a partridge is fool enough to be up here, it deserves it.”

Just at this moment Mr. Ogilvie suddenly threw up his hands and his gun, as if to protect his face. An extraordinary object,—a winged object, apparently without a tail—a whirring bunch of loose grey feathers—a creature resembling no known fowl—had been put up by one of the dogs, and it had flown direct at Ogilvie’s head. It passed him at about half-a-yard’s distance.

“What in all the world is that?” he cried, jumping round to have a look at it.

“Why,” said Macleod, who was roaring with laughter, “it is a baby black-cock, just out of the shell, I should think!”

A sudden noise behind him caused him to wheel round, and instinctively he put up his gun. He took it down again.

“That is the old hen,” said he, “we’ll leave her to look after her chicks. Hamish, get in the dogs, or they’ll be for eating some of those young ones. And you, Sandy, where was it you left the basket? We will go for our splendid banquet now, Ogilvie.”

That was an odd-looking party that by-and-by might have been seen crouching under the lee of a stone wall, with a small brook running by their feet. They had taken down wet stones for seats; and these were somewhat insecurely fixed on the steep bank. But neither the rain, nor the gloom, nor the loneliness of the silent moors, seemed to have damped their spirits much.

“It really is awfully kind of you, Ogilvie,” Macleod said, as he threw half a sandwich to the old black retriever, “to take pity on a

solitary fellow like myself. You can't tell how glad I was to see you on the bridge of the steamer. And now that you have taken all the trouble to come to this place—and have taken your chance of our poor shooting—this is the sort of day you get!”

“My dear fellow,” said Mr. Ogilvie, who did not refuse to have his tumbler replenished by the attentive Hamish, “it is quite the other way. I consider myself precious lucky. I consider the shooting first-rate; and it isn't every fellow would deliberately hand the whole thing over to his friend—as you have been doing all day. And I suppose bad weather is as bad elsewhere as it is here?”

Macleod was carelessly filling his pipe—and obviously thinking of something very different.

“Man, Ogilvie,” he said, in a burst of confidence, “I never knew before how fearfully lonely a life we lead here. If we were out on one of the Treshnish Islands, with nothing round us but skarts and gulls, we could scarcely be lonelier. And I have been thinking all the morning what this must look like to you.”

He glanced round—at the sombre browns and greens of the solitary moorland—at the black rocks jutting out here and there from the scant grass—at the silent and gloomy hills, and the overhanging clouds.

“I have been thinking of the beautiful places we saw in London—and the crowds of people—the constant change, and amusement, and life. And I shouldn't wonder if you packed up your traps to-morrow morning, and fled.”

“My dear boy,” observed Mr. Ogilvie, confidentially, “you are giving me credit for a vast amount of sentiment. I haven't got it. I don't know what it is. But I know when I am jolly well off. I know when I am in good quarters, with good shooting, and with a good sort of chap to go about with. As for London—bah! I rather think you got your eyes dazzled for a minute, Macleod. You weren't long enough there to find it out. And wouldn't you get precious tired of big dinners, and garden parties, and all that stuff, after a time? Macleod, do you mean to tell me you ever saw anything at Lady Beauregard's as fine as *that*?”

And he pointed to a goodly show of birds, with a hare or two, that Sandy had taken out of the bag, so as to count them.

“Of course,” said this wise young man, “there is one case in which that London life is all very well. If a man is awful spoons on

a girl, then of course he can trot after her from house to house, and walk his feet off in the Park. I remember a fellow saying a very clever thing about the reasons that took a man into society. What was it now? Let me see—it was either to look out for a wife—or—or—”

Mr. Ogilvie was trying to recollect the epigram and to light a wax match at the same time; and he failed in both.

“Well,” said he, “I won't spoil it; but don't you believe that any one you met in London wouldn't be precious glad to change places with us at this moment.”

Any one? What was the situation? Pouring rain, leaden skies, the gloomy solitude of the high moors, the sound of roaring waters. And here they were crouching under a stone wall, with their dripping fingers lighting match after match for their damp pipes, with not a few midges in the moist and clammy air, and with a faint halo of steam plainly arising from the leather of their boots. When Fionaghal the Fair Stranger came from over the blue seas to her new home, was this the picture of Highland life that was presented to her?

“Lady Beauregard, for example?” said Macleod.

“Oh, I am not talking about women,” observed the sagacious boy; “I never could make out a woman's notions about anything. I dare say they like London life well enough; for there they can show off their shoulders and their diamonds.”

“Ogilvie,” Macleod said, with a sudden earnestness, “I am fretting my heart out here—that is the fact. If it were not for the poor old mother—and Janet—but I will tell you another time.”

He got up on his feet, and took his gun from Sandy. His companion—wondering not a little, but saying nothing—did likewise. Was this the man who had always seemed rather proud of his hard life on the hills? who had regarded the idleness and effeminacy of town-life with something of an unexpressed scorn? A young fellow in robust health and splendid spirits—an eager sportsman and an accurate shot—out for his first shooting-day of the year: was it intelligible that he should be visited by sentimental regrets for London drawing-rooms and vapid talk? The getting up of a snipe interrupted these speculations; Ogilvie blazed away, missing with both barrels; Macleod, who had been waiting to see the effect of the shots, then put up his gun, and presently the bird tumbled down some fifty yards off.

"You haven't warmed to it yet," Macleod said, charitably. "The first half-hour after luncheon a man always shoots badly."

"Especially when his clothes are glued to his skin, from head to foot," said Ogilvie.

"You will soon walk some heat into yourself."

And again they went on, Macleod pursuing the same tactics, so that his companion had the cream of the shooting. Despite the continual soaking rain, Ogilvie's spirits seemed to become more and more buoyant. He was shooting capitably; one very long shot he made, bringing down an old black-cock with a thump on the heather, causing Hamish to exclaim—

"Well done, sir! It is a glass of whisky you will deserve for that shot."

Whereupon Mr. Ogilvie stopped and modestly hinted that he would accept of at least a moiety of the proffered reward.

"Do you know, Hamish," said he, "that it is the greatest comfort in the world to get wet right through, for you know you can't be worse, and it gives you no trouble?"

"And a whole glass will do you no harm, sir," shrewdly observed Hamish.

"Not in the clouds."

"The what, sir?"

"The clouds. Don't you consider we are going shooting through clouds?"

"There will be a snipe or two down here, sir," said Hamish, moving on; for he could not understand conundrums—especially conundrums in English.

The day remained of this moist character to the end; but they had plenty of sport; and they had a heavy bag on their return to Castle Dare. Macleod was rather silent on the way home. Ogilvie was still at a loss to know why his friend should have taken this sudden dislike to living in a place he had lived in all his life. Nor could he understand why Macleod should have deliberately surrendered to him the chance of bagging the brace of grouse that got up by the side of the road. It was scarcely, he considered, within the possibilities of human nature.

CHAPTER XV.—A CONFESSION.

AND once again the big dining-hall of Castle Dare was ablaze with candles; and Janet was there, gravely listening to the garrulous talk of the boy-officer; and Keith Macleod, in his dress tartan; and the noble-looking old lady at the head of the table, who more than once expressed to her guest, in that sweetly-modulated and gracious voice

of hers, how sorry she was he had had so bad a day for the first day of his visit.

"It is different with Keith," said she, "for he is used to be out in all weathers. He has been brought up to live out-of-doors."

"But you know, auntie," said Janet Macleod, "a soldier is much of the same thing. Did you ever hear of a soldier with an umbrella?"

"All I know is," remarked Mr. Ogilvie—who, in his smart evening dress, and with his face flushed into a rosy warmth after the cold and the wet, did not look particularly miserable—"that I don't remember ever enjoying myself so much in one day. But the fact is, Lady Macleod, your son gave me all the shooting; and Hamish was sounding my praises all day long, so that I almost got to think I could shoot the birds without putting up the gun at all; and when I made a frightful bad miss, everybody declared the bird was dead round the other side of the hill."

"And indeed you were not making many misses," Macleod said. "But we will try your nerve, Ogilvie, with a stag or two, I hope."

"I am on for anything. What with Hamish's flattery and the luck I had to-day, I begin to believe I could bag a brace of tigers if they were coming at me fifty miles an hour."

Dinner over, and Donald having played his best (no doubt he had learned that the stranger was an officer in the 93rd), the ladies left the dining-hall, and presently Macleod proposed to his friend that they should go into the library and have a smoke. Ogilvie was nothing loth. They went into the odd little room, with its guns, and rods, and stuffed birds, and, lying prominently on the writing-table, a valuable little heap of dressed otter-skins. Although the night was scarcely cold enough to demand it, there was a log of wood burning in the fireplace; there were two easy-chairs, low and roomy; and on the mantelpiece were some glasses and a big, black, broad-bottomed bottle, such as used to carry the still vintages of Champagne even into the remote wilds of the Highlands, before the art of making sparkling wines had been discovered. Mr. Ogilvie lit a cigar; stretched out his feet towards the blazing log; and rubbed his hands—which were not as white as usual.

"You are a lucky fellow, Macleod," said he, "and you don't know it. You have everything about you here to make life enjoyable."

"And I feel like a slave tied to a galley-oar," said he quickly. "I try to hide it from the mother—for it would break her heart—and from Janet, too; but every morning I rise, the dismalness of being alone here—of being caged up alone—eats more and more into my heart. When I look at you, Ogilvie—to-morrow morning you could go spinning off to any quarter you liked—to see any one you wanted to see—"

"MacLeod," said his companion, looking up, and yet speaking rather slowly and timidly, "if I were to say what would naturally occur to any one—you won't be offended? What you have been telling me is absurd, unnatural, impossible, unless there is a woman in the case."

"And what then?" MacLeod said quickly, as he regarded his friend with a watchful look. "You have guessed?"

"Yes," said the other—"Gertrude White."

MacLeod was silent for a second or two. Then he sat down.

"I scarcely care who knows it now," said he absently, "so long as I can't fight it out of my own mind. I tried not to know it. I tried not to believe it. I argued with myself—laughed at myself—invented a hundred explanations of this cruel thing that was gnawing away at my heart and giving me no peace, night or day. Why, man, Ogilvie, I have read 'Pendennis'! Would you think it possible that any one who has read 'Pendennis' could ever fall in love with an actress?"

He jumped to his feet again—walked up and down for a second or two—twisting the while a bit of a casting-line round his finger so that it threatened to cut into the flesh.

"But I will tell you now, Ogilvie—now that I am speaking to any one about it," said he—and he spoke in a rapid, deep, earnest voice, obviously not caring much what his companion might think, so that he could relieve his overburdened mind—"that it was not any actress I fell in love with. I never saw her in a theatre but that once. I hated the theatre whenever I thought of her in it. I dared scarcely open a newspaper, lest I should see her name. I turned away from the posters in the streets: when I happened by some accident to see her publicly paraded that way, I shuddered all through—with shame, I think; and I got to look on her father as a sort of devil, that had been allowed to drive about that beautiful creature in vile chains. Oh! I cannot tell you. When I have heard him talking away in that infernal, cold, precise way

about her duties to her art—and insisting that she should have no sentiments or feelings of her own, and that she should simply use every emotion as a bit of something to impose on the public—a bit of her trade—an exposure of her own feelings to make people clap their hands—I have sat still and wondered at myself that I did not jump up and catch him by the throat and shake the life out of his miserable body."

"You have cut your hand, MacLeod."

He shook a drop or two of blood off.

"Why, Ogilvie, when I saw you on the bridge of the steamer, I nearly went mad with delight. I said to myself, 'Here is some one who has seen her, and spoken to her; who will know when I tell him.' And now that I am telling you of it, Ogilvie, you will see—you will understand—that it is not any actress I have fallen in love with—it was not the fascination of an actress at all—but the fascination of the woman herself; the fascination of her voice, and her sweet ways, and the very way she walked, too, and the tenderness of her heart. There was a sort of wonder about her; whatever she did, or said, was so beautiful, and simple, and sweet! And day after day I said to myself that my interest in this beautiful woman was nothing. Some one told me there had been rumours: I laughed. Could any one suppose I was going to play 'Pendennis' over again? And then as the time came for me to leave, I was glad and I was miserable at the same time. I despised myself for being miserable. And then I said to myself, 'This stupid misery is only the fancy of a boy. Wait till you get back to Castle Dare, and the rough seas, and the hard work of the stalking. There is no sickness and sentiment on the side of Ben-an-Sloich.' And so I was glad to come to Castle Dare; and to see the old mother, and Janet, and Hamish; and the sound of the pipes, Ogilvie, when I heard them away in the steamer, that brought tears to my eyes; and I said to myself, 'Now you are at home again, and there will be no more nonsense of idle thinking.' And what has it come to? I would give everything I possess in the world to see her face once more—ay, to be in the same town where she is. I read the papers, trying to find out where she is. Morning and night it is the same—a fire, burning and burning—of impatience, and misery, and a craving just to see her face and hear her speak."

Ogilvie did not know what to say. There was something in this passionate confession—in the cry wrung from a strong man—and

in the rude eloquence that here and there burst from him—that altogether drove ordinary words of counsel or consolation out of the young man's mind.

"You have been hard hit, Macleod," he said, with some earnestness.

"That is just it," Macleod said almost bitterly. "You fire at a bird. You think you have missed him. He sails away as if there was nothing the matter, and the rest of the covey no doubt think he is as well as any one of them. But suddenly you see there is something wrong. He gets apart from the others; he towers; then down he comes, as dead as a stone. You did not guess anything of this in London?"

"Well," said Ogilvie, rather inclined to beat about the bush, "I thought you were paying her a good deal of attention. But then—she is very popular, you know—and receives a good deal of attention—and, and, the fact is, she is an uncommonly pretty girl, and I thought you were flirting a bit with her, but nothing more than that. I had no idea it was something more serious than that."

"Ay," Macleod said, "if I myself had only known! If it was a plunge—as people talk about falling in love with a woman—why the next morning I would have shaken myself free of it, as a Newfoundland dog shakes himself free of the water. But a fever—a madness—that slowly gains on you—and you look around and say it is nothing—but day after day, it burns more and more. And it is no longer something that you can look at apart from yourself—it is your very self; and sometimes, Ogilvie, I wonder whether it is all true, or whether it is mad I am altogether. Newcastle—do you know Newcastle?"

"I have passed through it, of course," his companion said, more and more amazed at the vehemence of his speech.

"It is there she is now—I have seen it in the papers; and it is Newcastle—Newcastle—Newcastle—I am thinking of from morning till night; and if I could only see one of the streets of it I should be glad. They say it is smoky and grimy; I should be breathing sunlight if I lived in the most squalid of all its houses! And they say she is going to Liverpool, and to Manchester, and to Leeds; and it is as if my very life were being drawn away from me. I try to think what people may be around her; I try to imagine what she is doing at a particular hour of the day; and I feel as if I were shut away in an island in the middle of the Atlantic, with nothing but the sound of the waves around my ears.

Ogilvie, it is enough to drive a man out of his senses."

"But look here, Macleod," said Ogilvie, pulling himself together; for it was hard to resist the influence of this vehement and uncontrollable passion—"look here, man: why don't you think of it in cold blood? Do you expect me to sympathize with you, as a friend? Or would you like to know what any ordinary man of the world would think of the whole case?"

"Don't give me your advice, Ogilvie," said he, untwining and throwing away the bit of casting-line that had cut into his finger. "It is far beyond that. Let me talk to you—that is all. I should have gone mad in another week, if I had had no one to speak to; and as it is, what better am I than mad? It is not anything to be analyzed and cured: it is my very self; and what have I become?"

"But look here, Macleod—I want to ask you a question: would you marry her?"

The common-sense of the younger man was re-asserting itself. This was what any one—looking at the whole situation from the Aldershot point of view—would at the outset demand? But if Macleod had known all that was implied in the question, it is probable that a friendship that had existed from boyhood would then and there have been severed. He took it that Ogilvie was merely referring to the thousand and one obstacles that lay between him and that obvious and natural goal.

"Marry her!" he exclaimed. "Yes—you are right to look at it in that way—to think of what it will all lead to. When I look forward, I see nothing but a maze of impossibilities and trouble. One might as well have fallen in love with one of the Roman maidens in the temple of Vesta. She is a white slave. She is a sacrifice to the monstrous theories of that bloodless old Pagan, her father. And then she is courted and flattered on all sides; she lives in a smoke of incense: do you think, even supposing that all other difficulties were removed—that she cared for no one else, that she were to care for me, that the influence of her father was gone—do you think she would surrender all the admiration she provokes and the excitement of the life she leads to come and live in a dungeon in the Highlands? A single day like to-day would kill her—she is so fine, and delicate—like a rose-leaf, I have often thought. No, no, Ogilvie, I have thought of it every way. It is like a riddle that you twist and twist about, to try and get

the answer; and I can get no answer at all, unless wishing that I had never been born. And perhaps that would have been better."

"You take too gloomy a view of it, Macleod," said Ogilvie. "For one thing, look at the common-sense of the matter. Suppose that she is very ambitious to succeed in her profession, that is all very well; but mind you, it is a very hard life. And if you put before her the chance of being styled Lady Macleod—well, I may be wrong, but I should say that would count for something. I haven't known many actresses myself——"

"That is idle talk," Macleod said; and then he added proudly, "You do not know this woman as I know her."

He put aside his pipe; but in truth he had never lit it.

"Come," said he, with a tired look, "I have bored you enough. You won't mind,

Ogilvie? The whole of the day I was saying to myself that I would keep all this thing to myself, if my heart burst over it; but you see I could not do it; and I have made you the victim after all. And we will go into the drawing-room now; and we will have a song. And that was a very good song you sung one night in London, Ogilvie—it was about 'Death's black wine'—and do you think you could sing us that song to-night?"

Ogilvie looked at him.

"I don't know what you mean by the way you are talking, Macleod," said he.

"Oh," said he, with a laugh that did not sound quite natural, "have you forgotten it? Well, then, Janet will sing us another song—that is, 'Farewell, Manchester.' And we will go to bed soon to-night; for I have not been having much sleep lately. But it is a good song—it is a song you do not easily forget—that about 'Death's black wine.'"

THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

SPRING ruled in earth and air;

The breeze was soft and scented with the flowers;

"Come, let us walk, ere day away doth wear,"

—My friend said suddenly 'mid studious hours—

"Whither, I do not care!"

Together forth we set:

He led me far along the river way

All blue with flowers that whisper "ne'er forget,"

And, when I spoke of turning, answered "Nay,

A little farther yet."

Amid the meadows green

A farm-house nestled: "'Tis not very far"—

My friend persuaded—"if you have not been,

I'll take you; on a farm the chances are

There's something to be seen."

Once there, my friend delayed;

And I, half piqued, could see his glance go round

Until it rested on a lingering maid,

Who looked at him, and then upon the ground,

And then retreat essayed.



Homeward our steps we turned :
 " And who's the damosel ? " quoth I ; and he—
 " Why, nobody, " and looked with eyes that yearned
 Towards where, above us in Immensity,
 Love's planet faintly burned.

WILFRID MEYNELL.

THE EARTH'S PLACE IN NATURE.

A Sketch of a Branch of Physiography.

From Notes of Lectures given for the Gilchrist Trustees in the years 1874 and 1875.

By J. NORMAN LOCKYER, F.R.S.

NO. II.

AMONG the points referred to in the last paper there are one or two which, on the principle of *reculer pour mieux sauter*, it will be well to consider in somewhat greater detail before we proceed further. I shall first deal with the chemical constitution of the earth, on which I shall have a good deal to say in the sequel.

In the first place we know that we have sixty-four so-called chemical elements; and altogether separating ourselves from the physical foundation, we know that some of them, under terrestrial conditions, are solids, some of them are liquids, and some of them are gases. I say terrestrial conditions, because there is nothing absolute about these states; they depend merely upon pressure and temperature, which may vary from world to world. One of the experimental results obtained last year, and which will make it ever memorable in the annals of science, was to solidify hydrogen and make it hail and crackle on the floor of the laboratory in which the glorious work was done. I have next to point out with regard to the chemical behaviour of these elements that they are divided into two great groups; some of them, those like iron, gold, and silver, are called metals; and others, such as carbon, oxygen, sulphur and so forth, are called metalloids.

It is a very significant fact that of the very small number of gases, two of them exist mechanically mixed in the air, and two also exist chemically combined in water, one gas, oxygen, being common to both. So that before reaching, as it were, the earth's crust at all, we become acquainted with the majority of the so-called "permanent gases" which are known to chemists.

We may also conveniently, if artificially, divide the metals into two classes—I do not mean to say very sharp classes; namely, those which form stable compounds with one of the gases—oxygen, and those again which do not form such stable compounds. Some may ask, what do I mean by forming stable compounds with oxygen? I will answer that question by another. Why do we have our coins made of gold and silver? Because gold and silver are unaltered by the atmosphere, or rather by the

oxygen, one of the component gases of that atmosphere. If we were to leave gold and silver in the air, they would not come to any harm, that is to say, they would not rust to any great extent; but if we take some of the finest steel or the finest iron and thus expose it, we shall find that it will rust. This *rust* simply means that the oxygen in the air has attacked the iron and combined with it, although it does not attack or combine with gold and silver, and hence it is that those metals are chosen for our coins. There are some metals then, like iron, which are more readily acted upon by oxygen; and others, such as gold and silver, which are less rapidly acted upon by oxygen. To render this more clear we can put some potassium into water; we find that potassium is so eager to get hold of oxygen that we instantly get an apparent combustion, with light and heat. The heat developed by the combination of the potassium with the oxygen of the water, is strong enough to drive the potassium into incandescent vapour. Potassium therefore is an instance of a metal which forms a stable compound with oxygen, that is to say, a metal which has a great affinity for, or a great desire to get at, oxygen, however and whenever it can, and gold and silver are just the opposite.

I will also ask you to bear in mind this curious fact, that although we have oxygen and nitrogen mechanically mixed in our air, and although we have oxygen and hydrogen chemically combined in our water, yet there is no free hydrogen present in the earth's atmosphere; and again, that there are no pure metals that have ever been found in the earth which at all approach potassium in this very strong desire to get at oxygen. No doubt you will see the reason of that at once, namely, that in the rocks with which we are acquainted, the metals which have a great affinity for oxygen have had an opportunity of getting at it some time or other.

Such compounds as the oxides to which we have called attention are called *binary compounds*, because they are made up of two different substances; in the case of oxide of iron, or ferric oxide, as it is now called, for instance, we have a combination of iron and

oxygen. *As a rule* the higher the temperature of chemical substances the simpler are they. We know, for instance, that the earth might be so hot that all the compound bodies in it would be driven into vapour first, and split up into their constituent elements or *dissociated* afterwards. I have said as a rule, because some compounds require high temperatures for their formation, as there is molecular work to be done before the chemical change called combination can take place; and here we have a very distinct proof, on chemical grounds, that the earth must once have been much hotter than it is now.

These are the very few chemical facts the bearings of which will be discussed when we come to consider the chemistry of the other heavenly bodies. It will be seen in the sequel that with regard to a large number of these bodies their chemistry is the only subject on which a large number of facts have at present been accumulated.

With regard to the geological facts, geology, as I said before, reveals to us the past actions on the face of the globe; and I may sum up those actions almost in one word. The history of our planet up to the present moment has been the history of a cooling world, a world which, as it has got colder, has passed from the state of vapour first into a liquid and then into a solid form. Owing to the contraction of all bodies as they get colder (the change from steam to water will be a familiar example), our planet as it has got cooler has got smaller.

You will find that that somewhat long definition will carry a great deal with it when examined minutely. The earth may have been as hot as you choose to imagine it to have been, for there is little fear that your imagination will carry you beyond the fact in this case—we do not know how hot. But with this hypothesis of a globe which has been gradually getting colder—we do not know for how long, and we do not know at what rate—geologists account for most of the phenomena with which their science brings them more especially into contact.

There is much of course connected with this cooling of an originally vapourous globe about which we shall never know. It is even still a moot point whether the solidification began at the centre in consequence of high pressure, or at the circumference by virtue of the reduced temperature there, or at both together. But, however this may have been—and we shall have to return to the point when we come to consider the present

condition of the sun—we may remark that, on the supposition that the earth cooled from the exterior, one school of geologists account for the formation of our present mountain chains, by supposing that the various pieces of crust, so to speak, after they began to consolidate, slowly fell in consequence of the gradual cooling and therefore lessening of the volume of the interior liquid. It is thus to what geologists call “tangential pressure” that the origin of our mountain chains may be due; for it is, I believe, now a heresy to suppose, as once was supposed, that a mountain is a mountain because it has been pushed up. A mountain is an elevation due to the depression of all the surrounding areas by the earth’s contraction, and the various folds of strata are thus explained in a very satisfactory manner.

A word may here be said in connection with this contraction with reference to another matter touched upon in the last paper.

Those among us who have seen a smith at work in his smithy—and who has not?—making the iron glow again by his hard blows, will understand that with all this enormous crushing and rushing towards the centre, so to speak, the various rocks of which the earth’s surface is composed would get at all events very hot; so that in that way the interior heat of the earth which has been referred to before, the phenomena of earthquakes and of volcanoes, would be at once explained, either in part or entirely. The eruptions from the craters of Vesuvius, Etna, or of Hecla, indicate to the modern geologist that there has been an enormous temperature produced somehow—possibly by this mechanical action—and that water has been present, which by the thus increased temperature has been driven into steam. So that we have, as it were, a natural steam-engine at work which is driven by the impact and downrush of water upon the rock rendered hot by friction, in the same way that the iron in the blacksmith’s forge is rendered hotter by hammering.

We see then that the great variations from a true spherical surface brought home to us on our planet by high mountains and abyssal depths in the ocean, have had their origin when the surface temperature was very much higher than it is now; and it is remarkable that the voyage of the *Challenger* has demonstrated that the greatest depressions in the ocean lie near elevated land areas, as if one compensated the other. The greatest ocean depth certainly observed is five miles and a quarter. This, taken in conjunction with the

height of the Himalayas, Andes and Alps, will give us an idea of the true roughness of the earth's surface.

But this is not all; the same cause has been at work in deforming our little world as a whole.

Our planet indeed is not a true globe, because of its former plastic condition before the formation and cooling of the surface. When the globe was soft it was more or less yielding, and then the rotation of the earth to which I have referred tended to drive off, as it were, the matter in the equatorial regions; so that the distance through the centre of the earth between the two surfaces as far as possible removed from the poles of rotation, or those parts of the earth which the imaginary axis comes through, is rather greater than the distance between the two points where the axis comes to the surface. The reason of that fact, and that it must have been so, has been beautifully established by several experiments.

That the earth was once hotter than it is now is therefore proved, both by the irregularities of its surface, and by its shape as a whole. We must not imagine, however, that there has been but one change. The minor irregularities are all gradually changing by inner energies and the action of air and water, and it may be that even the largest ones are young, compared with the age of the planet's surface. Nor does the change end here; the equatorial protuberance itself may but after all mark a point in a great cycle of change, which has compelled the earth to rotate now about one axis and now about another. Mathematicians consider it highly probable that the axis of the earth may have been in ancient times very differently situated to what it is at present, and, indeed, that "it might have gradually shifted through 10, 20, 30, 40, or more degrees, without at any time any perceptible sudden disturbance of either land or water."* Thus it appears that nature prevents catastrophes by the very hugeness of the scale on which she works.

I need not remind you of the various beautiful facts which have been established with regard to the long-enduring sequences of change, and even of forms of life, upon our planet, and the exquisite order which has everywhere reigned, as now one large class of rocks, or animals or of plants has given rise to another equally large, and if anything, a more beautiful class which has followed it. All these

things I take for granted that you know, and I only just refer to them now in closing what I have to say with regard to geology, to point out that whether we study the succession of earth changes or of life changes, time, to be reckoned by tens of millions of years, is required to account for them, unless we suppose that the uniformity of nature's actions has been rudely interfered with. The more our knowledge of the wondrous works with which we are surrounded is increased, the less likely do we find it that any such interference is possible, and the more do our units of time and space sink into nothingness.

If, then, we must be so lavish of our puny time in trying to imagine the period since the surface of our planet has been solid, how many countless ages must have elapsed since that surface first began to consolidate and to separate out, as it were, its compounds from the vapourous elemental globe!

In this particular, however, the earth's place in nature will never be known; the animal and vegetable conditions of distant worlds are just those conditions about which we know least at present, and about which it is scarcely probable that we shall ever know anything certain at all.

The condensed statement which I have now given relating to the chemistry and geology of the earth, enables me to return to some of the items in my inventory, if I may so term it, of the facts relating to the earth which we shall subsequently use as standards of comparison, with a view of expanding them somewhat in the light of modern earth studies before we proceed further.

The earth is round. It is not a fragment. The former high temperature to which both its chemistry and geology, as we have seen, point, indicates in the clearest manner that this figure has resulted from the cooling of a mass of incandescent vapours under the influence of gravity. The earth is of a certain diameter which we know, and therefore we can compare the earth with all the other bodies in the universe which we can measure, so far as visible diameter is concerned; but we must not forget its much larger diameter in past times, and the difficulty in all cases of distinguishing atmosphere from surface in certain stages of a planet's life. The physics of the globe show us that now there are parts of it liquid and parts gaseous at the present moment, the liquid and the gaseous condition depending upon temperature and pressure. This could not

* Sir W. Thomson, "Nature," vol. xiv. p. 431.

have been the case in past times if the earth has been hotter in past times, and it need not be the case in the future, supposing that the earth shall be colder in future times.

Then geologically the story seems to run in this way : that there was a time when the earth was larger than it is now ; that it was very much hotter, and that in getting colder it has got smaller ; that in getting smaller and getting colder not only a surface has formed such as we see it now, but the atmosphere has become simpler and much reduced in volume. In short, in past times, though the mass of the earth cannot have varied to any great extent (the fall of meteorites must have increased it somewhat), its apparent dimensions may have been subject to a gradual reduction.

Similarly the terrestrial poles may have changed their places, as we saw the magnetic poles changing their places in the last paper ; and the ratio of the equatorial and polar diameters may have also changed as the new protuberance was gradually formed out of less plastic material.

We must not forget, then, that in all these data the various comparisons we shall make with the sister planets refer only to a point of time. Nature never rests—moulding, perfecting, changing are ever going on, not only in the innermost recesses of her realms, but in even the masses of matter such as our own earth, which we are too apt to regard as a finished product.

So much, then, for the present regarding our own earth. We have now to consider the various bodies external to our planet ; to take, for purposes of comparison, a hasty survey of the host of heaven, or rather to dwell on typical specimens, so to speak, carefully selected from among them.

Here of course our methods of inquiry are totally different. Here experiment is impossible. The crucible, the balance fail us ; we are driven from experiment to observation.

But still it is experiment which permits the observer to read the riddle presented to him, the moment we leave the telescope and employ that instrument by the aid of which above all others our recent knowledge has been obtained—I refer to the spectroscope.

Indeed, it is not too much to say that without the information which the spectroscope has enabled us to harvest concerning the various orders of celestial bodies, the Earth's Place in Nature must for ever have remained like a land of dreams and fancies, of hopes

never to be realised, of theories never to be brought to the test. The history of our planet would have been a fragment, its future a ground untrodden by the scientific inquirer. The new impulse to study the little ball on which our lives are lived, and the firm vantage ground which we now possess, have arisen from the fact that, while not many years ago the matter and the condition of matter exterior to our earth were but guess-work, we are now as familiar with the chemistry of distant worlds as we are with the chemistry of our own a few miles below the surface. We know that the elements we are familiar with here are represented there.

In fact, we know that the whole cosmos, so far as science has anything to say to the vast problem which it sets before us, consists of matter, common in its nature, floating in a vast ocean of ether, that is, of a medium finer, so to speak, in its texture than matter, and certainly differing from the most attenuated matter that we know of. And the visibility of the cosmos, and the possibility of the sciences of experiment and observation, by which our knowledge of the earth and of the bodies exterior to it has been accumulated, depends upon this : *the function of matter in all its forms is to vibrate, and the function of the ether is to pulsate with these vibrations, communicating them to us in the process.*

Now I have not written this merely because it is the root of the whole matter, as it is, but because we can now, in these later days, pick out these vibrations coming to us from every star, and by studying them find out the kind of matter that has given them birth.

This is a statement so important that I feel I must prove it before I go further, even at the risk of appearing to wander somewhat from my subject.

Before I have finished I am sure it will be conceded that although I have to deal with the largest masses in creation, I was quite right to begin with the smallest.

These smallest particles of matter, with the motions of which modern science enables us to become familiar, are termed molecules, and it is due to the motions of these, as I have said, and not to the motions of large masses, that we have any contact with the world external, not only to our planet, but to each of us individually, so far at all events as the eye is concerned.

The work then to which I have now to call your attention is based primarily upon the motion of molecules. Now, what is a molecule? I have never been to Aberdeen, but I believe there are there enormous quarries

of granite, and I know that a great many of the streets of London are paved with granite, and the ultimate fate of this granite is, that it is carted away as road dust—fine road dust. We have no molecules there in the physical sense. We may take the whole ocean and divide it into drops of water, but we have not there molecules in the physical sense. In fact, in both cases we want something very much finer—something approaching, although we won't quarrel about names—to the *atoms* existing in a drop of water, about which Sir William Thomson has made some calculations. It results from his beautiful and suggestive methods of reasoning that if by any possible means that you could devise, you magnified a drop of water up to the size of the earth, then the finest constituents of that drop of water would then be found to be in sizes varying between fine shot and cricket balls. If you, with your mind's eye, will magnify the drop of water, or the smallest piece of granite dust which you can imagine in that way, and then take the ultimate particles of it, you will then see something like what the physicist regards as a compound molecule: for even in the state of fineness to which the water has been brought, each molecule is a chemical compound of oxygen and hydrogen.

Steam furnishes a familiar example of a still coarser molecular state; the steam-engine depends for its action upon the fact that by heat we can drive water into vapour which we call steam. Now, until we get matter into a finer molecular state than is represented by, let us say, the vapour of water in Watt's engine, the vibrations of the molecules tell us little or nothing when we question them by means of the spectroscope about their chemical nature. They only tell us that we have *not* got matter into its finest state.

But when instead of boiling water, which we can do with a very low temperature—no one ever saw water red-hot for this reason—we use a high one and boil something else which will only boil under such conditions, we can produce vapours of excessive fineness of structure.

We can thus obtain the vapour of iron or any other metal; and then we find not only that the higher temperature now employed has given us a finer molecular state, but that the phenomena observed are very beautiful, but at the same time somewhat complex.

Why do I say that the phenomena observed are very beautiful but at the same time very complex? Because this high temperature has not only brought about this

very fine molecular state with which we are now dealing, but it has caused the molecules thus liberated from their state of durance in the solid or liquid states to shake, quiver, or vibrate after their own manner and in the intensest fashion after such liberation. The vapour of iron gives us very different impressions from solid iron when it is thus made to glow: change the state you change the phenomena.

Not only so, but the same molecules that glow and shiver when they are hot or even when light falls upon them, are invisible when they are cold and have no light to reflect.

We find, in short, that the visibility of everything depends upon the motions of the molecules of which it is built up. The visibility of a gas, for instance, agitated by an electric current, depends upon the rapid motion of the molecules. We do not see the gas when I do not cause the molecules of which it is composed to enter into rapid motion or vibration, because the light that a gas reflects is not such that the eye can pick up. Such bodies we call transparent. Visibility thus depends upon the motions of molecules. This is a point on which I have strongly to insist. We find further, that when we get matter in such a finely divided condition the visibility not only enables us to see *where* the molecules are, but *what* they are. The vibrations of these molecules are independent of temperature, and *independent even, I think, of the solid, liquid, or gaseous states*, provided always that the molecular state is not disturbed.

By using the electric lamp, and exposing calcium, lithium, sodium, &c., to a high temperature, we can get these vibrations, writing their record as spectrum lines upon a screen. These lines are due to the motions or vibrations of the ether producing what we call light, which light is made to pass through a fine slit, afterwards it is sorted out by the refractive power of the prisms. We not only know that we are beholding results caused by molecules very rapidly vibrating, but we can tell the calcium from the lithium, or the lithium from the sodium. Now this is spectrum analysis.*

Further, I may add that these molecules, when they are not vibrating with very great rapidity, are yet prepared to do so if they can get supplied with energy; and they can get this without the direct application of heat if a very brilliant light is made to pass among them. Light which would otherwise pass

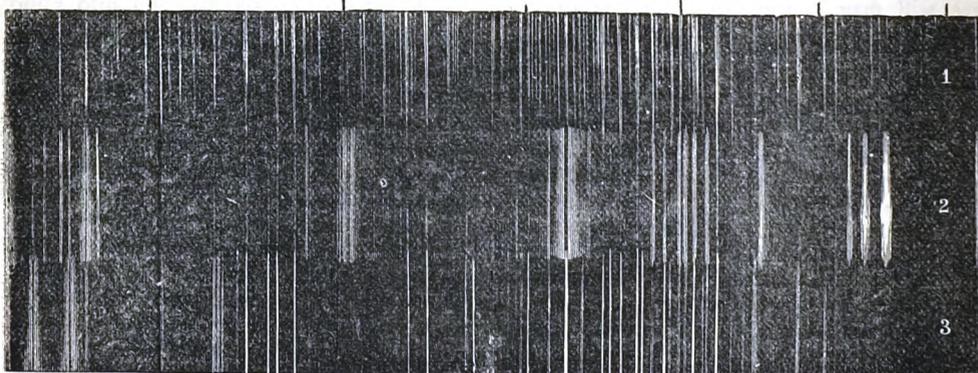
* The principles and methods of which have already been dwelt upon by Dr. Carpenter in *Good Words*.

through is stopped, if the vibrations of the molecules agree with those of the light, or if the molecules can select any vibrations concordant with their own. So that we have not only an opportunity of telling what molecules we are dealing with, when they are rapidly vibrating in consequence of being directly heated or electrically excited, but we can tell what they are when they are almost at rest, provided we can observe what kind of light they are competent to absorb.

In the use we can make of the luminosity of bodies, therefore, we are not limited to grasping merely the various facts touching the existence, form, and size of communities of molecules, but the vibrations are so subtle that their chemical and physical constitutions are also more or less revealed to us if we analyze the very light which builds up the form to our eyes, provided always that the

individuality of each molecule is allowed to come into play. In a word, by means of the eye we grasp light without analyzing it; by means of the spectroscope we can actually perform such analysis.

Recent researches have given rise to the supposition that, when we talk about the vaporous state of matter, represented let us say by steam or the vapour of iron, we are probably talking of at least five different states, which we can distinguish when we use the prism. We have, first, the state that gives us a spectrum consisting of bright lines, to which reference has already been made. Next, we have the spectrum state called the "channelled space," or "fluted" spectrum, which represents, in all probability, the second order of complexity of the molecules of any one substance. Contrasting the spectrum of carbon with the spectrum of iron at the highest temperature



we usually employ, we gather from this kind of evidence that the molecules of carbon are more complex at that temperature than the molecules of iron.

We can go further with carbon, but with our tiny temperatures we cannot go further with the iron. I need scarcely refer to the other molecular states of vapour to which I have drawn attention, because when we get them, although we can tell that we are dealing with a vapour, we cannot tell which particular vapour is in question. No two substances which give a line spectrum give the same order of lines from one end of the spectrum to the other; in other words the line spectrum of each chemical substance differs from that given by any other. The same thing is true of those which give a channelled space spectrum.

Here then is one of the secrets of the new power of investigation of which the

spectroscope has put us in possession: we can recognise each element by its spectrum, whether that spectrum is produced in the laboratory or is given by the most distant star, *provided the element exists both here and there.*

Let me give an instance of the way in which this knowledge is utilised. Suppose the sun were built up of gas. Suppose the gas hydrogen, we now know that the sun would give us a spectrum of bright lines, the position and arrangement of which are perfectly well known. That question has been put to the sun. The sun does not give us a spectrum of bright lines at all. Supposing the sun were a solid piece of granite, let us say, or of wood, or anything else in which the molecular organization is extremely complex, as it is in solids and liquids; in that case we should get a continuous spectrum,

we should not get lines ; but we should get a band of exquisite colour, stretching from the red to the violet, as in the rainbow. That experiment has been tried, and the sun does not give us such a spectrum. But there is a third case: suppose the sun to consist of something of which the molecular complexity is very great, and to be surrounded by molecules, not vibrating very rapidly, or, at all events, not vibrating so rapidly as the molecules of the sun itself, what would happen then? It is clear that in that case the external molecules would use the energy which they could extract from the light passing through them from the hot sun, and in that case we should get evidence of the action of molecules in this way. If rays of light, of all refrangibilities, start away from the sun, and then are intercepted by the molecules of a particular substance, which require or can vibrate with a particular wave of light, and if that particular wave of light sets that molecule in vibration, it is clear that that ray, if it comes to us at all, would be considerably enfeebled. We should therefore get, in the solar spectrum, gaps, places where there was no light, when we applied the prism ; the bright lines usually seen being images of the slit, we should get a dark line when a particular ray was absent.

That experiment has been tried, and has succeeded admirably. In the solar spectrum there are thousands of these dark lines, and every line represents the action of a particular vibration of a particular set of molecules in the sun's atmosphere; hence, we not only get an idea of the extreme complexity of the solar atmosphere, but of the vast stores of knowledge which have yet to be garnered. These thousands of lines each represent to us a fact. They tell us that we have in the sun precisely such a state as I have last supposed — namely, a very hot something inside, of extremely complicated molecular condition, and that between us and it, in its outer atmosphere, we have a collection of molecules which are stopping the sun's light, and causing black spaces in the portions which would otherwise be absolutely white.

Here, then, finally we have the connection between the biggest body in our part of the universe, about which we know nothing, and the smallest masses of the universe, which we call molecules.

Nor is this all—we can add chemistry to physics. The vibrations of iron molecules here teach us the spectrum of iron vapour,

let us say, and the considerations already stated enable us, by the fact that these lines are matched exactly in the sun's spectrum, to tell that iron exists there. By similar reasoning, the presence of between thirty and forty of our terrestrial metals has already been determined in the sun's atmosphere.

It is not necessary that I should give the history in which the names of Wollaston, Fraunhofer, Ångström, Stokes, Balfour Stewart, Kirchhoff, and Bunsen have figured, and will figure to the end of time. The modern work was first fairly under way when physicists concluded that the double line D, one of the lettered lines in the solar spectrum, was due to the absorption of the vapour of sodium in the sun's atmosphere, for the reason that at that particular part of the spectrum we have when we examine the lines of sodium, exactly the counterpart of the two dark lines in two bright ones. When the molecules of sodium, reduced to its utmost simplicity, are vibrating violently, they give two bright lines; but when the molecules are vibrating less violently, they absorb these lines from the light proceeding from any substance hotter than themselves, and more complicated, that lies behind.

This discovery was utilised with the greatest diligence by the two illustrious German physicists whom I named last, Kirchhoff and Bunsen; and before they had worked long, they got a magnificent proof of the fact that matter throughout space is that particular matter with which we are acquainted here. It was no longer true that every body in the universe might have a law of its own. They could tell that in the sun, at all events, the same laws of physics and chemistry were at work, as those we have gathered from the investigation of terrestrial matter, and thus was the uniformity of nature magnificently established. But that important result was not long before it was almost eclipsed by other results reached by Dr. Huggins in this country. He was not content with observing the sun as they had done. Not hindered by perhaps a thousand times ninety-two millions of miles, he attacked the stars, which the same method taught us were merely distant suns. He was, in a great many instances, able to say that certain lines which were visible in the spectrum of the stars, were visible in the spectrum of the sun; and the work has gone on since as the fruit of many men's work, and nebula, comet, and planet have each in turn been compelled to yield up those secrets which I hope to supply in the following papers.

SKETCHES IN OUR PARISH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE PENFOLK."

PART II.

IT would appear from the daily entries in his diary that Mr. Lindsay, after his return to Glasgow, instead of merely amusing himself by gathering details of family or other histories, consecrated his life to the good of others; and I have reason to know that his health was better and his mind had a sounder tone than he possessed while in retirement. His shyness made him shrink from public notoriety; but whilst he avoided organized charities, the number of what he calls "proper cases," to aid by advice or to "help to help themselves," are quite numerous. And from various conversations which are carefully noted, he seems to have had an unconscious attractive power that begot confidence, which, were it not for the hardship and sometimes the absolute want underlying the details, one would be rather amused with than otherwise. Such cases do not concern us at present, however; my purpose in this paper, before entering upon what he calls his sketches in our parish, is to extract and connect several entries from his diary which recalled his old and abiding sorrow and that of Aunt Euphemia in a singular way:—

"Going town-wards lately," he begins the narration of the incidents referred to, "I was prevented from crossing the street by a block of carriages, and while awaiting a clearance, I was accosted by one of the shoe-blacks that frequent our principal street-corners with 'sh boots, sir?' I was rather amused at the little fellow, as much I confess by the peculiar tones of his voice, which had a mixture of inquiry and coaxing, as by his bright open face and fearless look. I have noticed some of the tribe now and then, but never until that morning had I come into personal contact with any of them. Having just left home with clean boots, I did not see the necessity for his services; and as much with a sense of amusement as aught else I put my foot on his box, saying, 'Do you think you can make them brighter, eh?'

"'I'll show you, sir,' was the reply, and in a trice my trowser was turned up and the chit spitting, blacking, and polishing at a great rate. I felt rather foolish for a minute; but there was no retreat open, so I let him have his way. I was really astonished

both at the rapidity and the excellency of his work. I had resolved that unless the difference between the boots was very marked indeed that I would not suffer him to proceed with the other one; but I could not have gone up street without its being done, so great was the disparity between them.

"'And what's your charge, boy?' I said.

"'A penny, sir.'

"And before I had time to pay him, a rose that I had put into a button-hole of my coat dropped on to his arm. Without touching it with his hand he raised the arm whereon it lay that I might take it.

"'Thank you, my lad,' I said, 'you may keep it.'

"'O thank you, sir. Never mind the penny. I'll 'sh your boots every morning for a rose, sir.'

"At this moment a friend who like me was detained came forward, so I threw the penny into the blacking dish; and as the block continued we lingered a minute or two, during which I heard behind me a shrill peculiar whistle, and on looking round saw a girl approaching my boot-boy, who, with evident delight, bestowed on her my rose. She too appeared to put great store on it. She covered it with her apron and left him hurriedly. The incident haunted my mind all through the day, even when I went home; and although I had several interesting cases to attend to, the boy, the girl, and the rose continued to plague me. Both boy and girl were poorly clad but clean, and there was an air of earnestness and care in the girl's face and a gracefulness in her carriage quite uncommon in the vagrant class. I came to the conclusion that they had a tale to tell, and I resolved to find out what it was. Next morning, and provided with an extra flower, I proceeded city-ward expecting to meet with the boy, and felt disappointed at not seeing him. I was more fortunate on the following day, and gave him great pleasure by the gift of a marigold as I passed. I repeated the gift for several days, sometimes omitting a day. Then I went one morning with soiled boots, and whilst he deftly prepared his utensils we began to talk, which he seemed as ready to do as I was.

"'Do you give liberal discount to daily customers?' I began, whilst he brushed and

chaffed with another of his regiment who passed at the time; 'but perhaps you haven't any such?'

"'I have only ae customer I polish off every day,' he said, and with a peculiar chuckle he added, 'hers is naething ava an' nett cash.'

"'Ah! your sweetheart, eh?'

"'Sweetheart! bother, no,' and looking round as if afraid of some one overhearing, he said in a half whisper, bashfully, 'It's my mother, sir.'

"'That's right, my man; never neglect your mother.' As I took my rose from its button-hole, and placed it in his belt, I asked, 'Has she any child except you?'



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"'Two, sir!' and with another laugh, 'but they are both healthy an' wash their ain trotters at night.'

"'Is your mother not healthy then?'

"'Here the little fellow reddened over face and neck as he said, 'She's not strong at a', sir; she's maist aye in bed. But I polish her shoes all the same; it pleases her and I like to dae't.'

"'Has she been long ill?'

"'About a year; ever sin' faither deet. Uncle says if she cou'd greet she'd be a' right in a wee while; but she only sighs. Whiles she puts her han' on her side. I think it maun be sair, but she says it's only a custom, d'ye think?—'Sh boots, sir?' And in a trice the boy was spitting and polishing another customer. I stood back till the

sprit was disengaged, and then accosted him—

“‘Is it brothers or sisters you have?’

“‘Baith, sir; Nell is aul’er than me, but Bob’s only a wee thing.’

“‘It was rather amusing to hear the precocious manikin of ten years speak patronisingly of the ‘wee thing.’

“‘Does your sister work at anything?’

“‘Work! she does everything, sir. She mak’s our bed an’ our meals an’ keeps things,—a’ things nice. In the morning she washes mother’s face; here he had a gurgling sort of laugh as he proceeded, ‘Bob’s her servan’-man, an’ hauds the basin; it’s fun tae hear Nell ackin’ the mistress, it’s tae gar (make) mother laugh, ye ken. Bob stays wi’ mother a’ day till Nell an’ me gang hame; an’ we coont up.’

“‘Count up? I don’t understand you.’

“‘Yes, sir: what we mak’ in the day. Ye see Nell sells a heap o’ papers, mak’s mair than a shilling, whiles twa. Ance she made three and seven pence, an’ mother was feart Nell had turned Donal Caird; but she’s oure good tae steal, an’ it wu’d kill mother.’

“‘How much can you earn in a day?’

“‘It varies, sir; depen’s on the weather. I can mak’ hauf a croon on a dirty or stoury day; but it rains sae whiles that I dinna come here, an’ then I rin erran’s or haud a horse; an’ it disna coont up weel at a’.

“‘Can you read?’

“‘Read! Ay, to be surc, an’ Nell too. We hae nae time for games, ye see, an’ we read at nicht. Mother likes ‘t, an’ she helps us oure the hill difficulty.’

“‘What do you read, the Bible?’

“‘Ay, on Sunday. We read lots. *Family Herald* an’ songs. We began “Uncle Tom,” but it vexed mother, an’ Nell grat an’ we stopit it. We like the “Pilgrim,” but when Uncle Robert comes on Sunday night we sing.’

“‘Sing? Sing on Sunday? but you will sing hymns, I suppose.’

“‘No; Nell bocht a hymn-book an’ we tried it, but mother an’ uncle baith thought the hymns war oure thin for us. Nell reads them whiles, but mother likes the Psalms far better. Uncle ance said that the Psalms read whiles like the tramp o’ sogers. We laugh whiles at his droll sayings.’

“‘What is Mr. Robert’s business; how is he employed?’

“‘Mister Robert? Cricky! he’s a lorry man tae a mill.’

“‘Here our interview terminated for the day, for the boy, who appeared amused at some-

thing, emitted a shrill, peculiar whistle, which he repeated in rapid succession several times; and presently I was surrounded by quite a bevvy of boys of ages varying from ten to fifteen years, one of whom accidentally, with ‘ax yer pardin,’ bespattered one of my boots, ejecting me at the same time from the circle. A few passers-by began to linger round, so that I ceased to be identified with the somewhat mannerless young roughs. I noticed that while the ruck of boys chaffed and wrangled with each other, and with the message-boys that had stopped in hope of seeing a row, my young ‘boots’ assailed the passers for custom. Catching his eye, I placed my soiled boot on his box, for which, when polished, I tendered him payment; but he refused the coin. I resolved when leaving him to see him again; but hearing a shout of laughter behind me, I blamed myself for being duped, it might be, by the young vagabond; and then I reproached myself for doubting his veracity; but I avoided his corner for several days.

“A week passed, and the boy and his story were beginning to fade from my memory; but as I went round in the same district one afternoon, I saw him, without being seen, talking earnestly with a man who walked beside his horse and lorry. They formed quite a picture; the lorry laden with bags of flour, the large sleek brown horse in harness that glittered in the sunshine; the comfortable-looking carter, in clothes white with flour, looking down on the boy, a hand on his shoulder, the boy looking up confidently as he spoke, having his box slung over his neck, a belt round his waist, a short coat, and a bit of an apron hanging before. I hurried on, in order that I might not be seen watching them; but I had read the brass plate on the lorry, which I discovered to belong to a miller—not a great way from where I now sit.

“I was astir betimes on the following morning, determined to know the truth or falsehood of the boy’s story; and after waiting an hour, during which several carts or lorries passed through the gate, then came the brown horse and man I wanted.

“‘Well, Robert,’ I said.

“‘Yes; weel?’ he answered inquiringly, but unabashed.

“‘I saw you talking to a boy yesterday with whom I scraped up acquaintance lately, and’—

“‘Is’t you Alec was speakin’ o’? Weel?’

“‘I was interested in what he told me, and if it is agreeable to you I’d like to get some

particulars regarding the family. Perhaps I can be of use to him. Is his mother so ill as to be confined to bed?’

“‘Ay, she’s vera puirly; but she’s been a wee better for a week back. In the hope that ye’ll help them I’ll tell you,’ and he cracked his whip, at which his horse started, as if unaccustomed to it, whilst he continued, ‘but it’s no’ in the way o’ siller I mean; ye see, she’s had nae outlet for her grief till twa days sin’. It was a gude heap o’ t on the min’; an’ her man’s deth put the cap-stane on’t.’

“‘The boy told me his father’s death was the cause of her illness.’

“‘He kens nae better, of course; but it began wi’ marryin’ him.’

“‘Indeed!’

“‘Ye see he was thocht no’ like her; for although we come o’ working folk, his family wur rather below us. We cam’ frae the kintra, an’ wur used wi’ a rough table an’ ither decencies, an’ had a dizzen kye in the byre, forbye a pair o’ horse faither an’ me wrocht; his faither gathered broc (broken meat) roond the gate-end, tae feed a wheen swine he trokit in. An’ sae her mother said Jean had disgraced us a’ wi’ marryin’ intae a family whar there ne’er had been ocht but poverty an’ ignorance. I said she got the lad she liket best, an’ it was naeboddy’s bisness but their ain. There wur nae criminals in the family, an’ surely poverty is nae disgrace, an’ as for ignorance it’s dooms little ony ane kens aboot what’s worth kennin’. But ye see when a strong-headed woman tak’s a teryvee there’s nae rezonin’ wi’ her. Sae Jean, puir thing, took her ain gate, an’ mother was neither tae bin’ nor haud; she debar’d Jean frae enterin’ the door, which was far wrang, as we a’ thocht, but for peace sake they a’ held their tongue, a’ but me, for I was marret, an’ spake out, an’ gaed an’ saw Jean whiles. An’ really the twa did vera weel; he had a sperrit abune swine; an’ if his faither and mother cudna read an’ write, he cu’d, an’ raised himsel’, an’ took Jean wi’ him far abune either family. But mother wadna hear their names spoken without rebuke. Than my young brother, Jean’s twin, gaed tae Australia, an’ mother disowned him; mair sae as he vesetet Jean whiles when at hame; than a younger sister took a cauld an’ deed, an’ in a while faither had a stroke, an’ for amaist a year yaumert (fretted) tae see Jean, but deed without seein’ her. Noo mother lives by hersel’ an’ a servant; she has plenty tae keep her, but she’s as hard as e’er she was on Jean an’ Alexander. He’s vera min’fu’

o’ Jean, sendin’ her, noo an than. There’s just the three o’ us left, an’ I can do no more tae mend things than I hae dune. Cou’d ye no gie us a helpin’ han’? If I cou’d get the twa brocht thegether, I ken Jean wad come roond in nae time, an’ am certain sure mother ’ud be far far happier.’

“‘I do not see,’ I said, ‘how an entire stranger can interfere; but if you point out any course by which I might be of use I am at your service.’

“‘I hae thocht o’ that; an’ if ye approve o’ my plan it’s simple enoch. Mother vesets my wife in the afternoon, amaist every day, an’ I can see how you cu’d foregather if ye wou’d mak’ acquaintance wi’ the wife—we’ll come tae the door at the next turnin.’

“‘I was so tickled with my new friend’s straightforward, earnest, effusive manner that I did not observe the ‘next turnin’ till I was roused to attention with his gentle ‘Woa, Bob.’ He left me hastily and entered a ‘close’ whence he emerged with a wee tot of a boy who took hold of the halter as if to the manner born.

“‘I was pleased with the house, which had an appearance of thrift and comfort. The door to the room was closed, but the kitchen, although somewhat bare of furniture, was not meanly so. The wife, to whom I was introduced, was employed at a sewing machine; three children sat on the floor, which was strewed with small squares of wood on which were pasted letters of the alphabet. Each child had a pile to which they kept adding a square, and as they did so shouted the names of the various letters. During the short time I remained I noticed the mother’s attention was never wholly withdrawn from the little ones, and that their father for one or two minutes joined them in their castle-building and cried out his letters as joyously as they. After introducing us and stating the object of his visit, which his wife, I could perceive, understood, but did not seem to appreciate, Robert said he must be going. I learnt that she was a public seamstress, and I suggested that when I repeated my visit I would bring a young person with the view to get work done.

“‘Od, man!’ exclaimed Robert, slapping his thigh, ‘that’s the hare’s fude, we’re on the scent noo, lass.’

“‘The avidity with which my new friend caught at my suggestion caused me to suspect its prudence, and while walking beside him and his horse I inquired about his mother, what her habits were, if she had any intimates, where she visited, and the church

she attended. I learnt that she had certain poor belonging to her church of whom she took supervision; that all her visits, like her charities, were confined to the church or church members, and when not thwarted in her likings that she was very gentle and kind.

“‘In other words she is narrow and self-willed,’ I said.

“‘That’s about the size o’t; but ye canna deny but ae hauf is like a Christian; eh, man, the ither hauf is as dour’s a wuddy (hard and obstinate as a broom-haft). What else can we expect? She ne’er in a’ her life yielded a hair’s breadth to my faither or tae ane o’ us.’

“‘I became so interested with his quiet, shrewd remarks as we jogged on that I did not observe how far we had gone, till I was pulled up by him exclaiming—

“‘Old Harry! I declare there’s my mother.’

“‘And having brought the lorry near the curb, he stopped.

“‘Whar awa, mother?’ he said, holding out his hand to her.

“‘I’m on my way to thy house, Robert. I ne’er hae seen the free breakfast, an’ I want thee to come roond an’ take me there on Sabbath morning.’

“‘I canna, mother; I daurna mislippen my class, ye ken. We meet at the same hour—I canna attend baith places, ye ken.’

“‘I thought thou might spare me ae hour; it’s no often I seek an obleegment, but I may be as weel at home; only I wad like to see hoo the gangerals look an’ behave.’

“‘I have no engagement,’ I said, addressing the old lady, ‘and if you do not object to the convoy of a stranger I shall be happy to accompany you. I have never seen that gathering.’

“‘He’s an acquaintance o’ mine, mother,’ said Robert, ‘an’ ye may trust him; an’ I’m very much obliged for your offer. My road lies aff your gate, mother, an’ I mauna lose mair time. If ye’re gaun hame my friend’ll gang wi’ you an’ see whar ye bide, an’ ken whar tae lift you when Sunday comes.’

“‘I took his mother’s arm in mine, and taking time from her movements we walked along comfortably, only that I felt I was being quizzed very minutely. But as I had nothing to conceal I let my questioner have her way. Her first important question was—

“‘Hoo cam’ ye to ken my son Robert? Ye’re no in the same walk o’ life.’

“‘His employer is a near neighbour and a friend of mine; and Robert, although a labouring man, is a fine example of what

working men might become; kind to his wife and children, and from what I have learnt he is well informed and well disposed to those who deserve advice and help. He has had some affliction too, he told me, in the death of two bairns, which no doubt has done him good.’

“‘Are ye partial to affliction noo, seein’ it does folk good? for my part there’s naething I like waur, an’ I hae had my share o’t.’

“‘It’s because we do not like it that it is affliction. If all things went as we desired the time might come that we would be unkind to each other; and we would then feel as if God was unkind to us. For unbroken prosperity contracts affection, and binds us to ourselves, and then when crosses come we are hard and unforgiving. But if we are afflicted we yearn for sympathy, which prepares us to sympathize with the afflicted, even when they may have offended us.’

“‘Ye speak sae lightly o’ afflictions that I think ye ablinks haena had mony; eh?’

“‘I never had death to mourn in my family, but death is not the greatest sorrow that can befall us—it is the common lot of all.’

“‘An’ what do you think is waur tae bear, noo?’

“‘The bitterness of death to us who remain is in our want of submission, our unwillingness to yield the fruit of the vineyard to the Master.’

“‘Wait on, wait on till it tak’s your marrow frae your side, an’ my word for’t ye’ll no speak sae hale-heartet.’

“‘That,’ I said, ‘would not prove anything. What I think much more grievous is to swear to your own hurt and not repent; to do a right thing against your own interest, contrary to your own liking, because to do otherwise would be wrong. That, I think, is being persecuted for righteousness’ sake. I have found that a very hard task indeed; for however hard it may be to fight with others, it is much harder to compel myself to abstain from evil.’

“‘An’ d’ye think ye can be saved by sic affliction?’

“‘I am saved at least from my love of self and love of the world. I think we concern ourselves too much about our salvation. That’s the Lord’s business; our duty is to be, by His help, like Him, kind to the good and the evil.’

“‘This is my door. Will ye step in an’ rest a wee?’

“‘No, thanks; I’ll take the number of your door, and call for you on Sunday. We shall have some arguments by-and-by, and

we can speak with more freedom on neutral ground. I am glad to have met you, and I can see where Robert's sturdiness comes from.'

"Robert and me ne'er meet but we differ. He's the maist wilfu' o' a' my family.'

"If he is the worst, you have reason to be proud of them all. Good-bye.'

"I recollect of hearing Mr. Cranston saying that on one occasion, when preaching to a certain congregation, he felt as if every word he spoke was thrown back to him with such force that he had a sensation of suffocation. I laughed at him at the time as being too imaginative, but to-day I can understand what he meant. That old woman, notwithstanding her soft voice and good manners, has a resistant power, and repelled me so much that I am sorry I promised to see her again.

"On Sunday morning, which was grey with mist and 'smur,' I called as I had promised, and I was not sorry to learn from her maid that she was unwell and unable to leave bed. Left my card with condolences.

"Yesterday I was surprised at being told that a lady wished to see me, and more so when, she being ushered in here, to find it my new old lady friend. Gave her a chair, and waited, seeing she hesitated. She took from her pocket and handed me a miniature portrait, beautifully painted on ivory, of my long-lost Helen, saying—

"This is a present I wish to gie yow; ye'll ken wha it is, ablinks.'

"Yes, I know the face—it is yours when young,' I said.

"It's like me; she was my niece and namesake, Helen Lennox—her ye loed lang syne.'

"God bless you, ma'am! I accept it gratefully.'

"Ay, but I want an obleegment at your hand—only to be introduced to your aunt.'

"How do you know my aunt resides here?'

"Your servant tauld me. It's mair for Phemie than you I'm here, sir.'

"Auntie, hearing a strange voice, had left her room, where she was preparing to dress, and stood inside this room door as the old woman was speaking, her long white hair hanging over her face. Dividing the ringlets and throwing them back, she stalked up to where our visitor stood. I saw that her cheeks were as bloodless as her hair.

"I'm here, Nell Lennox,' she said; 'say awa; an' for ance in your life speak the truth.'

"If my aunt appeared taller than usual, the stranger seemed to shrink and quail before her keen eye and sharp voice.

"O Phemie! Phemie! an' we've met again!' was the answer, as she held out a hand.

"Na, na, Nell; we shook hands an' parted lang syne. Ye're the same auld Nell yet—fause an' fair.' Then turning to where I stood she added, 'Ye had your ain battle tae fecht, Robert, an' I ne'er troubled you wi' mine; but noo, an' before I put this Judas out by the shouters, I'll gar her mak' a clean breast, an' ye'll ken how am sae unlike mysel' wi' her before me. Sit doon, Nell; if your day o' repentance has come, mak' confession o' your sin.'

"We both stood to our feet while aunt spoke, but at her imperative request sat down; she meanwhile, standing before the mirror, proceeded to dress her hair. The name and the likeness recalled so many sad memories that my attention was more directed to our visitor's face and cold, hard, confident manner, than to her words, which in substance were—

"When—we were a' young—Phemie there was to hae been marrit to Andrew Shearer; there was a sough (whisper) gaed that she had twa strings to her bow, an' when it cam' tae Andrew's knowledge he broke aff frae her in anger an' marret anither. There wur nae truth in the report, but it saird (served) the purpose o' the lass he gat. It's mony a lang year syne noo, but as lang's he was to the fore Andrew ne'er ceased tae love Phemie as his vera life, nor did his wife e'er cease to bear her ill-will. But noo that he's awa, God forgie me, I like her because he liket her an' her him. My errand here, sir, is tae get her pardon for the ill I wrought her.'

"Robert,' said aunt, 'it's no for pardon, but to gratify her ain liking she's here, as I'll let you see. Whan saw ye your dochter, Nell?'

"How daur ye interfere wi' me an' my family? How daur ye?' the stranger hissed, and stamped her foot violently.

"When ye like your dochter because her father liked her, and treat her like a Christian—which ye are not—come, an' I'll forgie you; but till then I want naething to do wi' you.' And touching the bell-handle, aunt told the maid who answered to show the old woman down-stairs.

* * * * *

"Well, auntie," I said to Miss Euphemia one day on which I called, a year after my friend's death, "that shoe-black incident ends

so abruptly in the diary, and so unsatisfactorily, that I would like you to give me some explanation."

"Yes, Robert has stated the result of Nell Lennox's visit, but he says nothing about the noise we had wi' her," was her answer.

"I have no desire to pry into your quarrel with Mrs. Shearer, although I shall be glad to get any particulars anent it you are disposed to give. What I wish to know is how you became acquainted with her daughter, the boy's mother."

"Yes; it was by mere accident I cam' to know she had a daughter. I had occasion to pass through our kitchen ae morning, where I found the lassie that brought the daily papers, an' I ne'er gat such a start. It was as if Robert's Helen had risen from the grave. I had not seen a Lennox or heard the name for forty year, but I may safely say that ne'er a day passed without thinking o' the family. I took the sweet wee thing into my own room—as much to keep her out of Robert's sight as anything else, not knowing what effect her face might have on him—an' I learnt all about the family. Then I went and saw the mother, and gave her advice and, sair against her will, what help I thought they needed."

"That," I said, "explains what I could not understand. Have you seen Mrs. Shearer since the time referred to in the diary?"

"No, an' had no desire. She was a fause woman, fause a' through; she lee'd frae she could speak. After I left hame she an' James Gourlay took up wi' ither as I had done wi' Andrew Shearer. It was wi' his consent I cam' up to keep house for William Lindsay till the time we had set to marry, which was to hae been when Marion was set aff. Nell Lennox was up in the month o' May buying her braws in Glasgow, an' had seen me speaking to Mr. Cranston. She gaed hame an' spread the report o' my comin' marriage to a gentleman. She told that I had entertained her here an' had laid out *my* braws to show them—leein' limmer! James Gourlay was agent to William Lindsay, and ance when he was up on business he asked for me, as his custom was, an' spoke o' my marriage to a Glasgow gentleman as a thing of course. And as Robert laughed at the lee, James came straught here and got the truth o' the matter. I ne'er saw a man

sae sair vexed as he was that day. The next word I heard was that he had lifted the cries and sent them wi' a letter to Nell breaking aff the marriage, and in twa weeks after I learnt that she had blawn the same lee into my Andrew's lug (told the same lie to Andrew), and then inveegled him into marryin' her. It was a sair, sair heart to me; but as time gaed by I thought I had forgi'en Nell, till I heard her smooth tongue; and then, Gude forgie me! I shook wi' ill-will to her. I thought till that day that I was a Christian; but I discovered that my auld sinfu' natur' was only cover'd up an' hidden. Nell's awa noo, an' after a' that's come an' gaen I do hope an' trust she wasna sae fause as she looked as seen frae the outside."

"Then she is dead?" I said. "It's a pity you did not call and say a kind word."

"Maybe it is; but I could not lippen (trust) myself to speak fair words to a deein' woman that had wrang'd me; sae she sent for Robert. I kenna a' that passed, but he brought her to share her siller evenly to her family—an' she had plenty, for ane after another o' her relations deed without family and left wealth. She even wished to see her daughter, but that could not be; baith were owre far-through to veset. The daughter deed too, but the three bairns are weel provided for. They a' bide wi' their uncle, wha, frae a' I hear, tak's wonderfully after his father,—my Andrew that should hae been. There's ae thing would have amused my nephew, had he lived to kens 'Uncle Robert'—Nell Lennox's son—drave ane o' the lorries belonging to a son of James Gourlay. If Nell ever knew it, it may hae served to keep her hard."

Mr. Lindsay's death snapped the only remaining cord that bound Aunt Euphemia to Glasgow, and she has now "gone home" to the village independent as regards means; her nephew having bequeathed sufficient for her to live generously and to give liberally. The house has passed into other hands. In former times it had an imposing look in what was then the outskirts of the city, but now is one of a few to be seen here and there, standing thirty or forty feet within the street line of a busy thoroughfare, dwarfed by the palatial structures surrounding it. It recalls, when I pass that way, some varied scenes I have witnessed within its walls, and pleasant memories of those who have "gone higher up."



MOHAMMED AND HIS RELIGION.*

PART I.

IT is said that there are, at this present time, more than one hundred millions of Mussulmans, or Mohammedans, in the world. To those who profess some kind of Christianity they are in the proportion of about one to three. Not far from half of the total number of Mussulmans, some forty-one millions, are our fellow-subjects, owning the authority of the Empress of India. Like Christians, Mussulmans are divided into sects; and there are two great bodies, in particular, the Sunnis and the Shiahs, embracing between them nearly the whole Mussulman world, which are separated from each other much as Roman Catholics and Protestants are in the Christian Church. The Persians form the great mass of the Shiahs; and these refuse to acknowledge the caliphate of the Sultan of Turkey. But to the great majority of Mussulmans, outside as well as within the Turkish dominions, the Sultan is the true Caliph, the successor of the Prophet, the Commander of the Faithful. The Ottoman Power has just been undergoing a terrible overthrow. In former ages the successors of the Prophet have been great conquerors. The Mussulman hosts formerly occupied much more of Europe than they ruled at the commencement of this war, and held in subjection other Christian populations. In the eighth century they were repulsed by Charles Martel on the field of Tours, and in the sixteenth by John Sobieski under the walls of Vienna. The nineteenth century sees the Mussulmans, after a resistance distinguished by their ancient bravery, shut up within a small remnant of their European territory. Whilst, however, the empire of the Caliph is being thus cut down, there seems to be no doubt that his religion is making converts on a considerable scale both in Asia and in Africa; and to convert a Mussulman to Christianity is found by Christian missionaries to be a peculiarly difficult task.

The religion is called by Mussulmans themselves Islam. The word is commonly explained to mean submission, or the surrender of the will to God; but Mr. Deutsch, in a famous article on Islam, denied that it had this meaning in any fatalistic sense, and he would rather translate it peace or salvation.

A Moslem, or Mussulman, Mr. Deutsch also says, means a righteous man; the Moslems were the righteous, the faithful, the true believers. The doctrines and ordinances of the religion are contained in a book called the "Koran,"—a word which means "reading" or "lecture," so that the name answers to our Scripture and Bible. The Koran is unlike the Bible, however, in being the work of one man, not a collection of the writings of many, and in claiming for itself from beginning to end infallible Divine authority. The religion has also an era peculiar to itself. As in Christendom we reckon our time from the birth of our Lord, the followers of Islam reckon theirs from the Hejrah, or Flight from Mecca, which took place A.D. 622; so that to a Mussulman this present year 1878 is the year of the Hejrah 1255—6.

This great religion and theocracy of Islam owes its origin to one man. The Sultan of Turkey claims the obedience of all true Moslems as the successor of Mohammed. The Hejrah was the Flight of Mohammed from Mecca to Medina. The Koran is a collection of revelations made to Mohammed in person and communicated by him to his disciples. Mohammed himself gave the impulse to the conquering movement which subdued such vast territories and such ancient realms to Islam.

We should be prepared to find that a man who has effected so much was no ordinary person; and Mohammed, beyond all question, was one of the most remarkable men that ever lived.

He is the one great product of his native land. Except for Mohammed and Islam, Arabia, when its immense size and its situation are taken into account, must be considered one of the least interesting countries on the face of the earth. Always excepting that one supremely important movement, Arabia has done next to nothing in the world's history. You may look over the map of Arabia, and, if you cut off the small northern part between Syria and Egypt containing the remarkable city of Petra and Mount Sinai, you will find no names but those of Mecca and Medina—cities which, without the Prophet, would now be sand-covered ruins—to call up any associations worth mentioning even in well-informed minds. But Mohammed was most strictly a product of his country. The *genius loci*,

* The best and most complete work for English readers on this subject is "The Life of Mahomet," by Sir William Muir, of which an edition in one volume was published last year.

the character of the place, shaped his nature and life and work, and has adhered closely to his religion.

He was born at Mecca, in the year of our Lord 570. Mecca derived what importance it had from being a station on a caravan route. In the old days, when travelling by land was preferred to travelling by sea, the merchandise of the East was carried up along the eastern side of the Red Sea, to be divided into two streams, one passing through Petra into Syria, the other moving westwards into Egypt. Mecca was a halting place in this line. It is some fifty miles from Jeddah, a port on the Red Sea, and lies in a dry and barren region of sandy plains and granite hills. Its great recommendation was that it was fairly supplied with water. It possessed in particular the well then and still called *Zem Zem*, supplied by a never-failing spring, which is now one of the sacred objects of interest to those who make the great pilgrimage. Mecca was the central city for the greater part of Arabia, and was visited not only by the caravans, but by the tribes scattered far and wide throughout the country.

Close to Mecca his mother Amina, who had been married about a year, but was already a widow, gave birth to the future Prophet, in the autumn of the year 570. She sent word of the birth to her husband's father, Abd al Muttalib, who had the rank of the chief of Mecca. Her messenger reached the old man, we are told, as he sat in the sacred enclosure of the Kaaba, in the midst of his sons and the principal men of his tribe; whereupon he arose and visited Amina, and took back with him the young child in his arms, and went to the Kaaba, and, standing beside the holy house, gave thanks to God.

What was this place, called the Kaaba?

In describing what the Kaaba was then, we are saying what, with slight modifications, it is now. It is the link which connects together the old heathenism of Arabia and the reformed religion of which Mohammed was the legislator. A relic of pre-historic times, it is the one central shrine of Islam. It is a small building in Mecca, standing within a sacred enclosure, as sacred in the eyes of Moslems as the Holy of Holies was in the eyes of the Jews. The Moslems, in whatever part of the world they are, turn towards it when they pray, and their chief act of religion is to make a pilgrimage to it.

“Mohammedan legend ascribes the building of the Kaaba to Abraham. Hagar (so

the story runs), wandering in the desert with her boy, reaches at length the Valley of Mecca. In the agony of thirst, she paces hurriedly to and fro between the little hills of Safa and Marwa, seeking for water. Ishmael, whom she had left crying on the ground, kicks around him in childish passion, when behold there bubbles forth beneath his feet a clear stream of sweet water. This is the well *Zem Zem*. In fulfilment of the Divine command received in a vision, Abraham is about to offer up his son upon an eminence in the neighbourhood, when his arm is stayed and a vicarious sacrifice accepted. On a subsequent visit, the patriarch, assisted by his son, erected the temple—the Kaaba—where it now stands, and reconstituted the primeval rites of pilgrimage.” (Muir, p. xi.)

This story was current amongst the Arab tribes before the birth of Mohammed. The Arabs, or many of them, were accustomed in those early times to trace their descent from Ishmael. There was, in truth, a singular mixture of religions and traditions in the Arabia of the pre-Mohammedan age. Christianity was not unknown there. It had even had some success in various parts of Arabia, and the New Testament, as the special book of Christianity, had been introduced into the country. Judaism and the Old Testament were still better known. There were settlements of Jews—as for example in Medina, and families of Jews were widely dispersed throughout the land. But a compound sort of Paganism, including some extremely primitive elements, was the general faith of the population. They worshipped the heavenly bodies, and with this worship they combined that of images or idols, and also that grossest form, the veneration of trees and stones. The origin of the Kaaba is utterly unknown; but in Mohammed's time it was occupied by above two hundred tutelary idols ranged round it, and it had a certain *black stone* imbedded in an outer corner of its walls, which, together with the adjacent well *Zem Zem*, gave its special sanctity to the Kaaba. This stone was said to have been brought by the angel Gabriel from Paradise or Heaven. It is thought that it may have been a meteoric stone which really fell from the sky. Wherever it came from, there it is to this day, and it is touched or kissed by the pilgrims on each of their seven circuits round the building. “It is a fragment of volcanic basalt, sprinkled with coloured crystals, semicircular in shape, measuring about six inches in height and eight in breadth. It is placed in the wall

about four feet from the ground. It has a border of silver round it. Its colour is reddish black, its surface undulating and polished." The shrine, with its miraculous stone, and the holy well, made Mecca the sacred city of Arabia, and the country for several miles round it was regarded as hallowed and inviolable. The sanctuary was committed to the charge of a certain tribe, who held the guardianship of it as a trust on behalf of all the tribes which revered it.

Mohammed's ancestors belonged to the tribe, the Koreish, which occupied Mecca and kept the Kaaba. But, in accordance with the custom of the better classes in Mecca, the infant Mohammed was sent into the country to be nursed by a woman of a Bedouin tribe; and in after years it was his pride to say, "Verily I am the most perfect Arab amongst you; my descent is from the Koreish, and my tongue is the tongue of the Bani Sad." Five years he spent in the desert; then he was given back to his mother; but in a year's time, on her way home from a visit to Medina, she fell sick and died, leaving the child doubly an orphan. His aged grandfather took charge of him, but in two years he also died. These bereavements were very bitter to the tender and affectionate disposition of Mohammed; but he again fell into kindly hands, being consigned to the care of an uncle Abu Talib, with whom he was a great favourite. At the age of twelve he is said to have accompanied his uncle on a mercantile journey to Syria, where he would come into contact with a general Christian profession and Christian worship.

All the records of Mohammed's early life concur in giving him the highest character for simplicity, integrity, purity, and thoughtfulness. He used to tend sheep and goats in the neighbourhood of Mecca, and he would in after life compare himself as to this employment with Moses and David, and say, "Verily there hath been no prophet raised up, who performed not the work of a shepherd." His loyalty of nature won for him the title of Al Amin ("the faithful"). When he was twenty years old he took part in a movement promoted by one of his uncles, which was intended to provide some remedy for the disorder prevailing amongst the Arab tribes. The principal Koreishite families bound themselves by a mutual engagement, and swore by the avenging Deity, that they would take the part of the oppressed, and see his claim fulfilled, so long as a drop of

water remained in the ocean, or that they would satisfy it from their own resources. "I would not," Mohammed used in after years to say, "exchange for the choicest camel in all Arabia the remembrance of being present at the oath which we took in the house of Abdallah, when the Bani Hâshim, Zohra, and Taym, swore that they would stand by the oppressed."

When he had reached the age of twenty-five he was engaged, at the suggestion of his uncle Abu Talib, to assist in the charge of a caravan, which was dispatched with merchandise to Syria by a rich Arab widow named Khadijah. He performed his task with diligence and success; but the most important result of the engagement was that it brought him into familiar intercourse with his employer, and that Khadijah fell in love with her handsome and winning and modest steward. She had been twice married already and was forty years of age. But her overtures were received with pleasure by Mohammed, and they were speedily married. Notwithstanding the difference of their ages, the marriage proved a peculiarly happy one. They had two sons, who both died in infancy, and four daughters. Nothing does more honour to Mohammed than his relations with Khadijah. For twenty-five years, until her death, he was faithful to her, and though the custom of Mecca allowed polygamy—a license of which in later years he availed himself very freely—he added no second wife to her. When she died he was overwhelmed with grief. Long after, when his young wife Ayesha professed jealousy of Khadijah, and asked Mohammed whether he did not love her better than he had loved the widow who had lost the charms of youth, he answered, "No, by Allah! She believed in me when none else would believe. In the whole world I had but one friend, and she was that!" Khadijah, it was clear, gave her husband the full reverence of her heart.

He did not openly assume the character of a prophet till he was forty years old. Previously he had been led, in common with many others of his kindred and city, to despise the worship of idols, which was the popular religion of the Arabs. He had opportunities of becoming acquainted with Judaism, and with Christianity, such as it was in that age and in those Eastern countries. The traditions of the tribes mounted back to Ishmael and Abraham; and there were at Mecca inquirers before and in the time of Mohammed, who sought to follow what was called "the religion of Abraham."

And this, indeed, the religion of Abraham, was what Mohammed as a prophet professed to restore. In the earlier years of his manhood, Mohammed used to think and brood and converse on the subject of the true faith. He loved long periods of solitude, and used to go forth from the city to commune with the night and the stars and the voices of his own heart. His favourite resort was a cave at the foot of Mount Hirâ, a lofty conical hill two or three miles north of Mecca, whither he would retire for days at a time, sometimes accompanied by his devoted wife. His long vigils were followed by ecstasies and trances and convulsive fits, due in part to an epileptic tendency of which symptoms had shown themselves in early childhood. These alarmed his wife; and it may have been apprehension about his health that caused her to share sometimes these retirements with him. He began to speak with solemnity to his fellow-citizens about a reformation of religion. By some he was mocked as one who was not quite right in his mind. Others would listen to him, but they would reply to this effect: "It is well for Jews and Christians to follow the purer faith thou speakest of. They, we know, have had prophets bringing them a message of the will of God. Let us be content with the light our Maker has given us, and remain as we are. *If a prophet had been sent unto us*, we should no doubt have followed his directions, and been as devout and spiritual in our worship as the Jews and Christians." Language like this could hardly fail to produce an effect on a brooding mind like that of Mohammed. He was waiting for a Divine commission, which should arm him with authority to call the people out of error to the truth.

When he was forty years of age or a little older, he went to spend days and nights alone in the cave of Mount Hirâ. There he gave himself to prayer and devout imaginations. After a time dreams came to him; and when he walked out from his cave the wild herbs on the mountains would bend their heads, and the stones in his way would cry, "Hail, O prophet of God!" Then he would flee back in fear to his cave. Suddenly, in the middle of the night, a heavenly visitant came to him, and he heard a voice, "Cry!" A second and a third time the voice said, "Cry!" And Mohammed answered, "What shall I cry?" And the voice proceeded—

"Cry! in the name of the Lord who created;
—Created man from clots of blood—
Cry! for thy lord is beneficent.
It is He who hath taught with the pen;
Hath taught man that which he knoweth not."

These are the earliest words of that revelation which, according to Mussulman belief, is given to man in the Koran. When the voice ceased Mohammed awoke from his trance, and felt as if "a book" had been written in his heart. A great trembling came upon him, so that his whole body shook. He hastened home to his wife, and said, "O Khadijah! what has happened to me?" He lay down, and she watched by him. When he recovered he said, "O Khadijah! he of whom one would not have believed it, has become either a soothsayer or one possessed." "Say not so!" she replied; "God will surely not let such a thing happen unto thee, for thou speakest the truth, dost not return evil for evil, keepest faith, art of a good life, and kind to thy relations and friends. And neither art thou a talker abroad in the bazaars. What hast befallen thee? Hast thou seen aught terrible?" Mohammed told her what he had seen. Whereupon she answered, "Rejoice, O dear husband! and be of good cheer. He in whose hands stands Khadijah's life is my witness that thou wilt be the prophet of his people." Then she went to Waraka, an aged man, who had been a warm friend to Mohammed, and who knew the Scriptures both of the Jews and of the Christians. Waraka replied, "Holy, holy! This verily is the beginning of prophecy. And there shall come to him the law, like unto the law of Moses. Wherefore charge him to be of good heart. If he should declare himself to be a prophet while I am yet alive, I will believe in him and I will stand by him."

After this, we are told, Mohammed went through hours of mistrust and dejection, and was at times even tempted to destroy himself. But he was stopped by the angel Gabriel, who appeared unto him and assured him that he was indeed the prophet of the Lord. By degrees he became confident that there was no trickery or demoniac possession in his visions, and he broke forth into the following hymn:—"By the noonday brightness, and by the night when it darkeneth! thy Lord hath not forsaken thee, neither hath He been displeased. And surely the future shall be better for thee than the past, and in the end shall thy Lord be bounteous unto thee and thou be satisfied. Did He not find thee an orphan, and gave thee a home? And found thee erring and guided thee? And found thee needy and enriched thee? As to the orphan, therefore, wrong thou him not; and as for him that asketh of thee, chide him not away; and as for the favours of thy Lord,

tell them abroad." And Mohammed accordingly began to preach. He now no longer bore witness as a private person against idolatry; he declared himself to be directly commissioned by the Almighty to call the people with promises and threats. And the terrors of the Lord had a great place in his prophesings.

We can scarcely pass by the simple question, "Was Mohammed thus commissioned by the Almighty or not? Were these voices from heaven or not?" It is a question easier to ask than to answer. We might put it, perhaps, in this form, "What ought a good and teachable person amongst the Arabs of Mecca to have thought of Mohammed and his announcements?" A mere story of wonderful visions would of itself carry no conviction with it. There are two simple tests of a prophet. Our Lord said, "Beware of false prophets. By their fruits ye shall know them." The good Kadijah called to mind the uprightness and other tried virtues of her husband. Such a man at least deserved to be listened to. It was not improbable that the righteous and merciful God was speaking to men through him. The other test is, "Of what sort is the message he brings? Is it a good message, one that gives light to the world?" Tried by these two tests, Mohammed, when he first began to speak with authority as a prophet, was one to be received as a true prophet. But then follows the question, "If the Spirit of God uses a man as His mouthpiece, and gives him authority to speak to his generation, must everything that he says be infallibly true? Is he thenceforth guaranteed against saying anything misleading to men?" If we answer no, to this question, as we surely ought to do, the admission that I have made will not compel us to approve of the whole of the Koran, or to become followers of Mohammed. But, on the other hand, the fact that much of what Mohammed believed, or persuaded himself that he believed, to be communicated to him by the angel Gabriel, justly repels us, and that Islam is not—though better than brutal idolatry—a good religion, need not compel us to call Mohammed a self-seeking and vain impostor. One of our most solemn obligations is not to call good evil. And when he began to speak in God's name, Mohammed's life was good and his message was good. It is not merely that he was not a bad man; Mohammed's character was a singularly noble and beautiful one. Loyal and affectionate and unassuming in all his relations with those about him, a hater of

wrong-doing, overflowing with kindness to children and to slaves, he was further possessed by the simplest and deepest awe of the Divine Presence. And his Creator had made him—the shepherd and camel-driver of Mecca—a great poet, with an imaginative faculty nourished by solitude and great natural scenes, and the habit of living out of himself and thinking of his tribe and people. For such a man his visions and his rhythmical utterances were the irresistible, we may say the appointed, clothing of his inspired convictions. But Mohammed did not remain to the end as free from reproach as he was in the beginning of his prophetic career; there were fundamental defects in his mind which spoiled his religion; and the position of a chief and leader of armies proved a too trying one for his moral constancy.

Those who first believed in him were those who knew him best. He gained adherents very slowly. The first was his faithful wife, now between fifty-five and sixty years of age. "So Khadijah believed," runs the tradition, "and attested the truth of that which came to him from God. Thus was the Lord minded to lighten the burden of His prophet; for he heard nothing that grieved him touching his rejection by the people, but he had recourse unto her, and she comforted, reassured, and supported him." Two other members of his household followed Khadijah. One of these was Zeid, an Arab of a Christian tribe, who had been taken captive and become a slave of Khadijah. By her he had been given to Mohammed, and so great an affection grew up between the slave and the master that Mohammed gave Zeid his liberty and made him his adopted son, and Zeid refused the permission offered him to return to his father and his tribe. Then there was the youthful Ali, a person of great importance in the history of Islam. He was the son of Abu Talib, and had been taken by Mohammed to be brought up as his son, and was now some thirteen years of age. It is said that the old Abu Talib saw Mohammed and Ali praying together, and that in answer to some inquiry which he made, Mohammed commended to him the new faith as the religion of God and of His angels and of His prophets, the religion of Abraham. Abu Talib replied, "I am not able, my nephew, to separate from the religion and the customs of my forefathers, but I swear that, so long as I live, no one shall dare to trouble thee." Then turning to his son, the youthful Ali, he said, "Well, my son, he will not call thee

to aught but that which is good : wherefore thou art free to cleave unto him." A fourth amongst the earliest believers was Abu Bekr. He was an intimate friend of Mohammed, wealthy and of high character, who became an adherent without the least hesitation, and continued to be a staunch supporter and most useful associate. Ali became afterwards a son-in-law, and Abu Bekr a father-in-law, to Mohammed, and they were both caliphs or successors of the prophet. It is said that in the first three or four years a

small group of thirty or forty converts were the fruits of Mohammed's preaching.

The tenets of the religion adopted by these converts were but few : that there was only one God, and that Mohammed was His prophet ; that a paradise of bliss awaited the faithful, and a terrible hell the ungodly ; and that the faithful ought to be just, compassionate, and charitable. The traditional observances of the local religions, except the adoration of idols, remained undisturbed.

J. LLEWELYN DAVIES.

AN EASTER MESSAGE.

THERE was of old a child, born of a maiden,
Who speaks still from her breast :

"Come to Me all—weary and heavy laden,
And I will give you rest.

"I give it in My time—but not, remember,
At your impatient will ;
I will not change at once a flat December
Into a spring-bright hill.

"I could, for power is Mine ; but I am Master
In ways beyond your ken ;
And you must meet storm, sorrow, and disaster,
Bravely, as honest men.

"Truth, above all, is My own cherished virtue,
Pure and without alloy ;
And, children, when the world's cold falsehoods hurt
you,
Then let Me be your joy.

"When worthy anger makes you feel as strangers,
Lost on your devious road,
I, who from God's house scourged the money-changers,
Whisper, 'Have faith in God.'

"When the dull troubles of the way perplex you,
Despise them—for you can ;
I know the darkest fancies that can vex you,
Children, for I was man.

"I know the paths of sin, and shame, and sorrow,
Your careless steps have trod ;
But I can change sin's night to sinless morrow,
Children, for I was God.

"What though two thousand years the world be older,
With newer sins of men ?
I, who to loving hearts grow never colder,
Am man as I was then.

"Bring all your thoughts to Me ! Doubt not nor
tremble ;
On Me your burdens cast ;
I, Light of Light, deceive not nor dissemble,
But am God to the last !—

"To your world's last, when I come down to banish
Your petty doubts and fears,
To bless and crown, while crowns and kingdoms
vanish,
The faith that smiles through tears.

"When life seems dark, kneel but in trust before Me,
You shall not long repine ;
When life seems fair, kneel only to adore Me,
And then its smile is Mine.

"I give not as the world gives—worldly leaven
Rests on earth's dearest love ;
But I have stored My treasure high in Heaven,
For hearts that dwell above.

"Ask but for Me, and I will not deny you,
But think and ponder well ;
Once let Me hold your heart, and I defy you
Ever to break the spell !

"I am a jealous God, like the great Father,
Who never spoke in vain ;
And rule o'er those, whom in My fold I gather,
With undivided reign.

"You cannot loose the plough ; you cannot turn you
From the dear Lord so nigh ;
Once let the Master's love inflame and burn you,
And it shall never die.

"It shall burn on, in ever-kindling splendour,
Up to the great white throne,
Consuming sin in the flame of self-surrender,
Through which I claim Mine own.

"Oh fear not, when a strange unbidden ardour
Spurs you to high desires ;
Nor wonder, if the heart seem something harder,
Even for the cleansing fires.

"All trials are My angels—sent to prove you,
And man the soul within,
With thoughts that soar beyond all words, to move
you
To hate the touch of sin.

"When by its weight your earthly reeds are broken,
Then raise your eyes above :
When man's love fails, remember Who has spoken
And said—that God is Love.

"Fear not man's judgment ; God alone ordaineth
For your eternal weal ;
Your conscience is the court wherein He reigneth,
From Whom is no appeal.

"And He, who dwells in mystic glory yonder,
Made Me of human birth,
That as I wandered once, I still may wander
In search of love on earth.

"Who runs may read ; the words my book discloses,
As truth itself are true :
My yoke is light, My chains are all of roses,
Whose thorns I wore for you.

"Yield but your heart up as a free oblation
To Father and to Son ;
And you shall learn, in a flash of revelation,
That we indeed are One.

"When the full heart is sore, and the eye tearful,
Then are we both most near ;
And though your love for very love be fearful,
Ours *shall* cast out your fear.

"Forget your follies, doubting son—forgiven,
When you bowed heart and knee ;
Pray but to meet your loved and lost in Heaven,
And leave the rest to Me."

HERMAN C. MERIVALE.

THE PRAYER FOR LIGHT.

BY THE REV. CANON VAUGHAN.

THERE is hardly a prayer, amongst the many earnest and devout prayers of the Psalter, that goes home to us as that of the 43rd Psalm does : "O send out thy light and thy truth : let them lead me." Light and truth—God's light and God's truth ; and *these* working together for our actual daily guidance through life ; what *can* we want more than this ?

Let us think, first of all, what the prayer would mean for the writer of it. This 43rd Psalm belongs, as any one can see, very closely, both in language and thought, to the 42nd : so closely, that originally they were, it is probable, one psalm. This one psalm, if we may treat the two as one, was evidently written, under circumstances of deep depression, by some nameless sufferer, as to whom we know nothing beyond the fact which he tells us himself, that he wrote the psalm somewhere in the mountain district to the east of Jordan, in the neighbourhood of the Jordan itself or of one of its rapid rushing affluents, and of the lofty snow-capped range of Hermon. "O my God"—so runs his complaint—"O my God, my soul is cast down within me : therefore will I remember thee from the land of Jordan and the Hermons, from the hill Mizar. Deep calleth unto deep with a noise as of mountain torrents : all thy breakers and thy billows have passed over me." Everything, outside this one fact, is only guess-work. The psalm may have been written by David himself, in the days when the hills beyond Jordan were his

refuge from his rebellious subjects under the leadership of his own unhappy son Absalom. Or it may have been written by some captive prince of the house of David, catching a last glimpse of the familiar hills of his native land on his way into exile on the banks of the great river of the East. Or it may have been written by some devout priest, who was precluded by the special circumstances of his time from presenting himself in the sanctuary of his nation at Jerusalem. Or it may have been written by one, neither priest nor prince, who was merely prevented in some accidental way from accompanying his neighbours on their annual pilgrimage to the Temple. Any one of these suppositions would seem to suit the language of the psalm. But all alike are suppositions only ; and we must, therefore, beware of pressing any one of them into our service, when we would interpret the psalm. It must be interpreted out of itself, without any aid from fancies such as these.

The deepest, most fundamental thought or feeling of the psalm is a pure, intense longing for God, inspired by the conviction that only He can satisfy the soul. This note, which is the key-note of the whole, is struck in the first verse of the psalm, and is struck again in the last, and is indeed the undertone of every part. "As the hart panteth after the water-brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God : my soul thirsteth for God, for the living God : " "O my soul, hope in God : for I shall yet praise Him, who is

the health of my countenance, and my God." Now this longing for God is neither distinctively Jewish, nor distinctively Christian: it is *human*. It is the mark of the true manhood. It is the highest attribute of that humanity, which, marred and defaced though it too often be, is the common property of the whole race.

But the psalm has also its purely Jewish colouring. The deep human longing for God, as the only satisfying portion of the soul, takes form and shape as a special longing for access to the sanctuary at Jerusalem, as being in a peculiar sense the abode of God or the seat of the Divine presence. "When shall I come and appear before God?" "O send out thy light and thy truth: let them lead me; let them bring me unto thy holy hill, and to thy tabernacles. Then will I go unto the altar of God, unto God my exceeding joy: yea, upon the harp will I praise thee, O God my God." Even the prayer, "O send out thy light and thy truth, that they may lead me," is closely associated in the psalmist's mind with the thought of the "holy hill," the "tabernacle," the "altar," so well known, so often visited, so eagerly longed for. The visible bourne and goal of his hopes is *there*. To be there is to be, in a special sense, with God. Now this purely Jewish colouring has for us, of course, only what may be called, without offence, an antiquarian interest. Jesus Christ has, once and for ever, released us from the bondage of it, when he said:—"The hour cometh and now is, when the true worshippers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth: for the Father seeketh such to worship him. God is a spirit: and they that worship Him must worship in spirit and in truth."

But this is only the local and transient colouring of a longing, and of a prayer born of that longing, which in themselves know no limits of space or time, but are wide as the human race itself. In the famous Greek poem, the prayer of the hero of the moment, as of the psalmist, is still for "*light*"—

"The prayer of Ajax was for light:
Through all that dark and desperate fight,
The blackness of that noonday night,
He asked but the return of light,
To see his foeman's face."

There, too, as in the psalm, there is the special local colouring of circumstance and occasion. But Keble has taught us, and surely not unwisely, to discern in the cry of the sufferer in the Greek poem the hint of a truly human cry, having wider and deeper meanings than either Greek poet or

Hebrew psalmist knew how to put into their own words. The lines are familiar enough:

"There are, who, darkling and alone,
Would wish the weary night were gone,
Though dawning morn should only show
The secret of their unknown woe:
Who pray for sharpest throbs of pain
To ease them of doubt's galling chain:
'Only disperse the cloud,' they cry;
'And if our fate be death, give light and let us die.'"

Thus, then, we are surely justified in detaching the prayer of the psalmist from all its surroundings, and treating it as the utterance of a truly human cry—the expression of a longing, of which every heart is more or less conscious. "O send out thy light and thy truth: let them lead me." And the question is—What will the prayer mean for *us*? For *us*, too, as for the psalmist, it must needs have its local and temporary colouring. What will this be? And what will be the deep human want itself, which colours itself, in our own particular case, thus?

Seldom, I should think, has there been a time when the prayer, "O send out thy light and thy truth," had a more distinct and definite meaning, regarded in its purely intellectual aspect. There are a number of things, and those of the highest importance, about which we hardly know what to think. Call to mind the tone of the current literature of the day, and you will at once understand what I mean. Was there ever a time when there was a greater number of "open questions"—and *those*, religious questions—than there is now? When we have wearied ourselves with discussion and controversy in the endeavour, often so vain, to find out a path for ourselves through the intellectual difficulties by which we are surrounded, what can we do but cry to God in our trouble, and say, "O send out thy light and thy truth: let them lead me"?

It is this, I think—this, which seems to be a peculiar feature of our own time—that gives a special colouring to the psalmist's prayer, when taken upon *our* lips. We want to get at the *truth*, if we can, about this or that particular thing, as to which, under the pressure of modern thought, we are unavoidably rendered doubtful and anxious. A hundred such things will readily suggest themselves to us, according to the measure of our knowledge of the controversies of the day. We want to get at the *truth*; and we want, therefore, *light* upon the intellectual path by which we must get at it. And amongst the thousand voices calling to us, and saying, "This is the way; walk in it," we know not which to choose. And so, in our darkness and despondency, there seems

to be nothing for us but to fall back, child-fashion, upon the psalmist's prayer, and cry with him to God for light. "O send out thy light." As one of the wisest of living Englishmen, feeling this very pressure, has written:—

"So runs my dream; but what am I?
An infant crying in the night;
An infant crying for the light;
And with no language but a cry."

Such, or something like this, is, I believe, the temporary, and, as it were, the local colouring, which the prayer receives from the special circumstances of our own day. But this colouring, it must be remembered, is, after all, only local and temporary. These mists and vapours of earth will by-and-by pass away, and all will be, in this respect, bright and serene again. It is not that the foundations of our belief are really overthrown, as we sometimes foolishly imagine. No such haunting spectre of a coming triumph of unbelief need for one moment trouble us. The truth is there; and the light will yet shine upon it, revealing it to us. Or, if *we* do not live to see it in all its clearness and brightness, others will. Meanwhile we may well do our part in hastening the coming of that much-needed Dawn, by the urgency and persistency of our prayer—"O send out thy light and thy truth."

But, after all, that which goes home to our hearts and consciences in the psalmist's prayer most of all is, I should suppose, the practical turn which the prayer receives through the words—"Let them lead me." *Guidance*—guidance through the practical perplexities, through the moral problems, of life—*this* is what we want most. This is an universal human want. This is a want felt always and everywhere. Intellectual difficulties are temporary and provisional only: an age of faith, in this respect, being readily succeeded, as experience shows, by an age of scepticism and unbelief; and this, again, by an age of unquestioning faith and renewed confidence, though not without a certain shifting of data and modification of results. But the moral and the practical perplexities of life are an essential part of the trial and the discipline of every human soul, as it effects its passage in so many years, more or less, across the stage of this world, from the starting-point of birth to the goal of death. Again and again the question has to be asked by each one of us, at this and that particular point—a point, it may be, very often repeated in our experience of life—"What *ought* I to do?" "What *shall* I do?"

"What *must* I do?" And when clouds and darkness obscure our path, as is not seldom the case, what remains for us but the psalmist's prayer—"O send out thy light and thy truth: let them lead me?"

And at such a moment Christian thought is justified in transmuting the psalmist's language into its equivalent in a higher sphere. What the psalmist wrote was—"Let them bring me unto thy holy hill and to thy tabernacle." And what he wrote, he thought. He was thinking literally of the visible Mount Sion, and of the material tabernacle or temple planted upon it. But, for *us*, the "holy hill" becomes the mountain which "cannot be touched"—the Celestial City—the new Jerusalem—the heaven, where are the "spirits of just men made perfect." To reach that "Father's house," that "Home of the soul," safely at last, after all the dreary trials and temptations and perplexities of this life—to hear those words addressed to *us*, "Well done, good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord"—what more, what better thing, can we desire or ask, for ourselves and for those whom we love?

The earnestness and devotion with which we shall pray that prayer, "O send out thy light and thy truth, that they may lead me," will depend upon the strength of our conviction that nothing can yield us happiness and peace apart from God. The psalmist prayed as he did, because his soul was "athirst for God, for the living God." *He*, at any rate, had come to the conclusion that life was not worth having without God—that is, without the feeling of His presence, and the consciousness of being at peace with Him. The prayer, as I said, was born of that longing for God. And if *we* are ever to pray the psalmist's prayer with anything like the psalmist's intensity of desire, we must come to it through a similar experience—through a sense of the poverty and vanity of all earthly things in themselves, apart from God—of their utter inability to satisfy the soul. Every one makes, sooner or later, the half of this experience: not many, alas! make the whole. Every one discovers, sooner or later, that the world, of itself, cannot satisfy us—that it is full of disappointments, worries, vexations, anxieties; not to speak of sorrows, that tear the very heart in pieces, and make it almost break. But not many discover the true secret of contentment, which consists in seeing God in all things, and all things in God. Not many learn to pray after the psalmist's fashion, or in yet more distinctively Christian

fashion, such as this: "O Lord, thou knowest what is best for us; let this or that be done, as thou pleasest. Give what thou wilt, and how much thou wilt, and when thou wilt. Set me where thou wilt, and deal with me in all things just as thou wilt. Behold, I am thy servant, prepared for all things; for I desire not to live unto myself, but unto thee; and oh, that I could do it worthily and perfectly! Thou art the true peace of the heart; thou art its only rest; out of thee all things are full of trouble and unrest."

And now let us go on to think of the answer to the prayer; what it is, and how it comes. Every one knows the beautiful hymn which begins with the words,—

"Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom;
Lead thou me on."

Not every one, perhaps, knows who the writer of it was, and when it was written. It was written by Dr. Newman, once a clergyman of the Church of England and now a priest of the Church of Rome; and it was written, as he tells us in his Autobiography, on his voyage home from Sicily in the year 1833, just at the commencement of that religious movement at Oxford, which has led gradually on to the latest development of what goes by the common name of Ritualism. The prayer, "Lead, kindly Light," was as honest and earnest a prayer as ever was prayed by mortal lips—yes, as honest and earnest as that of the psalmist, "O send out thy light and thy truth, that they may lead me." And yet the writer of it is where he is; and the movement, to which he gave the principal impulse, has landed the Church of England in difficulties from which it is hard to see a way of escape. And on a first view this seems a very perplexing result—looking, in fact, as if the prayer had been defeated, or even turned in a direction the very contrary of what was intended.

And, indeed, this particular case can only be described as an example of the tragical or pathetic side of human life—a side which is so real, so common, and so full of deep and almost overwhelming interest. No life that has been lived by any public man during the last fifty years is anything like so pathetic, so tragic, as that of Dr. Newman: the mistakes of it are so palpable, the results of those mistakes so disastrous for the Church, of which he once was and might have continued to be so bright an ornament, and much more than an ornament—a true pillar and buttress. And yet, in spite of all those

mistakes, with what loyal respect and affection he has ever been followed in the thoughts of his former fellow-Churchmen and of his fellow-countrymen generally. I am not sure that, as a pure moral influence for good, Dr. Newman has not done more for us, through the very mistakes of his career, than he would have done had that career been judicious and free from error, from first to last. The mistakes have been the mistakes of a noble nature, of an intellect singularly exacting and logical, of a conscience seeking ever to be void of offence both towards God and towards man. Even as he is, and even because it has been and is with him as it is, he is a far mightier power for good amongst us than many whose claims look vastly superior to his. Yes, the prayer, "Lead, kindly Light," has been answered for him; but in strange, dark ways, which must have often thrust a sword into his heart. And strengthened by his example, let our prayer, too, be for light.

"Let our unceasing, earnest prayer
Be, too, for light,—for strength to bear
Our portion of the weight of care
That crushes into dumb despair
One half the human race."

It is not, however, of such rare and exceptional cases as that of Dr. Newman that one has to think now, but of ordinary mortals like ourselves. We, too, on the insignificant scene and the petty scale of our own poor lives, know what it is to need light; know what it is, in faltering accents, to cry for light. There are moments when we do not know which way to turn, nor what to do. We feel as if we could say with another psalmist, "I had no place to flee unto; and no man cared for my soul." Then we know what it is to be compelled to cry to God, "O send out thy light and thy truth, that they may lead me."

Is there always an answer to such a cry? Is heaven *never* sealed against it? *Never*; though the answer may not always come exactly when and as we should expect and wish. The answering light visits us, as it were, now from one, and now from another point of the intellectual, and even of the spiritual horizon. Not so many years ago people looked for it, and often, I dare say, found it, by channels which we should not dream of attempting now. Time was when the answer to the prayer for light in darkness, for guidance in perplexity, was thought to be found, most surely and safely, by casting lots, or by opening the Bible at random and noting the first verse which caught the eye. We could not do so *now*. We should

feel that in doing so we were obeying the dictate, not of faith, but of superstition. We cry for light. We pray with the child Samuel, "Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth." But we dare not expect any audible answer, any definite, instantaneous removal of the shadowing cloud. Yet we *do* look for at least a gradual lifting of the thoughts and character to a higher level—nearer, as it were, to the "holy hill," where the air is clearer, and the plan of life's discipline and ordering can be better discerned. And we *do* know and believe, that

"Every inmost aspiration is God's angel undefiled;
And in every 'O my Father!' slumbers deep a 'Here, my child.'"

I need say no more. Let every one rest assured, that the prayer for light can never go without an answer, and an answer

proportioned in fulness and clearness to the earnestness and singleness of purpose with which it is prayed. Let us pray it, then, not merely in the hour of special gloom and perplexity, when we *must* pray it, because we have no other resource but prayer,—but at all times; and not least in the season of health and strength and joy, when it is so easy to stray, by little and little, from the true path,—only, when the shades of night begin to gather around us, to come at last to ourselves and know we are lost. Yes, let us pray it at all times, and right earnestly. So at length we shall arrive in safety at the true "holy hill," of which the psalmist's was at best but a parable and figure, and shall "have right to the tree of life," and shall "enter in, through the gates, into the city." Amen.

WHAT IS IN A SHEEPSKIN.

II.—GLOVES, SHOES, SOLDIER'S GEAR, ETC.

SO various are the uses to which leather is applied, that we are perforce more and more inclined, as we proceed in our inquiries, to endorse the maxim—"There is nothing like leather." Even with the sheepskin to which our present title limits us, we shall have enough to do to indicate generally a few of its more important destinations. It is made up into shoes and slippers of the lighter sorts; it appears under various names in several kinds of gloves; it is highly approved as gaiters and leggings; and it passes into many shapes as pretty bags and trifles, not to speak of finer straps and buckles and such-like fittings. Nay, as we shall see, it is indispensable in war, and has also a good deal to do with the most precious of our possessions; successfully holding its own against paper in one of the higher walks of life; which is surely saying a good deal, seeing that paper—that modern Proteus—is nowadays so influential and self-aggrandizing. And first we shall speak of the sheepskin in the process of being converted into gloves.

It has been said by a French writer that the degree of civilisation attained by any people might be told by the gloves they wear. Savages, of course, wear no gloves, and what we regard as elegance in the hand, like the subtler shades of colour, is wholly unregarded by them. We do not know whether the Frenchman would regard it as a decadence that gloves are nowadays more frequently held to prosaic wear than used

as gages to summon a rival to arms; but assuredly, the great progress made in the manufacture would amply bear out his idea; and a short account of visits paid to one or two factories like that of Messrs. Dent, Allcroft & Co. at Worcester, will amply attest this.

The sheepskins, having undergone the process of dyeing or staining referred to in our former article, are dried and packed up, and reach the glove manufactory in a somewhat hard and stiffened condition. After the skins have been what is called *moistened*, *i.e.* buried for some hours in a damp, bran-like mixture, the first process is directed to stretching the leather and softening it, and is called *staking*. In a large room we see more than a dozen men engaged in vigorous efforts, drawing the skins with considerable force over a kind of blunt-edged, round-topped, knife-like piece of metal, supported on a stand, and at the height best suited to give the workman the pressure he desires; each skin is drawn over this *staking* knife perhaps twenty times, and every part of the skin must be submitted to it. When we handle the skin after this operation it has certainly undergone such a change as could hardly be believed of so simple an application. It is now smooth, soft, and flexible, and the colour is brought fully out.

A very singular instrument is seen in use in the next chamber to which we are introduced. It looks in shape something like a

quoit, though a moment suffices to suggest that it must be hollow and thin, since the workman with apparent ease plies it on the skin fixed into a wooden frame before him. He is engaged in *paring*—a most important part of the glove industry. His knife is thus shaped because it has been found that, after due training, he can control it better than a knife of any other form. The handle is fixed on the inside opening, and the outside edge is kept singularly fine by frequent touches of a very thin steel wire. His thumb is armed with a leather cap lest the knife should run into it, as it is inevitable that he should bring the edge very close to the point where he holds the skin between his thumb and finger. By this process all the loose and rough texture is removed, and the skin completely equalised throughout. The use of this knife requires no little skill. When the skin has passed through this room, it goes on for *sorting*. In the sorting-room the skins in each parcel are arranged according to capacity—that is, the number of pieces to be got out of each, and the sizes of the gloves into which they are to be formed, are indicated. Then they pass into the *cutting-out* room.

The cutting out of the finer kinds of gloves is anything but a mechanical piece of work, as might perhaps be supposed. Were the leather stiff, a mere mould or knife might be set down upon it, and the shaping thus accomplished. But the finer, the more yielding and flexible the leather, the more skill is needed in the cutting. The getting of the stretch of the leather is the great point. By this it is meant that the cutter must be able to judge from the flexibility of the leather how much to allow in the length for the breadth of the hand. For this purpose he pulls the leather to its extreme stretch from side to side, and measures it, and then stretches it from head to tail; and having made the necessary allowances, he lays on a stiff square paper model, cuts first the two sides in one piece, then the thumb piece, after that six forchettes for going between the fingers, and various other smaller pieces (the most minute of these being carefully stretched and manipulated as we have described). He has thus got one glove cut out. The fellow follows; and before long he has a bundle ready. This bundle is conveyed to the "punching" or stamping room, where are a number of presses at which lads and boys are at work. Their first business is to lay four of the "front and back" pieces opened out on a "knife," or cutter, presenting sharp

edges exactly in the form of a glove, and having spread a few layers of paper over them, the press is brought down, and in an instant you see the two sides of two pairs of gloves completely cut. The thumb-pieces are next cut at a press in precisely the same way; the various minute pieces are attached to each pair; and then you have your gloves ready for sewing.

This is a department of the work which presents some curious statistics. The mere division of labour in the sewing of gloves nowadays is noticeable. Sometimes a single pair passes through as many as four hands in the sewing. One person does the thumbs and fingers, another does the backs, a third does the "topping" or wrist-binding, and a fourth puts on the buttons and works the button-holes. Down at Worcester, Messrs. Dent & Co., have reduced this part of the work to great system. They have a staff of men who go on fixed days to the villages around, taking gloves with them to the workers and bringing back the sewed gloves. These men also see any persons wishing to be employed, judge their capacities, and attach them to the proper "hands" to be taught. Glove-sewing is mostly done by the aid of a "clam" stand, something like a vice, which is held between the feet and knees. The glove is slipped into the "clam," the cut edges being almost level with the top surface, which is of brass, and is really a series of fine teeth. The needle—a very short one—is passed through between these teeth, the worker being thus guided to regular stitches. It is somewhat singular to learn that at Worcester, the women in the villages are mostly kept to the thumbs and fingers, while the backs and "topping" are, for the most part, done by persons in the city itself; and, as can very easily be understood, the superintendence of these people and their work demands great care and prudence. By means of this and the skill and enterprise we have seen brought to bear, we have the famous "dog-skin" glove, which is simply a fine sheepskin.

Some statistics of glove-making may not be unwelcome here:—

It is estimated that 12,000,000 pairs of gloves are annually made in the United Kingdom, besides which 4,000,000 pairs are imported annually. There is an old proverb that a good glove should be of Spanish leather, cut in France, and sewn in England. If we take the average value of the gloves made in this country at 2s. a pair, that gives £1,200,000. Although we are well supplied with the skins of animals at home, having plenty of sheep and goats, nevertheless large quantities are imported for glove-making. In 1855, the following were the proportions:

	Number.	Value.
Goat	503,918	£44,071
Kid	695,859	100,012
Lamb	828,031	38,682
Sheep	977,970	51,211
	<u>3,005,778</u>	<u>£233,976</u>

Beaver gloves were formerly made at Worcester and Hereford, of leather dressed with oil. At Limerick they are notable for making what are called chicken gloves, from the skins of very young calves, and packing each pair inside a walnut shell, fastened with a little silk riband, which are retailed at 5s. a pair, thus enveloped.

These figures, which indicate that the kid-glove industry outstrips in value any other department in this country, suggests the propriety of our here digressing for a moment to say a few words about the *earlier* stages of the preparation of the kids, as seen in such factories as that of Messrs. Dent, Allcroft & Co., the later ones so far resembling those in the case of the dogskins that we need not detail them. The bulk of the kidskins come from France, having already passed through some of the preliminary processes of manufacture. On their first arrival they are *swilled*, that is, washed and trod in pure water; they are next *egged*, which means that they are beaten, for about an hour, under a series of wooden shafts that move up and down with some force in a great tub among egg-liquor, till they are impregnated by it and come out of a yellow tinge. Those which are meant to be dyed in delicate colours are again put in tubs, and in some cases the dye is treaded into them by men. These are called *plonges*, the colour appearing on both sides. The kids meant to be black, on the other hand, are spread out on a table with a drawer-like top, and are prepared for the colour, which is laid on with a brush, by a chemical mixture. The greatest care and attention we need hardly say require to be paid to them in the drying. They are then submitted either to a French process called *dolling*, that is, they are skillfully scraped to an equal thickness by a very fine-edged, broad, and chisel-shaped knife, worked on the inside of the skin, of course, on a smooth marble slab; or they are treated by the English round knife, as we have described in the case of the "dogskins." A special preparation of gum is then rubbed on the skins to bring out a true black instead of the blue-black they appear, and they are then ready for the *sorting* and *cutting out*, as we have before described.

It scarcely needs to be said that for each size there are separate moulds or knives, which

are very carefully kept on shelves arranged for the purpose. It is a responsible part of a man's work to keep all these knives sharp and in proper order; and for this purpose they are so made as to be easily unscrewed and taken to pieces.

The sewing-machine has recently been adapted to the making of gloves of the stronger kinds. Many of the dogskins are now sewed by it; but the finer kids are so very soft that a straight seam cannot be kept, the edge always running into puckering under the needle. It is probable, indeed, that for a very long time to come the hand will remain unsuperseded by the machine for the very finest glove-work.

Of course, all the gloves on their return to the warehouse are subjected to a searching scrutiny. Anything that is found deficient in the sewing must be rectified, while any fault that may have escaped notice hitherto in the leather itself, determines the descent of the gloves into the category of an inferior quality. At Worcester, Messrs. Dent & Co. have a small staff of long-experienced men for this work; and we need not say that the store-rooms are large and well-kept, or that it is a fine sight to see the room for giving out and taking in the work, with its piles and baskets, and gloves in bundles of all kinds and colours in the various stages of progress. The arrangement of the finer classes of gloves into packets of half-a-dozen is the work of girls, who handle the most delicate tints with the most perfect impunity.

During recent years things have in many respects greatly altered with the soldier, and mostly for the better; but all the changes have not lessened his allegiance to leather. It may be justly said that he could not live or move without it. It is true that the stiff leather stock that for so long a time cramped his free movement is now done away; that cork is rapidly taking the place of fur in his head-gear; and that under no possible development of invention can we conceive of a return to leather artillery; but still buff, and bull-hide, and japanned leather, and sheepskin are so essential to his equipment that we should entirely fail in our duty did we omit reference to the part it plays in a soldier's outfit. If we visit an establishment like that of Messrs. Alexander Ross & Co., army contractors, in Bermondsey, we shall soon convince ourselves of this. (By the way, a great lull in that industry has now given place to as marked an activity; for a large army contractor's workshop is like the pulse of the nations, telling how the war-feeling

rises or falls, or even the subtler changes of national temper—suspicion, jealousy, and the determination to be prepared. Free-trade is observed in this department, and English contractors may be producing outfits for a foreign power.) We cannot now do more than follow up some kinds of sheepskin; but it must not on that account be supposed that we are not fully alive to the claims of the heavier leathers in a military point of view. The soldier sits on a leather saddle, he uses a leather bucket, his belts and knapsack are of leather, and so is the scabbard of his sword or the rest of his carbine; and of leather are the bags he carries his stable and other tools and often even his rations in. But here, at Messrs. Ross & Co's., we must resolutely abide by our sheepskin, else our article would run to inordinate length.

First we see at a table a man engaged in work very similar to what we saw at Worcester. He takes a white skin, stretches it first one way, then the other, and clearly enough proceeds to cut gloves out of it. Having cut the "backs and fronts," he sets together all the little pieces, just as we had already seen, in preparation for the mould at the press; and when we ask him what kind of leather he is cutting, he tells us that it is "mock-buckskin" for soldiers' gloves. But a very little questioning brings out the fact that this "mock-buckskin" is simply sheepskin which has been wrought in a peculiar preparation of egg and cod oil, and afterwards whitened by a process peculiar to itself. These gloves are sent down to Woodstock—that quaint, ancient Oxfordshire town where is still to be seen something of old-world quiet, undisturbed by railway bustle—and there the gloves, consigned to a master glover, are given out to be sewn by the women of the district, and by-and-by reappear in London, to be seen in bundles at the great army stores in Pimlico, and later on the hands of our heroic defenders.

Another piece of sheepskin, which the mounted soldier cannot well do without, is the *shabraque*. It is prepared in the same way as fur, and forms the covering over the saddle, adding not a little to the fine appearance of the cavalry. The Zouave leather leggings which are to be seen on some of the volunteers who still wear grey, as well as on some of the regiments of the line, are of tanned sheepskin; so are the basils and stable-bags for carrying tools and brushes,

with which we can hardly presume our readers to be quite so familiar.

From the men of war to the men of law is a long step, and yet not wholly unjustified. Both depend a good deal on sheepskin. If the cavalryman sits upon it, and the foot-soldier often carries his rations in it, the lawyer almost lives by it in the shape of parchment, in which lies at least his security. The skin is prepared for parchment, after having been submitted to the action of lime, by tightly stretching it upon a wooden frame, and carefully scraping and paring it, while pulverized chalk is rubbed on with a pumice-stone. After having been thus reduced to about half its original thickness, it is smoothed, and dried at gradually advancing temperatures, for use. Parchments are also made out of goatskins; but the sheepskin is more generally used. Vellum, again, is made by a similar process from the skins of young calves. Mr. Warren de la Rue has produced a very good imitation of parchment out of common paper. A sheet of blotting or unsized paper is dipped into oil of vitriol and water, which causes it to acquire some of the properties of parchment, and it has been used for some of the purposes of parchment. But its durability time alone can test; and it is not likely to be very generally adopted for a long period to come. Parchment is likely, if anything can, to enjoy a long prescription.

Nor are the uses of the sheepskin even yet exhausted. Not to speak of the various kinds of beautiful furs for rugs and other purposes, Northampton and Leicester turn out thousands of pairs of light sheepskin shoes and slippers week by week; and ere long, by the aid of "Silver's Patent," which can securely *screw* on thin soles as well as thick ones, we may hope that the price of shoes may be somewhat reduced. Hedging gloves, gardening gloves, and sportsmen's gaiters are mostly made of tanned sheepskin; and, as we have seen, the fine white leathers that line our hats are cut out of dressed "skivers." When we reflect that to the sheep we owe thick tanned soldiers' bags as well as the finest parchment, "mock buckskin" gloves as well as tanned leggings for our soldiers, shoes for our children and "dogskin gloves" for our own use, we will perhaps be the more ready to acknowledge the bountifulness of Providence and the wonders of industrial appliance.

JOHN DUNCAN: THE ALFORD WEAVER AND BOTANIST.

BY WILLIAM JOLLY, H.M. INSPECTOR OF SCHOOLS.

PART I.

AFTER the Don has gathered its many waters from the great mountains in the west of Aberdeenshire, crowned by the big Ben MacDhui, and has become a full-grown stream, it enters a pleasant expansion of its valley called the Vale of Alford. This wide basin has evidently been the bed of an ancient lake, from which the Don once issued at the narrow and picturesque gorge below Castle Forbes, and which has laid down the materials for its present cultivated beauty. The vale is a broad hollow plain, through which the clear stream of the Don wanders, warmly embosomed by low rounded hills, prettily varied with wood, water, and field; guarded on the east by the curious peak of the fort-crowned Ben-a-chie,* celebrated in song, and looked into, on the west, by the fine cone of the more distant Buck of the Cabrach. It is carefully cultivated to the tops of the enclosing hills, in a way that gives Alford no mean place in Aberdeenshire farming. Altogether, it is a sweet upland strath, surrounded by fine scenery, and a pleasant place of residence.

Leaving the village of Alford at its west end, a country road runs past the parish church amidst its tall trees, crosses a small stream called the Leochel,† which joins the Don a little below, and then runs along its banks, over the hills to Ballater on the Dee. The valley of the Leochel is a little side glen opening on the greater vale below, covered to its crests with sloping fields, and adorned with patches of wood, meadow, and moor. Farms and cottages are scattered over its slopes, generally amidst clumps of ash and plane. It breathes a pleasant pastoral quiet, soothing and sweet, especially as seen on a sunny morning in autumn, the only sounds heard being the voices of cattle and children, or the purling of a brook as it hurries to join the river below.

Four miles from Alford, where some houses stand by the highway, a clump of trees may be observed on the right, almost hiding from view the cottages they protect, which are discovered chiefly by their blue curling smoke. These cottages are known as Droghsburn,‡

from the little stream that drains the hollow in which they stand. They are approached by an unfrequented path skirting the burn, which is almost hidden by tall grass, wild mint, and luxuriant watercress. An upward walk of a quarter of a mile brings you to a garden, enclosed by a dyke and overhung by numerous tall willows and rowan trees. Behind the garden appears a long thatched cottage, with a smaller one beyond, standing amidst the corn. The little glen soon closes in to the left, and a low hill rises behind, crowned with broom and whin. The cottages thus nestle in a tranquil little nook, in solitary but pleasant seclusion, away from the great world without, overarched by the blue sky, clasped by the friendly hills, and turned to the sunny south, the very home and nursing-place of a lover of nature and flowers.

The first door in the larger cottage is the entrance to the house of an aged ditcher and his wife and family, a second opens on a weaver's workshop, and a third leads into a byre with the crofter's cows. The merry sound of the shuttle guides us to the subject of this history. Entering by the low doorway, beneath which you must stoop, you find yourself in a little room completely occupied by two looms, a wheel, a winding machine, and a few boxes near the door. It is very dimly lighted by three small windows, obscured by the dust of the loom and the webs of busy spiders, here visibly at home. The room opens right to the sloping roof, except near the door, where some deals are laid across the rafters.

Seated at the loom at the back, close by a window which throws the bright sunlight on the weaver and his work, and only dimly seen through the numberless cords of the loom, you perceive a little man busy with his noisy but lively occupation. He looks very old, and well he may, for he has entered his eighty-fourth year. His head is uncovered, and we can see that it is not yet bald—the hair, only a little mixed with grey, falling from the crown right round the head, and hanging over the brow. The head, larger than common, is a good one, showing the projecting brows of the keen observer, the broad forehead of the thinker, and the lofty crown that betokens kindness and piety.

* The name means in Gaelic, it seems, the Mountain of the Pap, from its fine peaked shape.

† Pronounced "Loch'el."

‡ Pronounced "Drochs'-burn."

The face is somewhat wrinkled but composed; scarcely, however, so tranquil and quiescent as that of an aged lover of flowers should be; evidently furrowed with toil, indicating a hard struggle with life, if not lined with sorrow. The firm features and wiry frame prove him a man of strong nervous temperament, keen and active, full of the vigour and will that commands success, as well as the quiet shrewdness and humour of the Scotch peasant; while the deep-set eyes, their colour hidden by the brows, look as if they could see much where most would see nothing. That is John Duncan, man-made Weaver, and God-made Botanist.

For many years, I had wished to see him; I had heard so much about him that was remarkable, from an early companion of his, and fellow-student of the flowers. Though too long prevented from gratifying my wish, in September last I saw the Vale of Alford for the first time. In company with Mr. Bell, the minister of Keig, on its northern slope, a botanist and entomologist, and another clergyman from Galloway, I paid John the long-desired visit. My friend had called on him twice before, and was greatly interested in the old man. I was quite unknown to him, even by name, and my coming was altogether unexpected. On account of his sensitive reserve, the minister and myself only entered the workshop. Seated at his loom in the streaming sunlight, behind the gauzy screen of threads and strings, and busy with the shuttle as it made its merry music, the lonely old man, all unconscious of our entry, was a picturesque sight, and would have made a pretty composition in lights and shadows. That one glance fulfilled the wish of years, and raised the liveliest anticipations.

Finding his way with some difficulty up the narrow passage between the looms and the winding-wheels, the minister advanced towards the old man, gave him friendly greeting, and introduced me as one who had come a long distance to see him. John at once ceased his weaving, and replied to the minister with evident pleasure, speaking in the broadest of Scotch. The presence of a stranger seemed to cause a shyness, as he turned to say that he was glad to see me; but the mention of his friend, Charles Black, through whom I had known him, at once stirred a pleasure that appeared in the brighter smile, and the lighting up of the countenance and eye. That name had evidently struck a deep chord and wakened distant memories, for he was silent and ab-

sorbed for a little; but the reserve was at once, and for all, dispelled. We soon got into active conversation, as I told him of Charles and his many stories of their past lives, and my own long wish to see a man so great a student of plants, and so dear to one I so much esteemed.

After talking for some time, he returned to his loom, according to his custom it seemed, to reflect in silence on what he had heard. He worked slowly but with great regularity, his eye watching the progress of the web and scanning the threads, to notice any defects as it grew under his hands. Old as he was, he was "gleg* o' the e'e," as he said, and seemed to miss nothing; for, all at once, he caught a break in the warp, leant forward over the beam, put his head and arms through the cords, and tied the thread with smartness and success. His hands were withered and wrinkled, the fingers bent, and the joints knotted and thick, with long tying of threads and digging of plants. It was astonishing, for a man above eighty, how well he did that trying work.

By-and-by the third visitor was introduced. His entrance seemed for a little to cause a return of John's constitutional reserve, for he shortly turned again to his web. Pointing to the "pirn" † wheel, which stood opposite the loom where he was employed, I asked, "Who fills your 'pirns' for you, John?"

"Ou, I do't mysel'," said he, with some surprise at the question.

"Dear me!" said I, for it is not usual for the weaver to do this work. "Is there no woman to do this for you?"

"Na, na," replied he—"no' for mony a year." His wife had died thirty years ago. "Besides, I dinna need their help and I manage awa' brawly mysel'; so that I am independent o' them: and I like to be independent," said the little man, and his voice and look told this better than words.

"And do you wind you own warp too?" continued I.

"Ay, ay," returned he briskly, "I do the hale thing mysel', frae beginnin' to end. I get the spun thread frae the women that employ me, that's a'; and frae that I manage a' the lave wi' my ain hands, till it's made into claith, and sent hame ready for use. Ye see, sir," he went on, "when I becam' a weiver, I made up my min' to be ane, and to maister the hale subject, and I did it; and tho' I say 't mysel', fyow cu'd beat me." There the old man revealed the stuff that had carried him

* Quick-sighted and keen; applied to any of the senses, but chiefly to sight.

† The small reel on which the thread to be used in the shuttle is wound.

through a hard life, and the thorny difficulties of a science more bristling with trying terminology than any other.

As we were pushed for time, we expressed a wish to see his collection of plants. John rose with alacrity. When he stood up, he appeared exceedingly round-shouldered and bent, the effect of years and the much stooping required by his work. He was unusually short, being little more than four feet and a half in height, though of course taller in his stronger youth. He was clad in moleskin trousers and a vest with sleeves, without a coat, at least while at work, and with a coloured napkin loosely tied round his neck. He wore the usual small leather apron of the weaver.

In the end of the room near the door stood several boxes and chests, and parts of old looms, and on the top of these lay a mass of papers and some books. These papers contained dried plants. They were sadly covered with dust and "stoored," and had evidently not been moved for some time. It was sad to see them. The whole would form a large herbarium, and his friend, Charles Black, has told me that John once possessed altogether as good a collection of native plants as he knew. But there they were, the slow and laborious gathering of years, representing the long and hard study and numberless wanderings of keenest enthusiasm, covered with dust, dirty, and moth-eaten, and so much dilapidated as to be almost valueless. The plants were contained in rough home-made volumes of foolscap size, of white and brown paper, newspapers being greatly used, his poverty not allowing him to purchase better. I opened several of the volumes, while we all looked on. The plants were laid down, in the usual manner, on the front of each page, but they had been much disturbed, and showed sadly the extensive ravages of moths. When I crushed some of these destroyers with an expression of annoyance, he remarked, "Weel, weel, it's a pity, but I canna keep them clean noo, as I ance did. But," added he, with a smile, "they were ance livin', the puir things," referring to the plants, "and they're livin' agen, you see!"

But they could scarcely have been other than wasted, even in better circumstances for preservation, for many of these plants must have been gathered by him forty years before. I was so saddened and disappointed at the sight of what I had looked forward to see, with such anticipations, as a rare and valuable collection, that I could not continue the

inspection, and asked if these were all; hoping that they were but duplicates and waste specimens and that the best were still to come.

Key in hand, he opened one of the chests close by the door and revealed a more cheering sight, a large number of books in very good condition. The under side of the lid of the chest was ornamented with coloured pictures and printed matter, evidently pasted there to brighten the box and increase his pleasure when he opened it. Turning over several of the books, at which we casually glanced, he produced two parcels carefully wrapped up in paper and tied with string. One of them contained a good and pretty large collection of the grasses, in a book well bound in canvas and interleaved with blotting paper. The plants were fastened to each page by cross strips of paper, with all the care of a practised hand, and duly inscribed with their technical names. The whole volume was neat, clean, and carefully preserved, and the plants were classed according to order and species. The other parcel comprised the general wild plants of the neighbourhood, not however scientifically arranged, but pressed with like care and neatness. These volumes had been prepared for a Horticultural Show held some years before at Alford, at which the prizes, offered for the best collection of the wild plants and grasses of the district, had been gained by John. Our praise of these collections raised the old man's spirits, somewhat depressed, as ours had been, at the state of the other plants. New animation seemed to inspire him, and his face wore a brighter and more youthful expression, that was pleasant to see. Poor old man! Alone there in that little room for more than twenty years in his advanced age, with very few to visit him at all, and fewer still to appreciate his singular scientific pursuits, toiling at unknown work, little understood or mis-interpreted by his neighbours, who generally regarded him as a curiosity as strange as his specimens, uncheered by scientific sympathy, widowed and childless—the presence of sympathetic spirits, students of his favourite subject, and the praise of admiring eyes, were like waters in the waste to the thirsty wanderer. His care of these finer plants was very great. Though I turned them over with all tenderness, he could not restrain himself from nervously saying more than once, "Tak' care o' them noo; see ye dinna hort them!" as he bent keenly over me, while I turned the leaves.

"But that's no a'," he said, after we had

finished looking at these books. He then lifted some other volumes from the chest, till he came to a larger parcel, which he delivered into my hands, with animated countenance, saying, "Look there noo, and see what's in that!"

I unloosed the string that bound it, unwrapped the paper, and found a similar string and wrapper inside. This I untied and uncovered, and again a third string and wrapper appeared. Once more untying and unfolding, I only exposed a similar protection within.



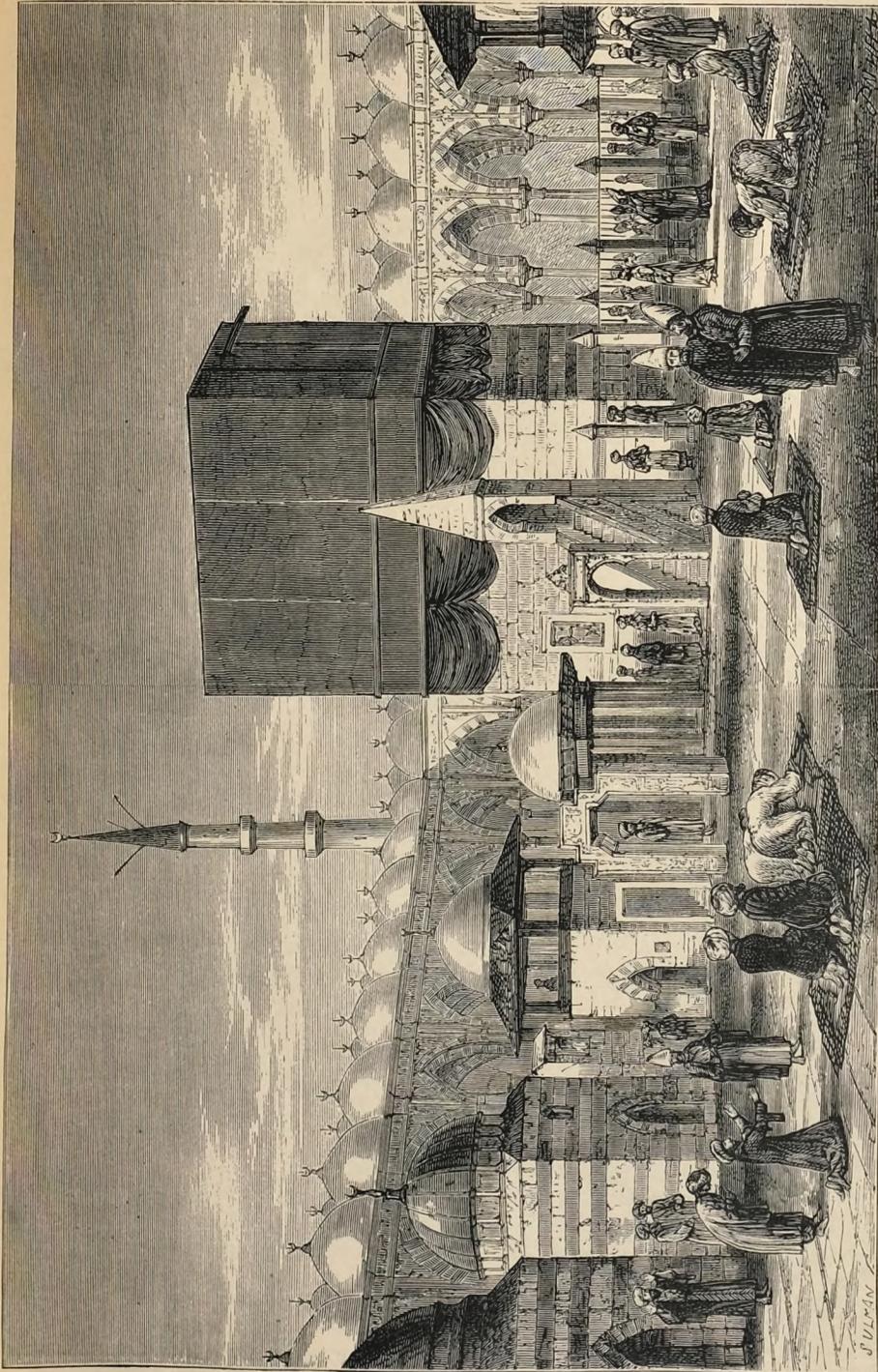
"Dear me, John!" we all exclaimed, "what have you here? Is it your silver plate, or a grand presentation, or what is it?"

"Ou, just gang on," replied John, "and ye'll ken in due time!"

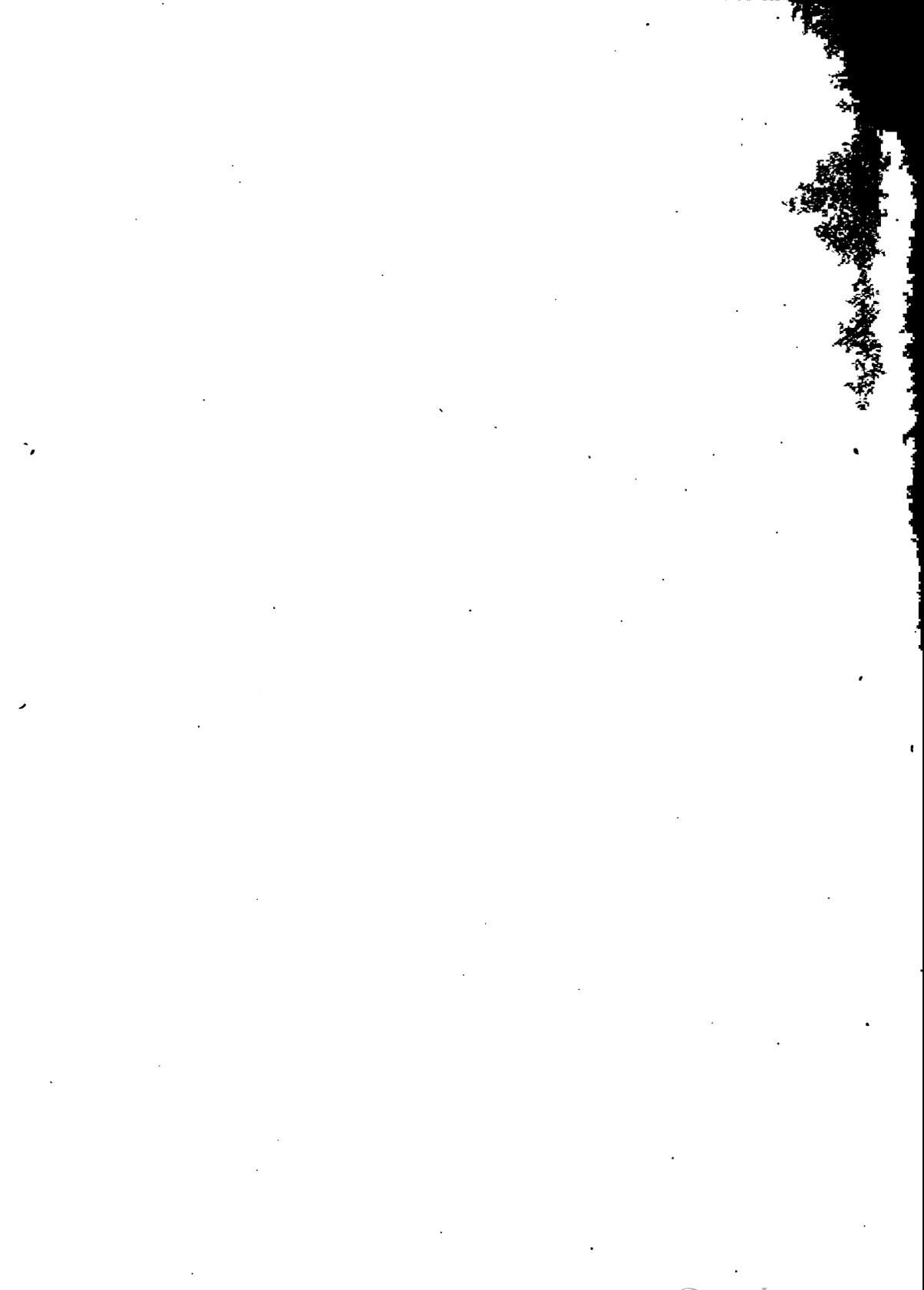
He evidently enjoyed the lengthened process of revealing the mystery, and chuckled

to himself with a growing humorous glee. God bless the dear old man, and send him abundance of such innocent joy!

After the fifth cord and wrapper had been removed, there was revealed—a book! It was manifestly a favourite with John, and must enclose something better and rarer than



THE KAABA AT MECCA.



we had yet seen. And it did. It was a collection of the Cryptogamia of the district, the obscure mosses and their allies, one of the hardest sections of the botanical field for any one, however expert and skilful, to decipher. Yet here they were, preserved and named! The grasses, as every botanical student knows, are hard enough, and John showed his courage in attempting them; but the mosses!

As our Galloway friend remarked, the book was certainly well named Cryptogamia, for it was hidden fold within fold, and buried under many a tome, deep down in the bottom of a box! John enjoyed the joke with evident relish, and still more our spontaneous and unrestrained expressions of surprise, when we opened the book and saw what it contained.

The plants had been carefully pressed and neatly fastened on and named; and they were carefully covered and scented with camphor,

to preserve them from those enemies of the naturalist, the moths. The precious volume was sympathetically examined and then closed, as carefully hidden in its multitudinous wrappings, and then restored to its old hiding-place in the bottom of the chest.

Our time had now expired, and leaving John to put away the books again, we bade him good-night, in the door of his combined dwelling and workshop. But the old man would not permit us to depart thus, and, with the true feeling of the worthy host and gentleman, conducted us, bareheaded as he was, to the gate at the bottom of the field that leads up to the house; and, cordially shaking hands with us all, and thanking us for the visit, which he said he had enjoyed, he bade us good-night. We drove home delighted and impressed with the old weaver, charmed and rebuked by his remarkable enthusiasm and lifelong labours in science, amidst poverty and solitude.

DIVINE SORROW.

By A. W. THOROLD, D.D., LORD BISHOP OF ROCHESTER.

CHRIST'S sufferings are pre-eminently the sufferings of His Passion—not of course His only sufferings. For in a real sense His entire life, though it had its deep under-currents of ineffable joy in doing the will and revealing the Name of His Father, was one long trial. The "Man of Sorrows and acquainted with grief," in enduring the contradiction of sinners against Himself, suffered daily. Nor, again, are they the only sufferings that have an atoning value. Christ's work cannot be halved like that. From the hour of His Supernatural Conception to the moment of His expiring upon the Cross, He was making reconciliation for sin, and bringing in an everlasting righteousness. But in view of the fact that man's sin and Satan's malice had their supreme climax upon the Cross, the Divine Love, made perfect in the offering of His innocent soul, had its perfect consummation and entire manifestation there. Three times does St. Peter refer to "the sufferings of Christ" as if absolutely possessed with their one meaning and value; twice elsewhere does he remind us that He suffered the just for the unjust, bearing our sins in His own body on the tree, that we being dead unto sin, might live unto righteousness.

In proposing to my readers to meditate on these sufferings, I ask every one to re-

member that we are on Holy ground, and every one to ask God to prepare him for treading on it. Any great sorrow, for a heart with but an atom of humanity in it, is a solemn and touching spectacle. But the sorrow of an innocent spirit, suffering unjustly, and because of its innocence, is as elevating as it is rare; when it is also the sorrow of one Who loves us, and Who suffers because He loves us, and in order that we may love Him—there is no moral force like it in the world. But, to behold God in pain—God suffering on behalf of His sinful creatures, that they may become reconciled to Him—is just one of those mysteries which only the Word of God can reveal, and the Spirit of God press home.

Two thoughts on this subject may suffice us for the present: 1. The nature of His sufferings, or what it is He suffered. 2. The cause of His sufferings, or why their anguish was so great.

Now the Eastern Church, as some of us will remember, separates the Lord's sufferings into the known and unknown. It may be more definitely edifying for us, if we distinguish them as bodily and spiritual. As to His bodily sufferings, those who would read for themselves the most graphic and detailed history of the physical woe of the Passion, that the pen of a scholar, the imagination of

a poet, and the sympathy of a disciple have produced in our own time, will find what they want in Farrar's Life of Christ; and surely what Scripture is careful to indicate, both in the historical statements of the evangelists and in the inspired anticipations of the prophets, must be intended for us reverently to ponder. Now in His outside sufferings were at least these elements: torture, shame, exhaustion, and thirst, each and all of them as actual to Him as they could be to us—intensified, we may be sure, by that peculiar sensitiveness to pain, which is known invariably to accompany perfect and finely strung organizations. "They pierced my hands and my feet." This is the nailing of His blessed body to the heavy Cross. "I am the song of the drunkards." Here is the utterance of the profound shame and abasement, which coarse bodily insults inevitably cause to pure and noble souls, and which to Him, in what an inspired writer calls "the shame" of the cross, must have been a woe indeed. "They stand staring and looking upon me," is another sad moan from the heart that was breaking, when the priests wagged their heads, and the crowd spat their scorn. There was the awful exhaustion, and the depression that accompanied it, which made Him reel and faint under the load of the Cross, before He was fastened to it, which afterwards found its expression, once more in the psalmist's cry, "Save me, O God, for the waters are come in, even unto my soul." Once more, there was the thirst, the intolerable thirst, that ever accompanied crucifixion, this too made a matter of tantalising jest and cruel scoffing. "They gave me gall to eat, and in my thirst they gave me vinegar to drink." Yes, even about His bodily sorrow, as we read and think of it, the prophet's appeal comes home to us, in its suitableness to Christ: "Behold and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow, which is done unto me." And is it too bold to fancy, that as the angels reverently gazed on Him during the three hours' darkness, they saw, and with a sad joy, how merciful nature came to His relief, when from the sorrowful eyes which shed such kind and tender tears for the friend He could save, and the City He could not, there rained down an abundant and quiet weeping, before the holy eyes of His loving Father, mingling, on His wan and bruised cheeks with the dark stains from His thorny crown, and washing off the foul insults that sinners had dared to cast on His blessed holy face.

"He was wounded for our transgressions;

He was bruised for our iniquities." But His spiritual sufferings, what were these? The suffering of conflict and of solitariness; an unspeakable loathing and dismay at sin, brought closer than ever; an intense and mournful jealousy for the honour of His Father. You remember the conflict in the garden between the human will, that just because of its humanness shrank instinctively and inevitably from the pain and burden in front, and the Divine will that from all eternity had foreseen and chosen that hour for the redemption of the world. Well, that conflict, which had its first travail pang when the Greeks came to Him, and the hour of His Passion was striking, followed Him to His Cross, and agonized in Him there. My friends, have you ever known what it is to be in moral or spiritual conflict, and to be well-nigh torn asunder by it? If not, then you have yet to come of age in your full moral manhood. If you have, then you can form a faint notion of what that struggle must have meant for Christ.

Then there was His solitariness, which all His life through, in the beautiful sociableness of His perfect human nature, He ever instinctively avoided, which even in the agony of the garden He tried to anticipate, and sorrowfully failed to prevent. It coldly settled on Him as He was dying in all its chilly, gloomy darkness; men mocking, disciples fleeing, devils tempting, His own Father hid. A desire of the life that is in man's favour belonged to Christ, as a feature of His true humanity; and that He suffered in missing it, is plain from the words "Reproach hath broken my heart." For it is not greatness but littleness that can easily dispense with human love and that prefers to suffer alone. It is the tenderest and therefore the noblest souls that most need sympathy; that most keenly feel it, when it is denied. The scourge, the nails, the thirst, the hate, these He could bear unmoved—these passed like fleeting clouds over a great mountain's brow; but to be left alone, utterly alone, without voice from earth or comfort from heaven, this brought from Him that sharp cry of unutterable anguish, that still rings in the conscience of the world.

Then there was a righteous jealousy for the honour and truthfulness of His Father, which was another thorn in His tender soul. "He trusted in God; let Him deliver Him now if He will have Him; for He said, I am the Son of God." The Lord knew that His trust had not been misplaced—that not only had God not forgotten Him, but that He

never had regarded Him with a deeper and tenderer love than at the moment He was suffering for the revelation of His Fatherly name and purpose; that as He had not wronged God, God had not wronged Him, and that presently all would be made plain. Nevertheless, till it was made plain, there was a dark mystery hanging over the character of God, and His eternal righteousness was at stake before the universe. The Son of God was suffering for the glory of God, and when sinners threw it at Him that He was suffering because He was guilty, the Father held His peace.

But doubtless the deepest and awfulest anguish of all—an anguish which it is utterly impossible for us either to fathom or conceive or describe—was that which came to Him through the making fully plain to His spotless soul the awful sinfulness of sin, and the unspeakable loathing and horror caused to Him thereby. The sin of the race in all its extremest possibilities, in all its most frightful development, culminated in the crime of the cross. There and then the holy soul of Jesus met it, faced it, looked down into its loathsome depths, felt its polluted breath on His face, tasted to the dregs its unutterable shame and bitterness, bowed down before it as its crushing burden weighed down His spirit; to His Father saying, "Amen, O Lord, to Thy inviolable righteousness, which can by no means clear the guilty;" over man, cursing, gambling, mocking, staring under His cross, yearning with an infinite love and a vast pity for his ruin and fall. For was He not his head and kinsman, a sharer of his nature, and an actual partaker of his life? Hating the sin, and yet loving the sinner, bent on vindicating God, bent on redeeming man, He was as the saint of whom it was written, "Rivers of waters run down my cheeks because men keep not Thy law." Like a parent of old, only with a grief that embraced the race, and with a conscience that had no part in it, and in a prayer instantly fulfilling itself in a far loftier sacrifice, His solemn death cry went up to heaven—not as David in his helpless anguish, "Would, O God, I had died for Thee!"—but in the calmness of a conscious triumph, "It is finished." "Verily it pleased the Father to bruise Him: He hath put Him to grief."

And here, coming to look into the cause of His sufferings, to see why His anguish was so great, let us at once admit that, except with one explanation of it, it is a hopeless problem. Bodily pain, longer and even

keener than His, thousands of human sufferers have borne again and again with a sort of triumphant calmness. Death, so far from being to every man the sad ghost of intolerable darkness, has often been a welcome guest, sometimes an invited deliverer. Pagan history is full of acts of sacrifice and of heroism, of lives cheerfully surrendered for love of home and country, of martyrdom grandly endured as a true reward for the confession of moral truth. Whence, then, is it that our Pattern and Deliverer faints and reels beneath a burden which others have borne with a kind of sublime gladness, and that when the hour had come for the complete fulfilment of an enterprise conceived—nay, desired—from all eternity, the thought should have even occurred to Him, "Father, save me from this hour."

The explanation of the difficulty, so far as it can be explained, appears to rest partly *in the nature of His purpose*, partly *in the mystery of His person*.

With all variety of expression, yet each expression a distinct though consistent aspect of one harmonious and profound verity, the Bible opens to us the purpose of His sorrow. It was to "redeem us from all iniquity;" to "make peace" between God and us; as the "Lamb of God," to take away "the sins of the world;" as the Son of Man, to give "His life a ransom for many;" to be "made sin for us," that we might be "made the righteousness of God in Him;" that "as in Adam all died, so in Christ should all be made alive." All which statements, containing, as they do, what is commonly understood as the Doctrine of the Atonement, practically mean and declare that Christ, as our Head and Representative, did in our stead and place, for us with God, fully satisfy the righteousness of God, and made homage to His violated justice, and did thus put away His inevitable and holy anger, and reconcile and bring back the penitent into a close and filial relationship; suffering what otherwise we must have suffered; taking upon Himself, and enduring in all their awful and unspeakable meaning, the consequences of our sins; confessing (not indeed as one who had actually sinned them, but as identified with the race which had so sinned) their guiltiness before His Father; grieving and mourning over them with all the holy and profound sadness which a sinless and true soul could possibly and sincerely feel for those belonging to it, and unspeakably precious to it; consenting, though with an infinite struggle and amazement, to endure for a space the

misery of separation from His Father, that through His own vast sorrow the world should win life and joy.

This being so, do you wonder now that, when the iniquity of us all was laid on Him, He should have reeled and shuddered, as if some deadly foe had struck Him to the heart? Had His sorrow been but the sorrow of a martyr, there would have been but a glad jubilate for being permitted to suffer. The Sin-Bearer, with the world's sin on His innocent spirit, could only mourn and suffer until the cup was empty, and all its bitterness absorbed.

But the greatness of His suffering has yet more light thrown on it, by considering the mystery of His person. He was God and man in one person; in Whom the divine and human natures in their absolute and separate perfection were joined for evermore. Thus it was that two currents of feeling flowed through His spirit, and two centres of sympathy claimed and engrossed His personal consciousness. God, He was all for and with God; man, He was all for and with man; God, for man, and yet, when he sinned, against him; man made by God, and responsible to Him, and belonging to Him, and rejoicing in Him, yet in virtue of His manhood, knitted to a race dead in trespasses and sins. Now carefully observe how this His twofold nature compelled and intensified His sorrow. As God, whatever God's righteousness demanded, He too demanded; whatever stirred God's displeasure stirred His displeasure; God's feeling about sin was also His feeling; the utter impossibility for God as a moral Governor to wink at sin as if it did not matter, or to treat sinners as if they had not really offended Him, for Him was an impossibility too. Therefore, when the Lord laid on Him the iniquities of us all, and (whatever the prophet's awful word may mean) bruised Him for them, who was He to say No to that expression of His Father's righteousness? With all His heart and strength His parched lips moaned out a true Amen to each throb of His Passion. All through it, He was on His Father's side, testifying for righteousness. Yet, He was on man's side too; not through indifference to his sin, but in spite of it; not that sin was not sinful, but because its misery was so great. As His infinite love to His Father, and His sharing the Divine nature of His Father, made Him accept in meek submission all that was involved in a world's sin-bearing; so His infinite love to men not only made Him long and yearn to deliver them from

the abyss into which sin had plunged them, but just because He so loved them, His pain at their sin was so keen.

Some of you know this in yourselves. It is a law of our nature. The faults and sins of strangers take but little hold of us; not indeed half the hold they ought; but when a friend or a child sins, in proportion to our love is our sorrow; nay, in a sense we almost feel to have done the sin ourselves, so close home does it come to us, through our affinity to him who has sinned. Thus (to repeat the idea), it was Christ's sympathy with His righteous Father, and His tender love to His kinsman man, that through the intensity and force of His twofold nature made His burden so heavy and His grief so profound. As God can hate sin, He hated it; as God would prevent sin, He would prevent it. But as man can suffer and weep, He suffered and wept until the great stillness came, when the conflict was over, and the propitiation finished, and the sobbing tired heart of the world's Saviour gently breathed itself into rest in His Heavenly Father's arms.

Readers of this paper, let me ask one and all of you, what moral response does your inmost conscience make to that great suffering of Christ? It is not very likely to have happened, if it had not been necessary; what made it necessary (in the only explanation that will hold good for a moment) is the world's sin. But the world means you and me. Did Christ suffer for us? What think you? To say No shuts us out for ever from hope and life, for there is no other hope, no other life but through the death upon the Cross. To say Yes involves the inquiry, to what extent we permit it to affect us, either in repentance for the sin whose guilt He bore, or in gratitude to Him who consented to bear it. What is this Cross to us, who will one day look on Him whom we have pierced? Have we taken our sins to it, and left them there? Have we sought peace under its shadow, and got it, and kept it? Is that sorrow our sorrow, because we spiritually understand it, and personally assent to it, suffering it to purge our conscience and transform our life? In a word, have we accepted from Him His sorrow, and given Him in exchange our heart? For in a most real sense, though in glory, He suffers still through the wounds wherewith sinners wound Him. Every sin has a tendency in it to send Him to a second cross; and to neglect or despise His salvation is to repeat the shout of the multitude, "Not this man,

but Barabbas." And for those who stand by His Cross and see Him die, and confess that He died for them, and do not care for it,—shall I tell you the sentence that will ring in their hearts through the coming time? "Suffered first under Pontius Pilate, crucified again by me."

Again, the love of the atonement essentially contains in it the true law of the highest life of man. For there is a real sense in which, St. Peter being our witness, "He suffered for us, leaving us an example that we should follow in His steps." Every act of humble and willing sacrifice; every taunt or jeer for righteousness' sake, meekly and bravely borne in memory of Him Who, when He suffered, threatened not; secret grief borne with quiet courage; a young and buoyant life willingly and uncomplainingly given to the monotonous service of some morose kinsman; hope deferred for duty's sake, till the heart is sick with waiting; talents buried, because we can't help burying them till it is too late to use them at all: these are the practical reproduction of the principle of the atonement, in its idea of sacrifice; in these we share the life of Christ, and fill up that which is

behind of His afflictions for His body's sake, which is the Church—"always bearing about in the body the dying of the Lord Jesus, that the life also of Jesus may be made manifest in our mortal flesh."

Once more, when we approach His Cross, let all who need Him and love Him try to be in sympathy with His sorrow, and in fellowship with His death. The contemplation of the Cross may be in a most real way a blessed means of grace. It is what St. Paul, quite at the end of his life, felt he had yet far more fully to learn: and it is the only road that can lead us to the power of His resurrection.

Jesus suffering for me—let it be translated for each of us into our suffering with Jesus, in the taking of His yoke and in the apprehension of His sacrifice. Then all of us, each in his own measure, shall learn from His Cross how to bear our own, and to carry it meekly after Him. Then the Cross shall become not only peace and light, but strength and food. For there more than anywhere can He consent to fulfil His word to us, "He that eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood dwelleth in me, and I in him."

THE DISTRESS IN SOUTH WALES.

By "GOOD WORDS" COMMISSIONER.

THE hills and valleys which contain the mineral wealth of Gwent and Glamorgan-shire must, in their natural state, have formed some of the most picturesque scenery in the United Kingdom. They are a feast for the eye even now, though blotched with "tips," bristling with chimney stalks, sprawled over by sheds and chaotic jumbles of buildings, scarred with railways and colliery-trams, and rectilinearly ruled with rows of dusky miners' cottages. Even now (February) the woods, wintry-black, or retaining last autumn's serest foliage, look beautiful as they slope to the streams in the hollows, rippling round great sheets of the grey stones they swept down when in their swollen wrath; little waterfalls leaping into them, as if eager to augment their volume. On the green level sward, beside the sunken streams, sheep wander, white and black, or, perhaps, a lonely little white lamb, like Barbara Lewthwaite's, repenting of its truancy, trots hither and thither plaintively ma-a-a-a-ing for its dam. The mountains lift their heads above the ragged clouds which straggle about their shoulders—some of the lower ones having

trees upon the sky-line. Their grass is yellow, their fern is brown, their outcropping rock drips slow tears, their furze, in spite of a liberal sprinkling of golden blossom, looks funereal; their rigid-outlined piles of fresh-chopped faggots, and amorphous heaps of slag, an artist might feel inclined to leave out of his picture; but, nevertheless, the whole gives one long in the most populous city pent a sensation of beauty. Æsthetic remarks, however, are almost impertinent in a record of such a journey as that on which the proprietors of this magazine sent me—namely, to give some account of the distress in South Wales. As soon as I got into the south-western iron district, I heard this kind of talk among commercial travellers: "Been to Ebbw Vale?" "No." "Tredegar?" "No. Didn't go to either. No good. Nothing going." And then would follow a dreary talk about the difficulty of collecting accounts from small tradesmen depending entirely on working men's custom, and the probability that a good many who had pleaded for time would be bankrupts before another call could be made upon them. Some houses think it no longer worth their

while to include the depressed district in their travellers' rounds. Dismal are the stories told by those who still take the circuit. "At Maesteg a customer of mine was giving some bread and cheese to a poor fellow who had not tasted food from the Saturday to the Monday," &c., &c. Even waitresses at hotels are infected by the prevailing gloom, and answer gravely in reply to inquiries about destitution in their towns, "Yes, indeed, sir, there is—poor people starving."

I was in Aberdare on its weekly half-holiday (Thursday), and when I saw the tradesmen putting up their shutters at 2 P.M. it seemed to me as if they were doing it in melancholy honour of the funeral of the business of their town. The only cheerful people I saw in it were two lads experimenting in the street with a home-made telephone, and a postman grinning at them. In what, when its numerous trees have grown, will be the very beautiful park, sat a workman of the better class, moping by himself on a bench, instead of loafing about the town. He looked as doleful as a pelican of the wilderness, an owl of the desert. The walk up to Abernant, with closed works on either hand, was not more cheerful. It was a relief to see, at last, half-a-dozen collier lads playing at rounders; even to be followed by a pebbly flood of unintelligible Welsh abuse, by an exceedingly small boy perched on the top of a lofty "tip"—an insult which caused his young comrades at the foot to rush away in wild stampede, in dread, I suppose, of vicarious vengeance.

Iron-works, silent and solitary, are inexpressibly depressing to one who has seen them in full swing. The sea-like roar, the hiss, the clank, the whir are hushed. The ant-like swarm of men, boys, and girls has vanished. No trucks roll along the rusty rails. The long ranges of empty buildings have an eerie look, as if haunted by the ghost of dead industry. No smoke rolls out from the tall chilly-looking chimneys. No red flames leap from the mouths of the fort-like furnaces. More dismal than ever seem the "tips," now that no tilted loads of fresh refuse rattle down their sides.

And if closed iron-works are sad to look upon by day, they are sadder still to pass at night, when you see perhaps a single light twinkling in the gloomy space which your memory paints snowy-white with billowy vapours, lurid-red with flapping flags of flame; a chaos of gas-lit windows, black beams, and wheels and straps, beneath a sky flushed with a quivering glow, half ruddy and half brassy.

So far as she depends upon the iron-trade, Swansea likewise is a sufferer; but Swansea has many industries, and a stronger contrast can scarcely be conceived than that which exists between the forest of chimneys belching out smoke and vapour, to float away in a dense cloud over the beautiful bay, in the trade-blasted, and yet by-trade-flourishing district which lies between Landore and Abertowry, and the fireless furnaces that must attract the notice of the most superficially glancing railway traveller in the iron district proper of South Wales and Monmouthshire. "There is a great deal of coal going down the valley," travellers by the Taff Vale line remark to one another; and so there is, to increase the "miles of trucks" waiting for ships at Cardiff. But it does not follow from this that all Welsh colliers either are prosperous. Iron-workers out of employ have turned colliers, and colliery owners, naturally enough, are availing themselves of cheap labour to raise a large "out-put."

Wherever blast-furnaces have been blown out there is, of course, distress, and those disposed to relieve it would do well to think of the obscurer as well as the more prominent places in which it prevails. Its central position and importance, however, make Merthyr Tydfil the most suitable place to be taken for description in this paper.

Let us climb the side of one of the hills which surround the town. Men are breaking stones with that half-ashamed look which skilled labourers wear when hunger compels them to take work they consider beneath their dignity. Plump, glossy, cleanly ducks are waddling about in curious contrast to the skinny, yellow-faced, generally faded old crones that look out from the white, yellow, and weather-greened cottages, with their funny little stiles. A man is blocking up the upper window of one of the cottages with bulging stone and mortar. Of course, we pass a "Chapel," in this case christened Salem. Rough-coated long-tailed ponies, black and brown, are flinging up their heels at one another. A dog rushes out, barking greeting to a girl who is coming home with a milk-can. Other girls are carrying away, block by block, a shot load of coal. A woman goes by with a pail poised on her speckled-kerchiefed head. An older woman in hat and white nightcap, toiling along with a big basket on her arm, gives the stranger a kindly Welsh welcome, and when she sees that it is not understood compromises matters by smiling more beamingly than ever, and exclaiming emphatically "Yes, sure!" A little boy, half fierce, half frightened, calls

out, "Engleman!" and drags his little sister out of the way of the intruding alien. The horse in the brewer's dray pants asthmatically as it drags up its little load of a cask or two to the small public-house.

A little farther up we turn round to look about us. Cyfarthfa Castle, with its green richly wooded park, is the pleasantest object in the landscape, but no smoke rises from the Cyfarthfa Ironworks.*

The Plymouth works are idle, and so is Pen-y-Darran. Great Dowlais, at the head of the valley, is the only one of the Merthyr ironworks at work. A gush of its bustle coming up through a narrow court, at the mouth of which a knot of workless workmen are lounging, has a very strange effect. Other constrained idlers, pale-faced, pea-jacketed peris at the gates of Paradise, loiter about the entrances to the Dowlais works, as unemployed labourers hang about the gates of our London docks.

There are many such idlers in Merthyr, standing moodily at street corners in their billy-cock hats and comforters, or purposelessly promenading the pavements and the roadways; those of them who are colliers having a curiously bat-like, blinking look. A few are smoking, one or two of the younger men manage now and then to get up a laugh, but most have very dull, despondent faces. Ragged shoeless children, with others whom the relief committee has clothed and shod, troop to school, carrying with them their jugs, cups, basins, pannikins, &c., for their soup at noon. An old man is making a solitary fitting in a donkey cart, a corded trunk and a chair or two being all his moveables. Every here and there a cottage is shut up. The closed doors of others hide rooms stripped of the furniture married couples were once so proud of. To have to part with their "things" is a sore trial to the poor people, made all the heavier because their cherished property, in the present state of business, sells for a mere song. In the lower part of High Street, near the parish church, there are two buildings which have been lent to the relief committee for the distribution of clothing to men, women, and children. This has been sent from all parts of the kingdom, and even from abroad. One suit I saw was the uniform of a student in a French *lycée*. Hunters' scarlet

coats have been sent, and footmen's liveries, which latter have been sold to cabmen, and the proceeds invested in apparel more suitable for working men. Foot-ball players have sent their flannels, but though these might seem good wear for colliers, they do not find favour in their eyes. As a rule, all the poor people prefer dark clothing to light. Of light articles they think their neighbours will say, "That was never made for you, it's some cast-off gentleman's thing." Of clothing and clothing material the committee has received altogether between £1,500 and £2,000 worth. Two policemen are stationed in front of the clothes-shops to keep order. There is a crowd of pale pinched-faced women in the street, most of them with plaid shawls over their heads, and either nursing babies or else towing trains of toddlers. A few shame-faced men slink about in the throng. Above it may be seen the broad shoulders and genial face of the rector, a keen as well as kindly and courteous man, frank as a sailor, not overbeloved by the ironmasters, but looked up to as almost omnipotent by his poorer parishioners, amongst whom he has lived for thirty years. A little white tie is the only thing distinctively clerical in his attire. His low-crowned hat is not specially parsonic, and his short coat is brown. He is explaining in Welsh to his disappointed hearers that, so far as women's wants are concerned, the resources of the women's department (presided over by his wife, a fit helpmate, who, like himself, gives up almost the whole of the day, week after week, to the service of the poor) are temporarily exhausted; nothing is left large enough for any one bigger than a girl of thirteen.

Before going into the men's department, I may mention that one of those whom it has relieved was an old man of ninety-three. He had not tasted food for two days. His flesh was as cold as that of a corpse. When money was given him to buy food, together with a warm Witney overcoat, he burst into tears and sobbed like a child. At last he managed to stammer out in Welsh that he could not express the feelings of his heart; but that if the coat gave him no other comfort, it would enable him to go to chapel once more before he died.

Behind the counter in the men's shop stands the assiduous Hon. Manager of the clothing department, in front of it the assiduous Hon. Secretary of the relief committee and a door-keeper. Sorted clothes are arranged on the counter and the shelves behind it. One of the garments is a brand-new

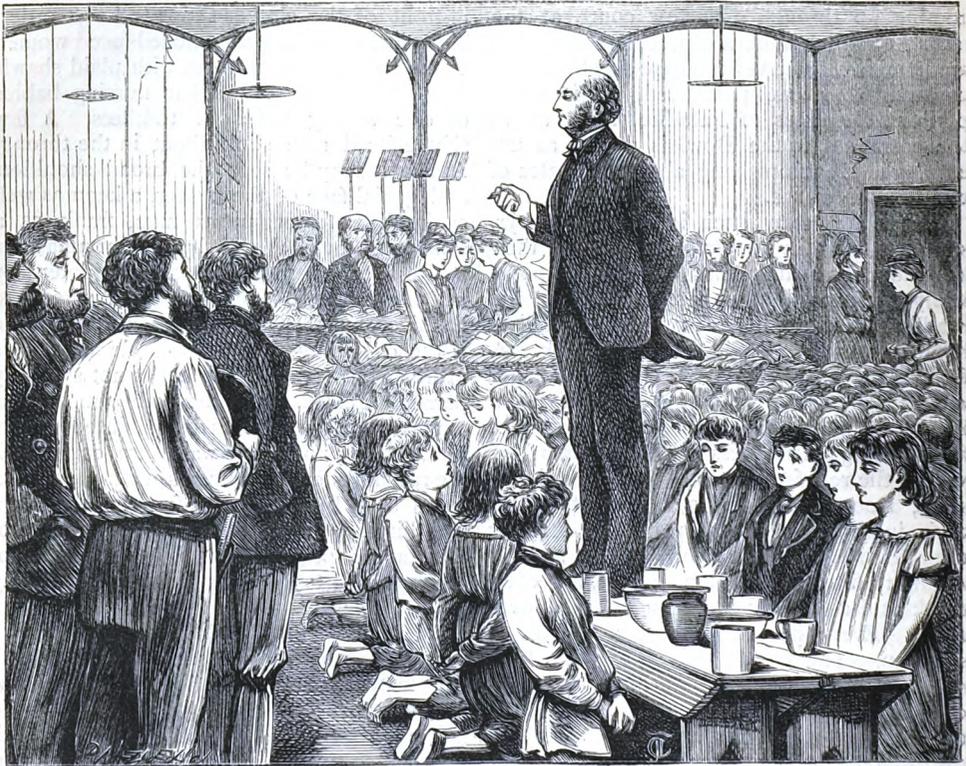
* The semi-feudal respect with which the owners of this once magnificent property used to be regarded in Merthyr is not yet quite extinct. The state of Mr. Crawshaw's health figures in large capitals in the contents-bill of the local journals; and a crowd assembled at the Vale of Neath station to see him carried from the railway-carriage to his own.

overcoat. "Of course I shan't give that away," says the Manager. "It would go to the pawnshop. A misfit most likely. It didn't cost a farthing less than £4 to make. I shall sell it second-hand for £2, and lay the money out in flannels." A volunteer officer's uniform, shako included, is another contribution. On a file are impaled six hundred yellow tickets, records of the relief granted in seven or eight weeks. I heard some sad stories told of the way in which people comparatively well off have tried to

defraud their poor neighbours by getting these tickets under false pretences.

"The man was getting £1 8s. a week, and his wife applied. They'd money in the bank, and a horse and cart, and yet they came to us. The fellow can get 58s. a-week when he likes to work, and spends it all in drink. We've impounded his ticket. I only hope he may have the impudence to look in. Perhaps the police may have a word to say to him."

The doorkeeper told me that his own



In the Drill Hall.—P. 275.

aunt had money in the bank, and yet received an allowance from the parish, and had applied to the relief committee for clothing, although, if her house were searched, it would be found that she had enough to last her for two years.

When the applicants are admitted, two or three at a time, almost all ask for more than is down on their tickets—excusable enough, poor things!—and most show a disposition to pick and choose. Some give very hearty thanks, whilst the gratitude of others has decidedly the chill on. Great promptitude

is necessary in serving them, and now and then a sharp word or two; but on the whole they are attended to with as much cheerful courtesy as if they were paying customers.

Perhaps I can best give an idea of the scene by writing out the notes I took of some of the talk I heard one morning as I sat on a clothes hamper in a corner of the depôt.

"That ticket is no good; it hasn't been before the committee. (Ever so many more of the same kind outside. Don't know what we are to do with them. The doctors are

rather too liberal with their tickets. Always honour them, though, when a woman's near her confinement; blanket and set of baby's clothes.)"

"Want a coat that will answer for work, do you, my man? That's just what we want to give you. Here's one; try him on quick. Splendid coat. And here's a pair of good warm stockings. All we can do for you. Hundreds more to come."

"You must go next door, my good woman. We've no petticoats here."

"I've been, sir, and they say all the petticoats are gone. And what good is this little thing to me?"

"Well, give it away then. There are

plenty outside who will be glad enough to get it. It's that or none. How can we give what we haven't got? Do you expect flannel petticoats will fall from heaven like manna?"

"If you please, sir, my husband's quite naked. He's going to work, and he hasn't got a coat nor a shirt."

"Do you want anything for the children?"

"No; I don't care about them, so long as I can get some clothes for my husband."

"Well, here's an old shirt. It will cover him, at any rate. You must go next door if you want anything for the children."

"What size is the master? These trousers not big enough! Why, they're the biggest we've got. Oh, come, ma'am, you mustn't



Cottage Scene.—P. 277.

pick like that, but take what you can get and be thankful."

"No, they're not very good jackets, so I'll give your boys a pair of corduroy trousers apiece to make up. And here are some stockings. No, can't give a shirt for the master, but here's an old coat. No, can't do any more."

"If I could get some things for the children, sir, I could send them to school."

"About your size, sir; not quite so stout. I don't think the trousers are quite big enough in the leg."

"Oh, nonsense! I don't expect his legs are very big now, poor fellow!"

"My husband's an old man, sir—very stout."

"Very stout, is he? Well, then, let a

piece out at the back. And as for a waistcoat, look here! quite new."

"My good man, this isn't a shop. Here's a good serviceable pair of trousers. And here are three children's suits to pick from."

"This one is much too small."

"Well, it will just do for your baby, my woman; and here's a jacket apiece for your boys. Use your needle. Cut these trousers down, and take the elastic out of the knickerbockers. How are you off for shoes? There—all we can do. Well, if you *have* got five children, you've had for three. Do think of others waiting outside there. Give you the whole shop, and you wouldn't be satisfied."

"Half a hundred! Oh, your husband is fifty, you mean. Well, if he's portly, take the strap off."

"Thirty! Don't call him middle-aged. The dark ones are all broken in the seat. These are quite wide enough. You don't mean to say that he measures round the waist more than this? And here's a pair of warm stockings to roll up in them."

"Give me something to keep me warm, if ye please, sir. God bless ye! I am very much obliged."

"Oh yes, my good woman, I know your minister is a very excellent man; but if he would only come round here and help, he would see how we are bothered. (He is a member of our committee, and so he ought to know I cannot honour this. Of course I do not doubt his word; but if we were to act on private notes, what check should we have?)"

"The minister said to me, 'Is that all you've got? Poor child! what good will that be?' And then he gave me the note to give to Mrs. Griffith when there was nobody by her."

"You'll have to wait a long time for that; but, here, give me the note again. I'll endorse it, and you can take it round. We haven't any women's things here."

"I don't know, sir, what was on the ticket. If I'd clothes for the child I'd send him to school. I couldn't get tickets in time. All I've had is this little frock. There's not a rag left for women."

The last speaker was a Dowlais woman. On the morning I attended at the Merthyr clothes depôt the rector came in and said, in a broken voice, that, owing to the destitution in Dowlais—Dowlais, where, according to its magnates, poverty is a myth—the distribution of clothes must at once cease, and be suspended until two days' tickets for their exclusive use had been distributed among the Dowlais poor.

At the time of the strike and lock-out in South Wales some employers of labour were very angry with the Rector of Merthyr for feeding the iron-workers' youngsters. They said, "How can we make the men bend their necks unless we pinch the bellies of their wives and children?" To which Mr. Griffith replied, "You shan't do it."

The present depression in the South Wales iron trade may, to some extent, be the result of that former unfortunate complication; but ironmasters cannot say that the present dinners in the Merthyr Drill Hall are a backing up of the "hands" against their employers. Men are out of work at Merthyr now because there is no work for them to do there. Of course, both clothing and feeding are only

temporary expedients, which must soon come to an end. The benevolent rector and the admirable staff of volunteer aids he has enlisted are startled at the responsibility they have taken upon themselves, and keenly alive to the abuses to which their beneficence is exposed, and the evils it may possibly entail. Unless the iron trade revive there, the only radical cure for the distress in South Wales will be a wholesale migration of its surplus hands. In the meantime some hundreds of children, who would otherwise have to dine with Duke Humphrey, get an excellent dinner every day at the Drill Hall, and the severest political economist, I think, would not grudge them it, if he could see them at it. It has done this good, at any rate. At the beginning of the distress Merthyr swarmed with young beggars; now, though, no doubt, Merthyr people go to beg at a distance, there is scarcely a beggar, young or old, to be seen in the town. During my stay in the district I was only twice actually asked for money: once by a half-witted Irishman, who bribed me with liberal promises of holy water; and the second time by an old professional mendicant, who, when he had wheedled a trifle out of me, turned to my really far more benevolent, but also more sensible companion with the cool inquiry, "And now, sir, won't *you* do something?"

Three hundred 4-lb. loaves and 400 gallons of soup are given away daily at the Drill Hall. Both are of excellent quality. The soup is of the kind which is said colloquially to "stick to the ribs." Here are the ingredients: 90 lbs. of English meat, 50 lbs. of tinned American, 56 lbs. of pea-meal, 28 lbs. of flour, 24 lbs. of onions, 32 lbs. of rice, and 30 lbs. each of carrots and parsnips. Some 2,400 children are fed at the Drill Hall, between 12 and 2 P.M., in batches of 600, and there are in the Merthyr district five other soup-kitchens, which feed between them 2,000 more. Mr. Simpson, the proprietor of the Liverpool Landing-stage Restaurant, who keeps a big bowl there for contributions towards the relief of the South Welsh distress, has sent to Merthyr alone £50 in money, 1,000 pair of clogs, and tons of meat, peas, and rice. I saw a curious contrast to his magnificent liberality. Some "benefactor" has sent the committee, at a cost to them of 9s. for carriage, a rickety old box filled with the stalest of broken crusts. When the children were first invited to the Drill Hall they were so weak that they used to lay their heads on the six rows of double forms which serve for tables, and scarcely speak a word. But good feeding has told

upon them, and they now make a merry noise as they muster, and fall into some kind of order outside, under the superintendence of two constables armed with little switches instead of truncheons. Sometimes, too, when all the forms are occupied, those who should wait to be served second still strive to force their way in, making the partition of the lobby rock, and jostling the old women in plaid shawl and apron who are bringing in the big footbath-like vessels of steaming soup. Thereupon a spare energetic little curate, who has covered his clerical attire with a long white bibbed apron, flings himself backwards on the insurging throng, frantically extending his arms and fingers, and shrilly shouting, "Bäck! bäck! bäck!"

The Drill Hall, lent to the committee by the local volunteers, is a large building lighted by ten skylights in the roof, which is supported by nine blue iron arches. At one end there is a platform or orchestra, with music-stands, &c. In front of this six soup-ladlers, or rather juggers, take their post behind a table which bears the great zinc soup vessels. In front is a form covered with bright flagons, which will be carried round full by the score or so of volunteer male assistants, lay and clerical, who have mustered near a great pile of cut bread, intended to replenish the clothes-baskets of the same which stand one at the head of each double row of forms. Half-a-dozen literal ladies—*loaf-givers*—are in readiness to carry round the big baskets.

All things being ready, the children tumble in with the rush and hubbub of a flock of sheep at last persuaded to follow their leader on board ship; their ministers, &c., leaping wildly in the throng like sheep-dogs, in their efforts to preserve something like order. Some of the children are mere dolls, who raise frightened little cries as they get squeezed. There, with a basket containing basins for the whole family on her arm, toils along a little mother of twelve, with a tribe of little brothers and sisters in tow. Those who have not brought vessels of their own are supplied with old grocers' tins, &c., of which a stock is kept piled upon the platform. One or two of the crowd are ragged, shoeless hobbledehoys. The style of dress is most miscellaneous. Rags and dirty shoeless feet may be seen here and there, but still they are not predominant; the committee having clad and shod a good many of the children. Down on their knees they go beside the forms, all talking together, and making a deafening clatter with their cans and crockery. The rector mounts a form

with a boatswain's whistle in his hand. He blows it. "Silence!" he cries. "Rise! Kneel! Rise! You men, there" (to a group of the unemployed at the bottom of the room), "set the children a good example by taking off your hats!" He takes off his own, and gives out the Doxology, which is printed in large letters about the room. It is sung, and down drop the children again, and the soup and bread distributors make their rounds; the rector often having to mount the form, and whistle, and shout "Silence" again, and sometimes being compelled to place upon a form, for a few minutes' penance, some little offender who has persisted in disregarding his instructions not to pull the dress of the volunteer assistants as they pass. At last, "No more soup!" sounds through the hall; the six hundred who have been fed file out by another entrance; the old women-helps sweep down the forms, and six hundred more rush in.

Some fifty or sixty men out of work assemble at the Drill Hall every day in a half-forlorn hope that the rector may have heard of something for them to do. He tells me that the statement that the Merthyr men are unwilling to migrate is utterly false. If he could only hear of work for them, he could supply hundreds of men eager to go to it.

It is touching to see those poor rusty iron-workers assembling there day after day with their "no man hath hired us" look of dreary misery, and to note the covetous glances they cast upon the bread and soup. In the case of the men whom he has been able to send away, Mr. Griffith has advanced their travelling expenses out of the funds placed at his disposal, trusting to the men's honour to repay the money.

"Well, David, things brighter at all?" you will hear a small tradesman ask of a passing workman.

"No," is the answer. "No work at all."

These workless workmen, or workers for only a day or so in the week, loafing about in dismal constrained holiday, struck me more than the youngsters rushing in to their good dinner, more even than the pale ragged women clamouring for clothes.

But what struck me most was what I saw and heard in cottages I visited, with Mr. John Beynon, an intelligent, good-tempered Welsh collier, for my guide and interpreter. In one a woman was busy washing, with three children hanging about her. Five more were away at school. The husband, a pale bearded man, who sat in his hat and comforter beside a little fire, and rose and spoke

with difficulty, had been three months ill and idle—would have to undergo an operation, he thought, for “a gathering in his inside.” When at work, as day labourer at a blast-furnace, he could get 1s. 8d. a day. He showed me his pay-tickets, according to which his weekly earnings had once been as low as 3s.

In another house, which held a ragged family of seven or eight, to be supported on 6s. a-week (the Saturday before they had had only 1s. left for food), a blanket and a baby's suit (for the unfortunate mother was near her confinement) hung upon a clothes-line were the only clean and comfortable-looking articles. The poor children were rather nice little things; but, as she said half fiercely, what could the mother do for them? She had once had a house full of furniture, and now she hadn't a bed. It and most of the other things had been sold for food. Two rickety old tables were almost all the furniture I saw. On a little stool sat one of the little girls, nursing another almost as big as herself.

In a third cottage there was a bed curtained with an old newspaper. There were also a couple of chairs, a clock without a pendulum, a little crockery, and a couple of prints. An old woman, getting 1s. 6d. a-month from the parish, but formerly entirely dependent on her daughter, the mistress of the house, squatted before a little fire with the daughter. The latter, mere skin and bone, nursed a baby of six months. Her eldest child was thirteen years old. She said she begged old shoes for her children and cobbled them up, and went out selling sand to help her children to live. Four of them went for soup. They were too ragged to go to school. There were eight persons in the family, and they paid 2s. a-week for two rooms. Her husband was a chance labourer, and got 7s. 6d. a-week when he was in work. “Oh yes,” she said, “he is sober, because he knows he can't have it” [beer].

In a fourth cottage I talked with a collier and his hungry-eyed wife. They were five in family; the baby six months old, the eldest child seven years. The father had been lame and idle, through rheumatism, for five weeks. After paying to his club for fifteen years, he had forfeited all benefit from it through not being able to keep up his payments. Men who worked at Dowlais, like himself, he said, had 4d. in the pound stopped out of their wages for doctor, schools, and fund; and now the fund was all he had got to depend on—4s. 6d., paid every fortnight.

When he was in work he got from 10s. to 13s. a-week (tickets shown), and had to pay from 2s. 6d. to 3s. 6d. out of that to a boy. He paid 1s. 9d. a-week rent, and got his coals for 3s. 9d. a load. He had “strived to keep his little things together; it was hard to part with them, but they must soon go, for he hadn't enough for to-morrow.” “And the whole day I wasted,” said the wife, “but the guardians would do nothing for us if we don't go into the house.”

In a fifth cottage I found another collier, who, when at work, had earned 9s. a-week; but during five months of last year he had been idle. He got, he said, 2s. 6d. from his club, and his Dowlais money; 1s. 2d. a month he had to pay to his club, and 1s. 4d. for the children's schooling. His coals cost him 2s. 6d. a month; he was not privileged to have them from the company. His rent was 6s. 6d. a month. A pale-faced little girl in a white pinafore, one of four children, was sitting on the floor. She had “had an inflammation,” I was told, and so could not be sent to school. Besides, she had cut her feet with her shoes; the only ones she had. They were produced; the gaps between the loose “uppers” and the rough soles made them look like great leather snapdragons. The mother complained for herself that she could not go to chapel, because she had only the ragged clothes she stood in. I looked somewhat curiously at a clock, a chest of drawers, framed engravings, &c., but was informed by my guide that the furniture did not belong to the people of the house: they were only keeping it for a friend.

Another home of two rooms I found filled with blinding, stifling smoke. A string, with a rag or two upon it, stretched across the living-room. A few tins were on the mantelpiece and a few little prints upon the walls. On a round table stood a bottle or two and a saucer with a little flour in it. The husband, a smudgy collier's labourer, was at home. He got, his almost equally smudgy-faced wife told me, 5s. a week to pay for everything; he was charged 5s. 3d. a load for coals, his rent was 5s. 6d. a month, and in the way of change of clothes he had only one spare shirt. Two children were crying in the living-room, and out of the as smoky bedroom, furnished with an almost beddingless bedstead and a dusty engraving, the mother fetched a white-faced, goggle-eyed infant, whose hydrocephalous head fell about as if the neck were too weak for it.

And now I have to describe a home for ten

persons—two families—rented at 7s. a month. From the main room on the ground-floor, in a row of two-floored houses, an almost bare room, paved with cracked square slates, three arches led to three caverns, rather than rooms, two quite dark, but the outside one lighted. The dark so-called "pantry" contained a few rubbishy coals and a pail. The other dark cave—an unventilated bedroom for five people (the stench was frightful)—held, so far as I could see, only a pan, a little sacking, and a stray fluttering fowl. The lighted bedroom—another sleeping-place for five—held a bedstead with scarcely anything on it. There were some tins on the mantelpiece of the common room, a kettle on the hearth, and a table and a low seat or two upon its floor. Before the fire listlessly lounges a stupefied-looking bearded blacksmith. He says, in a weak voice, that he used to be able to earn 15s. a week, but that he is rheumatic, and has been

out of work for four months. His wife, he says, is on the tips gathering coal. "We can only go to the ash-heaps now. They set the police on us if we go to the cinder-tips." I was told, however, that his wife was really out begging.

Two young louts of thirteen and fifteen lounge on either side of the fire, staring half-stupidly and half-defiantly. The other inmates of the room are three or four ragged little girls, and a skeleton scarecrow of a young Irish woman—her apron is like a net through which some huge fish has burst its way—nursing a half-starved baby. She tells me that her husband is wearing the shoes off his feet in search of work, but has been out of it for two months. Her eyes are sky-blue—summer sky-blue. Her glossy black hair twists about her yellow-pale face like little snakes. The bones of the face show through the skin like those of a death's head just about to throw off all disguise.

THE ELECTRIC TELEPHONE: ITS EARLIEST AND LATEST DEVELOPMENT.

By PROFESSOR W. F. BARRETT, F.R.S.E., ETC.

PHILIP REIS, to whom science is indebted for the conception and construction of the first electric telephone, was, from 1859 till his death about two years ago, a teacher of natural history in a grammar-school at Friedrichsdorf, near Homburg. He seems to have been a man of remarkable ingenuity, perseverance, and modesty; his mind was evidently fruitful in original ideas, and his hands were skilful in embodying his mechanical conceptions with the simple materials at his command. Little is known of Reis in the annals of physical science beyond his beautiful "tone telephone," and even concerning this instrument the records are fragmentary, and chiefly written by other hands. The reason seems to be, as I learn from one who knew him well, that Reis was discouraged and annoyed by the refusal, on the part of one of the leading German scientific journals, to publish an electrical investigation upon which he had spent much labour, and henceforth he abandoned any attempt to publish the results of his original work. This resolve and its somewhat inadequate cause are much to be regretted; for good work has thus been buried, and the worker himself was deprived of that public encouragement which is so useful a stimulus in scientific research.

Reis's first attempts at an electric telephone were, I believe, made in 1852, but at that time without much success. In 1860 he resumed his experiments, and before the close of the year he obtained most promising results, that is, so far as regards the transmission of musical notes. A year later he improved his instrument, beyond the stage that is generally known, and succeeded in electrically transmitting every inarticulate modulation of the voice, together, be it noted, with some articulate sounds, broken sentences, but no clear continuous transmission of speech. There was this, however, to be said, that the electrically delivered sounds were simultaneously audible to large numbers of people. In fine, it would have been impossible for Reis to obtain with the principle he adopted a better instrument or more perfect articulation.

This has been clearly shown through the careful investigations of Professor Graham Bell, of Boston University, who, step by step, was led to introduce a new principle in electric-telephony, whereby some two years ago he achieved the magnificent results now so widely known. Bell's telephone takes up every articulate sound of the voice, and accurately delivers them to the ear of a listener who may be five hundred miles away,

and who requires no previous training, but merely a close and noiseless attention. Between Reis, who laid the foundation stone of electric-telephony, and Bell, who may in some respects be said to have laid the top stone, there intervene many workers in the same field. To their achievements the limits of our space will not allow us to refer in the present paper, wherein we shall confine ourselves to the two typical instruments just named.

It is a natural though a significant result that both Reis and Bell, in their separate quests, were stimulated by the performance, and guided by the mechanism, of the human ear. Let us therefore glance for a moment at the structure of this wonderful organ. The outer cartilaginous portion, which in man, so far as we know, appears to be but an ornamental appendage, encircles the entrance to a somewhat long passage traversing the bony wall of the skull. Following up the passage the first object we encounter is a delicate membrane, about half an inch in diameter, tightly stretched in an oblique direction across the entire width of the passage. This is the well-known tympanic membrane. Attached to the inner surface of this membrane is a minute bone shaped somewhat like a miniature hammer. The handle of the hammer lies across the membrane from its centre to its upper edge, and the rounded head of the hammer fits into a depression in a second little bone called the anvil, but more like a minute double-fanged tooth; this again is connected with a third almost microscopic bone, very like a diminutive stirrup. The foot of this stirrup-like bone presses against a smaller inner membrane, closing a tiny oval window, that opens into the mysterious labyrinthine chamber of the inner ear. As we shall explain directly, sounds reach our ears by a wave-like motion of the air—not, however, waves resembling those which occur on the surface of water, but rather a crowding together, and then retreating, of the air particles. A progressive atmospheric condensation, followed by a rarefaction, constitutes, in fact, a sound-bearing wave. When such a wave reaches the tympanic membrane the little drum-skin receives a sudden slight push inwards, and then outwards, or *vice versa*, from the augmented and then diminished pressure in the two parts of the wave. The bending inwards of the outer drum-skin makes the hammer stir the anvil, and then the anvil stirs the stirrup, and, lastly, the stirrup stirs the inner drum-skin, the small surface of

which, therefore, receives nearly the whole of the motion imparted to the larger surface of the tympanic membrane. Beyond the cavity of the tympanum it is not our purport to trace the further progress of the motion; it will be sufficient to say that, if we peeped through the small oval window, we should find some tortuous passages filled with a watery liquid within which ramify the fibres of the nerve cord that conveys the sonorous impressions to the brain. No one knows *how* the consciousness of sound arises from the agitation of the auditory nerve; but from the source of sound up to the terminal filaments of this nerve we can trace more or less clearly the various mechanical actions that occur. What we call a sound, whether it be speech, music, or noise, is therefore a sensation produced in our brain by a vibratory motion that reaches the nerve of hearing.

Let us now endeavour to obtain some conception of the nature of the vibratory motion which constitutes a sound-bearing wave, and how it is generated. To fix our ideas, let us suppose that we strike a tuning-fork sounding the middle C, and hold it before one end of a speaking-tube, to the other end of which a companion has placed his ear. The prongs of the fork are swinging to and fro precisely like a moving pendulum, only very much more quickly. This to-and-fro motion is termed a vibration, and a certain rapidity of vibration is necessary to give rise to an audible sound. In the case of the particular fork we have chosen the prongs make two hundred and sixty-four complete vibrations every second. Let us picture to ourselves one prong as it moves forward towards the tube: the particles of air immediately in front of it will be crowded together; within this region there will, therefore, be a small increase of the atmospheric pressure; this will tend to push together the adjacent particles farther on, and these the next beyond, and so on, until at last a wave of compression has travelled through the tube and reached the drum of the ear of our companion listening at the far end. After the prong has swung forward, its elasticity causes it to spring back, and then to swing away from the tube. The air particles within the tube are now as much pulled asunder as they were before crowded together; in fact, without the aid of the retreating prong their own recoil would have brought them into the dilated condition which the motion of the prong assists. This local dilatation, so far, diminishes the pressure of the air. Into this region of diminished pressure the air particles

beyond tend to move, and these likewise create a return swing in those still farther on, so that a wave of rarefaction now travels along the tube. Reaching the ear of our companion, the tympanic membrane is pulled, or rather driven, outwards as much as before it was pressed inwards, and through the chain of little bones this motion is faithfully conveyed to, and concentrated upon, the delicate membrane covering the tiny oval window. After the prong of the fork has reached the limit of its backward swing it returns on another forward journey, and accordingly another wave of compression, to be followed by one of rarefaction, runs through the tube. The complete oscillation of the fork generates the dual action which constitutes a sound-bearing wave; and as the fork selected makes exactly two hundred and sixty-four swings to and fro every second, there will be two hundred and sixty-four condensations and rarefactions travelling through the tube each second. Precisely at this rapid rate the drum-skin will be pushed inwards and outwards, sending a corresponding number of thrills through the mechanical parts of the organ of hearing, and exciting a response in special fibres of the auditory nerve. The agitations there set up ultimately reach the brain, and then we designate the impression so produced the note C.

If the drum-skin had been moved twice as rapidly, we should have had the impression of a note an octave higher; if half as rapidly an octave lower, and so on. The *pitch* of the note we hear is, in fact, solely dependent on the number of times per second the tympanic membrane is moved to and fro, and this we have seen depends on the rate of vibration of the sounding body. Pitch is therefore only a question of periodic time; it does not matter in what special way the drum-skin is pushed inwards and outwards (for there are a vast variety of modes in which it can traverse to and fro), or how vigorously or feebly it moves—if only it moves at a certain rate it will excite the sensation of a certain pitch and no other.

The *loudness* or otherwise of the sound we hear depends on the extent to which the drum-skin is driven to and fro, or, perhaps, stretched and relaxed. This depends on the degree of compression and rarefaction in the sound-wave, and this again on the amplitude of the swing of the fork or other sounding body. Through the speaking-tube we have been considering the sound-bearing waves reach the ear with little diminution of strength, but were the tube not there, the

rarefactions and condensations which constitute the waves would spread on every side in ever-widening concentric spheres. The motion would be thus diluted in space as it were, and soon become too feeble to stir the tympanic membrane at all. Hence the use of speaking-tubes in partially preventing the decay of the sound-bearing waves; but only moderate distances can thus be bridged over.

The relative pitch and loudness are, however, not the only characteristics of musical notes. Every instrument has its peculiar quality of tone, so that we are enabled to distinguish an harmonium from a pianoforte, although notes of the same pitch be sounded on each. In like manner we recognise friends by their individual voices. This remarkable characteristic depends upon what has been called the *timbre* or *quality* of a note. It is due to the *mode* of vibration of the tympanum, not its *rate*; and this again is due to the special mode of motion of the air particles in the sound-wave. For, while the total time of oscillation of the vibrating particles, and therefore the pitch of the note, may remain unchanged, the velocity of the particles at the different points of their course may be regulated by laws which admit of endless variation. Hence arises a change in the character or form of the waves, and it is to this diversity in form that the varieties of quality or timbre of the sounds produced by different instruments are to be ascribed.

An illustration may perhaps make this important point somewhat clearer. If a ball be thrown up and repeatedly struck back to the height from which it fell its motion may be represented by the curve A in Fig. 1.

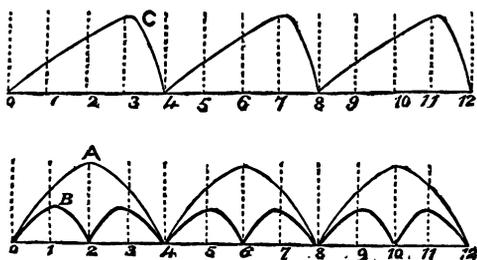


Fig. 1

If the ball be struck back twice as rapidly, but for the sake of clearness in the figure less vigorously, its motion will be shown by the curve B. (The vertical dotted lines are proportional to the height of the ball from the ground in the successive intervals of time marked off along the

horizontal line.) Representing in the same way another kind of motion, that of a tilt-hammer, for instance, we have the curve c. In A and B ascent and descent are performed with equal rapidity; whereas in C ascent takes much longer than descent. The *nature* of this rise and fall, that is, the form of the curve, corresponds to the quality of a musical tone. The *rate* of rise and fall corresponds to the pitch of a musical tone, the loudness of which is indicated by the height of the curve. These curves may, therefore, represent the vibrations of two different-sounding bodies. Now let us suppose that when a vibration reaches the horizontal line it is enabled to close an electric circuit and transmit a current. It is obvious that in B twice as many currents will be transmitted as in the case of A; and these, reconverted into sound, will give us the note and its octave at the far end. In the case of C the same number of electric impulses will be transmitted as were sent by A, and accordingly a note of the same pitch as A will reappear. And this, notwithstanding that the intervening portions of the two motions do not resemble each other, and may, of course, differ very much more than we have represented.

Now, in order to reproduce *distinct* speech, it is essential to transmit this variation in the form of each wave. Every simple musical tone generates a simple or pendulum-like vibration of the air; but articulation is not due to any simple tone, but to a mixed multitude of tones, the dominant one being called the prime tone, and the others partial tones. It is the mingling of these prime tones with more or less of partial tones of varying strength that gives rise to speech. Inasmuch, however, as the particles of air have not the power of Sir Boyle Roche's bird, of being in two or three places at the same time, a compromise between the different motions in which the particles are solicited takes place, and wave-forms of subtle complexity are the necessary result. A very little thought will enable the reader to translate the movements represented in the diagram into to-and-fro motions, say, of the drum-skin of our ear; in the case A it will move symmetrically to and fro, in the case C its motion will be slow at one period and accelerated at another. Obviously, therefore, to transmit such a motion electrically, every phase in the progress of the drum-skin to and fro must write itself down in electric impulses of corresponding graduation. This is precisely what Professor Bell has succeeded in accomplishing by

turning to practical account one of the most famous discoveries made by Professor Faraday. This, too, is the point where Reis failed; he could transmit the pitch, but not the quality, of a musical note.

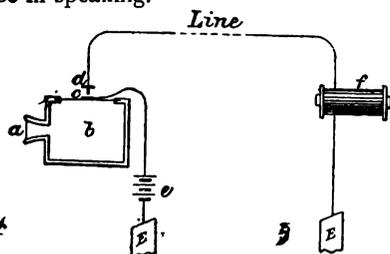
We are now in a position to understand the acoustic principles upon which these two typical telephones rest. And, in passing, it may be well to guard the reader against a popular misapprehension that these telephones have anything in common with a little toy that may now be seen in some of the streets and shops of London. These little instruments, it is true, transmit speech to distances out of the range of the unaided voice with surprising clearness; but as they convey sonorous vibrations by mere mechanical means, it is evident that we soon reach a limit beyond which it is impossible to employ such an arrangement. The weight of a long thread, which must be drawn tight throughout its course, will put so great a strain upon each membrane that the changes produced by the voice will have little effect. It is far otherwise when we press electricity into our service. Then there will be theoretically no terrestrial limit to our range of hearing. This was the aim Reis, for so many years, had in view, and though his experiments were at first fruitless, he eventually succeeded, so that it is to him, as already remarked, we owe the invention of the first electric telephone.

Dr. Messel, a well-known manufacturing chemist, was a witness of these early experiments of Reis, and he has kindly put several interesting and unpublished facts into my possession, showing the gradual steps by which Reis was led from a most simple form of instrument to his later and more perfect one. Dr. Messel says:—

"The original telephone made by Reis was of a most primitive nature. A bung of a beer-barrel had a conical orifice cut through it, the smaller end being closed with the skin of a German sausage, which did service as a membrane. To this was fixed, with a drop of sealing-wax, a little strip of platinum (or a platinum wire) representing the hammer of the ear, and which closed or opened the circuit precisely as in the instruments of a later date. The receiving instrument was a knitting needle surrounded with a coil of wire, and placed on a violin to serve as a sounding-board. Some idea of the roughness of the main parts of the first telephone can thus be formed. When first exhibited at Frankfort it astonished every one quite as much as the more perfect instruments of

Bell now do. The instrument here described has now passed into the hands of the Telegraph Department of the German Government."

Reis gave his first public lecture in October, 1861, before the Physical Society of Frankfort-on-Main, an account of which is published in the annual report of that society for the year 1861. It is entitled "Telephony by Means of Electric Currents;" for the word telephone is suggested by Reis, in this paper, as the name of his instrument. He describes the way in which he was led from the study of the human ear, and the manner in which it receives the impression of vibratory movements, to the construction of an instrument similar in principle, which should reproduce musical tones and even the sound of the voice in speaking.



Reis's Telephone.

A cubical wooden block was pierced by a conical opening, the smaller end of which was covered by a thin skin, and to the centre of this skin was fastened a narrow strip of platinum, joined to one end of a small voltaic battery. Close to, but not touching this strip, was a wire connected to the distant receiver, returning thence to the other pole of the battery. His receiver was still a simple knitting needle surrounded with a coil of wire, and supported upon a resonant box. Speaking into the broad end of the cone, the membrane was thrown into vibration, and intermittent currents were sent to the distant receiver. Here the rapid magnetisation and demagnetisation of the iron core by the interrupted current gave rise to a series of sounds derived from the molecular changes set up in the iron, a phenomenon first observed by an American, Page, in 1837. Obviously the pitch of a note is thus easily reproduced by these molecular sounds; not, however, the timbre or quality of the note. The relative loudness of various notes was to some extent reproduced; owing, as Reis states, to the fact that a loud sound being due to a greater amplitude of vibration, closes the circuit for a longer period than a faint sound, and hence a more powerful magnetisa-

tion is produced in the receiver. Here are his own words as to the performance of this early form of instrument:—"I was able to make melodies audible to a numerous audience at the Physical Society of Frankfort-on-Main. Melodies were sung, not loudly, into my apparatus in a hospital about three hundred feet away from the listeners, care being taken that no sound could be heard by direct means, or by conduction along the wires. The sounds of various musical instruments were also clearly reproduced, as the clarionet, horn, organ-pipe, and even harmonium or piano, when the transmitter was placed on their sound-boards, provided the tones were within a compass of about three octaves—F to f". So far, articulation has not been reproduced equally well. Consonants, however, were in general pretty clearly heard, but not the vowels. The sound, in all cases, is of course much feebler than in the originating instrument."

Subsequently, however, it appears that Reis achieved greater success in reproducing articulation. In a report on Reis's telephone by a M. Legat, Inspector of Telegraphs in Cassel, &c., published in 1862,* the following sentence occurs, "Melodies can be reproduced with astonishing certainty, whilst single words, in reading, speaking, &c., were less distinct, although the peculiar modulations of the voice in speaking, calling, interrogation, surprise, or command were clearly marked." The instrument described in this report is somewhat different from the earlier form. The diaphragm was a collodion film, and the contact-breaker behind it was lighter, and constructed in the form of an S-shaped lever, the longer arm of which was in contact with the membrane while the shorter made and broke the circuit. There was no metal disc on the membrane, but the circuit was completed by means of the arm on which the lever delicately moved. The receiver, moreover, was a small horse-shoe electro-magnet, fixed horizontally to a sounding-board. The rapid isochronous movement of a light keeper, adjusted by a spring before the poles of the magnet, reproduced the original sounds.

Still more success as regards articulation appears to have been achieved a little later; for, in a paper on Reis's improved telephone, published in Germany in 1863,† it is stated: "Particularly distinct was the reproduction

* See the Journal of the East German Telegraph Company of that date, or the reprint of the paper in 1863 in Dingler's *Polytechnisches Journal*, vol. clxix, p. 29.

† See No. 15 of Büttger's *Polytechnisches Notizblatt*.

of the scale. The experimenters could even communicate to each other words; only such, however, as they had already heard frequently." In confirmation of this may be added the following extract from a recent letter received from Dr. Messel: "There is not a shadow of a doubt about Reis having actually achieved imperfect articulation. I personally recollect this very distinctly, and could find you plenty of ear-witnesses to the same fact."

Two or three years later, in 1865, a skilful instrument maker in Dublin, Mr. Yeates, showed to the Philosophical Society in that city a modification of Reis's telephone, wherein a near, though accidental, approach was made to the true principle of an articulating telephone—namely, the employment of a continuous electric current of varying strength. This was obtained, though the primary object was different, by putting a drop of water or a fragment of moistened paper between the metal disc on the membrane and the adjacent platinum point which completed the electric circuit. Articulation of an imperfect kind was thus obtained. Unaware of Reis's improvements, Mr. Yeates also employed a simple and, as the present writer can testify, a very effective form of electro-magnetic receiver, which deserves to be more widely known. The accompanying sketch gives a view of this instrument. Upon a light sounding-box *b*, a little electro-magnet *c c* is supported by the brass pillar seen

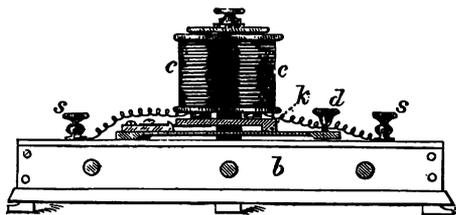


Fig. 2.

behind. A light iron keeper *k* is fastened at one end by a flat steel spring to a wooden bridge which can be raised and lowered by the screw *d*. The distance of the keeper from the poles of the magnet can thus be adjusted with great nicety—a point of some importance. The ends of the wire round the coils are connected with the binding-screws *s* and *s*, to which are joined the line wire leading to the distant receiver and the return wire. With this little instrument an audience of a thousand people can easily hear musical airs sung into the transmitter shown in Fig. 4, and which may be a

hundred miles away. Here, of course, a small voltaic battery is necessary to generate the electric current.

Excellent as is the performance of this instrument—which is substantially the same as the best form of Reis's telephone—in the transmission of music, it is manifestly imperfect and practically useless for the transmission of speech. Nor could it be otherwise, for, as we have seen, the precise form of each sound-bearing wave must be transmitted, and this can only be accomplished by an electric current made to vary in strength in a manner proportional to all the myriad inflections of the human voice. I think it may be safely asserted that not a single eminent electrician would have believed in the possibility of such an achievement five years ago, and would

Section.

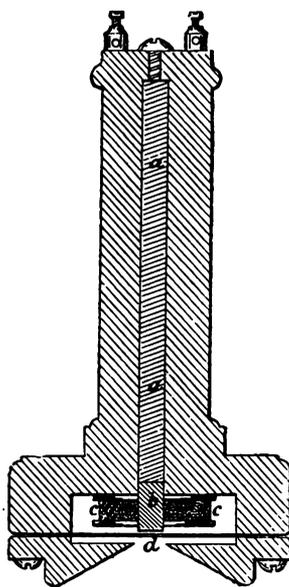


Fig. 3.

probably have considered it a waste of time to attempt to solve this problem. Perhaps it was fortunate for science that Professor Bell approached the subject as a novice, undaunted, therefore, by the difficulties of the problem before him.

It will be needless to trace the successive stages in the discovery of the articulating telephone, as they have already been frequently detailed by Professor Bell and others. We will confine ourselves to the description of the last and highest stage in the process of evolution of this instrument. As in Reis's telephone, a membrane is caused to

vibrate by the action of the voice. This membrane, however, is no longer of skin, but consists of a thin disc of iron. Behind the iron disc is a small straight magnet; round that pole which adjoins the disc is wound several coils of very fine insulated wire, and the ends of the wire are carried to screws conveniently placed for the attachment of the line and return wire leading to and from the distant and precisely similar instrument. A section of the instrument is seen in Fig. 3, and a diagrammatic sketch of the sending and receiving instrument is shown in Fig. 4. N S represents the bar

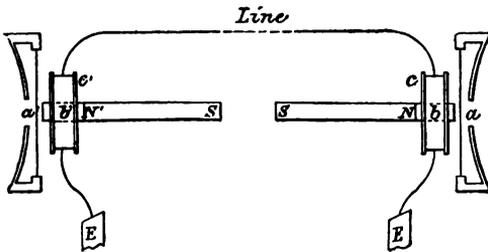


Fig. 4.

magnet, *b* the coil of wire, *a* the iron diaphragm, and *c* the connection with the line wire. As is usual in telegraphy, instead of a return wire, connection is made with the

earth *E* by means of gas or water pipes. It will be noticed no battery is in circuit, for none is required, and that, unique among telegraphic instruments, the sender and the receiver are identical in construction.

A very simple and inexpensive form of Bell's telephone, devised by the present writer, is shown in the annexed cut, Fig. 5, and in section in Fig. 3. It is simply an ordinary tooth-powder box *A*, the lid of which, *B*, is reversed and fastened by screws to the bottom of the box; straight through the centre of both a hole about the size of a sixpence is bored. Between *A* and *B* a disc of iron, *d*, is firmly secured—the bottom of a thin tin canister answers very well. To permit of its vibration the wood must be slightly cut away. A penny reel of silk thread has its silk removed and the inner part of the bobbin reduced so as to bring the wire, which must be wound round it, very near the magnet; or a zinc or cardboard bobbin may be made. About thirty or forty yards of No. 36 silk-covered copper wire is coiled on the reel, which can then be glued to *B*. Another and perhaps better arrangement is to make the hole in the lid *B* large enough to receive the rim of the bobbin, which is thus brought very close to the iron disc, a point of some importance. A few pence will purchase a

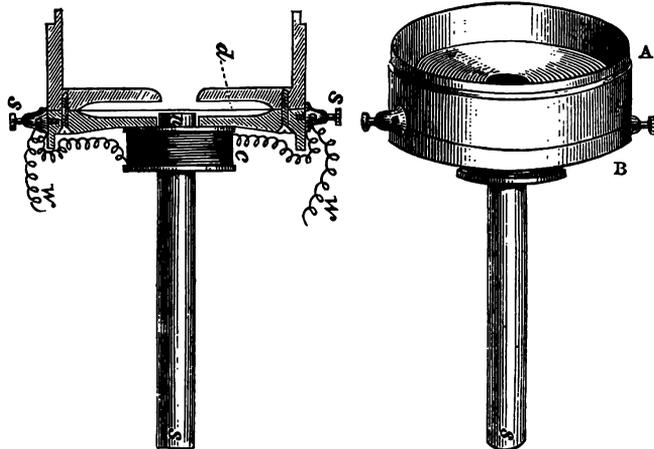


Fig. 5.

bar magnet that must be made to slide stiffly in the hole in the bobbin. The ends of the fine wire are joined to binding-screws *s s*, which can be procured at an optician's for a trifling sum, and to these again are fastened the wires, *w w*, leading to and from the distant and similar instrument; or a gas-pipe may be used instead of the return wire. A careful adjustment of the distance of the

magnet from the iron disc is necessary. This is best done by bringing the magnet into contact first, and then withdrawing it to as small a distance as possible. By tapping the disc with the finger, a friend listening out of earshot at the distant instrument will soon be able to ascertain the best position of the magnet. It is needless to remark that it would be an infringement of the general

patent, which Professor Bell has secured, to make these instruments for sale or use them for purposes of profit.*

And now, in conclusion, let us endeavour to understand how the wonderful double transformation is effected: first, of the voice, into electric pulsations, and then how these electric quivers are brought back into speech once more. Under the influence of the neighbouring magnet the iron discs become themselves magnetic. When a magnet is made to approach a coil of wire, the ends of which are united, a wave of electricity flows through the wire, and when the magnet is made to recede from the coil another electric wave is set up in a reverse direction. This was the memorable discovery which Faraday freely gave to the world, a discovery that has been turned into enormous practical utility, and upon which vast fortunes have been reared by those who wisely enough have patented some of its various practical applications which their ingenuity has devised. Professor Bell's patent embraces more than a mere application of this discovery, it is virtually a new discovery in itself: for it reveals the fact that swift and subtle as are the vibrations of the iron disc under the influence of the voice, each infinitesimal motion of the disc gives birth to an electric wave of corresponding strength and duration. These waves traverse the line and circulate round the distant coil. There they create proportional variations in the strength of the magnetic region adjoining the companion iron disc. At each fluctuation of magnetic intensity the iron disc is attracted slightly towards, or repelled slightly from, the pole of its magnet. And this motion can take place many thousands of times in a second, so that even if one disc quivers to and fro as rapidly as the wings of a buzzing gnat, the

companion disc will faithfully imitate the motion, and hence give forth the sound of the buzzing gnat. The chief point of interest is, however, this: not only the *rate* of vibration is transmitted and reproduced, but the *mode* of vibration of one disc repeats itself on the other. But, as we have seen in the early part of this article, if we can transmit any mode of vibration, or what is the same thing, any peculiar wave-form, we can transmit speech, which depends on the peculiar mode of vibration of the vocal chords in the speaker, and of the tympanic membrane in the listener. Thus the pitch of a note and the quality of a note are reproduced, the two chief elements in every sound. Hence not only are musical airs electrically transmitted, but the peculiar tone of each instrument, whether violin, harp, pianoforte, trumpet, organ, or what not. Speech is heard and the individuality of the speaker is recognised, his changing moods are even discernible in delicate shades of expression, and all this though the speaker may be in London and the listener at Edinburgh or Aberdeen.

As might be expected, the third and remaining element of a sound, its loudness, is not reproduced absolutely, but only relatively. We can tell whether one word is pronounced more loudly than another, but the loudest shout of the speaker appears but as a faint whisper to the listener. In good telephones we may hear many words a few feet away from the ear, but to catch all that is said it is necessary to place the telephone in contact with the ear; and one instrument to each ear is preferable, as external sounds are thus excluded, and the simultaneous motion of each tympanic membrane produces a more vivid sensation. In speaking into the telephone it is better not to speak too loudly, as the articulation is then less distinct; in fact, it is needless to do more than speak in one's ordinary key and at one's usual rate to be heard perfectly well.

The present article has already grown too long, so that we must postpone what we had intended to say about the practical use of the telephone and its successes and failures in various trials to another month. We hope then to say something about the recording of speech by Mr. Barlow's logograph, and the reproduction of speech in Mr. Edison's phonograph.

* It is greatly to be regretted in the interests of commercial morality and of public convenience, that the proprietors of Bell's patent have thought fit to charge for their telephones fifty times more than they cost, as such a procedure necessarily leads to a surreptitious manufacture and sale which, as is well known, has been going on most extensively throughout this country and abroad. If one or two sovereigns had been charged for a pair of instruments, and the manufacture thrown open to the trade in the customary way by paying a royalty, say, of ten shillings on each instrument, Professor Bell, or the proprietors of his patent, would at a moderate estimate have cleared in a couple of months, without expense to themselves, at least a hundred thousand pounds; a large and useful class of tradespeople would also have been benefited, and the public would enjoy, with a peaceful conscience, the convenience or the amusement of this beautiful invention.



G. P. CHALMERS, R.S.A.

In Memoriam.

NOTHING could more strike the mind than the spectacle of a career, full of promise, suddenly cut short. In ordinary circumstances the best feelings of our nature must be powerfully stirred. Our pity and our grief and our sense of indefinite loss contend with each other. The salve to our pain in such a case lies in a reference to Providence. But when—as was the case with Mr. G. P. Chalmers, who was killed in Edinburgh in such singular circumstances a few weeks ago—there are elements of tragedy and mystery, a painful feeling of rebellion will arise in the mind. The heart refuses to reconcile itself to the fitness of things, however the head may ply it with arguments. We can only at last throw ourselves back on the simple faith that “God knows best.”

In losing Mr. Paul Chalmers the world loses a man of rarely fine nature, and of undoubted genius in his art. He was a painter by instinct and original endowment, with the passion for beauty and colour chastened by the most careful discipline. That he is not so well known in England as he might have been and should have been, arose from his modesty and his extreme devotion to Edinburgh, which he clung to with a fond attachment such as is only too seldom felt. From such slight pictures of his as were exhibited in London (pictures mostly sent by friends and not by himself) only a faint impression of his genius could be derived, though few could have looked at “The Knitter,” with its exquisite play of light and shade, its fine flesh tint, and lines of marked character in the old face, and not have realised in it the touch of genius. Mr. W. M. Rossetti, indeed, spoke of it in the *Academy* as “a masterly little study of an old woman, in a style which might be regarded as merging that of Israel’s with the later manner of Wilkie.” In combination with the utmost naturalness of feeling, the naivest realisation of the situation, there was in the greatest of Chalmers’s pictures a subtle witchery of colouring, a graceful suggestiveness and depth of thought which sometimes recalled the very greatest of the old names in Art. And this was true no less of his portraits and his figure-subjects than of his landscapes—a branch to which he had more recently given much prominence. “The End of the Harvest” was one of the most striking pictures Britain has recently pro-

duced. The little group of weary-looking figures in the middle of the picture, the strip of trees behind, with the last lingering band of sunset-light trembling through, the rooks winging their way homeward—all was thoroughly pervaded by the sentiment of work finished, the pathetically-poetic meaning of the “close of the day,” and the harmony of tone was almost perfect. “Running Water”—a year or two later—showed an almost unexpected power; the brown stream, broken into foam, forcing its way through the rugged boulders, and brought into relief against the dark encircling fir-trees, was universally admitted to be masterly, and, in the highest sense, true to nature. All agree that his last pictures are his finest; and a friend, writing from Scotland, says of one of his portraits now in the Exhibition there: “There is a picture of his—the last he did—in the Edinburgh Exhibition this year, the portrait of a boy in black velvet, which strikes me as next to one of Millais’s of anything I have seen for a long time.” An elevated ideal quality was always present with him, imparting to the most ordinary theme he touched an indescribable grace and dignity; and this, combined with his subtle instinct for colour and for light and shade, recommended him to the French etchers, who were keen to translate his pictures into their own medium. In the *Portfolio* for December last was published M. Rajon’s etching of his picture—“Prayer”—an old woman, Bible on knee, with a grandchild kneeling beside her; and certainly one of the finest studies of an aged countenance, full of expression, was there very faithfully interpreted.

That his early struggle to obtain a footing in the world of art was great and nobly sustained, adds in one point of view to the admiration we must feel for his work—for he was still young and “still heard his days before him”—a fame far from fully accomplished. Being a native of Montrose and of about the same age, I had the good fortune to know Mr. Chalmers more intimately than, I believe, any other friend, during some of his earlier years, and during the first portion of his Edinburgh life, and a slight record of that relationship may, in several aspects, have its own purpose at the present moment.

I became acquainted with Mr. Chalmers while we were boys of thirteen or so. We were not schoolfellows, but often met in

going here and there, and a common love of reading drew us together. He was then very short and slight of build, and his large head and full development of brow, with masses of long, crispy fair hair, escaping from the control of the cap, gave a certain aspect of prematureness, though his features were remarkably fine, and he was fresh-coloured and looked healthy. Shortly after this he went to a doctor's service, and as I had to pass that way I usually saw him in the morning, as he was beginning his daily work. I can yet recall the enthusiasm with which the "In Memoriam" of Tennyson, which had been lent to me by a companion who was much in our society afterwards in Edinburgh, was read in early walks we took in certain summer mornings then, and how he silently declared against the more philosophical parts; delighting in the sections that pictured nature and natural scenery. The couplet—

"And wildly dashed on tower and tree,
The sunbeam strikes along the world"—

called forth from him the enthusiastic exclamation, with a lift of the hand to his head that was most characteristic, "Man, that *is* a picture!"

When he was about fifteen he left Dr. Lawrence's service, and went as an apprentice to Mr. Thomson, ship-chandler, in Ferry Street, near the Dock. There I saw him almost daily, for I had often to pass that way, heavily-laden; and often has he, escaping from drudgery (that looked a poor preparation for the work he was to do) in a little house at the left-hand side of the shop, come out, and, like a good Samaritan, aided me on my way; for there, in a double sense, the "paths were rough," as Dante writes. From the first moment of our acquaintance he was in the habit of drawing and painting—taking advantage of such ordinary materials as he could command; and I remember even yet, besides a multitude of pencil and chalk drawings, an oil painting—perhaps his very earliest—of Hope, a female face, with a star over the brow, smiling serenely through tears. As far as I can recall it, that picture, though but a very rough, crude sketch, already indicated feeling for colour. Sometimes a little stealth had to be practised in the showing of these trifles to myself and other boyish friends, for he had come to regard his people as being somewhat inimical to his painting projects, and fancied—I know not whether with good reason—that Mr. Thomson, his master, had been infected with

the same aversion.* Records of men who had become impatient of ordinary work, and had followed the *ignis fatuus* of art only to meet misery and want, were not unknown in the town, and possibly this may have had its influence. He carried on a severe struggle with himself for a long time—for his desire to please his mother sprung out of the truest reverence for her, and a determination to act dutifully; but at length, when about eighteen, he had got clear of the business, and having made a little sum of money chiefly by chalk drawings, he set forth for Edinburgh, to study in the Trustees' School. Very pleasant was it to hear the news of Chalmers's progress—how Scott Lauder had praised him, and how prizes were in prospect. There was a little party in Montrose who regarded themselves as sharers in his honour by the rights of sympathy.

In about a year I also found myself in the "stately city throned on crags;" and it was arranged between Chalmers and I that we should spend the Sunday afternoons together, and one evening a week at least. Either I went to his lodgings, or he came to mine; and on the Sunday afternoons we went to church or set out on a long walk—most often the former. He had been powerfully attracted by the preaching of Dr. Guthrie; and we were wont to go to Free St. John's frequently, not seldom standing in a passage during the whole service. The rich pictorial illustrations and the oratorical power had then great effect upon Chalmers, as he often acknowledged. But he began by-and-by to appreciate Dr. Hanna too. And we were by no means sectarian. Sometimes we heard Dr. Veitch, and sometimes Dr. Arnot. Dr. John Brown of Broughton Place, for a special reason, often claimed us. His intensity and his plainness of speech were potent; and if I say that his fine features and varied expression, the sparkling dark eye and the snow-white hair, had their own effect, I do not go farther than my companion would have done. His struggle to make ends meet was at this time great. His main resource was the painting of crayon portraits at a very low price, and sometimes he did work that was even less congenial to him—made copies; though occasionally he confessed benefit from that work. So much were we drawn to each other that, after some time, it was agreed that we should lodge together, and accordingly we found suitable rooms in

* Afterwards, as I know well, he did not feel towards Mr. Thomson as other than the best of friends, and no doubt came to think that he had been so far mistaken.

Cumberland Street, which was our abode for the next three years or more ; till, in fact, I was leaving Edinburgh.

That period is one which is to me full of delightful reminiscences. Chalmers was an enthusiastic musician, and sometimes a room with a piano in it was made accessible to us when friends came in. By-and-by two other Montrosians—George Collie and John Law, who were both in the publishing-house of the Messrs. Blackwood, and both musical, and who are now both gone—would join us, and at these times Chalmers's enthusiasm was delightful and infectious. After an evening spent in music and vigorous discussion of pictures, new books, and so on, out we would saunter by way of accompanying our friends to their domicile at some distance ; and not seldom, if the night were clear and starry, it proved—what, indeed, it was—a “Scotch convoy ;” and our saunterings were prolonged into the early hours. More than once has it been my lot, very near to, if not after, “the wee short hour ayont the twal” to be pulled up beside a lamp-post (for I was no musician), while my friends under it, and by the aid of its kindly rays, looked over rolls of music and hummed snatches therefrom, so intent on their work that, unnoticed by them, the policeman would come forward, and for a moment eye us doubtfully, and then, having satisfied himself that we were well-meaning young men, and that he had seen us before, would himself “move on,” or give us the gentlest of reminders. And I recollect, too, many pleasant meetings with some of his fellow-students, either in our own lodgings, or at those of Mr. MacTaggart, or Mr. Peter Graham, or Mr. Pettie, when knotty points of art criticism were raised and disposed of ; Mr. John Burr, in particular, proving that to paint well need not dull the power of arguing a point. But generally our gatherings ended by these belated saunterings, unless the weather were bad. Chalmers particularly liked these nocturnal rambles, and was always full of lively talk then. Even if indisposed, an evening walk was sure to relieve and to compose him.

Our evenings were often spent in reading, his preference being given to fiction of a particular cast, or history. Sometimes I read as he worked, or he sat and listened : he did not himself care much for reading aloud. One way or another we got over Macaulay's finest essays, and the bulk of Scott's novels, for which he avowed unceasing admiration, the quaint and natural picturesqueness of them touching him most deeply. We essayed Bulwer too,

but not with so much satisfaction on his part. Christopher North hit certain lines of his fancy more directly at that time. James Hogg's “Kilmeny” came to him with an irresistible appeal to his graceful fancy and fine sense of artistic harmony, and often were snatches of that poem on his lips then, particularly the lines—

“And they smylit on bevin, as they saw her lye
In the streime of life that wanderit by,”

which had fixed themselves in his memory. Much, too, he admired the picture in this passage—

“Late, late in ane glomyn, quhan all was still,
Quhan the freenge was reed on the wastlin hill
The wudde was sere, the moon i' the wane,
The reek of the cot hung ouir the playne,
Like ane little wee clude in the world i's lane ;
Quhan the ingle lowed wi' an cery leme,
Late, late in the glomyn Kilmeny came heine !”

One thing I must not forget to say. Though he was generally cheerful, and ready to sympathize and to make allowances for others, he was at that time occasionally subject to great depression. Even after the way had clearly opened before him, he was sometimes seized with doubts of his power to realise what he had purposed, and he was for days in really indifferent trim for work. He was most exacting towards himself, never felt that his work was so good as it might have been, notwithstanding the most intense application. The sight of a masterpiece sometimes had this effect upon him ; particularly I remember that some points in one of the pictures of the famous Creswick affected him in this way, and Etty's pictures and Etty's story keenly touched him. He was extremely sensitive and pure-minded. I had almost said that he was so to a maidenly extent. A coarse speech or a loose joke affected him precisely as a false note in music or a bit of discordant colouring would have done. I remember one instance in particular of a man who might have been in many ways useful to Chalmers, but who was apt to fall into a doubtful way of talking. Towards him Chalmers contracted such an aversion that he would not see him if he could at all escape it. I never knew a more pure-minded man, or one who by instinct was more repugnant to whatever is coarse or of evil suggestion.

His mother attended the parish church ; but through various relationships in Montrose, combined with his great love of music, he had been in the habit, before leaving home, of attending St. Peter's Episcopal Church, and he had sung in the choir there. I occasionally went to the service at

St. Peter's, and walked with him afterwards ; and I can recollect that he was particularly fond of certain hymns and certain tunes, to one of which, by Charlotte Elliott, he was till the end, I believe, very faithful in his attachment—"My God, my Father, while I stray ;" and he was often to be heard afterwards in Edinburgh singing that and other sacred pieces while working at his easel, his voice being very fine and sweet. In kindly recollection of these relations with Episcopalianism, he would sometimes, during the Edinburgh period, ask me to accompany him to Mr. Drummond's Episcopal Church in Rutland Place, where one of our companions regularly attended, and generally we joined him after the service, and took a stroll. (And I may here, by way of explaining the odd phenomenon of a lad seeking a double Sunday service, as I did in Montrose, simply say that something had to be laid to the score of novelty ; for in our Church, at that time, hymns were hardly looked on with favour by the older folks, while organs were viewed

almost with horror ; and it was thought a somewhat perilous stretch of Christian liberality that Episcopalians should worship in a United Presbyterian kirk, as was the case with those very congregations shortly afterwards.)

After I left Edinburgh I occasionally had, for some years, a letter from Chalmers—but he was by no means a good correspondent ; and he would come and see me when he was in London, but latterly we had fallen out of communication. It was with no ordinary feeling of pleasure that I was contemplating a renewal of our old intimacy in the summer, when I hoped to visit Edinburgh. It was all the greater shock to me when I heard the sad news of that ruffianly attack, from the effects of which I feared that he might not rally. And so it ended fatally, and all my hopes of seeing my old friend again, and listening to his vivacious yet sometimes almost childlike talk, are gone for ever.

A. H. J.

TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.

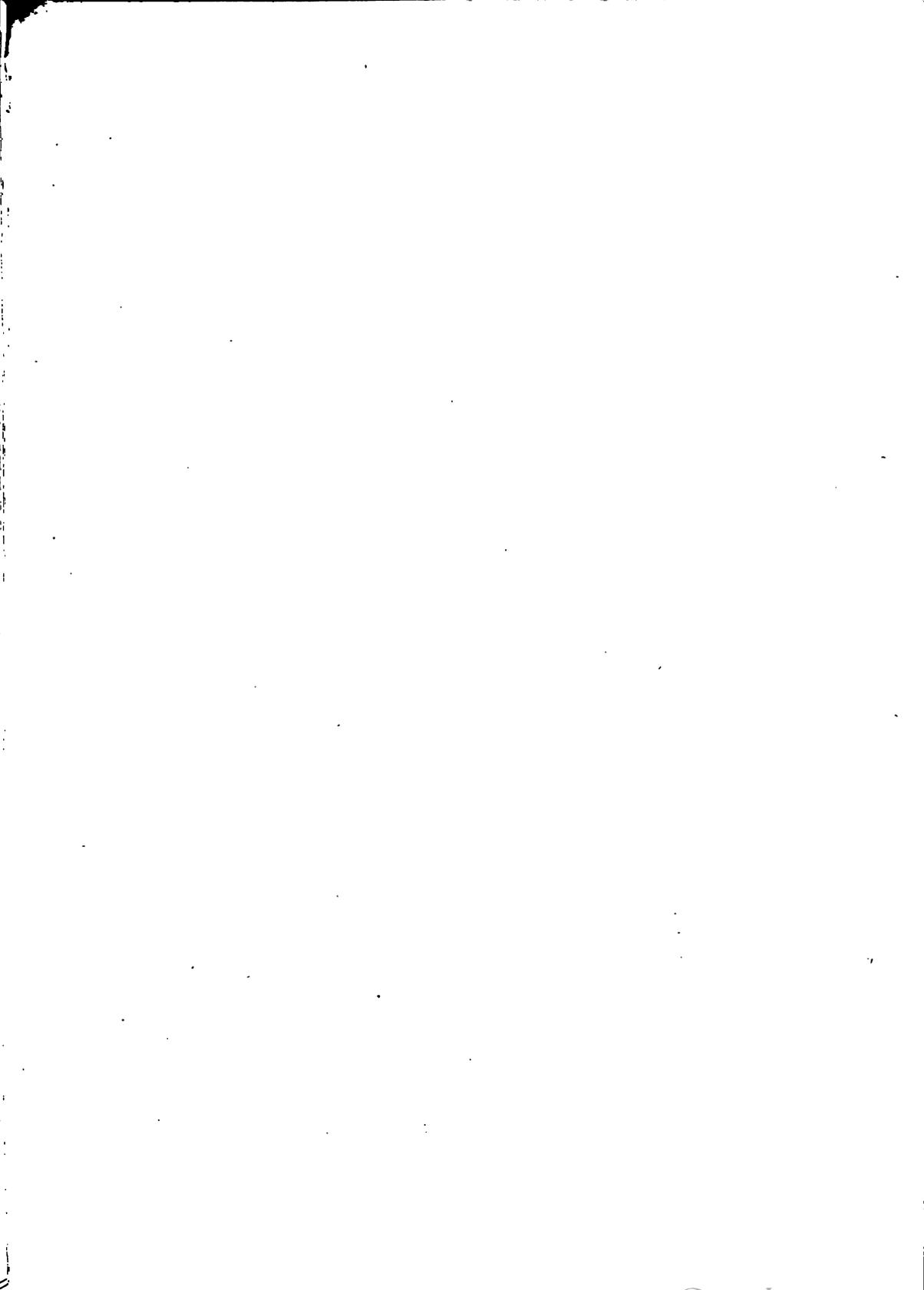
Tints for Music.

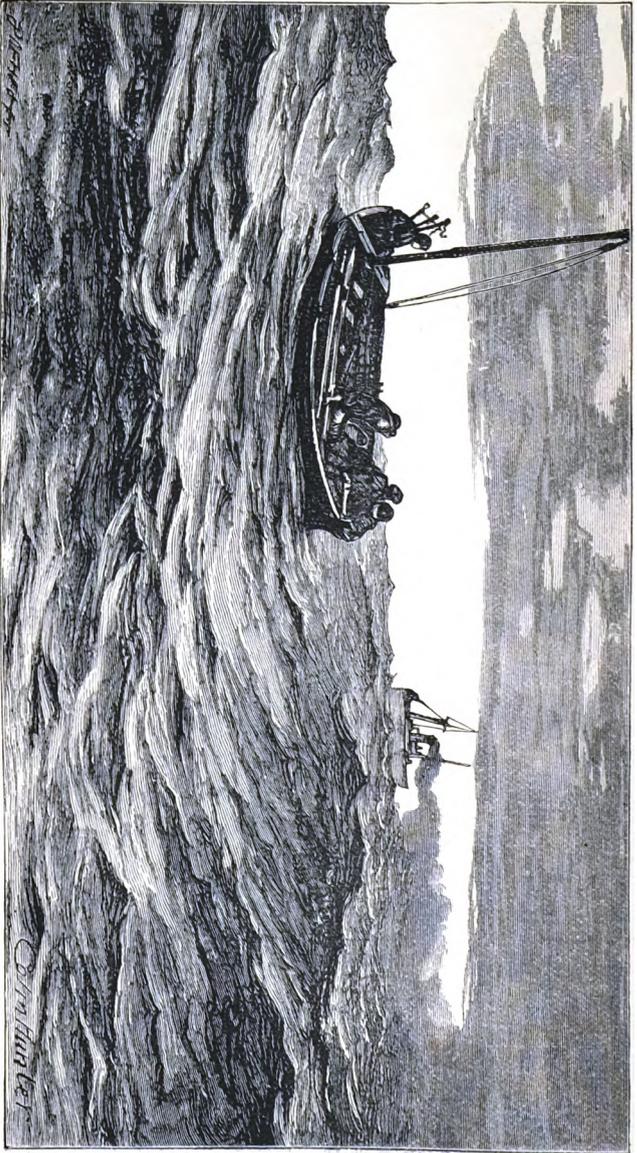
WHEN thou art by,
I know not why,
I love thee, but I love thee not so deeply ;
But when thou'rt gone,
And I'm alone,
I marvel that I held thee then so cheaply.

Thy smile and talk,
Thy glance, thy walk,
In vain regret I picture and remember ;
As well I might
Recall the light
Of June amid the darkness of December.

Ah, cruel fate !
That all too late
We learn the golden value of our pleasure—
That it must go
Before we know
How passing sweet it was to have our treasure.

Perverse are we,
Too blind to see
That idle memories only lead to sorrow.
Enjoy to-day,
While yet you may :
Why wait until to-day becomes to-morrow ?





“MACLEOD OF DARE.”

MACLEOD OF DARE.*

BY WILLIAM BLACK, AUTHOR OF "MADCAP VIOLET," "A PRINCESS OF THULE," ETC.

CHAPTER XVI.—REBELLION.

AND where was she now—that strange creature who had bewildered and blinded his eyes and so sorely stricken his heart? It was perhaps not the least part of his trouble that all his passionate yearning to see her, and all his thinking about her and the scenes in which he had met her, seemed unable to conjure up any satisfactory vision of her. The longing of his heart went out from him to meet—a phantom. She appeared before him in a hundred shapes, now one, now the other; but all possessed with a terrible fascination from which it was in vain for him to try to flee.

Which was she, then—the pale and sensitive and thoughtful-eyed girl who listened with such intense interest to the gloomy tales of the northern seas; who was so fine, and perfect, and delicate; who walked so gracefully and smiled so sweetly; the timid and gentle companion and friend?

Or the wild coquette, with her arch, shy ways, and her serious laughing, and her befooling of the poor stupid lover? He could hear her laugh now; he could see her feed her canary from her own lips; where was the old mother whom that madcap girl teased, and petted, and delighted?

Or was not this she—this calm and gracious woman who received as of right the multitude of attentions that all men—and women, too—were glad to pay her? The air fine about her; the south winds fanning her cheek; the day long, and balmy, and clear. The white-sailed boats glide slowly through the water; there is a sound of music, and of gentle talk; a butterfly comes fluttering over the blue summer seas. And then there is a murmuring refrain in the lapping of the waves—*Rose-leaf, Rose-leaf, what faint wind will carry you away to the south?*

Or this audacious Duchess of Devonshire, with the flashing black eyes, and a saucy smile on her lips? She knows that every one regards her; but what of that? Away she goes through the brilliant throng with that young Highland officer, with glowing light and gay costumes and joyous music all around her. What do you think of her, you poor clown, standing all alone and melancholy, with your cap and bells? Has she pierced your heart, too, with a flash of the saucy black eyes?

But there is still another vision; and perhaps this solitary dreamer, who has no eyes for the great slopes of Ben-an-Sloich that stretch into the clouds, and no ears for the soft calling of the sea-birds as they wheel over his head, tries hardest to fix this one in his memory. Here she is the neat and watchful house-mistress, with all things bright and shining around her; and she appears, too, as the meek daughter and the kind and caressing sister. Is it not hard that she should be torn from this quiet little haven of domestic duties and family affection, to be bound hand and foot in the chains of art and flung into the arena to amuse that great ghoulish-faced thing, the public? The white slave does not complain. While as yet she may, she presides over the cheerful table; and the beautiful small hands are helpful; and that light morning costume is a wonder of simplicity and grace. And then the garden—and the soft summer air, and the pretty ways of the two sisters: why should not this simple, homely, beautiful life last for ever, if only the summer and the roses would last for ever?

But suppose now that we turn aside from these fanciful pictures of Macleod's and take a more commonplace one of which he could have no notion whatever? It is night—a wet and dismal night—and a four-wheeled cab is jolting along through the dark and almost deserted thoroughfares of Manchester. Miss Gertrude White is in the cab, and the truth is that she is in a thorough bad temper. Whether it was the unseemly scuffle that took place in the gallery during the performance; or whether it is that the streets of Manchester, in the midst of rain, and after midnight, are not inspiring; or whether it is merely that she has got a headache, it is certain that Miss White is in an ill humour, and that she has not spoken a word to her maid, her only companion, since together they left the theatre. At length the cab stops opposite an hotel, which is apparently closed for the night. They get out; cross the muddy pavements under the glare of a gas-lamp; after some delay get into the hotel; pass through a dimly-lit and empty corridor; and then Miss White bids her maid good-night and opens the door of a small parlour.

Here there is a more cheerful scene. There is a fire in the room; and there is supper laid on the table; while Mr. Septimus

* The right of translation is reserved.

White, with his feet on the fender and his back turned to the lamp, is seated in an easy-chair and holding up a book to the light so that the pages almost touch his gold-rimmed spectacles. Miss White sits down on the sofa on the dark side of the room. She has made no response to his greeting of "Well, Gerty?"

At length Mr. White becomes aware that his daughter is sitting there with her things on, and he turns from his book to her.

"Well, Gerty," he repeats, "aren't you going to have some supper?"

"No, thank you," she says.

"Come, come," he remonstrates, "that won't do. You must have some supper. Shall Jane get you a cup of tea?"

"I don't suppose there is any one up below; besides, I don't want it," says Miss White, rather wearily.

"What is the matter?"

"Nothing," she answers, and then she looks at the mantelpiece. "No letter from Carry?"

"No."

"Well, I hope you won't make her an actress, papa," observes Miss White, with no relevance, but with considerable sharpness in her tone.

In fact this remark was so unexpected and uncalled-for that Mr. White suddenly put his book down on his knee, and turned his gold spectacles full on his daughter's face.

"I will beg you to remember, Gerty," he remarked, with some dignity, "that I did not make you an actress, if that is what you imply. If it had not been entirely your wish, I should never have encouraged you; and I think it shows great ingratitude, not only to me but to the public also, that when you have succeeded in obtaining a position such as any woman in the country might envy, you treat your good fortune with indifference and show nothing but discontent. I cannot tell what has come over you of late. You ought certainly to be the last to say anything against a profession that has gained for you such a large share of public favour——"

"Public favour!" she said, with a bitter laugh. "Who is the favourite of the public in this very town? Why, the girl who plays in that farce—who smokes a cigarette, and walks round the stage like a man, and dances a breakdown. Why wasn't I taught to dance breakdowns?"

Her father was vexed; for this was not the first time she had dropped small rebellious hints. And if this feeling grew, she might come to question his most cherished theories!

"I should think you were jealous of that girl," said he petulantly, "if it were not too ridiculous. You ought to remember that she is an established favourite here. She has amused these people year after year; they look on her as an old friend; they are grateful to her. The means she uses to make people laugh may not meet with your approval; but she knows her own business, doubtless; and she succeeds in her own way."

"Ah well," said Miss White, as she put aside her bonnet, "I hope you won't bring up Carry to this sort of life."

"To what sort of life?" her father exclaimed angrily. "Haven't you everything that can make life pleasant? I don't know what more you want. You have not a single care. You are petted and caressed wherever you go. And you ought to have the delight of knowing that the further you advance in your art the further rewards are in store for you. The way is clear before you. You have youth and strength; and the public is only too anxious to applaud whatever you undertake. And yet you complain of your manner of life!"

"It isn't the life of a human being at all!" she said, boldly—but perhaps it was only her headache, or her weariness, or her ill humour that drove her to this rebellion—"it is the cutting one's self off from everything that makes life worth having. It is a continual degradation—the exhibition of feelings that ought to be a woman's most sacred and secret possession. And what will the end of it be? Already I begin to think I don't know what I am. I have to sympathize with so many characters—I have to be so many different people—that I don't quite know what my own character is, or if I have any at all——"

Her father was staring at her in amazement. What had led her into these fantastic notions? While she was professing that her ambition to become a great and famous actress was the one ruling thought and object of her life, was she really envying the poor domestic drudge whom she saw coming to the theatre to enjoy herself with her fool of a husband, having withdrawn for an hour or two from her housekeeping-books and her squalling children? At all events, Miss White left him in no doubt as to her sentiments at that precise moment. She talked rapidly, and with a good deal of bitter feeling; but it was quite obvious, from the clearness of her line of contention, that she had been thinking over the matter. And

while it was all a prayer that her sister Carry might be left to live a natural life, and that she should not be compelled to exhibit, for gain or applause, emotions which a woman would naturally lock up in her own heart, it was also a bitter protest against her own lot. What was she to become, she asked? A dram-drinker of fictitious sentiment? A 'Ten-Minutes' Emotionalist? It was this last phrase that flashed in a new light on her father's bewildered mind. He remembered it instantly. So that was the source of inspiration!

"Oh, I see now," he said with angry scorn. "You have learned your lesson well. A 'Ten-Minutes' Emotionalist:' I remember. I was wondering who had put such stuff into your head."

She coloured deeply, but said nothing.

"And so you are taking your notion as to what sort of life you would lead, from a Highland savage—a boor, whose only occupations are eating and drinking and killing wild animals. A fine guide, truly! He has had so much experience of æsthetic matters! Or is it *metaphysics* is his hobby? And what, pray, is his notion as to what life should be? That the noblest object of a man's ambition should be to kill a stag? It was a mistake for Dante to let his work eat into his heart; he should have devoted himself to shooting rabbits. And Raphael—don't you think he would have improved his digestion by giving up pandering to the public taste for pretty things, and taking to hunting wild boars? That is the theory, isn't it? Is that the *metaphysics* you have learned?"

"You may talk about it," she said rather humbly—for she knew very well she could not stand against her father in argument, especially on a subject that he rather prided himself on having mastered, "but you are not a woman, and you don't know what a woman feels about such things."

"And since when have you made the discovery? What has happened to convince you so suddenly that your professional life is a degradation?"

"Oh," she said carelessly, "I was scarcely thinking of myself. Of course I know what lies before me. It was about Carry I spoke to you."

"Carry shall decide for herself, as you did; and when she has done so, I hope she won't come and blame me the first time she gets some ridiculous idea into her head."

"Now, papa, that isn't fair," the elder sister said, in a gentler voice. "You know I never blamed you. I only showed you that

even a popular actress sometimes remembers that she is a woman. And if she is a woman you must let her have a grumble occasionally?"

This conciliatory tone smoothed the matter down at once; and Mr. White turned to his book with another recommendation to his daughter to take some supper and get to bed.

"I will go now," she said, rather wearily, as she rose. "Good night, papa—— What is that?"

She was looking at a parcel that lay on a chair.

"It came for you, to-night. There was seven-and-sixpence to pay for extra carriage—it seems to have been forwarded from place to place."

"As if I had not enough luggage to carry about with me," she said.

But she proceeded to open the parcel all the same, which seemed to be very carefully swathed in repeated covers of canvas. And presently she uttered a slight exclamation. She took up one dark object after another—passing her hand over them, and back again, and finally pressing them to her cheek.

"Just look at these, papa—did you ever in all your life see anything so beautiful?"

She came to a letter, too; which she hastily tore open and read. It was a brief note, in terms of great respect, written by Sir Keith Macleod, and begging Miss White's acceptance of a small parcel of otter-skins, which he hoped might be made into some article of attire. Moreover, he had asked his cousin's advice on the matter; and she thought there were enough; but if Miss White on further inquiry found she would rather have one or two more, he had no doubt that within the next month or so he could obtain these also. It was a very respectful note.

But there was no shyness or timidity about the manner of Miss White when she spread those skins out along the sofa, and again and again took them up to praise their extraordinary glossiness and softness.

"Papa," she exclaimed, "it is a present fit for a prince to make!"

"I dare say you will find them useful."

"And whatever is made of them," said she with decision, "that I shall keep for myself—it won't be one of my stage-properties."

Her spirits rose wonderfully. She kept on chatting to her father about these lovely skins, and the jacket she would have of them. She asked why he was so dull that evening. She protested that she would not take any

supper unless he had some too ; whereupon he had a biscuit and a glass of claret, which at all events compelled him to lay aside his book. And then, when she had finished her supper, she suddenly said—

“Now, Pappy dear, I am going to tell you a great secret. I am going to change the song in the second act.”

“Nonsense!” said he ; but he was rather glad to see her come back to the interest of her work.

“I am,” she said seriously. “Would you like to hear it ?”

“You will wake the house up.”

“And if the public expect an actress to please them,” she said saucily, “they must take the consequences of her practising.”

She went to the piano and opened it. There was a fine courage in her manner as she struck the chords and sang the opening lines of the gay song—

◆ “Three-score o’ nobles rode up the King’s ha’,
But bonnie Glenogie’s the flower of them a’,
Wi’ his milk-white steed and his bonnie black e’e ;” —

but here her voice dropped, and it was almost in a whisper that she let the maiden of the song utter the secret wish of her heart—

“Glenogie, dear mither, Glenogie for me.”

“Of course,” she said, turning round to her father, and speaking in a business-like way, though there was a spice of proud mischief in her eyes, “there is a stumbling-block, or where would the story be? Glenogie is poor ; the mother will not let her daughter have anything to do with him ; the girl takes to her bed with the definite intention of dying.”

She turned to the piano again—

“There is, Glenogie, a letter for thee—
O here is, Glenogie, a letter for thee !
The first line he looked at, a light laugh laughed he ;
But ere he read through it, tears blinded his e’e.”

“How do you like the air, papa ?”

Mr. White did not seem over well pleased. He was quite aware that his daughter was a very clever young woman, and he did not know what insane idea might have got into her head of throwing an allegory at him.

“The air,” said he coldly, “is well enough. But I hope you don’t expect an English audience to understand that doggrel Scotch.”

“Glenogie understood it anyway,” said she blithely, “and naturally he rode off at once to see his dying sweetheart.

“Pale and wan was she when Glenogie gaed ben,
But rosy-red grew she when Glenogie sat down,
She turned away her head, but the smile was in her e’e,
‘O binna feared, mither, I’ll maybe no dec.’

She shut the piano.

“Isn’t it charmingly simple and tender, papa ?” she said, with the same mischief in her eyes.

“I think it is foolish of you to think of exchanging that piece of doggrel—”

“For what ?” said she, standing in the middle of the room—“for this ?”

And therewith she sang these lines—giving an admirable burlesque imitation of herself, and her own gestures, and her own singing in the part she was then performing—

“The morning bells are swinging, ringing,
Hail to the day !
The birds are winging, singing
To the golden day,
To the joyous day—
The morning bells are swinging, ringing,
And what do they say ?
‘O bring my love to my love !
O bring my love to-day !
O bring my love to my love,
To be my love away !”

It certainly was cruel to treat poor Mrs. Ross’s home-made lyric so ; but Miss White was burlesquing herself as well as the song she had to sing. And as her father did not know to what lengths this iconoclastic fit might lead her, he abruptly bade her good-night and went to bed, no doubt hoping that next morning would find the demon exorcised from his daughter.

As for her, she had one more loving look over the skins, and then she carefully read through the note that accompanied them. There was a smile on her face, perhaps of pleasure, perhaps of amusement, at the simplicity of the lines. However she turned aside, and got hold of a small writing desk which she placed on the table.

“O here is, Glenogie, a letter for thee !”

she hummed to herself, with rather a proud look on her face, as she seated herself and opened the desk.

CHAPTER XVII.—“FHIR A BHATA !”

YOUNG Ogilvie had obtained some brief extension of his leave, but even that was drawing to a close ; and Macleod saw with a secret dread that the hour of his departure was fast approaching. And yet he had not victimised the young man. After that first burst of confidence he had been sparing in his references to the trouble that had beset him. Of what avail, besides, could Mr. Ogilvie’s counsels be? Once or twice he had ventured to approach the subject with some commonplace assurances that there were always difficulties in the way of two people getting married, and that they had to be overcome with patience and courage.

The difficulties that Macleod knew of as between himself and that impossible goal were deeper than any mere obtaining of the consent of friends or the arrangement of a way of living. From the moment that the terrible truth was forced on him, he had never regarded his case but as quite hopeless; and yet that in no way moderated his consuming desire to see her—to hear her speak—even to have correspondence with her. It was something that he could send her a parcel of otter skins.

But all the same Mr. Ogilvie was in some measure a friend of hers. He knew her—he had spoken to her—no doubt when he returned to the south, he would see her one day or another, and he would surely speak of the visit he had paid to Castle Dare. Macleod set about making that visit as pleasant as might be; and the weather aided him. The fair heavens shone over the windy blue seas; and the green island of Ulva lay basking in the sunlight; and as the old *Umpire*, with her heavy bows parting the rushing waves, carried them out to the west, they could see the black skarts standing on the rocks of Gometra, and clouds of puffins wheeling round the dark and lonely pillars of Staffa; while away in the north, as they got clear of Treshnish Point, the mountains of Rum and of Skye appeared a pale and spectral blue, like ghostly shadows at the horizon. And there was no end to the sports and pastimes that occupied day after day. On their very first expedition up the lonely corries of Ben-an-Sloich young Ogilvie brought down a royal hart—though his hand trembled for ten minutes after he pulled the trigger. They shot wild-duck in Loch Scri-dain, and seals in Loch-na-Keal, and rock-pigeons along the face of the honey-combed cliffs of Gribun. And what was this new form of sport? They were one day being pulled in the gig up a shallow loch in the hope of finding a brood or two of young mergansers, when Macleod, who was seated up at the bow, suddenly called to the men to stop. He beckoned to Ogilvie, who went forward and saw, quietly moving over the seaweed, a hideously ugly fish with the flat head and sinister eyes of a snake. Macleod picked up the boat-hook, steadied himself in the boat, and then drove the iron spike down.

"I have him," he said. "That is the snake of the sea—I hate him as I hate a serpent."

He hoisted out of the water the dead dog-fish, which was about four feet long, and then shook it back.

"Here, Ogilvie," said he, "take the boat-hook. There are plenty about here. Make yourself St. Patrick exterminating snakes."

Ogilvie tried the dog-fish spearing with more or less success; but it was the means of procuring for him a bitter disappointment. As they went quietly over the seaweed—the keel of the boat hissing through it and occasionally grating on the sand—they perceived that the water was getting a bit deeper, and it was almost impossible to strike the boat-hook straight. At this moment Ogilvie, happening to cast a glance along the rocks close by them, started and seized Macleod's arm. What the frightened eyes of the younger man seemed to see was a great white and grey object lying on the rocks and staring at him with huge black eyes. At first it almost appeared to him to be a man, with a grizzled and hairy face; then he tried to think of some white beast with big black eyes; then he knew. For the next second there was an unwieldy roll down the rocks, and then a splash in the water; and the huge grey seal had disappeared. And there he stood helpless, with the boat-hook in his hand.

"It is my usual luck," said he in despair. "If I had had my rifle in my hand, we should never have got within a hundred yards of the beast. But I got an awful fright. I never before saw a live seal just in front of one's nose like that."

"You would have missed him," said Macleod, coolly.

"At a dozen yards?"

"Yes. When you come on one so near as that you are too startled to take aim. You would have blazed away and missed."

"I don't think so," said Ogilvie, with some modest persistence. "When I shot that stag I was steady enough, though I felt my heart thumping away like fun."

"There you had plenty of time to take your aim—and a rock to rest your rifle on." And then he added, "You would have broken Hamish's heart, Ogilvie, if you had missed that stag. He was quite determined you should have one on your first day out; and I never saw him take such elaborate precautions before. I suppose it was terribly tedious to you; but you may depend on it it was necessary. There isn't one of the younger men can match Hamish, though he was bred a sailor."

"Well," Mr. Ogilvie admitted, "I began to think we were having a great deal of trouble for nothing; especially when it seemed as though the wind were blowing half-a-dozen ways in the one valley."

"Why, man," Macleod said, "Hamish knows every one of those eddies just as if they were all down on a chart. And he is very determined, too, you shall have another stag before you go, Ogilvie; for it is not much amusement we have been giving you since you came to us."

"That is why I feel so particularly jolly at the notion of having to go back," said Mr. Ogilvie, with very much the air of a school-boy at the end of his holiday. "The day after to-morrow too."

"To-morrow, then, we will try to get a stag for you; and the day after you can spend what time you can at the pools in Glen Muick."

These two last days were right royal days for the guest at Castle Dare. On the deer-stalking expedition Macleod simply refused to take his rifle with him; and spent all his time in whispered consultations with Hamish, and with eager watching of every bird whose solitary flight along the mountain-side might startle the wary hinds. After a long day of patient and stealthy creeping, and walking through bogs and streams, and slow toiling up rocky slopes, the party returned home in the evening; and when it was found that a splendid stag—with brow, bay, and tray, and crockets complete—was strapped on to the pony; and when the word was passed that Sandy the red-haired and John from the yacht were to take back the pony to a certain well-known cairn where another monarch of the hills lay slain, there was a great rejoicing through Castle Dare, and Lady Macleod herself must needs come out to shake hands with her guest and to congratulate him on his good fortune.

"It is little we have been able to do to entertain you," said the old silver-haired lady, "but I am glad you have got a stag or two."

"I knew what Highland hospitality was before I came to Castle Dare," said the boy, modestly; "but you have been kinder to me even than anything I knew before."

"And you will leave the heads with Hamish," said she, "and we will send them to Glasgow to be mounted for you, and then we will send them south to you."

"Indeed no," said he (though he was thinking to himself that it was no wonder the Macleods of Dare were poor), "I will not put you to any such trouble. I will make my own arrangements with Hamish."

"Then you will tell him not to forget Aldershott."

"I think, Lady Macleod," said the young

lieutenant, "that my mess-companions will be sorry to hear that I have left Dare. I should think they ought to have drank your health many times ere now."

Next day, moreover, he was equally successful by the side of the deep brown pools in Glen Muick. He was a pretty fair fisherman, though he had had but small experience with such a mighty engine of a rod as Hamish put into his hands. When, however, he showed Hamish the fine assortment of salmon-flies he had brought with him, the old man only shook his head. Thereafter, whenever Hamish went with him, nothing was said about flies until they neared the side of the brawling stream that came pouring down between the grey rocks and the patches of moist brown moor. Hamish would sit down on a stone, and take out a tin box and open it. Then he would take a quick look round—at the aspect of the clouds, the direction of the wind, and so forth; and then, with a nimbleness that any one looking at his rough hands and broad thumbs would have considered impossible, would busk up a weapon of capture that soon showed itself to be deadly enough. And on this last day of Ogilvie's stay at Castle Dare he was unusually lucky—though of course there were one or two heartrending mishaps. As they walked home in the evening—the lowering day had cleared away into a warm sunset, and they could see Colonsay, and Fladda, and the Dutchman's Cap lying dark and purple on a golden sea—Ogilvie said:

"Look here, Macleod—if you would like me to take one of these salmon for Miss White, I could take it as part of my luggage, and have it delivered at once."

"That would be no use," said he, rather gloomily. "She is not in London. She is at Liverpool or Manchester by this time. I have already sent her a present."

Ogilvie did not think fit to ask what; though he had guessed.

"It was a parcel of otter skins," Macleod said. "You see you might present that to any lady—it is merely a curiosity of the district—it is no more than if an acquaintance were to give me a chip of quartz he had brought from the Rocky Mountains with a few grains of copper or silver in it."

"It is a present any lady would be glad to have," observed Mr. Ogilvie, with a smile. "Has she got them yet?"

"I do not know," Macleod answered. "Perhaps there is not time for an answer. Perhaps she has forgotten who I am, and is affronted at a stranger sending her a present."

"Forgotten who you are!" Ogilvie exclaimed; and then he looked round, to see that Hamish and Sandy the red-haired were at a convenient distance. "Do you know this, Macleod? A man never yet was in love with a woman without the woman being instantly aware of it."

Macleod glanced at him quickly; then turned away his head again—apparently watching the gulls wheeling high over the sea, black spots against the glow of the sunset.

"That is foolishness," said he. "I had a great care to be quite a stranger to her all the time I was in London. I myself scarcely knew—how could she know? Sometimes I thought I was rude to her, so that I should deceive myself into believing she was only a stranger."

Then he remembered one fact, and his downright honesty made him speak again.

"One night, it is true," said he—"it was the last night of my being in London—I asked a flower from her. She gave it to me. She was laughing at the time. That was all."

The sunset had gone away, and the clear northern twilight was fading too, when young Ogilvie, having bade good-bye to Lady Macleod and her niece Janet, got into the broad-beamed boat of the fishermen, accompanied by his friend. There was something of a breeze, and they hoisted a lug-sail so that they should run out to meet the steamer. Donald the piper-lad was not with them; Macleod wanted to speak to his friend Ogilvie as he was leaving.

And yet he did not say anything of importance. He seemed to be chiefly interested in finding out whether Ogilvie could not get a few days' leave about Christmas, that he might come up and try the winter shooting. He was giving minute particulars about the use of arsenic-paste when the box of skins to be dispatched by Hamish reached London. And he was discussing what sort of mounting should be put on a strange old bottle that Janet Macleod had presented to the departing guest. There was no word of that which lay nearest his heart.

And so the black waves rolled by them; and the light at the horizon began to fade; and the stars were coming out one by one; while the two sailors forward (for Macleod was steering) were singing to themselves—

*"Fhir a bhata (na h-òrò eile),
Fhir a bhata (na h-òrò eile),
Fhir a bhata (na h-òrò eile),
Chead soirè slann leid ge thòbh a theid u!"*

that is to say—

*"O Boatman,
And Boatman,
And Boatman,
A hundred farewells to you wherever you may go!"*

And then the lug-sail was hauled down, and they lay on the lapping water; and they could hear all around them the soft callings of the guillemots, and razor-bills, and other divers whose home is the heaving wave. And then the great steamer came up, and slowed; and the boat was hauled alongside, and young Ogilvie sprang up the slippery steps.

"Good-bye, Macleod!"

"Good-bye, Ogilvie! Come up at Christmas!"

The great bulk of the steamer soon floated away; and the lug-sail was run up again, and the boat made slowly back for Castle Dare. "Fhir a bhata!" the men sung; but Macleod scarcely heard them. His last tie with the south had been broken.

But not quite. It was about ten o'clock that night that word came to Castle Dare that John the Post had met with an accident that morning while starting from Bunessan; and that his place had been taken by a young lad who had but now arrived with the bag. Macleod hastily looked over the bundle of newspapers, &c., they brought him; and his eager eye fell on an envelope the writing on which made his heart jump.

"Give the lad a half-crown," said he.

And then he went to his own room. He had the letter in his hand; and he knew the handwriting; but there was no wind of the night that could bring him the mystic message she had sent with it—

"O here is, Glenogie, a letter for thee!"

CHAPTER XVIII.—CONFIDENCES.

FOR a second or two he held the letter in his hand, regarding the outside of it; and it was with more deliberation than haste that he opened it. Perhaps it was with some little tremor of fear—lest the first words that should meet his eye might be cruelly cold and distant. What right had he to expect anything else? Many a time, in thinking carefully over the past, he had recalled the words—the very tone—in which he had addressed her, and had been dismayed to think of their reserve, which had on one or two occasions almost amounted to austerity. He could expect little beyond a formal acknowledgment of the receiving of his letter and the present that had accompanied it.

Imagine, then, his surprise when he took out from the envelope a number of sheets closely written over in her beautiful, small, neat hand. Hastily his eye ran over the first few lines; and then surprise gave way to a singular feeling of gratitude and joy. Was it indeed she who was writing to him thus? When he had been thinking of her as some one far away and unapproachable—who could have no thought of him or of the too brief time in which he had been near to her—had she indeed been treasuring up some recollection that she now seemed disposed to value?

"You will guess that I am woman enough," she wrote, "to be greatly pleased and flattered by your sending me such a beautiful present; but you must believe me when I say that its chief value to me was its showing me that I had another friend in the world who was not disposed to forget me the next day after bidding me good-bye. Perhaps you will say that I am cynical; but actresses are accustomed to find the friendships they make—outside the sphere of their own profession—of a singularly temporary character. We are praised and flattered to-day; and forgotten to-morrow. I don't complain. It is only natural. People go away to their own families and home-occupations; why should they remember a person who has amused them for an hour?"

Miss Gertrude White could, when she chose, write a clever and interesting letter—interesting from its very simplicity and frankness; and as Macleod read on and on, he ceased to feel any wonder that this young lady should be placing before him such ample revelations of her experiences and opinions. Indeed, it was more than suggested in this confidential chat that Sir Keith Macleod himself had been the first cause of her having carefully studied her own position and the influence likely to be exerted on her by her present mode of life.

"One meets with the harsher realities of an actress's life," she said, "in the provinces. It is all very fine in London; when such friends as you happen to have are in town; and where there is constant amusement, and pleasant parties, and nice people to meet; and then you have the comforts of your own home around you, and quiet and happy Sundays. But a provincial tour!—the constant travelling, and rehearsals with strange people, and damp lodgings, and miserable hotels, and wet Sundays in smoky towns! Papa is very good and kind, you know; but he is interested in his books, and he goes

about all day hunting after curiosities, and one has not a soul to speak to. Then the audiences: I have witnessed one or two scenes lately that would unnerve any one; and of course I have to stand helpless and silent on the stage until the tumult is stilled and the original offenders expelled. Some sailors the other evening amused themselves by clambering down from the top gallery to the pit, hanging on to the gas-brackets and the pillars; and one of them managed to reach the orchestra, jump from the drum on to the stage, and then offered me a glass of whisky from a big black bottle he had in his hand. When I told papa, he laughed, and said I should be proud of my triumph over the man's imagination. But when the people roared with laughter at my discomfiture, I felt as though I would rather be earning my bread by selling water-cresses in the street or by stitching in a garret."

Of course the cry of the poor injured soul found a ready echo in his heart. It was monstrous that she should be subjected to such indignities. And then that cruel old pagan of a father—was he not ashamed of himself to see the results of his own cold-blooded theories? Was this the glory of art? Was this the reward of the sacrifice of a life—that a sensitive girl should be publicly insulted by a tipsy maniac, and jeered at by a brutal crowd? Macleod laid down the letter for a minute or two; and the look on his face was not lovely to see.

"You may think it strange that I should write thus to you," she said; "but if I say that it was yourself who first set me thinking about such things? And since I have been thinking about them, I have had no human being near me to whom I could speak. You know papa's opinions. Even if my dearest friend Mrs. Ross were here, what would she say? She has known me only in London. She thinks it a fine thing to be a popular actress. She sees people ready to pet me in a way—so long as society is pleased to have a little curiosity about me. But she does not see the other side of the picture. She does not even ask how long all this will last. She never thinks of the cares and troubles and downright hard work. If ever you heard me sing, you will know that I have very little of a voice, and that not worth much; but trifling as it is, you would scarcely believe the care and cultivation I have to spend on it, merely for business purposes. Mrs. Ross no doubt sees that it is pleasant enough for a young actress, who is fortunate enough to have won some public favour, to go sailing

in a yacht on the Thames, on a summer day, with nice companions around her. She does not see her on a wet day in Newcastle, practising scales for an hour at a stretch, though her throat is half choked with the fog, in a dismal parlour with a piano out of tune, and with the prospect of having to go out through the wet to a rehearsal in a damp and draughty theatre, with escaped gas added to the fog. That is very nice, isn't it?"

It almost seemed to him—so intense and eager was his involuntary sympathy—as though he himself were breathing fog, and gas, and the foul odours of an empty theatre. He went to the window and threw it open, and sate down there. The stars were no longer quivering white on the black surface of the water, for the moon had risen now in the south, and there was a soft glow all shining over the smooth Atlantic. Sharp and white was the light on the stone walls of Castle Dare, and on the gravelled path, and the rocks, and the trees around; but far away it was a milder radiance that lay over the sea and touched here and there the shores of Inch Kenneth and Ulva and Colonsay. It was a fair and peaceful night, with no sound of human unrest to break the sleep of the world. Sleep, solemn and profound, dwelt over the lonely islands—over Staffa, with her resounding caves, and Fladda with her desolate rocks, and Iona, with her fairy-white sands, and the distant Dutchman, and Coll, and Tyree, all haunted by the wild sea-birds' cry; and a sleep as deep dwelt over the silent hills, far up under the cold light of the skies. Surely if any poor suffering heart was vexed by the contentions of crowded cities, here, if anywhere in the world, might rest, and peace, and loving solace be found. He sat dreaming there; he had half forgotten the letter.

He roused himself from his reverie; and returned to the light.

"And yet I would not complain of mere discomfort," she continued, "if that were all. People who have to work for their living must not be too particular. What pains me most of all is the effect that this sort of work is having on myself. You would not believe—and I am almost ashamed to confess—how I am worried by small and mean jealousies and anxieties, and how I am tortured by the expression of opinions which all the same I hold in contempt. I reason with myself, to no purpose. It ought to be no concern of mine if some girl in a burlesque makes the house roar by the manner in which she walks up and down the stage, smoking a

cigar; and yet I feel angry at the audience for applauding such stuff, and I wince when I see her praised in the papers. Oh! those papers. I have been making minute inquiries of late; and I find that the usual way in these towns is to let the young literary aspirant who has just joined the office, or the clever compositor who has been promoted to the sub-editor's room, try his hand first of all at reviewing books and then turn him on to dramatic and musical criticism! Occasionally a reporter, who has been round the police-courts to get notes of the night-charges, will drop into the theatre on his way to the office, and 'do a par,' as they call it. Will you believe it possible that the things written of me by these persons—with their pretentious airs of criticism, and their gross ignorance cropping up at every point—have the power to vex and annoy me most terribly? I laugh at the time; but the phrase rankles in my memory all the same. One learned young man said of me the other day, 'It is really distressing to mark the want of unity in her artistic characterizations when one regards the natural advantages that nature has heaped upon her with no sparing hand.' The natural advantages that nature has heaped upon me! 'And perhaps, also,' he went on to say, 'Miss White would do well to pay some little more attention before venturing on pronouncing the classic names of Greece. Iphigenia herself would not have answered to her name if she had heard it pronounced with the accent on the fourth syllable.'

Macleod brought his fist down on the table with a bang.

"If I had that fellow," said he aloud, "if I had that fellow, I should like to spin for a shark off Dubh Artach lighthouse"—and here a most unholy vision rose before him of a new sort of sport: a sailing-launch going about six knots an hour—a goodly rope at the stern with a huge hook through the gill of the luckless critic—a swivel to make him spin—and then a few smart trips up and down by the side of the lonely Dubh Artach rocks, where Mr. Ewing and his companions occasionally find a few sharks coming up to the surface to stare at them.

"Is it not too ridiculous that such things should vex me—that I should be so absolutely at the mercy of the opinion of people whose judgment I know to be absolutely valueless? I find the same thing all around me. I find a middle-aged man, who knows his work thoroughly, and has seen all the best actors of the past quarter of a century,

will go about quite proudly with a scrap of approval from some newspaper, written by a young man who has never travelled beyond the suburbs of his native town and has seen no acting beyond that of the local company. But there is another sort of critic—the veteran—the man who has worked hard on the paper and worn himself out—and who is turned off from politics and pensioned by being allowed to display his imbecility in less important matters. Oh, dear, what lessons he reads you! The solemnity of them! Don't you know that at the end of the second act the business of Mrs. So-and-So (some actress who died when George IV. was king) was this, that, or the other?—and how dare you, you impertinent minx, fly in the face of well-known stage traditions? I have been introduced lately to a specimen of both classes. I think the young man—he had beautiful long fair hair and a Byronic collar, and was a little nervous—fell in love with me, for he wrote a furious panegyric of me, and sent it next morning with a bouquet, and begged for my photograph. The elderly gentleman, on the other hand, gave me a great deal of good advice, but I subdued even him, for before he went away he spoke in a broken voice, and there were tears in his eyes—which papa said were owing to a variety of causes. It is ludicrous enough, no doubt; but it is also a little bit humiliating. I try to laugh the thing away, whether the opinion expressed about me is solemnly stupid or merely impertinent, but the vexation of it remains, and the chief vexation to me is that I should have so little command of myself, so little respect for myself, as to suffer myself to be vexed. But how can one help it? Public opinion is the very breath and life of a theatre and of every one connected with it; and you come to attach importance to the most foolish expression of opinion in the most obscure print.

“And so, my dear friend, I have had my grumble out—and made my confession too, for I should not like to let every one know how foolish I am about those petty vexations—and you will see that I have not forgotten what you said to me and that further reflection and experience have only confirmed it. But I must warn you. Now that I have victimised you to this fearful extent, and liberated my mind, I feel much more comfortable. As I write there is a blue colour coming into the windows that tells me the new day is coming. Would it surprise you if the new day brought a complete new set of feelings? I have begun to doubt whether

I have got any opinions—whether, having to be so many different people in the course of a week, I have any clear notion as to what I myself am. One thing is certain, that I have been greatly vexed and worried of late by a succession of the merest trifles; and when I got your kind letter and present this evening, I suddenly thought, Now for a complete confession, and protest. I know you will forgive me for having victimised you; and that, as soon as you have thrown this rambling epistle into the fire, you will try to forget all the nonsense it contains, and will believe that I hope always to remain

“Your friend,

“GERTRUDE WHITE.”

His quick and warm sympathy refused to believe the half of this letter. It was only because she knew what was owing to the honour and self-respect of a true woman that she spoke in this tone of bitter and scornful depreciation of herself. It was clear that she was longing for the dignity and independence of a more natural way of life. And this revelation—that she was not after all banished for ever into that cold region of art in which her father would fain keep her—somewhat bewildered him at first. The victim might be reclaimed from the altar and restored to the sphere of simple human affections, natural duties, and joy? And if he—?

Suddenly, and with a shock of delight that made his heart throb, he tried to picture this beautiful fair creature sitting over there in that very chair, by the side of the fire, her head bent down over her sewing, the warm light of the lamp touching the tender curve of her cheek. And when she lifted her head to speak to him—and when her large and lambent eyes met his—surely Fionaghal the fair poetess from strange lands never spoke in softer tones than this other beautiful stranger, who was now his wife and his heart's companion. And now he would bid her lay aside her work; and he would get a white shawl for her; and like a ghost she would steal out with him into the moonlight air. And is there enough wind on this summer night to take them out from the sombre shore to the open plain of the sea? Look now, as the land recedes, at the high walls of Castle Dare, over the black cliffs, and against the stars. Far away they see the graveyard of Inch Kenneth, the stones pale in the moonlight. And what song will she sing now, that Ulva and Colonsay may awake and fancy that some mermaid is

singing to bewail her lost lover? The night is sad—and the song is sad—and then, somehow, he finds himself alone in this waste of water—and all the shores of the islands are silent and devoid of life—and there is only the echo of the sad singing in his ears—

He jumps to his feet; for there is a knocking at the door. The gentle cousin Janet enters; and hastily he thrusts that letter into his pocket, while his face blushes hotly.

"Where have you been, Keith?" she says, in her quiet, kindly way. "Auntie would like to say good-night to you now."

"I will come directly," said he.

"And now that Norman Ogilvie is away, Keith," said she, "you will take more rest about the shooting; for you have not been looking like yourself at all lately; and you know, Keith, when you are not well and happy, it is no one at all about Dare that is happy either. And that is why you will take care of yourself."

He glanced at her rather uneasily; but he said in a light and careless way—

"Oh, I have been well enough, Janet, except that I was not sleeping well one or two nights. And if you look after me like that, you will make me think I am a baby, and you will send me some warm flannels when I go up on the hills."

"It is too proud of your hardihood you are, Keith," said his cousin, with a smile. "But there never was a man of your family who would take any advice."

"I would take any advice from you, Janet," said he; and therewith he followed her to bid good-night to the silver-haired mother.

CHAPTER XIX.—A RESOLVE.

HE slept but little that night; and early the next morning he was up and out and away by himself—paying but little heed to the rushing blue seas, and the white gulls, and the sunshine touching the far sands on the shores of Iona. He was in a fever of unrest. He knew not what to make of that letter; it might mean anything or nothing. Alternations of wild hopes and cold despair succeeded each other. Surely it was unusual for a girl so to reveal her innermost confidences to any one whom she considered a stranger? To him alone had she told this story of her private troubles. Was it not in effect asking for a sympathy which she could not hope for from any other? Was it not establishing a certain secret between them? Her own father did not know. Her sister was too young to be told. Friends like Mrs.

Ross could not understand why this young and beautiful actress, the favourite of the public, could be dissatisfied with her lot. It was to him alone she had appealed.

And then again he read the letter. The very frankness of it made him fear. There was none of the shyness of a girl writing to one who might be her lover. She might have written thus to one of her school-companions. He eagerly searched it for some phrase of tenderer meaning; but no—there was a careless abandonment about it, as if she had been talking without thinking of the person she addressed. She had even joked about a young man falling in love with her. It was a matter of perfect indifference to her. It was ludicrous as the shape of the lad's collar was ludicrous—but of no more importance. And thus she receded from his imagination again; and became a thing apart—the white slave bound in those cruel chains that seemed to all but herself and him the badges of triumph.

Herself and him—the conjunction set his heart throbbing quickly. He eagerly thought himself how this secret understanding could be strengthened if only he might see her and speak to her. He could tell by her eyes what she meant, whatever her words might be. *If only he could see her again*—all his wild hopes, and fears, and doubts—all his vague fancies and imaginings—began to narrow themselves down to this one point; and this immediate desire became all-consuming. He grew sick at heart when he looked round and considered how vain was the wish.

The gladness had gone from the face of Keith Macleod. Not many months before any one would have imagined that the life of this handsome young fellow, whose strength and courage and high spirits seemed to render him insensible to any obstacle, had everything in it that the mind of man could desire. He had a hundred interests and activities; he had youth and health and a comely presence; he was on good terms with everybody around him—for he had a smile and a cheerful word for each one he met, gentle or simple. All this gay, glad life seemed to have fled. The watchful Hamish was the first to notice that his master began to take less and less interest in the shooting and boating and fishing; and at times the old man was surprised and disturbed by an exhibition of querulous impatience that had certainly never before been one of Macleod's failings. Then his cousin Janet saw that he was silent and absorbed; and his mother

inquired once or twice why he did not ask one or other of his neighbours to come over to Dare to have a day's shooting with him.

"I think you are finding the place lonely, Keith, now that Norman Ogilvie is gone," said she.

"Ah, mother," he said, with a laugh, "it is not Norman Ogilvie, it is London, that has poisoned my mind. I should never have gone to the south. I am hungering for the flesh-pots of Egypt already; and I am afraid some day I will have to come and ask you to let me go away again."

He spoke jestingly, and yet he was regarding his mother.

"I know it is not pleasant for a young man to be kept fretting at home," said she. "But it is not long now I will ask you to do that, Keith."

Of course this brief speech only drove him into more vigorous demonstration that he was not fretting at all; and for a time he seemed more engrossed than ever in all the occupations he had but recently abandoned. But whether he was on the hill-side, or down in the glen, or out among the islands—or whether he was trying to satisfy the hunger of his heart with books, long after every one in Castle Dare had gone to bed—he could not escape from this gnawing and torturing anxiety. It was no beautiful and gentle sentiment that possessed him—a pretty thing to dream about during a summer's morning—but on the contrary a burning fever of unrest that left him peace nor day nor night. "Sudden love is followed by sudden hate," says the Gaelic proverb; but there had been no suddenness at all about this passion that had stealthily got hold of him; and he had ceased even to hope that it might abate, or depart altogether. He had to "dree his weird." And when he read in books about the joy and delight that accompany the awakening of love—how the world suddenly becomes fair, and the very skies are bluer than their wont—he wondered whether he was different from other human beings. The joy and delight of love? He knew only a sick hunger of the heart and a continual and brooding despair.

One morning he was going along the cliffs, his only companion being the old black retriever, when suddenly he saw, far away below him, the figure of a lady. For a second his heart stood still at the sight of this stranger; for he knew it was neither the mother nor Janet; and she was coming along a bit of greensward from which, by dint of much climbing, she might have reached Castle

Dare. But as he watched her, he caught sight of some other figures, further below on the rocks. And then he perceived—as he saw her return with a handful of bell-heather—that this party had come from Iona, or Bunessan, or some such place, to explore one of the great caves on this coast, while this lady had wandered away from them in search of some wild-flowers. By-and-by he saw the small boat, with its sprit-sail white in the sun, go away towards the south, and the lonely coast was left as lonely as before.

But ever after that he grew to wonder what Gertrude White, if ever she could be persuaded to visit his home, would think of this thing and of that thing—what flowers she would gather—whether she would listen to Hamish's stories of the fairies—whether she would be interested in her small countryman, Johnny Wickes, who was now in kilts, with his face and legs as brown as a berry—whether the favourable heavens would send her sunlight and blue skies, and the moonlight nights reveal to her the solemn glory of the sea and the lonely islands. Would she take his hand to steady herself in passing over the slippery rocks? What would she say if suddenly she saw above her—by the opening of a cloud—a stag standing high on a crag near the summit of Ben-an-Sloich? And what would the mother and Janet say to that singing of hers, if they were to hear her put all the tenderness of the low, sweet voice into "Wae's me for Prince Charlie"?

There was one secret nook that more than any other he associated with her presence; and thither he would go when this heart-sickness seemed too grievous to be borne. It was down in a glen beyond the fir-wood; and here the ordinary desolation of this bleak coast ceased, for there were plenty of young larches on the sides of the glen, with a tall silver birch or two; while down in the hollow there were clumps of alders by the side of the brawling stream. And this dell that he sought was hidden away from sight, with the sun but partially breaking through the alders and rowans, and bespeckling the great grey boulders by the side of the burn, many of which were covered by the softest of olive-green moss. Here, too, the brook that had been broken just above by intercepting stones, swept clearly and limpidly over a bed of smooth rock; and in the golden-brown water the trout lay, and scarcely moved until some motion of his hand made them shoot up stream with a lightning speed. And then the wild flowers around—the purple ling and red bell-heather growing on the silver-grey rocks; a

foxglove or two towering high above the golden-green breckans; the red star of a crane's-bill among the velvet moss. Even if she were overawed by the solitariness of the Atlantic and the gloom of the tall cliffs and their yawning caves, surely here would be a haven of peace and rest, with sunshine, and flowers, and the pleasant murmur of the stream. What did it say, then, as one sat and listened in the silence? When the fair poetess from strange lands came among the Macleods, did she seek out this still retreat, and listen, and listen, and listen until she caught the music of this monotonous murmur and sang it to her harp? And was it not all a song about the passing away of life, and how that summer days were for the young, and how the world was beautiful for lovers? "O children!" it seemed to say, "why should you waste your lives in vain endeavour, while the winter is coming quick, and the black snow-storms, and a roaring of wind from the sea? Here I have flowers for you, and beautiful sunlight, and the peace of summer days. Time passes—time passes—time passes—and you are growing old. While as yet the heart is warm and the eye is bright, here are summer flowers for you, and a silence fit for the mingling of lovers' speech. If you listen not, I laugh at you and go my way. But the winter is coming fast."

Far away in these grimy towns, fighting with mean cares and petty jealousies, dissatisfied, despondent, careless as to the future, how could this message reach her to fill her heart with the singing of a bird? He dared not send it, at all events. But he wrote to her. And the bitter travail of the writing of that letter he long remembered. He was bound to give her his sympathy, and to make light as well as he could of those very evils which he had been the first to reveal to her. He tried to write in as frank and friendly a spirit as she had done; the letter was quite cheerful.

"Did you know," said he, "that once upon a time the Chief of the Macleods married a fairy? And whether Macleod did not treat her well; or whether the fairy-folk reclaimed her; or whether she grew tired of the place, I do not know quite; but at all events they were separated, and she went away to her own people. But before she went away she gave to Macleod a fairy banner—the *Bratach sith* it is known as—and she told him that if ever he was in great peril, or had any great desire, he was to wave that flag, and whatever he desired would come to pass. But the virtue of the *Bratach sith* would depart after it had

been waved three times. Now the small green banner has been waved only twice; and people say it is still preserved in the castle of Dunvegan, with power to work one more miracle on behalf of the Macleods. And if I had the fairy flag, do you know what I would do with it? I would take it in my hand, and say, '*I desire the fairy-people to remove my friend Gertrude White from all the evil influences that disturb and distress her. I desire them to heal her wounded spirit, and secure for her everything that may tend to her life-long happiness. And I desire that all the theatres in the kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland—with all their musical instruments, lime-light, and painted scenes—may be taken and dropped into the ocean, midway between the islands of Ulva and Coll, so that the fairy-folk may amuse themselves in them if they will so please.*' Would not that be a very nice form of incantation? We are very strong believers here in the power of one person to damage another in absence; and when you can kill a man by sticking pins into a waxen image of him—which everybody knows to be true—surely you ought to be able to help a friend, especially with the aid of the *Bratach sith*. Imagine Covent Garden Theatre a hundred fathoms down in the deep sea, with mermaids playing the brass instruments in the orchestra, and the fairy-folk on the stage, and seals disporting themselves in the stalls, and guillemots shooting about the upper galleries in pursuit of fish. But we should get no peace from Iona. The fairies there are very pious people. They used to carry St. Columba about when he got tired. They would be sure to demand the shutting up of all the theatres, and the destruction of the brass instruments. And I don't see how we could reasonably object."

It was a cruel sort of jesting; but how otherwise than as a jest could he convey to her, an actress, his wish that all theatres were at the bottom of the sea? For a brief time that letter seemed to establish some link of communication between him and her. He followed it on its travels by sea and land. He thought of its reaching the house in which she dwelt—perhaps some plain and grimy building in a great manufacturing city, or perhaps a small quiet cottage up by Regent's Park half hidden among the golden leaves of October. Might she not, moreover, after she had opened it and read it, be moved by some passing whim to answer it, though it demanded no answer? He waited for a week, and there was no word or message from the south. She was far away, and silent. And

the hills grew lonelier than before; and the sickness of his heart increased.

This state of mind could not last. His longing and impatience and unrest became more than he could bear. It was in vain that he tried to satisfy his imaginative craving with these idle visions of her: it was she herself he must see; and he set about devising all manner of wild excuses for one last visit to the south. But the more he considered these various projects, the more ashamed he grew in thinking of his taking any one of them and placing it before the beautiful old dame who reigned in Castle Dare. He had barely been three months at home: how could he explain to her this sudden desire to go away again?

One morning his cousin Janet came to him.

"O Keith!" said she, "the whole house is in commotion; and Hamish is for murdering some of the lads; and there is no one would dare to bring the news to you. The two young buzzards have escaped."

"I know it," he said. "I let them out myself."

"You!" she exclaimed in surprise; for she knew the great interest he had shown in watching the habits of the young hawks that had been captured by a shepherd lad.

"Yes. I let them out last night. It was a pity to have them caged up."

"So long as it was yourself, it is all right," she said; and then she was going away. But she paused, and turned, and said to him, with a smile, "And I think you should let yourself escape, too, Keith; for it is you, too, that are caged up; and perhaps you feel it now more since you have been to London. And if you are thinking of your friends in London, why should you not go for another visit to the south, before you settle down to the long winter?"

For an instant he regarded her with some fear. Had she guessed his secret? Had she been watching the outward signs of this constant torture he had been suffering? Had she surmised that the otter-skins about which he had asked her advice were not consigned to any one of the married ladies whose acquaintance he had made in the south and of whom he had chatted freely enough in Castle Dare? Or was this merely a passing suggestion thrown out by one who was always on the look-out to do a kindness?

"Well, I would like to go, Janet," he said, but with no gladness in his voice, "and it is not more than a week or two I should like to be away; but I do not think the mother

would like it; and it is enough money I have spent this year already——"

"There is no concern about the money, Keith," said she simply, "since you have not touched what I gave you. And if you are set upon it, you know auntie will agree to whatever you wish."

"But how can I explain to her? It is unreasonable to be going away."

How, indeed, could he explain? He was almost assuming that those gentle eyes now fixed on him could read his heart; and that she would come to aid him in his suffering without any further speech from him. And that was precisely what Janet Macleod did—whether or not she had guessed the cause of his desire to get away.

"If you were a schoolboy, Keith, you would be cleverer at making an excuse for playing truant," she said laughing. "And I could make one for you now."

"You?"

"I will not call it an excuse, Keith," she said, "because I think you would be doing a good work; and I will bear the expense of it, if you please."

He looked more puzzled than ever.

"When we were at Salen yesterday I saw Major Stuart, and he has just come back from Dunrobin. And he was saying very great things about the machine for the drying of crops in wet weather, and he said he would like to go to England to see the newer ones and all the later improvements, if there was a chance of any one about here going shares with him. And it would not be very much, Keith, if you were to share with him; and the machine it can be moved about very well; and in the bad weather you could give the crofters some help, to say nothing about our own hay and corn. And that is what Major Stuart was saying yesterday, that if there was any place that you wanted a drying machine for the crops, it was in Mull."

"I have been thinking of it myself," he said absently, "but our farm is too small to make it pay——"

"But if Major Stuart will take half the expense? And even if you lost a little, Keith, you would save a great deal to the poorer people, who are continually losing their little patches of crops. And will you be my agent, Keith, to go and see whether it is practicable?"

"They will not thank you, Janet, for letting them have this help for nothing."

"They shall not have it for nothing," said she—for she had plenty of experience in dealing with the poorer folk around—"they

must pay for the fuel that is used. And now, Keith, if it is a holiday you want, will not that be a very good holiday—and one to be used for a good purpose too?”

She left him. Where was the eager joy with which he ought to have accepted this offer? Here was the very means placed within his reach of satisfying the craving desire of his heart; and yet, all the same, he seemed to shrink back with a vague and undefined dread. A thousand impalpable fears and doubts beset his mind. He had grown timid as a woman. The old happy audacity had been destroyed by sleepless nights and a torturing anxiety. It was a new thing for Keith Macleod to have become a prey to strange unintelligible forebodings.

But he went and saw Major Stuart—a round, red, jolly little man, with white hair, and a cheerful smile, who had a sombre and melancholy wife. Major Stuart received Macleod's offer with great gravity. It was a matter of business that demanded serious consideration. He had worked out the whole system of drying crops with hot air as it was shown him in pamphlets, reports, and agricultural journals; and he had come to the conclusion that—on paper at least—it could be made to pay. What was wanted was to give the thing a practical trial. If the system was sound, surely any one who helped to introduce it into the western Highlands was doing a very good work indeed. And

there was nothing but personal inspection could decide on the various merits of the latest improvements.

This was what he said before his wife, one night at dinner. But when the ladies had left the room, the little stout Major suddenly put up both his hands, snapped his thumb and middle finger, and very cleverly executed one or two reel steps.

“By George! my boy,” said he with a ferocious grin on his face, “I think we will have a little frolic—a little frolic—a little frolic! You were never shut up in a house for six months with a woman like my wife—were you, Macleod? You were never reminded of your coffin every morning, were you? Macleod, my boy, I am just wild to get after those drying machines!”

And indeed Macleod could not have had a merrier companion to go south with him than this rubicund Major just escaped from the thralldom of his wife. But it was with no such high spirits that Macleod set out. Perhaps it was only the want of sleep that had rendered him nerveless and morbid; but he felt as he left Castle Dare, and as again he went out to meet the great steamer coming over the sea, that there was a lie in his actions, if not in his words. And as for the future that lay before him, it was a region only of doubt, and vague regrets, and unknown fears; and he was entering upon it without any glimpse of light and without the guidance of any friendly hand.

IRISH SONG.*

MY bonny cuckoo, come whisper true!
 Around the woods I'd rove with you;
 I'd rove with you until the next spring,
 And still my cuckoo would sweetly sing,
 “Cuckoo! cuckoo!” until the next spring;
 “Cuckoo! cuckoo!” until the next spring.

The ash and the hazel shall mourning say,
 “Oh, merry cuckoo, don't fly away!
 The winter wind is rude and keen;
 Oh, cuckoo, stay and keep us green!
 Cuckoo! cuckoo! oh, stay! oh, stay!
 And make the season for ever May!”

The thrush and the robin shall sadly cry,
 “Our bonny cuckoo, oh, do not fly!
 For when you spread your speckled wing
 We have no longer heart to sing.
 Cuckoo, cuckoo, still lead our tune,
 And make the season for ever June!”

The lads and the lasses together stand,
 And call their cuckoo from off the strand:
 “How can you leave us, bird of love,
 With the green below and the blue above?
 Oh, no! oh, no! you shall not go,
 With the blue above and the green below!”

* Founded on No. 125 of Bunting's, “Irish Airs,” in the edition of 1840.

A VISIT TO SKERRYVORE.

By SHERIFF IVORY.

SKERRYVORE lighthouse is situated far out in the Atlantic Ocean, twelve miles from Tyree, the nearest land. It is built in the form of a tower, on the Skerryvore—signifying in Gaelic the Great Rock—which is surrounded for miles by numerous outlying rocks. The Skerryvore is five or six feet above high-water of spring tides, and the tower rises from it one hundred and thirty-eight feet. The lantern on the top of the tower is one hundred and fifty feet above high-water level. Looking up at the lighthouse from the sea, it presents a magnificent sight—so lofty, so perfect in its proportions, and tapering so gracefully from basement to summit. It is constructed of immense blocks of stone dovetailed and fastened together. The three lowest courses are of Hynish gneiss, and the remainder of Ross of Mull granite. It was designed by, and erected under the personal superintendence of, Mr. Alan Stevenson, son of Mr. Robert Stevenson, engineer of the Bell Rock lighthouse.

“Far in the bosom of the deep
O'er these wild shelves my watch I keep,
A ruddy gem of changeful light
Bounded on the dusky brow of night.
The seaman bids my lustre hail,
And scorns to strike his timorous sail.”

Sir Walter Scott visited the rock in the autumn of 1814 along with Mr. Robert Stevenson and the Commissioners of Northern Lighthouses. After humorously describing the landing, he observes in his journal, “We took possession of the rock in name of the Commissioners, and generously bestowed our own great names on its crags and creeks. The rock was carefully measured by Mr. Stevenson. It will be a most desolate position for a lighthouse—the Bell Rock and Eddy-stone a joke to it, for the nearest land is the wild island of Tyree at fourteen miles distance. So much for the Skerry Vhor.”

The height of the respective towers of the three rock lighthouses referred to by Sir Walter is as follows:—Eddystone, 68 feet; Bell Rock, 100 feet; Skerryvore, 138 feet; while their dimensions in cubic feet are:—Eddystone, 13,343; Bell Rock, 28,530; Skerryvore, 58,580.

The erection of Skerryvore lighthouse was authorised by an Act of Parliament passed in 1814, but so formidable did the work appear that a survey of the rocks was not made until 1835. Operations were commenced in the summer of 1838 by the erection of a

temporary barrack for the workmen. The framework of this was completed in the end of autumn, but was entirely destroyed in a storm in the following November. A new barrack was thereafter put up, perched forty feet above the rock, and was occupied for the first time on 14th May, 1840, by Mr. Alan Stevenson and thirty men.

Mr. Alan Stevenson, in his interesting account of the lighthouse, gives a graphic description of the life in this barrack. “For several days,” he says, “the seas rose so high as to prevent our attempting to go down to the rock; and the cold and comfortable nature of our abode reduced all hands to the necessity of seeking warmth in bed, where (rising only to our meals) we generally spent the greater part of the day, listening to the howling of the winds and the beating of the waves, which occasionally made the house tremble in a startling manner. Such a scene, with the ruins of the former barrack not twenty yards from us, was calculated only to inspire the most desponding anticipations; and I well remember the undefined sense of dread that flashed across my mind on being awakened one night by a heavy sea, which struck the barrack and made my cot or hammock swing inwards from the wall, and was immediately followed by a cry of terror from the men in the apartment above me, most of whom, startled by the sound and tremor, immediately sprang from their berths to the floor, impressed with the idea that the whole fabric had been washed into the sea.”

The work on the rock was very laborious. It commenced at four in the morning, continuing until eight, when half an hour was allowed for breakfast; after which it was carried on till two, when another half-hour was taken for dinner; and the work was again resumed and continued till seven, eight, and even nine o'clock when anything urgent was in hand. Mr. Stevenson, after remarking that such protracted exertion produced a continual drowsiness, and that he repeatedly fell asleep in the middle of breakfast or dinner, adds, “Yet life on the Skerryvore Rock was by no means destitute of its peculiar pleasures. The grandeur of the ocean's rage, the deep murmur of the waves, the hoarse cry of the sea-birds which wheeled continually over us, especially at our meals, the low moaning of the wind, or the gorgeous brightness of a glassy sea and a cloudless sky, and the solemn

stillness of a deep blue vault studded with stars, or cheered by the splendours of the full moon, were the phases of external things that often arrested one's thoughts in a situation where, with all the bustle that sometimes prevailed, there was necessarily so much time for reflection."

The excavation of the foundation of the lighthouse tower was a serious operation. A horizontal cut was first made so as to lay bare a level floor of sufficient extent to contain the foundation pit. This operation occupied 30 men for 102 days, and required the firing of no fewer than 246 shots, chiefly horizontal, the quantity of material removed being about 2,000 tons. When the floor had been roughly levelled a foundation pit was marked out, 42 feet in diameter, on one level throughout. The pit was then excavated to the extent of 15 inches or so, and the circle prepared for the reception of the first course. This second operation occupied 20 men for 217 days.

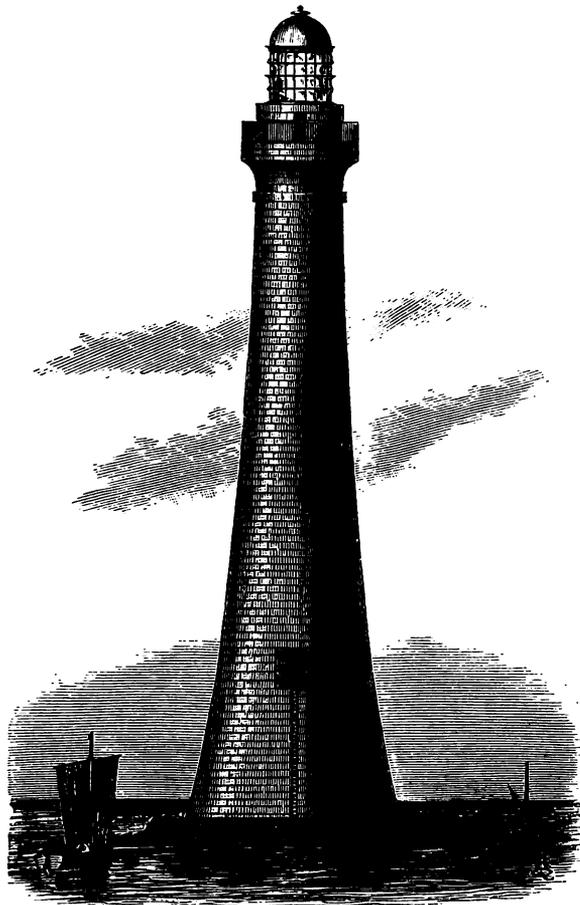
The building of the tower was commenced on 4th July, 1840, and the mason work was completed on 25th July, 1842. The large blocks of granite were obtained from the Ross of Mull quarry, and after being roughly formed into blocks were shipped for Hynish, distant about twenty-six miles; and they were dressed there in such a manner as to avoid the necessity of any fitting on the rock. This operation required great care, and occupied much time. For example, the dressing

of each centre stone of the floors into which the others were dovetailed occupied one man about three hundred and twenty hours.

The next year, 1843, was spent in fitting up the interior, and the light was first exhibited to the mariner on 1st February, 1844.

Taking into account the money expended on the harbour for the lighthouse tender and other incidental expenses, Skerryvore lighthouse cost in its erection £86,977 17s. 7d.

The light is on the dioptric or lens system, the rays of light being deflected into the proper direction by passing through lenses of the finest glass. It is a revolving light of the first order, appearing at its brightest once a minute, and is visible for eighteen nautical miles. The lighting apparatus consists of eight large annular lenses attached to a frame resembling an octangular drum, which revolves round a fixed central lamp by means of clock-work. The lamp contains four concentric wicks, and the oil is made to flow copiously over these to prevent their being charred



Skerryvore Lighthouse.

by the great heat evolved during combustion. The average consumption of oil in a light of this description is 760 gallons of colza or 800 of paraffin oil in a year.

There are four light-keepers attached to this lighthouse, three of whom are always on the rock, and the fourth on shore. Their families reside at the relieving station at Hynish in Tyree. Each light-keeper remains six weeks on the rock and two on shore

—a small steamer taking out to the rock the light-keeper on shore, and carrying back another to the station every fortnight if the weather permits. The life on the rock would seem to be very monotonous, but many of the men prefer Skerryvore to other stations. The pay is higher—the principal light-keeper's pay and allowances amounting altogether to about £120 in value—and the fortnight's holiday on shore is much appreciated.

When we arrived opposite to the lighthouse, the light-keepers were running to and fro along the small iron bridge which leads from the lighthouse to the landing-place, evidently in a state of great excitement at the unexpected visit; and they gave us a hearty greeting as we landed on the rock.

The lighthouse consists of solid stone for the first twenty-eight feet, and entrance is obtained to it by a door at the top of this structure. The ascent to this door is by a ladder of gun-metal, which runs perpendicularly up the side of the tower; and a winding ladder inside leads to the various apartments above.

The first room, entering from the outer door, is a store for goods; the second, on the floor above, a store for coals; the third, a workshop; the fourth contains a stove; the fifth is a kitchen; the sixth and seventh are sleeping apartments; the eighth, a library; the ninth, an oil cellar; and the tenth, the light-room.

A short time previous to our visit the tower was struck by lightning. When this happened one of the light-keepers was sleeping in bed, and was suddenly awakened by a loud report, which he imagined at the moment to have been caused by the explosion of paraffin oil in the light-room. He immediately rushed there and found everything right; but the second light-keeper, who was at his post watching the lamp, had heard the report, and was also much alarmed. He then descended the tower and found the third light-keeper lying senseless on the floor of the first apartment. The latter had been standing close to the entrance door, when he was struck by the lightning and thrown to the inner end of the room. After some time he recovered consciousness, but he was quite deaf for several weeks. On examining the inside of the tower a considerable portion

of the thick iron stove pipe was found shattered into fragments, but little damage otherwise was done. Whether the lightning entered the building from above or from below still remains a mystery. But it was fortunate that the light-keeper was thrown inward and not outward through the door, for in the latter case he could not have escaped being killed by falling on the rock below.

The light-keeper in his solitary watch in the light-room is sometimes visited by large flocks of woodcocks, thrushes, larks, and other birds. These, driven at night by wind from the land, or attracted by the dazzling light, sometimes strike against the lantern with great force and are killed. Large sea-birds also, hurried onward by the gale, occasionally strike against it, shivering the thick plate-glass to pieces and falling dead on the light-room floor.

The force of the waves in a storm is very great at Skerryvore, exposed as it is to the full force of the wide Atlantic. Mr. Thomas Stevenson constructed a marine dynamometer which registered the force of the waves that struck it. It was found from observations made by him with this instrument at Skerryvore, that the average force of the waves during five of the summer months of 1843 and 1844 was 611 lb. per square foot. The average force for the six winter months of the same years was 2,086 lb. The greatest result obtained at Skerryvore was on 29th March, 1845, during a heavy westerly gale, when a pressure of 6,083 lb.—nearly equal to three tons—per square foot was registered.

In the German Ocean, according to observations made by Mr. Thomas Stevenson at the Bell Rock, the greatest result obtained was a pressure of 3,013 lb. per square foot.

There is a hole in the rock at Skerryvore, not far from the landing-place, into which during a storm the surge rolls with such force that it is immediately shot out again, making a loud report like a cannon.

On leaving the rock we observed one or two sea-gulls hovering about. The light-keepers told us they gladly welcomed them, as they were the only living creatures they saw for days. It was not without a pang of regret we left these most obliging and intelligent men alone with the solitary sea-mews, and bade adieu to them and to Skerryvore.

W. IVORY.



ALEXANDER DUFF'S WORK FOR CHRISTIAN EDUCATION IN SOUTHERN ASIA.

FROM the roll of missionaries sent out to India and China by Denmark, England, and Scotland during the past century and a half, there stand out six names, from Christian Frederick Schwartz, born in 1726, to Alexander Duff, died in 1878. When the German Schwartz passed away from Southern India in 1798, the English Carey had already begun his work for all Northern India in Serampore. There he was visited by the American Judson, who from a Presbyterian had become a Baptist, and for nearly forty years, ending 1850, evangelized Burma. Parallel with Carey's work in Bengal and the early part of Judson's in Burma, was that of the Scottish Congregationalist, Morrison, under the protection of the East India Company, in China, or from 1807 to his death in 1834, a few months after Carey. Western India had not been cared for aright till 1829, when John Wilson went to it from Edinburgh University, thenceforth to be identified with progress of every kind in the regions around Bombay, and from Eastern Africa to Persia, down to his death in 1875. But in all this pioneering work, which extended over the breadth of Southern Asia from Canton to Abyssinia, the very centre from which the civilising and evangelizing influences could most effectually radiate had been neglected till, in August, 1830, the young Highlander, Alexander Duff, opened an English school in a Bengalee house in Calcutta. That put the key-stone in the apostolic arch, upon which the sure fabric of Christian truth has since been slowly raised. Whatever else, or more, Dr. Duff proved himself to be, as a man of a noble chivalry and a rare spiritual humility, as a personality of irresistible force and eloquent persuasiveness, as an organizer and administrator who worked out a system which all other Protestant Churches have since pronounced to be the most successful in its conflict with the false and effete civilisation of Brahmanism, his peculiar merit was this: in the right place and at the right time, he had the foresight and the God-given grace to drop into the very heart of the decaying mass of Oriental idolatry the little leaven which is surely leavening the whole lump. The working of the fermenting power he watched and guided, so far as man might do it, all through his Indian career of thirty-four years, and from his truly *episcopos*-like position at home till his death on the 12th of February last. All the

six missionaries had so much in common as to surprise those who study their lives in contrast and comparison. Of varied nationalities, though five were English-speaking; of different sections of the Church of Christ, Lutheran and Baptist, Independent and Presbyterian; of scholarly training and tastes alike as philologists and theologians; with a consuming zeal that Christ should be revealed to and in the six hundred millions of Asiatics, to whom they gave the Bible in the learned and vernacular tongues, and all Western truth in the language of the conqueror—these six men spent each some forty years among the natives, passed the old man's limit of seventy years, and died rejoicing in their labours, regretful only that they could not go on working for such a Master. All rose from humble life to be consecrated by that work as the Apostles themselves were, and to be inspired by it in a degree second only to the Eleven, and to Paul, who saw the Lord. The story of each, however, is very different from that of the others. If, to complete it, we add the brief career of the Anglican, Henry Martyn, who was not a missionary but a well-paid chaplain, we shall have a combination of powers and graces, of methods and results such as more exquisitely illustrates the "gifts for men" and "the unity of the faith" than anything in the Christian centuries since John.

Dr. Duff's special work is, then, worth telling in detail. Sir Charles Trevelyan, who fought by his side in the beginning of it, is understood to be preparing an account of the origin of the great English movement in Calcutta in 1830—35, such as no man now living is so competent to write. It was my privilege to work along with Dr. Duff in the second half of the conflict as a Fellow of the University of Calcutta. The whole when fully written will form one of the most brilliant chapters in the history, not only of Christian missions, but of educational progress, and of the civilisation of a subjugated empire by the governing race. It will furnish an Oriental analogy to the influence of Rome in the conversion of the northern nations, and to that of Greece in the Renaissance and Reformation of Europe.

This was the state of affairs in the metropolis of Southern Asia before the arrival, in May, 1830, of Alexander Duff, a youth of twenty-four. Thanks to Charles Grant and

Wilberforce, the charter granted by Parliament in 1813 had compelled the East India Company to permit missionaries to land in India and China, to which, indeed, it appointed a bishop and Scotch chaplains, and to grant not less than £10,000 a year for "the revival and improvement of literature, and the encouragement of the learned natives of India, and for the introduction and promotion of a knowledge of the sciences among the inhabitants of the British territories of India." Up to that time Warren Hastings had founded a Madrisa in Calcutta to conciliate the Mahomedans, and to prepare officials for the law courts; while Jonathan Duncan, afterwards Governor of Bombay, had established a Sanscrit college in Benares for the same ends among the Hindoos. In England and Scotland the intellectual systems of such teachers as Bell, formerly a Madras chaplain, and Lancaster, had led to the foundation of the British and Foreign and the National School Societies. The Court of Directors were evidently puzzled how to spend the educational grant exacted of them by Parliament; so they did one wise and one foolish thing. They directed the application of Bell's monitorial system to the village schools of India, an order long neglected; and they recommended the instruction of learned Hindoos, by grants of money, in their own learned language, which was then supposed to contain "many excellent systems of ethics." This latter suggestion was at once grasped at by Lord Minto's Government, under whom were two Orientalists so enthusiastic as Henry Thomas Colebrooke and Horace Hayman Wilson. English, the language of the only truth within reach of the people, of commerce, and of administration, was utterly neglected. A new Sanscrit college was founded in Calcutta with one-fourth of the parliamentary grant. The rest, and much more, was squandered, partly in bursaries or stipends to lazy and bigoted Mahomedans and Hindoos, and partly in the publication of tons of Oriental books, which proved to be useless either for true scholars or the simplest educational purposes. The only attempt to care for the mass of the people through their village schools and in their vernaculars, was made by the earlier missionaries, Marshman and May, with some encouragement from Lord Hastings, the enlightened Governor-General.

But the middle class Bengalees of Calcutta determined to obtain a knowledge of English, if only to qualify them for appointments and clerky duties in mercantile offices, as the

trade developed. Most friendly to the object was one David Hare, a London tradesman, who, having married an Aberdeen wife, settled as a watchmaker in Calcutta, where one of the principal streets bears his name. He was illiterate and a sceptic, but he did not rest until he had induced the Chief Justice, Sir Hyde East, and Rammohun Roy, the Theist who died in this country, to unite with him in establishing the Vidalaya, or Anglo-Indian, or Hindoo, or Presidency College, by all which names it has since been known. In 1817 this, the first public school in India for teaching English, was opened with twenty pupils. Scepticism of the Tom Paine stamp, immorality, and mismanagement, reduced the enterprise to such a state that its native managers obtained the supervision of Government, which thus became for many a year not only a teacher of English but a propagator of bitterly anti-Christian opinions, in spite of its profession of pure neutrality. Nor was any sufficient correction applied to this. The Serampore Baptist missionaries had opened their magnificent college a year after, but that was fifteen miles away from the capital. Stimulated to rival them, Dr. Middleton had built his noble Bishop's College, but that too was at some distance from the city. The Government Committee of Public Instruction meanwhile pursued its triumphant way, subsidising and eulogizing only Hindooism, Mahomedanism, and Voltairianism, or worse, under the idea that the cause of Oriental scholarship at least was thus advancing. There was only one man who protested, and that, strange to say, was a stouter sceptic than any of them, was the *quondam* licentiate of the Scotch Kirk who had come to draught the despatches from Leadenhall Street—James Mill. In a trenchant and almost sorrowful letter sent out by the Court to the Governor-General on the 18th February, 1824, he horrified the pundits, both English and Indian, by telling them that, by their own confession, their system had failed. The Hindoo and Mahomedan colleges had not made a favourable impression on the people by encouraging their literature, nor had these institutions promoted useful learning. In language which his friend Macaulay almost copied ten years after, the committee were told that they were teaching "a great deal of what was frivolous, not a little of what was purely mischievous, and a small remainder indeed in which utility was in any way concerned." The father of John Stuart Mill, and author of a "History of

India" long since out of date, was the first to attack, from the secular side, that which Duff demolished from the spiritual. This assault proved fruitless for the time—how fruitless let Bishop Heber's description of his visit to the Sanscrit College of Benares tell. The accomplished Fellow of All Souls, Oxford, there heard a lecture identifying the North Pole with Mount Meroo, and the South Pole with the tortoise which supports the Hindoo cosmogony, while the sun goes round the earth! This in some colleges, and the vulgar blasphemy of the "Age of Reason" in others, were the only means by which the Government of India carried out the order of Parliament, to promote a knowledge of the sciences among the natives, all the twenty years before Dr. Duff's assaults began to tell.

Like every false religion, Hindooism has thus made some error in physical fact an article of faith, and here Christianity, which leaves science to its own unrevealed place, finds an entrance for the wedge of disintegration. Here, and then by the ethics of natural religion, and finally by the Spirit of Christ directing both, Duff began that *Præparatio Evangelica* with which, more than any other man, or anything else in his career of half a century, his name is identified. All truth is harmonious, all truth is one, and the Protestant Christianity which glories in that has no need to fear any. That was his principle. "Do not," said the Church which sent him to India as its first missionary, "settle in Calcutta." "Do not," said the few missionaries already there, and the mass of his own countrymen, "attempt to teach English; you will only make the Bengalees worse infidels than before." Such was not Dr. Carey's opinion. I shall never forget the story of their first interview, as Dr. Duff told it to me in the old mission-house of Serampore, where he was my guest. The still ruddy Highlander, tall and excited, left his boat at the college ghaut, eager to see the man who, since before the French Revolution, had been working for the good of the people of India. He found a bent, withered, lame old man, who was still suffering from the effects of a fall that had forced him to use crutches, and whose yellow complexion contrasted with the white jacket of the tropical heats. But when the great scholar and venerable apostle began to speak, all signs of weakness vanished. Like every one who has worked long for the Master, Carey told Duff how joyous, how full of reward was the service. He sent the youth to Calcutta with

his blessing. He lived only a few years longer, too short a time to see the harvest reaped which he and others had sowed.

In August, 1830, Duff opened his English school in Calcutta, in spite of all counsel to the contrary, save Carey's. His few pupils soon rose to eight hundred. With the exception of one East Indian lad—to whom now in old age he sent a kind remembrance from his deathbed the other day—he had to make his own teachers and all his text-books. In sweltering heat and steaming rain he worked on, kept in ignorance even of the one fact that would have cheered him, that the Court of Directors had again, on the 29th September, 1830, urged the Government to encourage a thorough knowledge of English in its schools, since the pure tone and better spirit of Western literature cannot tell with full effect only through the original tongues. "There is no point of view," wrote the Directors, "on which we look with greater interest at the exertions you are now making for the instruction of the natives, than as being calculated to raise up a class of persons qualified by their intelligence and morality for high employments in the civil administration of India." Specifically "on their instruction in the principles of morals and jurisprudence" did the Directors express their reliance for this end. That instruction it fell to Duff to give with the only force which can supply the motive power of morals; and to Macaulay as first law member of the Governor-General's council. With them was associated the Governor-General himself, the philanthropic, wise, earnest, and Christian Lord William Bentinck, without whom this first lustrum of Indian progress might have been longer postponed. The still more liberal charter of 1833 had just been passed, the Governor-General and all his colleagues had convinced themselves that Duff's college and his methods supplied the true model for an educational policy, to extend to the whole empire and develop in the generations to come. But they could not secure Duff's zeal, nor dared they proclaim his faith, even if it had been wise to do so.

The Committee of Public Instruction were equally divided on the subject of English *versus* Sanscrit, Arabic, and Persian as the language of education. Five still held out against despatches, Dr. Duff's success, and common sense, when Macaulay was appointed their president. Very curious and very precious are the worm-eaten manuscript minutes and reports which we have seen in the Calcutta archives, wherein the great writer

for four years fought his obstructive colleagues. The late Mr. Woodrow, when Director of Public Instruction in Bengal, edited a selection of the writings of that period, which every admirer of Macaulay ought to possess. In 1835 the great Essayist summed up the controversy in a minute which is as brilliant as anything he afterwards published. Mr. Trevelyan has given an extract from it, all too short, in the closing chapter of the first volume of the *Life and Letters* of his uncle. The whole should appear in his works. Lord William Bentinck, even if he had not personally been on the same side, had no alternative but to set the question at rest by his Resolution of 7th March, 1835, which became the corner stone of our educational policy in the East ever since—"A knowledge of English literature and science through the medium of the English language."

Such was the effect of this adoption of Dr. Duff's principle, *minus* always the Christian end of such education, which was tacitly left to the missionaries, that we find Macaulay writing thus the year after to his venerable father—"It is my firm belief that, if our plans of education are followed up, there will not be a single idolater among the respectable classes in Bengal thirty years hence." Error dies harder than that, but it is true that not one Hindoo leaves an English college believing in his ancestral faith, however much caste and other forms of custom may still lead him timidly to practise it. And few Hindoos leave the missionary colleges, established on the model of Dr. Duff's, unconvinced of the power and beauty of Christianity, or unfriendly to it. While more Hindoos of influence have been added as sincere converts to the Christian Church by this than by any other means, the work of preparation has been carried out over the wide extent of the vast peninsula as no other force could have carried it. Having done this great work in its origin, and secured colleagues worthy of himself to carry it on, Dr. Duff was driven home by nearly fatal sickness, to rouse the Churches by his zeal, and to shake the country by his eloquence.

The first news that met him on his return to Calcutta was, that the Orientalists in the department of Public Instruction had succeeded in imposing on the weakness of the unhappy Governor-General of the day, Lord Auckland, so far as to induce him to sign the minute of 24th November, 1839. That document is not unfairly described by Dr. Duff, in a series of trenchant letters in which

he demolished and ultimately neutralised it, as directing the re-endowment of Orientalism, including its false religions, and the total exclusion of true religion from the course of higher instruction in the literature and science of Europe. The only practical result was to increase the public grant for education. The Cabul disasters and the iniquitous expenditure on the Affghan war arrested rapid progress for a time. But so profoundly was Dr. Duff moved by the danger to what he had justly pronounced the great revolution to be ultimately wrought by Lord William Bentinck's order, that it came back on his mind with great force when he was dying. The veteran missionary, in those intervals of bright and almost vigorous consciousness which marked the last fortnight of his life, reverted again and again to Lord Auckland's vain attempt, as if it had been made yesterday. To one who, on the 1st February, found him very weak, and wished him to refrain from conversation, he replied that it did him good, it roused him thus to go back on the past. After explaining in detail the course in philosophy over which he took his native students, he said he would answer "the up-start rationalists" of the Indian Educational Department now as he did in 1839, if he had the energy. He then dictated a vindication of his educational policy in connection with the Calcutta University, which had been assailed with great vehemence by one of the Indian newspapers. The assault I have not seen, but I happen to be well aware of his university work, having been for years the colleague most closely associated with him in the Senatus.

The Bentinck period of his career may be completed by a reference to what he did for the medical education of the Hindoos. For them even to touch a dead body was to break caste, so that the study of scientific medicine became impossible. When Lord William Bentinck was petitioned by both the Hindoo and Mahomedan communities to be satisfied with the study of the Sanscrit and Arabic works on the healing art, he persisted in the establishment of the Bengal Medical College for instruction in medical science on European principles through English. Even then, however, anatomy had to be taught from models—and how taught? Dr. Duff declared that his students, of the highest caste, were sufficiently free from prejudice to dissect the human subject. With hope, yet hesitation, the English doctors who were professors of the new institution visited the missionary's

classes and questioned the students. The very first was a Brahmin, who at once declared his readiness to defy prejudice, and the triumph was gained. When, a few years ago, I presided at the annual convocation of the Bengal Medical College, I was able to use this language—

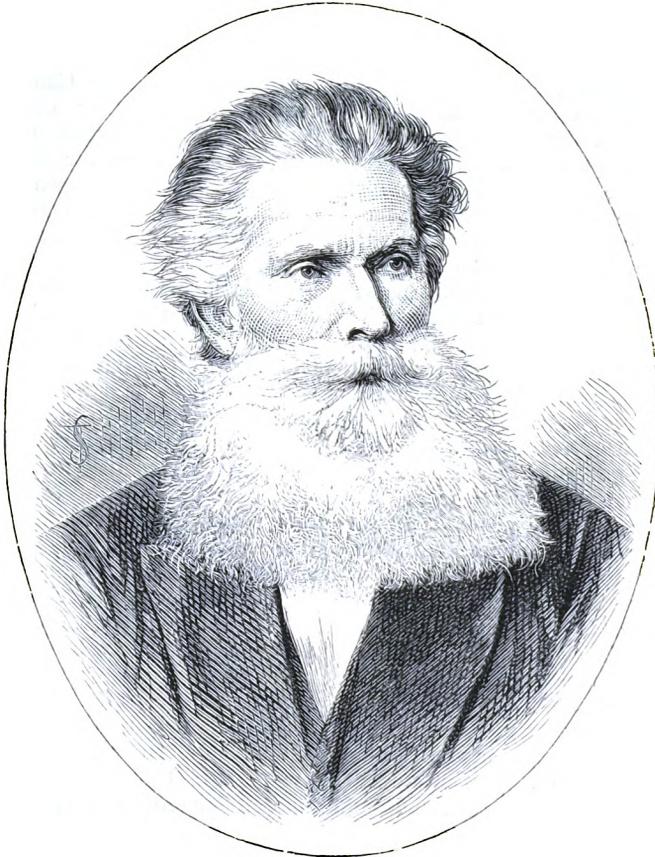
“Students, you have reason to be proud of the college which has this day bestowed on you such honours. It is associated with an already long roll of remarkable teachers, for, after all, thirty-eight years is not a short period in the history of an institution in India. Its existence is connected with the names of the two most illustrious Governors-General of this century, Bentinck and Dalhousie. The former called it into being as the last act of an administration memorable for the triumphs of peace. The latter, great in war as well as peace, was the first to open that hospital which is the largest single school of practical medicine in the world; and when I first landed in India, the echoes of his eloquence on that occasion had not passed away. Since even his time what progress has there not been! Your able Principal now tells us of so many as 1,226 students in the college, and of more than 41,000 patients annually treated free of charge in the hospital. The hospital has relieved the pain or cured the diseases of no fewer than 800,000 human beings since its establishment. The college has sent forth 436 sub-assistant surgeons, 56 hospital apprentices, and some 1,161 native doctors since its foundation. One can now hardly believe that there was a time when the Hindoo and Mahomedan communities of Calcutta alike petitioned Government not to substitute a college like this for the classes which had previously been devoted to the study of the Hindoo and Arabic works on medicine in the Sanscrit College and the Madrissa. Just as students are now annually reckoned by thousands, and patients by tens of thousands, and as the one subject made use of by Pandit Modusoodun Guptoo has grown into some nine hundred every year, so the staff of professors, which began with Drs. Bramley and Goodeve, has swollen into a band of twelve English and six native lecturers. Your college, with such a history, no less than your profession and the honours which so many of you have gained to-day, and recently, in this University Hall, summons you to walk worthy of your vocation, to act up to your responsibility.”

Dr. Duff has done more than any other one man for the largest medical school, and the most beneficent, in the world.

For twenty years the government and the missionary colleges grew side by side, not only in Calcutta, but in all the great cities and native towns of India. Both had sprung from the same seed—that first sown by Alexander Duff in 1830—but the Government so dreaded the suspicion even of Christian truth that it would not acknowledge, by grants or honours, the secular instruction, in promoting which, among the poorer classes especially, the churches and societies of Great Britain were doing its work. So far did this go that the bold and almost autocratic Marquis of Dalhousie, though an elder of the Kirk at home, would not even subscribe to its college in Calcutta till the very day that he resigned the office of Governor-General into the hands of Lord Canning. Nay, he maintained the Bethune school for caste girls out of his own pocket privately, rather than commit the Government to the unknown and dreaded work of female education. Fortunately Dr. Duff happened to be again in England when the time came, in 1853, to give the East India Company what proved to be its last charter. He and the late Mr. J. C. Marshman, C.S.I.—a man second only to him in self-sacrifice for the Christian education of the natives of India—gave evidence before a parliamentary committee, which resulted in Sir Charles Wood, now Lord Halifax, becoming a convert to their views. Taking that evidence and certain sympathetic despatches from Lord Dalhousie on the success of Mr. Thomason in the establishment of circle village schools in Upper India, his private secretary, the present Earl of Northbrook, draughted the despatch of 1854. That is a state paper second only to Macaulay's in 1835; and Lord Northbrook was proud to claim its authorship, even as a draughtsman from the evidence of Duff and Marshman, when, as himself Viceroy and Governor-General, he addressed the Convocation of the University of Calcutta. The merit of the despatch is that, with a fearless belief in the harmony of truth and its ultimate triumph, its author brought into friendly co-operation, on the one ground of efficiency in communicating truth, the two hitherto hostile parties of the Government and the Church, and added to both native representatives of all the creeds, Mahomedan, Hindoo, and Buddhist. At the head of all education, above even the Government itself in its executive capacity, were placed the three Universities of Calcutta, Madras, and Bombay. Their senates arranged the curricula of studies, fixed the

text-books, nominated the examiners, and conferred the degrees. For the first time in the East, and that too in the very year when to many it seemed as if the British Empire there was passing away, there was seen the catholic spectacle of rulers and ruled, Protestant and Romanist, Christian, Brahmin, and Moulvie, sitting around the same table to draw up a scheme of university learning, Oriental as well as Western, but all on Western methods and rewarded by Western academic

titles. Dr. Duff's special duty was to lead the Christian party in the Calcutta Senate, consisting, with the writer, of the learned Archdeacon Pratt, Professor Cowell (now of Cambridge), Dr. K. M. Bannerjea, Dr. Kay, Bishop Cotton, Dr. Ogilvie, Dr. Mullens, Sir Henry Durand, Bishop Stuart, Dr. C. U. Aitchison, Mr. Samuel Laing and Sir Charles Trevelyan, during the few years that these two were successively finance ministers. Our object was purely catholic—to secure the best



Alexander Duff, D.D., LL.D.

text-books, and to see that the university should be a teaching as well as a mere examining body. For years the conflict went on, quietly as became academic strife, and harmoniously in the end, although the purely Christian element was in the minority in numbers. The Minutes of the years 1859—65 are before me, and very able some of them are, coming from such pens as Cotton's, Pratt's, and Duff's. The orientalising and anti-Christian party could always reckon on

purely native support, for in such matters non-Christian natives are naturally influenced by the desire of those in power. In Bombay and Madras there was a similar struggle, but not so prolonged; for Dr. Wilson, though a missionary, became Vice-Chancellor in the former, and in the latter, thanks to educationists like Principal Miller, the missionaries have on the whole distanced the Government in the higher education. By his work in the Calcutta University, as publicly re-

cognised by Sir Henry Maine when the great missionary left India in 1864, Dr. Duff has permanently left his mark on the native mind and on the department of public instruction. He has influenced, and will long continue to influence, for purity and morality, for grace and faith, for truth and high ideals, the vast constituency of the Calcutta University, which annually examines thousands of students drawn from the hundred millions of our native subjects from Ceylon to Benares and Peshawur. All classes and all creeds united to honour him by founding the Duff scholarships, which are open to students who stand first in certain great departments of study, and are as often held by Hindoos and Roman Catholics as by Protestant Christians.

But, as a Scotchman who knew what the parish school had done for himself and his countrymen, as well as the university, Dr. Duff could not neglect either female or primary schools. When his college for young men and its numerous imitators had raised up a generation of educated youths, who demanded wives fit to be their companions and the mothers of their children, he knew the time had come to attempt what seemed the most hopeless work under the Zenana life, and the most dangerous, unless the restraints of a divine morality were substituted for the imprisonment of the Hindoo and Mahomedan home. When the purely secular Bethune school failed, he founded his caste girls' school and proved, increasingly as each year passed on, that the most respectable young ladies of Hindoo families may be attracted to a Christian school conducted with all the tender propriety shown by self-denying missionary ladies. That and the house to house instruction, begun by Mr. Fordyce then of his mission, and developed by Mrs. Mullens, have made a beginning at least in a work which is still far more neglected by the women of this country than by those of New York and the United States. The despatch of 1854 had almost reproached the Government of India for its failure to cast a network of village schools over the country for the rudimentary instruction of the children in their own vernaculars. Since this had been first ordered in 1814, on the Madras principle of Dr. Bell, only the missionary and one official, Mr. Thomason, had done anything on a considerable scale. The chance of a national system was early lost when the Government failed to make a school cess a part of the

land-tax which it gradually settled all over the country. On the contrary, our administrative system destroyed the indigenous schools, till Mr. Adam, an ex-missionary, made a report on the educational destitution to Lord William Bentinck which horrified him. From that time till the last year of his life, Dr. Duff spoke and wrote that the people might be taught to read and write their mother tongue. For, all other reasons apart, he knew that only thus could the vernacular Bible be read or the Christian preacher be properly understood. His own college had always had a vernacular school department which was the model of a thousand others, and he himself had early learned Bengalee, though he seldom required to use it. In 1859 the present Earl of Derby repeated the reproach of 1854, that Government had done so little for female and primary schools. Sir Bartle Frere then began to move in Bombay, the late Earl of Kellie in Central India, Sir W. Muir in Hindostan proper, and finally Sir George Campbell in Bengal. Now all India has something like a school-rate and machinery for inspecting and elevating the village gooroo or "dominie." But the motive power is lacking from the want of proper normal schools, save where that most useful agency, the Christian Vernacular Society, has supplied both them and pure text-books, free from the obscenities and idolatries of the Krishna legends.

I write of what I know, in its later methods and its fast-spreading results at least. Others will tell elsewhere of what Dr. Duff has done in his direct missionary work, of convincing inquirers, baptizing converts, training catechists, and sending forth for other Churches as well as his own an educated native ministry. The public of this country and America know what he did, especially in 1835—39, and again in 1850—54, in rousing Christendom to its duty to its Lord and to humanity, to say nothing of his varied work as professor and counsellor of all mission bodies, since his return in 1864. The mission lectureship, which he is understood to have founded, will perpetuate some of that for all time. But over and above all that, and in the eyes of the Government of India superior to all that, was his life-long toil as a statesman, an orator, and a writer, for the Christian education of the people of Southern Asia. If we think of the millions affected, and of the issues involved, no one man has done so much work of that kind for the race in all its history.

GEORGE SMITH.

THE MORALE OF PHYSICAL SURROUNDINGS.

By J. MILNER FOTHERGILL, M.D.

THE relations which exist between the internal morale of a human being and his material environment, together with the influence exercised by the actual physical surroundings, demand more attention than has hitherto been given to them. In considering the mental conditions of humanity, the first and chief factor is of course the influence of other minds upon the individual mind, and the consequences of contact and association; and especially the effects of a higher mind upon a lower one, of a mind influenced by high and holy aspirations upon a mind devoid of such aspirations, whether from want of opportunity or from an inferior original construction. The whole religious history of the world, and especially of Christianity, tells how a little leaven will influence a large mass; how religious fervour and enthusiasm will spread from individual to individual in an ever-widening circle. The founding of religious guilds and brotherhoods demonstrates how the passionate energy of one mind will kindle corresponding activity in others; and how, too, this influence will continue through successive generations of followers.

But while fully recognising all this and admitting it, there is another aspect of the subject which should not be entirely overlooked. Man is acted upon by higher powers from above, by influences which descend from above to the highest types of man first, and from them downwards to the lower mental strata—the less highly organized beings. Also, on the other hand, man is influenced by material forces which act upon the basal portion of his nature and which affect the mass of humanity, and whose spread is from the many upwards to the more favoured few. The exponents of the first—the prophet, the preacher, the theologian, and the moralist—exist, and have existed, and will exist in such numbers that there is no fear of the effect of higher minds upon lower ones ever being underestimated. It seems necessary, however, that the latter should have also its preachers and its exponents: it is time that there should be found those who will look at humanity from the lower platform of an organism influenced and affected by its material surroundings. Such consideration will not imply any forgetfulness of the first, any undervaluing of it, any wish to depreciate or undermine its in-

fluence. Such an explanation is essentially necessary in order to prevent possible misunderstanding or misconception on the part of some readers, who, without it, might suspect some flavour of materialism in this article.

Man is more or less plastic; in early life he is almost like clay on the potter's wheel; each form of clay having its own characteristics, but still all plastic and capable of taking a desired form, and of retaining it. As the clay has its characters and its qualities, so families differ from each other in their qualities, and possess various attributes in varying quantities and proportions. In one is found a ready tendency to be modified by circumstances; while others are granite-like and stubborn, little given to any change, reproducing themselves generation after generation in their sternly repellent forms. Such are the characteristics of families and of races. The Anglo-Saxon who marches off into the primeval forest and seeks for himself a new home in a foreign land, solitary amidst utterly new surroundings, contrasts with French colonists who move only in aggregated parties. Granting all this, still there remains a certain plasticity which tends to let man take shape according to the moulding power of circumstances, and the pressure silently exercised by surroundings—the forces which insensibly modify him. So in the early history of man there was also this plasticity—in the childhood of the race as in the childhood of the individual. Surroundings modified profoundly the different families of mankind, and produced the marked differences seen, as betwixt the lean, active Arab and the massive giants found in such large proportion amidst the population of Patagonia. Nor is such modification confined to physical conformation, it extends to psychical qualities, though these latter are less obvious. The restless combative nomadic tribes, rendered suspicious and ever on the alert by their mode of life and their collisions with similar tribes, differ materially from agriculturists who have each a definite piece of land of their own to cultivate, and who see in their neighbours not hostile beings but friends and co-workers, willing to labour for each other's mutual benefit. The characteristics of men along the borders and frontiers of nations and races have always been well-pronounced; they are bold, warlike, cunning,

and vindictive. They have been gradually formed by the force of circumstances and of surroundings. It is not by comparing individuals from frontier families with individuals from families which live in the interior of the country, but by comparing the general character of the border races with that of those who live away from the frontier, that true and just conclusions may be drawn as to the influence exerted upon man by his physical surroundings. It is not the design of the writer, however, to enter into abstractions which, though valuable enough, are apt to lose their point, and their practical application to be lost sight of; but to consider some concrete conditions in which we find these forces in action.

The most pronounced and best marked instances are of course furnished by the necessitous classes, and especially the very poor. It is, no doubt, one of the hardships of the lot of these last, a part of what they have to bear, that their condition, mental as well as bodily, should offer such ready opportunity for illustrating moral and other lessons; but this the very poor must submit to, since those who profit by the charity of the affluent must undergo the lens of the social observer. Conditions of life are hard for them doubtless, but perhaps there co-exists some corresponding loss of sensibility, so that they do not feel their condition so acutely as others would do. As the physical condition of man improves, so he becomes more and more sensitive to his surroundings; and the least fastidious of colliers would probably feel uncomfortable in the hut of the Esquimaux. The one is the outcome of the other; or they may both be the consequence of something which stands in a causal relationship to each. It seems innate in humanity to stay amidst certain surroundings, until, for some cause or reason, this environment becomes distasteful; and then one of two things happens. The man either modifies his surroundings until they become tolerable; or, failing that, seeks a new environment more congenial and less repugnant to him than the original one.

The desire exhibited by many to better themselves in the world, as it is termed, is not by any means necessarily based upon vanity or avarice; it is commonly a true search for surroundings with which they hope to feel themselves more in harmony. If such a change can only be attained by an upward social movement, then these persons find a more fitting equilibrium by rising through the social strata until they find their approxi-

mately harmonious environment. It is true that the mistake is often made of reasoning that if they feel more comfortable in a higher social stratum, therefore almost absolute happiness will be attained by rising higher; and that the attempt to reach still higher social strata frequently ends in disappointment, and to some extent leads to ridicule and exhibits much that more favoured beings may call vulgar. Very likely; but still there is a something in them that made their early surroundings chafe and pain them. They possess something which is not present in those who rest quiet—who, if discontented, are yet satisfied to remain where they have been originally placed. On the other hand we see, less frequently it is true, others descending in the social scale in spite of all their friends can do for them, until they find their congenial environment in the lowest social strata—pauperism or squalid brutality, according as feebleness or ruffianism preponderates in their mental constitution.

The great bulk of beings who live under the most unfavourable surroundings are those who never knew anything else, and who, more's the pity, are never likely to know any other surroundings than those in which they were originally placed. Brought up amidst squalor, want, uncleanness, dirt, and overcrowding, they are reared under circumstances which tend directly to blunt their susceptibilities and to stifle all delicacy of feeling. If we feel a shudder sometimes at a certain mental coarseness in persons so reared, this subjective condition should not surprise us. Before we blame or praise we should first try acutely to realise the position and the circumstances under which these persons have existed. By such means alone can we fairly estimate how much that seems blameworthy is the fault, how much the misfortune, of the individual; for how much or how little he is himself morally responsible. While, on the other hand, we shall often find persons getting credit for what is no more any merit of theirs than is the fineness of the texture of their attire, or the exquisite workmanship of their jewellery; it is but the veneration of mahogany, put on by dextrous hands, over the common pine which constitutes the real article. We find in some children delicately nurtured a modesty and a self-restraint most pleasant to meet with, but which is the result of careful training on the part of others, rather than of any native delicacy or sensibility of their own; and time and the evolution of the passions ultimately demonstrate most conclusively that this attractive de-

meanour was spurious and not genuine. We find in children reared in squalid neighbourhoods a want of modesty amounting to indecorousness which is shocking to encounter; but before we condemn them for this, we should first ask how far they have had the opportunity of learning anything better. If children have to herd together in one room, which is alike their dining-room and bedroom, what chance have they of acquiring that delicacy of feeling which is only possible where there is a practical separation of the sexes.

When we find that a hodman, after drinking adulterated drinks till he is maddened, goes home and brutally assaults his wife, our first feeling is that of repulsion and horror at such ruffianism; but if we reflect, we shall find that there are many points to be carefully considered before we finally pronounce judgment on the man. We must bear in mind the ordinary life of such people—how coarse, how rough it is! They have, in a large measure, lost, if they ever possessed, those finer susceptibilities which appertain to people more fortunately situated, and of which they, too, may have the rudiments; but they remain only rudiments from the want of favouring circumstances to develop them. Their life is rough and unfeeling by the force of their circumstances; sensibility is gradually lost where its possession is only productive of suffering; the tender points of the mind grow hardened at seats of contact, like the thickened epidermis along points of pressure on the labourer's hand. The infuriated man has perhaps tried to deaden in alcohol his susceptibilities, wounded by some scathing taunt, some biting expressions, losing none of their force from the incisive language in which they were uttered, hurled at him in the perhaps natural but unreasoning rage of his imperfectly cultured helpmeet. We must not measure the brutality of his conduct by contrasting it with that of the behaviour to each other of persons in more favoured conditions of life, but by the behaviour to each other of those amongst whom he lives. So contrasted it loses much of its horrors. I am not defending the man's violence or attempting to exculpate him; I am only trying to show how much may be fairly attributed to his unhappy circumstances, and for which he can scarcely be fairly held responsible.

It is shocking to contemplate this life of the very poor, huddled together into small rooms till all of modesty is lost to the

women; all regard for the special needs of women lost, or nearly so, in the men. The pressure of their surroundings has steadily told upon them, until they have become blunted down to that point of insensibility which enables them to tolerate their condition; for of course but few, and those of the lowest organization, could like and prefer such environment. It may suit those unfortunate beings who are so constituted that they naturally, as soon as removed from the care of parents, sink lower and lower through the different social strata, until in the lowest depths they seem to find the life they prefer.

The beings from whom our true pauper and criminal ranks are recruited are these unhappy organizations whose tendency is distinctly to descend. For them, and those who have never had the opportunity of anything different or better, the prison and the workhouse afford refuges much more comfortable than their own wretched hovels; but then there are the drawbacks of order, method, obedience, and cleanliness. For these unfortunate beings such restraint is almost intolerable. Many of them prefer to remain in their squalid dens, where they can do pretty much as they please, to availing themselves of regulated comfort. Their minds have become gradually unfitted for those surroundings which are alone tolerable to others. I remember well expostulating in the great hospital of Vienna against the coarse, unfeeling manner in which the patients were treated. The answer from a highly cultured gentleman was, that if treated in any other manner they would quickly become unmanageable. It seems very shocking that our fellow-creatures should become so brutalised that they can no longer be decently treated without detriment! So long as there remain courts, alleys, and wynds in which there is no proper accommodation for the inhabitants; so long as squalor and poverty are linked with filth; so long as bad air, worse food, and poisoned drinks are all that the unfortunate creatures can procure for themselves—so long must we go on reading of brutal outrages, almost incredible, and disgraceful to a country at once Christian, rich, and charitable. It is useless merely to send amidst such people missionaries, Bible women, and district visitors; the effects of their surroundings will continue to neutralise all that these can achieve; and the architect and the bricklayer are required before any great good can be effected. It may seem a harsh conclusion to arrive at, but

it is unavoidable ; it will be necessary to root out one after another the different rookeries and alleys in which these wretched beings find their unwholesome shelter, if we wish seriously to prevent the systematic production of that brutality we deplore. We must give such as are capable of availing themselves of it the opportunity of living so that decency, modesty, and self-respect are practically attainable. They must, by the kindness and thoughtfulness of those who can do for them what they cannot do for themselves — they must have houses which permit of the possibility of home-like life, before the seeds of better feelings can germinate in them. It must be made possible for them to develop the feelings we wish to see established in them, before they can be expected to manifest them. Some opportunity of attaining higher feelings and keener susceptibilities must be afforded them before we can fairly look for the growth of higher sentiments ; for it is only by the development of higher feelings that the lower impulses can be successfully subordinated and brought under efficient control. As long as such evolution is denied by the iron pressure of surroundings, so long must we look for the continuance of ruffianism blended with insensibility.

When we come to consider the relations of the inner workings of the human mind to the surroundings of the individual, we can realise the inherent force which underlies some social customs. When the peasant lays aside his toil-stained working clothes, and, after a thorough sousing in soap and water, puts on some clean linen and his Sunday clothes, he does something more than merely follow an old-established custom. His altered habiliments, the consciousness of having on his best suit, produces an alteration of his mental attitude of a favourable character. He feels, along with this change of raiment, a correlated mental change of a desirable character. The pursuits of the week are more or less laid aside with the weekday garments, and the day of rest is associated with the cultivation of higher thoughts. This custom of having Sunday clothes is laughed at by many who have had no opportunities, or, if they have, have not availed themselves of them, of noting the correlations which exist betwixt them and the thoughts which are associated with them. Who that has observed can have failed to discern the different mental attitude of the peasant or artisan in neat clothes, clean shoes, and his family similarly attired, from that of his neighbour who slouches along

with a pipe in his mouth, his workday clothes all disarranged, his heavy boots unlaced, and his every-day thoughts in his mind? It may be an old-fashioned prejudice, but the first one, to my mind, is the one with much greater potentialities than the other.

We may now leave the very poor and look to the condition of other social strata, and see how their surroundings tell on several other classes. Let us take the position of servants in large establishments. How, we may inquire, and profitably too, is it that this class has called forth so persistently the ridicule of our comic papers? Life below stairs has come to be supposed to be something unique: it certainly has its features, and it must in some way have acquired them. Frivolity, petty feuds, and a careful and solicitous regard to the gradations of rank, together with a jealousy of pre-eminence only equalled at diplomatists' dinners, mark their little world. The conditions under which they are placed naturally mould them ; and too frequently the example set them by those to whom they minister only encourages such pettiness. Their life is but one series of trifles. The mind becomes dwarfed by such experience, and thus this class has marked itself out for ridicule. Doubtless there are many who preserve their self-respect under these temptations ; but unfortunately the bulk of servants in large establishments are rendered by artificial means more foolish and more ridiculous than they would be under other circumstances. Human beings differ doubtless, but still there does not seem to exist so powerfully in the servants of less pretentious establishments that silly conceit, that earnestness about trifles, that utter absence of all consideration for the higher things of life, which form the generic characteristics of the domestics of houses where a very large number are found together. Their minds are centered upon small things only, until at last an attitude is reached where all greater things are utterly lost sight of ; and the mental horizon is occupied by tiny matters, the largest of them only great by the exceeding diminutiveness of others. Thus it is that a mental attitude is formed ; and it takes a considerable time for most persons who have long been servants in large houses to throw off the peculiarities there acquired, and attain to the mental attitude common to other people. But instead of ridiculing these creatures in our comic papers, it would be much better to try to induce them to cultivate their minds ; to instil into them in some systematic

manner that there are greater and more serious matters in life than the trifles which occupy their attention, and on which they have gazed till they have forgotten everything else. It is not so much their fault as their misfortune that the domestics are what they are. There exist in each of them the same potentialities for grasping higher things as are possessed by others more fortunately situated; and the mental littleness which seems to attach itself to the dependants of great houses is an avoidable matter, if the same pains were taken to uproot it that are given by their employers, unconsciously perhaps, to its culture.

For it is well enough known that not all our gentry are acutely conscious of their social duties and of the force of example. Relieved from the necessity for toil, no longer having to earn their living, they have to devise some means for killing time, as it is denominated. And killing time with a vengeance is the life of many of our fashionable families. They must get through each twenty-four hours in some way of which "Society" approves. During their waking moments they are engaged, and sometimes busily, in earnest attention to the different habits, practices, and ceremonies which constitute their social duties. An attention is given to these actual trifles which if bestowed upon more worthy matters would do a world of good. It is needless to indicate at length what the frivolities are which engage the life's attention of many of the upper classes. The pages of our comic papers may again be referred to, to furnish the evidence required to substantiate the truth of what is here stated. From their first awaking to their retirement at bed-time, the day is occupied with trifles or with playing at being serious. The utter artificiality of the life led by fashionable persons; their utter dissatisfaction with their life as a means of procuring mental happiness or composure; the wormwood and gall which they make each other drink when opportunity offers; the profitlessness of their existence, its progress in no direction but onwards towards more dissatisfaction and further littleness: all constitute an existence which many have learned to carefully shun. How can such a life lead to anything but more self-indulgence, further pursuit of pleasure—that phantom ever just within grasp but never seized? The whole of such a life is a congeries of mistaken aims, false gods and defeated ambitions, of falsities mingled with dissatisfaction, of foolish visions blended with disappointment. No wonder

that the more serious and earnest have forsaken such a life and thrown themselves into different social movements, and taken upon themselves duties and assumed responsibilities involving labour; that they have done this voluntarily, and as a relief from the hollow mockery which to many is life; that they have found that a higher and more thorough satisfaction is to be attained by such a life, than that upon which they have turned their backs. The enervation of the life they have fled from presses hardly upon those who have not the energy to leave it. If in the lowest and poorest ranks there are to be found those who have not the power to escape from their surroundings, so in the fashionable world there are those who have not the will or the courage to escape from the bondage to which they have subjected themselves, and whose thraldom and yoke they feel to be uncomfortable, but to which they bow the neck with affected satisfaction. With many, perhaps, having become accustomed to it, they prefer to go on rather than to take the active steps requisite for the attainment of something better and higher. But for the great majority of them apparently no escape is feasible; they must spin out their thread of life amidst trifles, and settle down to a life-long existence in the shadow of littlenesses. That life which seems so much desired by humbler toilers, is too often but vanity and vexation of spirit to those who have had experience of it. Its utter futility and its absolute incapacity to give mental comfort and to afford a self-respecting satisfaction, are only known to those who have gone through and experienced it thoroughly. Of course there are those of small mental capacities and blunted susceptibilities to whom such a life is not only tolerable, but sufficing. But who envies them, that can appreciate the higher things of this world even? More painful still is it to see those who are capable of better things, if only more favourably placed, sinking lower and lower, not socially but psychically; losing their hold of higher things and gradually shrinking to the petty dimensions of those around them; their surroundings steadily grinding out of them all nobility, all greatness, all aspirations after a higher life; while the palsy of self-satisfaction is settling down upon them and they are quietly composing themselves to a comatose self-contentment which is something more than the mere semblance of death: it is the death of the better part of them! They lose all recollection of the time when they had higher aspi-

rations, or have but glimpses of it in their dreams; they are dead to all higher matters, they do not even feel "that sorrow's crown of sorrows is remembering happier things." Many there are who are in this pitiable predicament, who are but the ashes of themselves, the dross of their composition only left; everything better has disappeared in that world which has steadily robbed them of their higher qualities and attributes. There are natures whose destiny rests on their surroundings; favourably placed the better part of them would have been developed, would have waxed until the lower elements would have been overlapped and even been diminished, until they would have attained an absolutely higher state of being. But being otherwise placed, surrounded by folly, worldliness, and pettiness, their better qualities dwindle away till they are scarcely discernible; while their weaker worldly parts are fostered till they obscure altogether what still exists of their higher possessions—until they become a distinctly lower form of being than what they were originally: they have been morally starved down into the place they occupy. Tennyson has put this finely—

"Yet it must be: thou shalt lower to his level day by day;
What is fine within thee growing coarse to sympathize with
clay."

"As the husband is the wife is: thou art mated to a clown;
And the grossness of his nature shall have weight to weigh
thee down."

Though the instance of husband and wife is perhaps the most striking one possible, and such association tells most rapidly and destructively upon the higher mind, still other associations can exercise a like effect. A mental deterioration is induced by contact with others, and most pronouncedly where such association is influenced by the action of physical surroundings.

This is felt in the effects of certain occupations and trades: some tend distinctly to dwarf the minds of those engaged in them; and broad ideas, exalted thoughts, are not the characteristics of those constantly occupied in the sale of small articles. The mode of life tells in time upon the mind

and intellect of those engaged in them. Certain trades and occupations are looked down upon, and those engaged in them exposed to ridicule, as the knights of the needle, for instance; and it will be found on analysis that these occupations are so indissolubly blended with small matters that those engaged in them cannot escape their lessening influence.

On the other hand there are certain forms of handicrafts which have a tendency to develop the strong points of the character, as, for instance, the village blacksmith; who, in the days of old, when grades and distinctions were more strictly observed than now, used to occupy a social position above other handicraftsmen, and came next to the farmers and the miller. The effect of monotonous labour, the constant working at some one subject, as the making of pin-heads, is found to influence the mind very powerfully; it predisposes those so employed to alcoholic excess, and indeed any form of excitement, when work is over. It is among mill-hands and girls who work at unvaried labour, like pen-stamping, for instance, that the taste for highly-seasoned fiction, improbable plots, and sensational conclusions is most highly developed; though the attractiveness of this form of literature is usually the measure of the lack of original power, or the want of educational training in those who indulge in it. The round of labour amongst certain peasants is found to predispose them to insanity—delusions or melancholia; the less varied the labour the more potent its influence. While on the other hand acute mania and general paralysis are more commonly found where the occupations are more exciting, as in manufactories and ironworks.

The subject of this relation betwixt the morale and the physical surroundings is by no means exhaustively worked out here: but enough has been adduced to demonstrate that the influence exercised upon individuals by their environment, is a factor which must not be overlooked or underestimated by philanthropists and social reformers.



A JOURNEY OF A DOG AND A MAN FROM CARIBOO TO CALIFORNIA.

By MAJOR W. F. BUTLER, C.B.

III.

A LARGE dog lived at Yale; the fame of his savagery was known far up the coach-road towards Clinton, and steamboat-men were cognizant of it seawards nearly unto New Westminster. The dog belonged to a German Jew, who, having passed through the several grades of dealing approximating to pedlar, had finally blossomed into a general merchant, owner of many stores in Columbian settlements. The traditional unpopularity attaching to members of the Jewish persuasion found no exception in Yale; indeed, it is worthy of note that in no part of the civilised world is that unpopularity more strikingly observable than in these mountain towns and settlements of North America. A fact from which it might possibly be imagined that Christian feeling, in these remote places, had attained to that pitch of fervour known in the old feudal times in Germany, when a baron, whose family duties or bodily afflictions rendered service in the Holy Land impossible, condoned his inability to wage war against the Saracen by grilling the first Jew he could catch in the lower apartments of his residence. But as in these old times the Jew clung to the baron, notwithstanding the grill-room above mentioned, so now he clings to the miner, and close follows the "prospector," despite the ill-concealed animosity of these adventurers.

Now the Jew's dog at Yale was a sharer in the unpopularity of his master. "Love me, love my dog" here found its converse, and dark looks were often turned upon the mastiff because of dark thoughts given to the mastiff's master. Among the many items of information which Mr. Hamilton had ready to dispense among the crowd that greeted him on his arrival at Yale, there figured prominently in the catalogue the fact that he had on this occasion brought in the boot an animal of surpassing savagery; an animal in whose physical and mental nature many wild and sanguinary beasts had united their several individual traits of ferocity, for, apparently, the sole purpose of annihilating the Jew's dog.

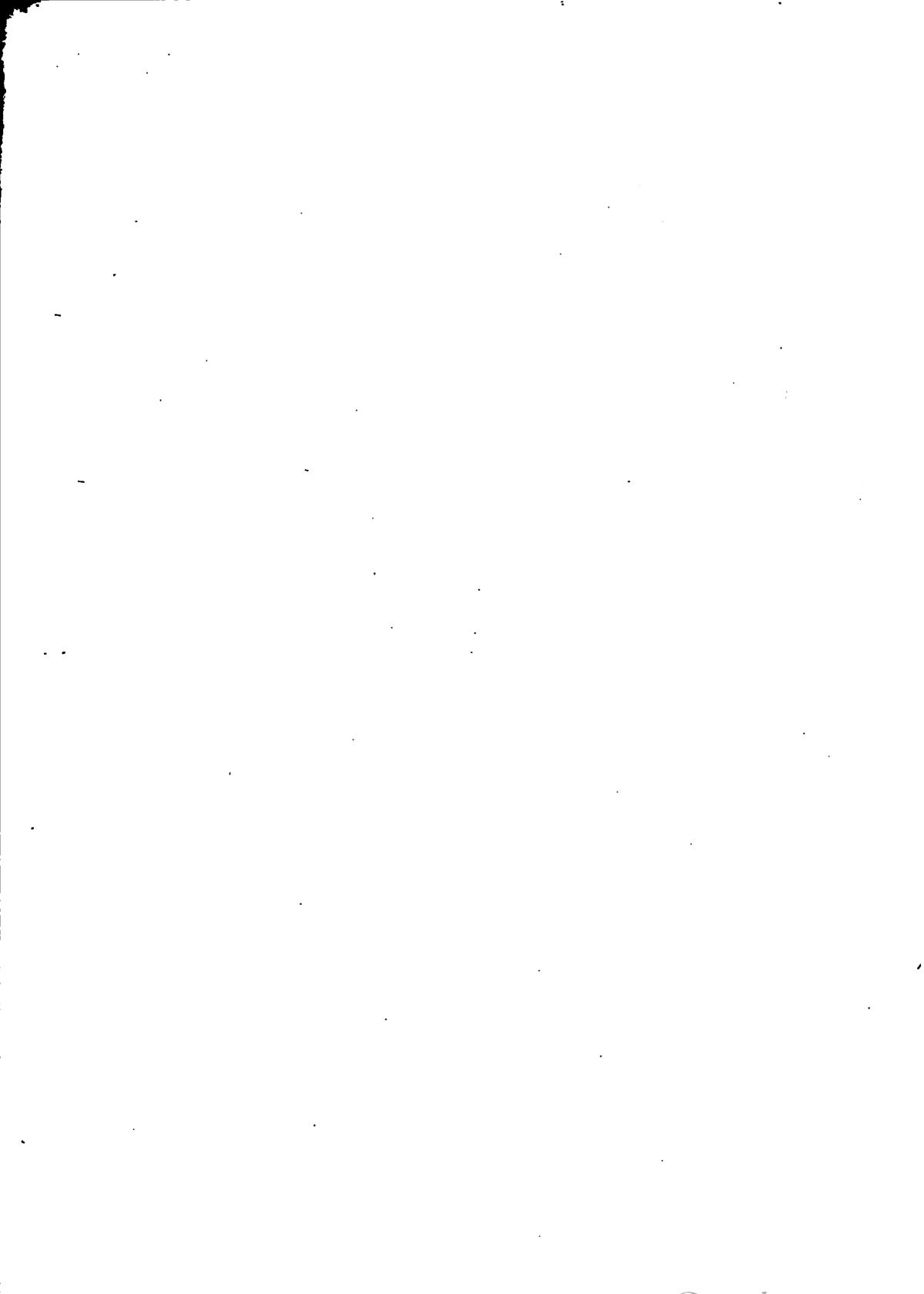
"Yes, Bill, you bet—I've got a dawg here," exclaimed Mr. Hamilton, soon after the coach drew up, "that ain't a-going to flirt when he fights another dawg. He means business,

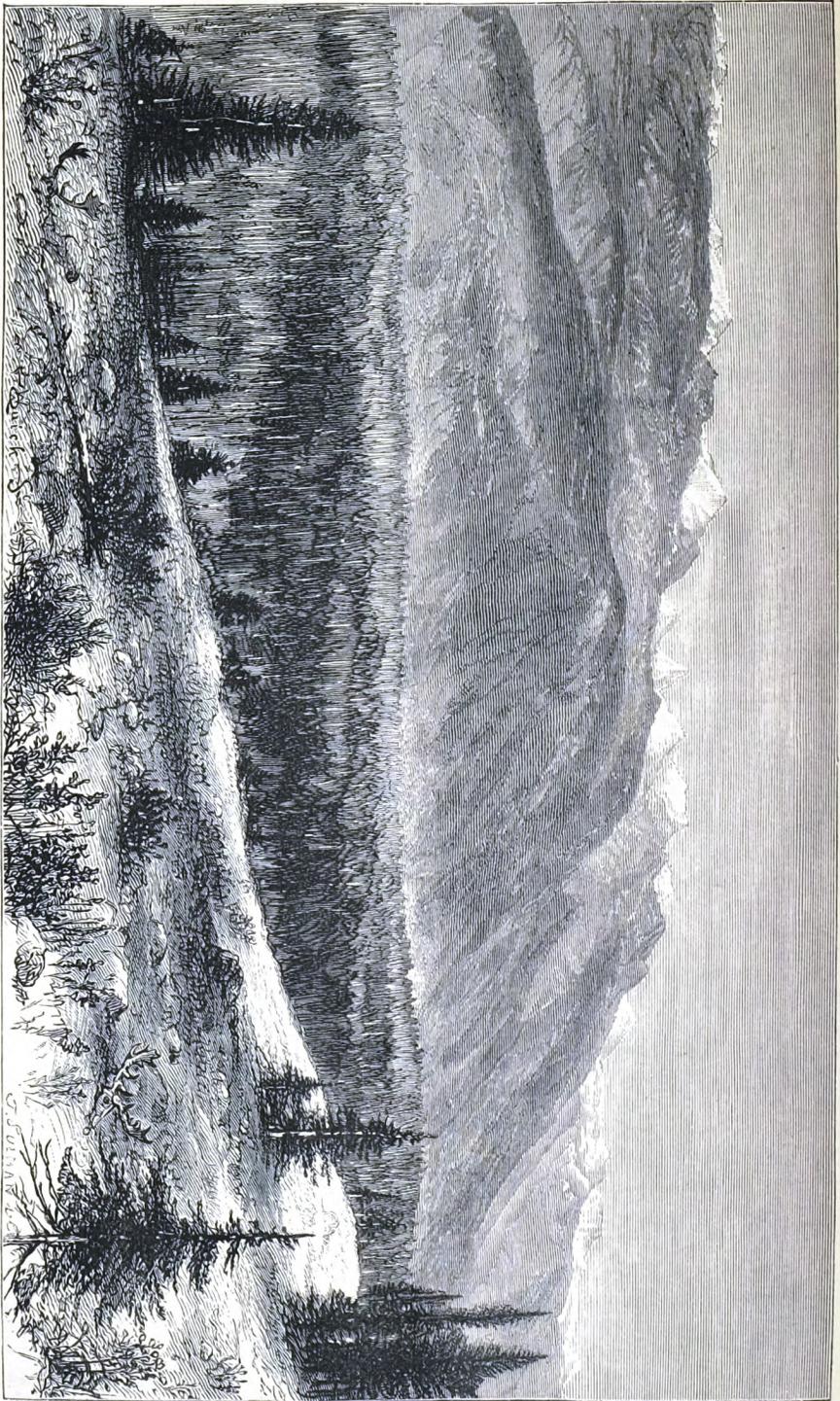
he does. Got his eddication among the Rocky Mountain coyotes, he did, and afterwards served his time among the Rooshian American bars." Then in a stage (coach) whisper, "If thar should be a dawg hereabouts, Bill, whose life you was thinking of insuring, I'd just complete the policy before this Rooshian American animal in the boot gets out, that's all."

It will be only necessary to remark that before the unconscious object of these sanguinary sentiments found himself free to perambulate the single street of Yale, the Jew's dog had been safely secured by his anxious master.

A night's delay at Yale, and dog and man were again on the move. Through a deep mountain gorge the Frazer sweeps from its long-held southern course, and, some few miles south of Yale, bends west to meet the ocean. It is not easy to imagine a grander gateway than that through which the dark tide, so long vexed against cliff and torn in cañon, prepares to seek here, in profound peace, the vast grave of the sea. It may have been that the conditions of light and shade were singularly fortunate on the morning when the little steamboat ploughed her way from Yale to New Westminster, passing out at Hope between the gigantic portals of the Cascades into the smoother waters of the tidal river.

The morning had been one soft summer rain; the lofty hills were draped in dense wreaths of white curling vapour; the rain fell straight through a pulseless atmosphere; but at Hope the rain ceased, great shafts of light shot through the masses of cloud, and the slow-curling eddies of billowy vapour began to uncoil from crag and pinnacle of lofty mountains. Then, as sunbeams streamed athwart the gorge, the eye caught for a moment the jagged outline of a mountain mass upreared against a rainbow; a spectral pine-tree stood far up the mountain, pinnaled against some rift of light; but so quick the veil of vapour opened and closed that no glance could mark where cloudland ended or mountain peak began. Enormous masses of inky cloud still rolled overhead, breaking into fantastic forms, through which the deep-blue sky was seen in loopholes of





A VIEW IN BRITISH COLUMBIA—FIRE-RAVAGED FOREST AND MOUNTAINS.

light; and above the shifting scene of light and shadow, high over the wide waters of the sullen river, a vivid rainbow threw its arch across the gloomy gorge. From beneath this magnificent scene of mountain, river, cloud, sun, and sky, the steamboat sped, hissing and splashing as though it felt bound to call special attention to the marvels of civilisation and of man as personified in its own little self; yet the attempt was a failure; it simply looked like a small insect crawling from the mouth of some mammoth cavern, the sides of which were mountains, and whose roof no eye could reach.

The city of New Westminster stands some few miles from the mouth of the Frazer River, and not far from the American boundary line, the 49th parallel of north latitude. Mountain ranges are in sight all round upon the land side, and looking seaward over the low forest that fringes the Frazer delta the eye catches the hill-tops of Vancouver's Island rising beyond the island-studded Strait of Georgia. The name of New Westminster was not more ambitious than the outlooks and aspirations of the city in its earlier days had been. Nor was it wholly unreasonable either, that its founders and early settlers should have allowed themselves fullest scope for transmuting, in the alchemy of fancy, their wooden houses into merchant palaces, and picturing their rude wharves filled with the products of many far-away lands in times not distant, when New Westminster was to become the great Northern Pacific port. For did not that veritable El Dorado, Cariboo, lie back beyond these circling hills, and might there not be fifty other Cariboo's lying still to be discovered in all that wild region of rock, forest, and mountain, whose rills, lakes, and fountains drained here by the wooden piles of the infant city? It was even so: the watershed of the Frazer might well promise to hold within its immense area riches sufficient to dwarf the boldest calculation of the most sanguine pioneer settler whose store stood by the tide-way of the great river. But the fellow of Cariboo was never found, and New Westminster still stands a city of unfulfilled expectations, looking wistfully up the broad Frazer for the golden harvest it has so long waited for.

In a comfortable wooden hotel the dog and the man spent three days of rest and plenty. If the gold is slow to come down the river, the silvery salmon is quick to ascend the stream. In myriads that never cease he goes by to begin his toilsome journey up the rapids and

whirlpools to the far-away lakes that lie in the wilderness north of Quesnelle. Pink as a June rose, with snow-white "curd" laid between the leaves, the king of fish is here in size, shape, and flavour equal in every way to his Atlantic cousin. In one respect only does he differ; he is a more sensible fish. No gaudy fly, twist it as man may, no king crow feather, no golden pheasant, no summer duck, or African bustard will ever tempt him to lift his nose above the surface. The spear and the net work fell havoc in his crowded ranks through all the long course of his journey from the sea to his rest-place in Stuart's Lake or Tatla, Sushwap, or Nichaco; but to the allurements of the fly he is absolutely blind.

At New Westminster, then, the dog and the man spent three days of sleep and salmon cutlets. For the sum of two shillings a twenty-four pound fresh salmon could be purchased. During his experience of life from Hudson's Bay to the Pacific, the dog had tasted many kinds of fish. He had sported when a pup with the delicate white fish of Deer's Lake. He had feasted upon the sturgeon of the Saskatchewan, the jack-fish of the Missinnippi, and the delicious butter-fish of the Red River, but he had never tasted salmon until here at New Westminster he consumed cutlet after cutlet.

The boards dividing the small sleeping-rooms of the hotel were thin and knot-holed. Speech was plainly audible from one room to another. The man was sometimes in the habit of carrying on conversation with the dog in the early summer morning. The language used by the man was a mysterious tongue known only to the dog, the replies given by the dog were of the nature of tail-wag, ear-lift, and eye-wink.

One morning during cutlet time, an American approached the man. "Stranger," he said, "I guess I heard you talking Esquimo this morning." It would have been unfair to him to have undeceived him; so the Esquimaux dialect was admitted. "Queer langidge that Esquimo," he went on. "Mighty queer langidge." "With a knowledge of the Esquimo tongue," continued the man, "and some acquaintance with the Athabaskan language, dog driving becomes quite easy." "I never druv dogs," replied the American, "but I've druv most other druvable things, and I found the langidge that had most cussing in it the best for the purpose. Guess now, Esquimo is pretty good in that line."

Three days passed and it was time to move. It was a dark still summer day; the isles of

the Strait of Georgia lay in a waveless water, bearing record in their Spanish names of that great dominion which once stretched throughout one hundred degrees of coast-line along the Pacific shore—all gone now, from south-most Patagonia to here, where the rival Britisher and Yankee squabble over north-most San Juan.

And now the steamboat's course, coming through the Cordova Channel, was turned towards the west, and rounding the south-east point of Vancouver Island, a grand panorama burst suddenly into sight—the bay of Victoria, the Strait of Juan de Fuca backed by the snow-clad range of the Olympian mountains. The clouds had vanished, the sun was bright overhead; the blue sea sparkled along the bay-indented shore of Vancouver, and the oak forest above the line of rocks rippled in the full sheen of mid-summer glory.

There may be spots on the earth to which summer comes in brighter dress and greater freshness than it does to this south coast of Vancouver; but these spots must be difficult to find. It is not the hot summer of more southern lands; it is a summer in which the oak and the honeysuckle play their parts; where the young shoots of the fir, and the chrysalis-like husks of the budding birch, scatter balmy odours on the air; where the mornings and the evenings have in them the crystal freshness of spring water, and the mid-day sun is tempered by a soft breeze from the Pacific rippling the waves along the blue strait of Juan de Fuca.

But in one particular Victoria excelled any other spot in which the dog and the man had yet sojourned. It was in its humming-birds. Numerous as butterflies they fluttered round the honeysuckle-hung porches of the wooden cottages, and far in the forest depth they held summer holiday under the deeper toned hum of the colossal pine-trees.

It was the 26th of June when the two travellers set out from the pleasant city of Victoria on their southern way towards California. Midnight had gone over the bay of Victoria when the steamboat quitted her moorings. When morning dawned she was steaming into Puget Sound, that deep land-locked bay which stretches so far into the north shore of Washington territory. So numerous are the capes and promontories of this sound, so deep the indentations of water lying between them, that two thousand miles of coast lie within that narrow entrance—two thousand miles of shore, densely forested with pine-trees of colossal size; so deep the water

that vessels lie broadside touching the shore, lashed to the trunks of the great pines. Above the tree tops immense mountain peaks lift aloft six thousand feet of snow that never melts. Grandest of all, Mount Ranier stands a mighty mountain block fourteen thousand feet above the Sound level.

All day the little boat sped on its way, dodging in and out of the intricate inlets, touching here and there to land merchandise or to take on board wood-fuel, and whistling loud and long among the forest isles and shores. Sometimes the Sound opened out into wide expanses of clear, deep water; at other times the channels were narrow, filled with strong currents, and winding amid isles and shore; but all through the long summer day, the traveller had cause to marvel at the natural wealth of this strange ocean inlet, and to think with bitter feelings of how a stroke of an official pen had sufficed to rob England of this fair birthright, and to write off under the name of Oregon all this wealth of forest, sea, and mountain from the dominion roll of England. "A country never destined to be of any practical value"—thus they had written of this territory—thus they had described this land. What must not the empire be that can afford to lose such realms and yet remain an empire! Perhaps that is the least annoying way of looking at it.

After all, it is possible to measure greatness as well by loss as by gain. Ordinary captains have been judged by their victories: it was only a Napoleon of whom it could be asked, "What could he not dare with the Beresina and Leipsic behind him?" To-day there are single trees growing on the shore of Puget's Sound worth in England eight hundred pounds.

While the steamboat stopped at her ports of call the travellers strolled on shore or watched the coming and going of dogs and men. At a place called Seattle a crowd gathered around the dog, and one small boy, believing that the strange animal was the herald of a travelling menagerie, inquired eagerly when the whole show was to arrive. Various surmises were again expressed as to parentage and descent; but a large seafaring man put an end to the discussion by remarking that the animal "was quite a Rooshian dawg"—and that he (the sailor) had fallen in with similar "dawgs" in Alaska, all of Russian extraction.

The tide in the Sound rises high and ebbs low. At some of the stopping places it was curious to watch the antics of certain crows whose livelihood was gained from the rocks

left bare by the low water. Around the base of the wooden piles upon which the landing-stages were built mussels thickly clustered; detaching these with their bills, the crows would ascend some thirty or forty yards into the air, then dropping the shell-fish on to the rock, they would swoop after it to catch the fish detached by the fall from the shattered shell.

It was dark when the boat reached Olympia, the last and most southern port on Puget's Sound. Here at the Pacific Hotel the travellers found board and rest until the first streak of dawn called them again to the road. This time it was coach again—coach without the box-seat for the man or the boot for the dog; without any seat at all, in fact—all the places had been taken, and nothing remained but the roof of the vehicle for the accommodation of the pair; so roof it had to be. Another passenger, also relegated to the roof, kindly lent a hand at the work of getting the reluctant animal into position. An iron rail running round the roof afforded means of lashing the dog at two sides, and also offered the means of "holding on" to the men. Fortunately the distance to Tenino was only fifteen miles, and at Tenino the railway would carry the passengers southwards on their roads. Ascending a steep road by the side of the Cowlitz River, at a point where a pretty waterfall had enabled a speculator to erect a saw-mill at the expense of the scenery, the coach entered a forest of enormous trees. So huge were the trunks of these giants that it did not pay to cut them down, save in close proximity to water-carriage; the trees that had been felled by the roadside still showed stumps eight and ten feet above the ground, at which height a platform had been erected in order to afford the woodman a lesser distance to cut through.

This magnificent forest was succeeded by an open space, a prairie composed of innumerable little hillocks all of the same size and shape. These mimic mounds were covered with grass; but the spaces between them showed stones and gravel on the surface. This plain was some miles in extent, and far as the eye could reach to the left, the cone-shaped mounds were visible. What could their origin have been? The passenger on the roof was of opinion that the "In-gines" had had something to say to them; but many indications negatived the supposition that they had been the work of man.

The gentleman on the roof beguiled the tedium of the way with efforts to enlighten

the man-traveller on the social and political aspect of the Pacific States. On the question of Chinamen and Chinese labour he was particularly explicit. "You'll see," he said, after a forcible exposition of the wrongs inflicted on white labour and civilisation generally by celestial competition—"you'll see the biggest mutinize agen them Chinamen that ever you seed in your life." The man-traveller made bold to ask this youthful republican if he was a native of this Pacific slope, whose rights against Asiatics he was prepared so forcibly to protect. "No," he answered,—"I was born in Vermont; but father and mother come from Wolverhampton in the old country. Father was a wheelwright there."

So the wanderer will discover all the earth over, the most intolerant tyrant will invariably be found abroad among the men who at home were loudest in their assertion of the equality of all men.

Winding again through the forest, the coach soon approached the neighbourhood of Tenino. Here stood a strange object—a railway locomotive and a train of carriages. From here to Kalama, a distance of sixty-four miles, the iron horse would bear the travellers on their way. Never before had the dog beheld anything so formidable; indeed, the jolting on the roof of the coach had but ill prepared his nervous system for the successive shocks he was now to experience at the hands of civilisation, and it was only by a liberal administration of cold water that his composure was somewhat restored.

Five hours by rail brought the travellers to the banks of a large river; the mile or more that lay between its banks was not space enough to hold the vast volume of water rolling towards the west, and all the alluvial valley on either side lay deep in floods. Here was the Oregon of the old Spaniards, the Columbia of to-day. A little more than one hundred years from the present time it was still a race between England and Spain for the dominion of North America. That Spanish ships had fully explored the coast of the Pacific as far as the northern end of what is now called Vancouver's Island, no reasonable man can to-day doubt; but at that time it was convenient to deny or to ignore such discoveries, and to send out expeditions of re-discovery, whose work was to claim a coast line or a river estuary long before known to the follower of Columbus. Thus the Oregon river of the Spanish geographers was lost sight of towards the close of the eighteenth century, and brought again to life

in 1792 as the Columbia. This time, however, it was a skipper sailing from Boston Bay who played the part of re-discovery, and claimed for the Republic, still in its teens, "the great river of the West." It would be easy to show how hollow was the ground upon which the claim of the United States was founded. The men whose names still live in the rivers and mountains of the North Pacific slope, Findlay, Frazer, Thompson, built their fur forts far down this great river in the closing years of the century, and were in actual occupation of Oregon ere the pioneers of American enterprise in the west had crossed the Missouri.

But all this has long passed from the sphere of discoveries, and the story of Oregon has gone into the limbo of lost empires, better there to be left buried.

On up the broad river to the junction of the Willamette, and thence along the latter stream to the good city of Portland, the capital of the State of Oregon. Built upon a broad level stretching from the left bank of the Willamette, the city of Portland stands second only to California in size and importance among the cities of the Pacific slope. From high ground, as yet only partially built over, lying about a mile from the great river, a grand view is to be seen. Beyond the town and the river, and at the back of the wide Willamette Valley, the snowy mass of Mount St. Helens rises 12,000 feet above a bright green forest; yet another of those wondrous volcanic peaks set as sentinels along the Pacific coast, beginning far away to the north at St. Elias, and ending two hundred miles south of Portland at glowing Shasta—some still smouldering, their fires but lately burnt low, others cold and silent—all clad in everlasting whiteness, all lifting their immense cones from out of a vast sea of tree-tops. Over the valley of the Columbia and the Willamette Mounts St. Helens and Hood keep watch; at their base lies many a fair mile of country—meadow, copse, forest, and open glade. A winter not too cold, a summer fresh and bracing; peaks like Switzerland, pastures like Somerset; pines such as only Oregon can equal. Already Portland, set amid all this wealth of nature, rushes towards prosperity; and yet it is of this region that the infallible leader of the fourth estate in England pronounced only thirty years ago the following sapient opinion: "The Oregon Territory is really valueless to England and to America. The only use of it to America would be to make it an addition to territories already far too large for

good government or even for civilisation. The emigrants to Oregon must pass through thousands of miles of unoccupied land, with a soil and climate far better than they will find on the shores of the Pacific. And when they get there, what will be the social state of a few thousand families scattered through a territory more than six times as large as England and three thousand miles from the seat of government? They will mix with the Indians and sink into a degraded race of half-caste barbarians. If she could obtain sovereignty over the whole of the lands west of the Rocky Mountains to-morrow, every wise American statesman must wish that the next day they should sink into the sea."

It was sunset when the two travellers wended their homeward way from the ridge from whose summit a single glance can read a bitter refutation to the opinion above stated; but the scent of white clover blossom from the town lots which had yet to be built upon, was too sweet to permit even stupidity to be irritating. It was Sunday evening, and many people were abroad in the streets. Here and there groups of Chinese sat at open doorsteps, or stood chatting at street corners. Much of the neatness and regularity of the town, still more of the advanced state of civilisation in Oregon, had been due to this peaceful invasion of the yellow-skinned Asiatic race. The level roads, the wharves, the railways, the neatly-finished woodwork of doorways and window frames—all had been the fruits of the Chinaman's love of toil; yet was he hated here as elsewhere along this coast—victimised, ill-treated, and oppressed by the modern disciple of freedom, whose aspirations for equality have reference only to a set of beings above him in the social scale.

On the day previous to this, a Chinese youth who had stolen an apple from a street stall had received imprisonment for twenty days for the offence. It was not the mob alone who could play the tyrant. In this matter the utter absence of any prejudice of nationality on the part of the dog-traveller was very noticeable. He showed every indication indeed of cultivating friendly relations with the hated foreigner whenever he encountered him in the street. Did this spring from some long-forgotten time when some bushy-tailed ancestor had dwelt in the wild Yakoutsk waste, and had there known the Tartar races whose sons to-day hold empire in Mongolian realms? Or was it because of the more practical but less Darwinistic reason that every cook encoun-

tered by this dog since his advent to civilisation had been a Chinaman? Science alone can decide.

Crossing the Willamette River next morning, and taking their places in a railway car, the travellers continued their southern journey.

The line lay up the valley of the Willamette. As the morning drew towards midday, the clouds gathered away into the mountains, and the broad country lying at either side of the road spread out its corn and fruit, its trees and flowers beneath the summer sun. By orchards which drooped with fruit, by forests whose flowering shrubs filled the underbush, through wide, far-reaching green meadows, over prairies where great herds of cattle stood, and troops of horses galloped in a vain race against the steam-horse—they held on through a long summer's day. Now and again the line crossed some sparkling snow-fed river, and oftentimes, at the end of some long vista of plain or cultivated ground, a snow-clad peak of the Cascades rose towering aloft—the single Mount Jefferson, the triple-peaked Sisters, or nameless ridges whose pine-clad sides and icy summits guarded this "happy valley" of the Willamette.

Evening found the travellers at Roseburg, the end of the railway. Here a coach was to continue the journey for three hundred miles until the railway system of the Sacramento valley would be reached at Redding. Before the door of a wooden building a coach stood ready for the road—the express agent, the driver, the clerk of the way-bill, and the numerous other loafing functionaries who form such an important feature in road transport in the Western states, were present either inside the building or at its door; an inner room contained supper for the passengers, who were duly admonished to look alive over the melancholy meal. Meantime the loafing community held debate among themselves upon the amount which should be charged upon the dog's passage to more southern lands. Various propositions were put forth and negated for charging half-fare, full fare, and no fare. At length the clerk of the way-bill spoke with the decision natural to his high and important office. "Charge him as extra baggage," said this sagacious functionary. The small hand-bag carried by the man was now placed in the scale and the dog was induced to take his seat beside it, but no sooner did the side on which he sat begin to swing to the adjustment of the weights than he was out on the ground again. Finally, the matter was ar-

ranged to the satisfaction of all parties: the bag weighed twenty pounds, the dog eighty; as the passengers were permitted to carry sixty pounds, forty was charged to the dog, and eight dollars duly registered against him. These matters having been settled, dog and man took their places on the box-seat, and at eight o'clock on the evening of the 30th of June, the coach rolled slowly away from the village of Roseburg.

Darkness came down on the hills of Southern Oregon, and all the long night through the coach jolted along a road of intolerable roughness. Every twenty miles or so, a stop was made to change horses or take in some scanty mail-bag. Dreary and drowsy work it was, as the small hours were told off by the stars rising above or sinking beneath the dim circle of the hills. Day broke early; then, in the misty light, the coach stopped for breakfast. It was a mockery after such a night. "To be well shaken before taken" might avail for the medicine bottle; but the recipe was utterly futile when applied to the bad coffee, the greasy meat, and the damp bread of the Oregon wayside inn. Fain would the traveller have stayed his course and lain down to rest his aching bones and head; but the inn looked hopelessly uninviting, and the journey was resumed in the chance of going farther and faring better.

As midday drew near the hope of finding rest and comfort became stronger. A place called Rock Point was frequently named by the driver as being remarkable for cleanliness and good living. The scenery, too, began to change; a peculiar red tinge became visible in the soil; great trees stood by themselves at intervals along the road; the sky grew to a more intense blue. At last the road passed a gorge between hills, and came in sight of a river running towards the west. "The Rogue River," said the driver. "And yon," he continued, pointing with his whip to a neat white house that stood on the left of the road, "is Rock Point hotel."

Had the traveller even been less sick and sore than he was, he would still have welcomed the pleasant aspect of the place. Two lofty stone-pines stood by the roadside close to the house; a clear river ran in many curves through a valley in which patches of ripest wheat were set amid green groves of maple and madrone. Dark-leaved evergreen oaks grew by the road, hanging thick with large bunches of mistletoe. Here and there bright red bits of hill stood out amid the green trees and golden corn; over all the sun was bright, the sky intensely blue.

MOHAMMED AND HIS RELIGION.

PART II.

WHEN it was understood that the Meccan idol-worship was threatened, those who owed to it their dignity and wealth, Mohammed's own tribe, the Koreish, became vehemently hostile to the prophet and his mission. The history of the first few years of Islam is one of persecution. The prophet was almost wearied into compliance by the opposition he encountered, and one day he let fall some words which seemed to recognise the idols of the Kaaba as living gods. But this concession was speedily rebuked by a new revelation, and one of the later sections of the Koran thus refers to this period:—"It wanted little, but the unbelievers had tempted thee to swerve from the instructions which we had revealed unto thee, that thou shouldst devise concerning us a different thing; and then would they have taken thee for their friend; and unless we had confirmed thee, thou hadst certainly been very near inclining unto them a little." Some seven years after his call, the prophet and his little band of followers removed together into a secluded part of Mecca, where they were cut off from the outer world like a beleaguered garrison, and often underwent severe privations. For three years this isolation continued, broken by the four months in each year during which there was a traditional armistice amongst the Arabs, and no violence was allowed to be offered by Arab to Arab. It was during these months that the pilgrimages took place, and fairs were held, and the poetical competitions for which the Arab tribes were famous. Then Mohammed could come forth, and try what he could do to awaken and persuade the pilgrims and visitors who crowded Mecca. But he had very little success. These were saddening years to the prophet. In A.D. 619, nine years after his call, Khadijah died, and within a few months of her, Abu Talib. Despairing of Mecca, the prophet, with his freedman Zeid, set out on a missionary enterprise to attempt the conversion of a city called Taif, sixty miles from Mecca. The attempt proved a failure, and in a few days he was ignominiously driven out of the city. On his return he sought solace in a second marriage with the widow of one of his followers.

At last, in the pilgrimage season of A.D. 620, hope suddenly dawned from an unexpected quarter on the fortunes of the prophet.

When the ceremonies were nearly ended, and the pilgrims were about to disperse, Mohammed fell accidentally into conversation with a group of six or seven persons who had come from Medina. They showed a remarkable readiness to receive his doctrine; and he was led to ask whether they and their fellow-tribes-men would be likely to welcome him at Medina. They replied that there was such strife amongst the inhabitants of Medina that they could not promise him protection; but that they would come to him again at the time of the next pilgrimage. Medina was jointly occupied by Jews and Arabs, and had been the scene of violent dissensions. It was in many respects a promising field for the work of the new prophet. At the appointed time next year Mohammed met his Medina friends, and found a party of twelve ready to plight their faith to him. These returned to their city zealous missionaries of Islam, and their success there was as rapid as that of Mohammed was slow and scanty at Mecca. The news of it was wonderfully inspiring to the soul of the prophet; he was inclined now to let Mecca alone, and to fix all his expectations on Medina. Once more the month of pilgrimage came round, and those who met the prophet this time were seventy-five persons. They swore that they would defend him with their lives, and a general migration of the Mussulmans to Medina was resolved upon. This city is about two hundred and fifty miles distant from Mecca. About one hundred and fifty persons started in small companies from Mecca, and within two months were safely housed in Medina. At last Mohammed and Abu Bekr, with their families, including Ali, now a young man of twenty, were the only believers left at Mecca. For some reason the chiefs of the Koreish determined to pay Mohammed a visit at his house. To forestall any evil designs on their part, Mohammed stole away before their arrival, leaving Ali, covered with his own red mantle, in his bed. He himself joined Abu Bekr, and they two left the city by night, and took refuge in a cave on Mount Thaur, an hour and a half's journey from Mecca. Whilst they lay hid there, Abu Bekr having made some remark upon their helplessness in case of their being discovered, "We are but two!" the prophet answered him, "Think not thus, Abu Bekr; we are two, but God is in the midst, a third." After three

days' concealment they thought it safe to leave their hiding-place, and, starting by night on camels, they arrived safely at Medina.

This was the Hejrah, the flight or emigration from which the Mohammedan era is dated. It took place about June 20th, A. D. 622.

The removal to Medina was the opening of an entirely new phase in Mohammed's career. Hitherto he had been struggling against opposition and contempt, bearing up with marvellous and admirable constancy against a scornful indifference and want of success which might well have driven him to despair, sustained by his own inward convictions and the most wholesome kind of support—that of loyal and loving relatives and friends; having no power, but simply delivering his testimony as a prophet against idolatry and worldliness. Now the scene changes. He becomes suddenly prosperous. He is the head of an enthusiastic party, the master of a city, the chief of an Arab host burning with the Arab instincts of fighting and plunder, able to turn round upon his enemies, and called upon to legislate for his followers. Having lived a life of blameless simplicity to the age of fifty-two years, his character was formed, and it is unjust and untrue, I think, to say that he became a bad man. The servant of inward conviction is not changed into a crafty impostor; the man of unassuming, self-denying habits does not become haughty and licentious; the tender-hearted man does not become cruel. But Mohammed was not proof against the peculiar temptations of this latter phase of his life. We see in him a change for the worse. He lets his desires become his inspiration; he does acts which are manifestly those of self-indulgence; he perpetrates some hateful cruelties; his organized religion, whilst retaining its lofty and imposing character, becomes in some essential features a mischievous and inhuman one. In estimating the career and work of Mohammed as a whole, it is a point of chief importance to distinguish, as recent inquirers with more or less of thoroughness have done, between the Mecca time and the Medina time.

Medina was a very different place from Mecca. It is on a high plateau, many thousand feet above the sea; it abounded in verdure, and its climate, much colder and damper than that of Mecca, proved very trying to most of the followers of the prophet. But the difference under a religious aspect was much greater. It was two hundred and fifty miles nearer to Syria and

Christendom; it had been for many generations almost a Jewish town. At the time of the Hejrah the Jews were still present in great numbers in the city or in its immediate neighbourhood; but the population which welcomed Mohammed was Arab, strongly influenced by contact with Jews.

The reception of the prophet was enthusiastic. For some days he had been looked for, and companies of expectant friends had gone out to meet him. When he arrived the children in the street cried out, "Here is the Prophet! He is come! he is come!" The converts flocked to him and made obeisance to him. He received them courteously, and said, "Ye people, show your joy by giving to your neighbours the salutation of peace; send portions to the poor; bind close the ties of kinship; offer up prayers while others sleep. Thus shall ye enter Paradise in peace." When tribes and families competed for the honour of receiving him as a guest, he intimated that he would stop where his camel, self-guided, should stop. The place thus chosen he afterwards purchased; and it became the site of the first Mosque in Islam, and of the prophet's dwelling and burial-place. He now settled himself in Medina; all the members of his family, whom the Koreish, glad to be rid of their reprover, willingly allowed to depart from Mecca, joined him in his new abode; and the building of the mosque began.

As the first enthusiasm subsided, the course of the new religion did not run quite smooth. The prophet had trouble with the Jews. At first his feeling was that, as he was restoring the religion of Abraham, there ought to be no difficulty in their acknowledging him as a prophet without ceasing to be Jews. At this time he made the Temple at Jerusalem, not the Kaaba at Mecca, the Kiblah, or point of adoration towards which he and his followers turned in their devotions. His general attitude towards the Jews was conciliating and hopeful. If, to speak in that hypothetical way so tempting to the students of history, the Medina Jews had joined the prophet they would have influenced his action most strongly, and the whole character and destinies of Islam would have been altered. But it was really a question whether Arabs, inheriting the customs of Mecca, should turn Jews, or Jews, inheriting the law and the traditions, should turn Arabs. Instead of drawing together, the prophet and the Medina Jews found themselves, on closer acquaintance, drawing farther apart. I must not dwell in detail on

the relations between them. It is of primary importance to recognise what a large Jewish element there was and is in Islam, but I must content myself with saying that in the course of two or three years Mohammed was entirely alienated from the Jews, that he changed the point of adoration from the Jerusalem temple to the Kaaba, and became filled with a vindictive hatred against those whom he hoped to have had as his most sympathizing and intelligent followers.

On the side of his Arab adherents the prophet found himself pressed, as months passed on, to find for them employment, interest, and even the means of living. He and they were Arabs; that is to say, with whatever fine qualities, they were hereditary fighters and marauders. Mohammed himself, it is true, was a man of peace; he had no love for fighting or danger, but he had been born and bred to look upon tribal forays as the natural condition of Arab life. His brave and fanatical followers began to look with eager eyes upon the mercantile caravans of their persecutors, the idolaters of Mecca. It was revealed before long to the prophet that it would be righteous vengeance if the faithful were to fall upon these caravans and make them their booty. This was the opening of the flood-gates of the martial fury of Islam. The Moslems were thus started upon the career of religious war and conquest, upon which alone Islam has been, and apparently can be, strong. In November, 623, a small expedition of Meccan fugitives went out to lie in wait for a caravan, and surprised it within the months of armistice. One man was killed, two were taken prisoners, and the camels with their loads carried off to Medina. "This was the first booty the Mussulmans obtained, the first captives they seized, the first life they took." The violation of the sacred month was excused by a revelation, in which the prophet pronounced that to kill unbelievers, even in a time of truce, was to serve God. The Moslems had now tasted blood. There was no looking back from the course thus inaugurated. In January, 624, Mohammed determined to attempt the capture of a great Mecca caravan, and the attempt led to a considerable fight, the first battle in the history of Islam, in which a smaller number of Moslems defeated a thousand men whom the Koreish had sent to the defence of their caravan. It was the battle of Bedr. There was much booty to be distributed; and a revelation came at demand, fixing the mode of distribution, and assigning the fifth part

to "God and his apostle, for the prophet and his family, the orphans, the poor, and the traveller." In the course of the same year the prophet is related to have instigated and countenanced one or two treacherous assassinations of Jews at Medina. He is also now the husband of three wives, having married Ayesha, still a child, and another, a young widow.

The next great fight, the battle of Ohod, went against the Mussulmans. The Koreish prepared an attack with all their force, and marched towards Medina in numbers far superior to those which Mohammed could bring against them. The Moslems were defeated with considerable slaughter, and the prophet himself was twice wounded. But after their victory the Koreish retired, and the surviving Moslems reached Medina in safety."

In the course of the next year or two the prophet continued to add wives to his household, receiving a special revelation which granted it to him as a privilege to do so, the number of them by the time of his death reaching ten or eleven. In 627, a great attack by the Meccan and other Arabs on Medina was foiled by some simple intrenchments, which were new to Arab warfare, and from which they retired in disgust. This repulse was followed by a massacre, which the warmest modern admirer of Mohammed, Mr. Bosworth Smith, is constrained to stigmatize as "an act of cold-blooded and inhuman atrocity." A tribe of Jews had entered into some compact with the attacking army. Their conduct was not quite consistent with good faith, and on the retirement of the Koreish they were besieged and taken prisoners by the Moslems. Their fate was left to the decision of an Arab chief of Medina, and by him the men were adjudged to death, the women and children to slavery. The men were led out in companies of five or six, to the number of eight hundred, and butchered in Mohammed's presence. And, what makes the whole matter still more revolting, one of the women whose husband had just been killed attracted the prophet, and, refusing to be his wife, was made his slave and concubine.

It is a relief to find that nothing like this massacre is recorded of Mohammed in the five years that remain. They were years of triumph for the prophet. In this short space of time he not only gained the power of visiting the Kaaba in safety, but he became master of Mecca, and the greatest chief in Arabia. Let me briefly relate the steps of his progress. In the holy month of the year

628, he determined to lead his followers to Mecca, that they might perform the pilgrimage in force. Numbering some fifteen hundred men, they advanced to within two days' march of Mecca, and were there met and checked by the Koreish. Instead, however, of coming to blows, the two armies made a treaty, under which hostilities were to cease for ten years, and the Moslems were to have the privilege of paying, without molestation, a yearly visit of three days to the holy shrine. It is a sign of the growth of his prophetic ambition that Mohammed now, in the year 628, had the courage to send embassies to all the foreign rulers of whom he knew, inviting them to embrace Islam. These were the Roman Emperor at Constantinople, the King of Persia, the Governor of Egypt, a Christian Prince of Syria, the Governor of Yemen, and the King of Abyssinia. Of these the Governor of Yemen gave in his adhesion to the prophet, and the Governor of Egypt sent as presents a white mule and two Coptic girls. One of these slave-girls became a concubine of the prophet, and bore him a child—the only one born of his many wives at Medina—who however died, to his great grief, in infancy. In the next year, 629, the Medina pilgrims who took advantage of the truce numbered two thousand. The prophet, seated on the camel Al Caswa, which had borne him in the Hejrah, and surrounded by joyous crowds of disciples, approached and saluted the holy shrine, and performed all the ceremonies of the pilgrimage. When the sacred month of the next year approached, Mohammed took advantage of some disturbances in the neighbourhood of Mecca to declare that his truce with the Koreish was at an end, and to organize an expedition in force against Mecca. In January, 630, he led thither an army of ten thousand men, which the Koreish felt it hopeless to resist. He entered Mecca and assumed authority over the Kaaba, and swept away all the idols in the holy building and elsewhere, and, proclaiming a general amnesty, settled the government of the sacred city and the shrine for the future. No act of vengeance stained his triumph. At the next yearly pilgrimage Mohammed himself was not present, but he felt himself strong enough, through the adhesion of many tribes throughout Arabia, to commission his son-in-law, Ali, to announce to the assembled multitudes in the Valley of Mina that after the four sacred months the prophet would hold himself absolved from every obligation or league with idolaters: that after that year

no unbeliever would be allowed to perform the pilgrimage or to visit the holy places; and he gave direction that war was to be waged with them and that they were to be killed, besieged, and laid in wait for, wheresoever found. If, however, they repent and pay the legal alms they are to be dismissed freely. As regards those unto whom the Scriptures have been delivered (that is, Jews and Christians), they are to be fought against until they pay tribute by right of subjection, and are reduced low.

Once again, in the last year of his life, Mohammed, accompanied by all his wives, made what is called the valedictory pilgrimage to the holy places. After making the circuit of the Kaaba, he rode in two days to Mount Arafat. From the summit he spoke to the pilgrims regarding its sacred precincts, announced to them the perfecting of their religion, offered up the prescribed prayers, and returned to the half-way station for the night. The next day he cast the accustomed stones, slew the victims brought for sacrifice, and went through the usual ceremonies of the Wady, or Valley of Mina. Whilst there he preached to the pilgrims, called them to witness that he had faithfully fulfilled his mission, and urged them not to depart from the exact observances of the religion which he had appointed. Returning to Mecca he again went through the ceremonies of the lesser pilgrimages, made the circuit of the temple, drank of the well Zem Zem, prayed in the Kaaba, and having thus rigorously performed all the ceremonies as an example to his followers for ever, he returned to Medina.

His end was not far off. In May, 632, he was attacked by fever, and felt he had not long to live. He prayed for forgiveness and preached in the mosque as one who knew that his days were numbered. After delivering his final testimony on the 8th June, he returned to the room of his young wife Ayesha, laid his head in her lap, and after a brief period of suffering, broken by pious ejaculations, he breathed his last. The news of his death caused terrible distress amongst his followers; and many, including Omar, refused to believe it. But Abu Bekr said, "Whosoever among you has believed in Mohammed, let him know that Mohammed is dead; but he who has believed in Mohammed's God, let him continue to serve Him, for He is still alive and never dies." Words that might well beseem a true disciple of a genuine prophet.

I have already made some allusions to

the personal appearance and disposition of Mohammed. The traits recorded of him all present him to us as a man of most attractive nature—simple, bashful, genial, kindly, loved and trusted by every one about him. One of his followers spoke of “the sunlight that beamed in his countenance.” His eye was keen, and he could walk firmly and rapidly. If he turned towards a friend in talking, he would turn his whole face and body. In shaking hands he was not the first to withdraw his own. His habits were to the last those of patriarchal simplicity. When Ayesha was questioned about him, she used to say, “He was a man just such as yourselves; he laughed often and smiled much.” “But how would he occupy himself at home?” “Even as any of you occupy yourselves. He would mend his clothes and cobble his shoes. He used to help me in my household duties, but what he did oftenest was to sew.” He hated nothing more than lying; and if he knew that any of his followers had erred in this respect, he held himself aloof from them till he was assured of their repentance. He was fond of perfumes, and of some kinds of food, especially the more delicate sorts, having something of a feminine refinement in his tastes and habits. Such are some of the many things related about him.

One of the best-informed of recent writers on the subject calls Mohammed unpractical; it is more common to speak of him as having shown “unparalleled art” and “consummate skill” in shaping the machinery of his religion. He seems to me to have been more remarkable for simplicity, for naïveté, than for skill; but he had the rarest tenacity of purpose, and lived for his cause; and he had no lack of clearness of eye or shrewdness of judgment.

He had the great qualities of imagination and passion in a high degree, but he did not combine with these any eagerness of inquiry or craving for knowledge, hardly even an ordinary readiness to receive new truth. Nor had he the spirituality of mind which characterizes the best religious teachers. He was a devout and impassioned moralist, with a deep awe of God as a ruler; but the ideas of growth in knowledge and of spiritual life were foreign to his mind, and would have elicited no response from his nature.

The Koran contains, in a confused medley, genuine utterances of his thought and feeling in sufficient quantity to reveal the whole man. This is the book which all loyal Mussulmans are required to accept as directly

communicated in its successive parts by God through his angel to the prophet. The nearest parallel to it familiar to us would be the prophetic part of the Old Testament. But in the Koran, the legislator is united with the prophet; and Mohammed undertook the responsibility of settling what his followers were to do, down to minute details. Parts of the Koran no doubt resemble the later Jewish literature of the Talmud far more than the Hebrew prophets. It was the notion of the Scribes and Pharisees that God was a ruler who laid down laws for men, which they were bound under penalties to obey; and this notion had its natural development in an immense number of directions regulating the whole life, and especially the ceremonial worship, of men. Mohammed's notion was fundamentally the same. His idea of God was that of a mighty sovereign who demanded obedience and who promised rewards and threatened punishments. The heaven and hell of the Koran are well known to be very material and sensuous in their character. Mohammed's imagination revelled in descriptions of them. The true believers were to dwell blissfully in a shady garden with fruits and meats, and beakers of wine causing not the head to ache, and fascinating damsels. The torments of hell are too dreadful to quote; and they are very liberally threatened to enemies of Islam, beginning with some whose hostility the prophet had experienced. As one of the most remarkable pieces of literature in the world, the Koran, unreadable as it is to the ordinary English reader, is no doubt full of interest; but as a book of religion it can hardly be regarded as very edifying.

There are references to Christianity in the Koran, which show that Mohammed had not become familiar with a good form of it. He regards Jesus as a true prophet, and speaks of him with reverence; but he tells apocryphal stories about him, and he protests against the worship of three Gods,—God, Jesus, and Mary. He vehemently denounces the sonship of Jesus, declaring that the idea of sonship is unworthy of the Supreme Being.

I must sketch very briefly the ceremonial system of Islam, as Mohammed left it.

1. And first may be noticed the observance which connects the religion with the place of its origin—the Hadj, or pilgrimage. Though not compulsory on all Mussulmans, it is reckoned a high obligation of religion for all those who are not hindered by some strong reason from performing it. There is an appointed season for it, and the pilgrims flock

in immense multitudes every year to the sacred city. The ceremonies of the pilgrimage are well known, and full descriptions of them may be read in the pages of two modern travellers, Burckhardt and Captain Burton, who in 1814 and in 1852 assumed the disguise and profession of Oriental Moslems, in order to gain access as pilgrims to the holy places. A special garb is assumed by each sex on arriving at the verge of the holy territory which surrounds Mecca. The pilgrim goes straight to the Kaaba, round which he makes seven circuits, kissing the black stone in its eastern corner. He visits the holy well Zem Zem, and drinks of its water. He paces with hasty steps seven times to and fro between the two small eminences called Safa and Marwa within the city of Mecca. These acts may be done at any time. But in the greater pilgrimage, on the 8th day of the sacred month, the pilgrims start together for Arafat, a granite hill ten or twelve miles from Mecca, arriving there on the following day. From the summit of Arafat a sermon is preached to the vast congregation of pilgrims. The next morning they return as far as the valley of Mina, half-way to Mecca, where they spend two or three days. Here a certain ceremony of stone-throwing occurs, to commemorate, according to tradition, the pelting away of Eblis or the Devil by Abraham. At one end of the valley stands a rude pillar or altar six or seven feet high, in the middle of it a similar pillar, and at the other end a wall, at which each pilgrim throws successively seven stones, exclaiming, "God is great; this is to secure ourselves from the devil and his troops." Having accomplished the stone-throwing, the pilgrims slay sheep and goats as sacrifices. This may be done in any part of the valley, the victim's face being turned towards the Kaaba, and the offerer ejaculating, "In the name of God the most merciful." The sacrifices being completed, the heads of the pilgrims are shaved by barbers, and their nails pared. They then throw off the pilgrim's garb, and return to Mecca.

2. Prayer was a duty on which Mohammed insisted much. A pious Moslem is bidden to pray five times a day; and the *adzân*, or call to prayer, is chanted by an officer called a muezzin from the minarets of the mosques. The prayers may be offered either in a mosque or anywhere else. Certain ablutions often accompany the prayers. On Fridays there is a weekly service in the mosque, including prayers, the reading of the Koran, and a sermon. The

minister who officiates at this service is called an imam. There is no sacerdotal order amongst the Moslems.

3. The month Ramadhan is kept by Muslims as a strict fast. They touch nothing in the way of food, not even water, from dawn till sunset; but during the night they are under no restrictions. We are told that, on the parched plains of India, the follower of Mohammed, who may not suffer a drop of water, during the long summer day, to pass his lips, looks forward with indescribable longing to the sunset.

The month Ramadhan is followed by a festival on the first of the following month, which is to be begun by a bringing together of offerings to be distributed amongst the poor.

4. It may be added that wine, and games of chance, and some kinds of food, are interdicted to a pious Moslem.

It was not a part of my purpose to speak at any length in this paper of the general influence of this religion upon the communities which have received it, or of the obstacles it offers to the spread of Christianity and of the higher civilisation, but I will conclude with a few brief observations bearing on those questions.

As regarded the social institutions of his people (except, perhaps, in the matter of infanticide) Mohammed did not profess to be a reformer. He found polygamy, freedom of divorce, and slavery; and he left them undisturbed. He did not lay down any principles which were sure to disturb them; but on the contrary by regulations about them he confirmed them with the alleged sanction of Divine enactment. The religion of Abraham admitted them, and Mohammed's aim was to restore the religion of Abraham. Now a society in which polygamy, freedom of divorce, and slavery, are honoured institutions, is hopelessly kept back. These practices are perpetually inviting demoralisation; they are constant hindrances to the better forms and fruits of human life. Mohammedan peoples might drop them, but it must be at the expense of the old belief in the prophet; and if Mohammedanism gives up its belief in the prophet, what is there to hold it together? "There is no God but God, and Mohammed is his prophet," is a dangerous formula in a time of progress, when it is seen that Mohammed set himself to nip, as far as he could, all buds of progress by a stereotyped revelation of Divine ordinances.

And that sort of formalism which the Koran enjoins has a mysterious power in

lifeless times to shelter and encourage corruption of morals. It was so amongst the Jews; and the Hebrew prophets, with their burning moral indignation, threw scorn upon the sacrifices and the sabbaths by which covetous and impure and cruel men hoped to ward off Divine displeasure. But no Moslem has dared to speak of the circuits of the Kaaba or the five daily prayers as Isaiah spoke of the incense and the oblations and the treading of the courts of Jehovah.

There is a general testimony to the fact that Islam is a much less vital religion in times of peace than when its warriors are waging the holy war. The corruptions tolerated in Mohammedan communities which have not ceased to be religious are spoken of with loathing by those who have known something of them. The principle of the propagation of religion by the sword has given bravery to the Mussulman fighter, and a kind of elevation to the practice of war. But what a principle it is! How destructive to anything like spirituality of religion! How sure to breed a fierce, intolerant, restless temper in those who are possessed by it!

It is partly, perhaps, the habit, handed down from remote generations, of conquering other peoples by wild and furious bravery, and of dragooning them into the acknowledgment of the prophet, which has fostered that pride which is so recognised a feature of the Arabs and of Mussulmans in general. And their pride is what makes them so impervious as they have hitherto proved to Christian appeals. Idolatrous tribes, like those of Africa, are undoubtedly the better for becoming Mussulmans; but when they have become Mussulmans, they seem to be the less likely to go up higher and to become Christian. They are pledged to a contemptuous and mistaken view of Christianity. They are the followers of a great man who rejected it, and, as he fancied, rose above it. It must be a very difficult task for Christians to preach the gospel to Mohammedans. But there is one thing in which we may be sure that we shall not be doing wrong; and that is, in striving to be just and appreciative towards all that is good in Islam, and towards the high qualities of its founder.

J. LLEWELYN DAVIES.

AUSTIN FRIARS.

ON Sunday mornings there are streets and courts in the very core of the city of London which are strangely silent and solitary. The rambler hears in many of them no footfall but his own; in another a policeman examining fastenings, who favours him with a suspicious side-glance, is the only person whom he passes; round that corner, rejoicing in the smoothness of the sunny asphalt, comes a high-mounted bicyclist in skull-cap and knee-breeches, careering along in lonely silence, save for the tinkling of his bell; from yon high window looks down a deserted housekeeper, dumb and dreary as a ghost; and following up that hum as of swarming bees, you come to some old almost empty church, whose organ seems to be singing in its sleep.

A few Sunday mornings ago I stopped to listen to the organ of the Dutch church in Austin Friars, and had the open-air portion of the precinct to myself. The rabbit-warren of many-named offices was all darkened, hushed, locked, and barred. City men's business haunts become sealed catacombs on Sundays. Except the name and the church—and that, save as to site, is now no antique—and the two little frocked figures

carved in stone just within the portal—and they are quite modern also—there is very little in any way monastic in Austin Friars in our day. And yet, listening to the dreamy church music, I could almost fancy that I saw Augustines flitting about in their black and white robes begirt with black leathern belts buckled with "ivory bone."

It is vexing, when one comes to dig into Dugdale, to find so little of the history of the friary. If all monasteries had been as fortunate in their chroniclers as Croyland and Bury St. Edmunds, we should have had a rich stock of racy reading.

Austin Friars was founded by Humphrey Bohun, Earl of Hereford and Essex, 1253, enlarged by Reginald Cobham in 1344, and in 1354 re-edified by another Humphrey Bohun, who was buried in the quire of the church. It became a favourite sepulchre for people of distinction. Amongst those buried there were Edmund, first son of Joan, mother of Richard II.; Richard, the great Earl of Arundel; John Vere, Earl of Oxford, also beheaded; a son and a daughter of Hugh Spenser; many of the barons slain at Barnet Field; Lord William, Marquess of Berkeley, Earl of Nottingham; and Dame Joan, his

wife. His lordship left directions in his will that his body should be buried in Austin Friars, and that two brethren in the church of White Friars in Fleet Street should sing perpetually for the peace of his soul and that of his son. Sir Thomas Brandon, who married the widow of the marquess, bequeathed to Austin Friars (1509) £60 for a perpetual memory to be had of Lord and Lady Berkeley and himself.

The house was valued at £57 when it was surrendered in the thirtieth year of Henry VIII.'s reign. Lord Treasurer Powlett, afterwards Marquess of Winchester, when he built Winchester House in Broad Street, turned the east part of Austin Friars church, which had been granted to him, into a granary, coal-house, and lumber-loft. His son sold the numerous and valuable monuments, and the pavement, said to have cost thousands, for a paltry £100, and turned the place into stables, stripping the lead off the roof and substituting tiles. The beautiful steeple of the church was blown down in 1354, but rebuilt; and for many years, until it was taken down that houses might be built "for one man's commodity," was one of the boasts of Londoners in general, and the parishioners of St. Peter the Poor in particular. In 1603 the parishioners presented a petition to the Lord Mayor and aldermen, calling their attention to the tottering condition of the graceful spire. Thereupon the Corporation used their influence with the Marquess of Winchester, sending "a large letter to him in the most pathetic words and moving arguments," begging him to repair the steeple. They reminded him that he had promised to do so the year before, and that it would only cost him some £50.

"I and my brethren shall much rejoice," said the Lord Mayor in conclusion, "to be relieved herein by your Lordship's most noble Disposition, rather than to fly to the last Remedy of the Law of the Land, which in this case hath provided a Writ *De reparatione faciendâ.*"

But this appeal was of no effect. Another landowner, who had grown rich on Church spoil, had previously behaved in a very high-handed manner in the same quarter of London. Cromwell, Earl of Essex, having built his fine new house, which afterwards became old Drapers' Hall in Throgmorton Street, suddenly, to enlarge his garden, caused the pales of those adjoining it on the north to be taken down, twenty-two feet to be measured right into the north of every

man's land, a line there to be drawn, a trench to be cast, a foundation to be laid, and a high brick wall to be built. Stow tells us that his father had a garden there, and a house standing close to his south fence. This house was dug up, and run on rollers twenty-two feet to the north; and all the satisfaction that Stow's father could get, when he complained of this forcible removal of his property without even his knowledge, was that Sir Thomas had so ordered it. The poor old gentleman had to pay the full former rent, 6s. 6d. per annum, for the half-plot of land that was left him. "No man durst go to argue the matter. . . . The sudden rising of some men causeth them to forget themselves."

Within what was once the friary precinct, at one time stood a glass-house where Venice glass was made by Venetians. This afterwards became Pinners' Hall; and in a portion of this, fitted up with pews and pulpit, nonconformists (amongst others the Seventh Day Baptists) used to have service. The Merchants' Lecture was once preached there.

Powlett having taken possession of the eastern part of the Augustines' church, the nave was granted by Edward VI. to John Alasco and a congregation of Germans and other strangers, religious refugees, and to their successors *in puram et liberam elemosynam*. The Temple of the Lord Jesus was to be the title of this religious colony, and Alasco its first superintendent. Gualter de Leone, Martinus Flandrus, Francis Bioisius, and Richardus Gallus were the first four ministers. The number was afterwards reduced to two, who had comfortable manses in the friary. The Rev. A. D. Adama van Scheltema informs me that he is now sole minister of the church, and that during the greater part of his predecessor's forty-three years of service there was only one. Edward's grant was confirmed by Elizabeth and James. When the Dutch Church congratulated the latter monarch on his accession, he answered in French that the late Queen had made herself renowned for two things: first, cherishing the service of God, and secondly, hospitality to churches; and that he wished to inherit her praise. He swore that if any molested the Dutchmen he would avenge them, and that though not his proper subjects he would maintain and cherish them. Finally he complimented them on their good character, and the benefit they had conferred on the nation in introducing many useful arts, manufactures, and sciences.

Edward, who gave the Dutch a church in

Austin Friars, gave the Walloons another in Threadneedle Street, hard by. They afterwards migrated to St. Martin's-le-Grand; but at first, when in their original quarters, they used to borrow the Dutch church once a month, every first Sunday, for the celebration of Holy Communion, their own not being large enough for the purpose. The Dutch Sacrament Sunday was the last in the month.

Two other customs in which the two churches joined have been long discontinued. They at one time sent a joint deputation to pay deference and to present a piece of plate to every new Bishop of London and Lord Mayor on his accession to office. To the bishop a speech was made in Latin, reminding him how they had been aided by Edward; and that though afterwards obliged, with many other pious persons, to flee the country in Queen Mary's time, they had returned by little and little from the persecution of Duke d'Alva, the Guises, and the Princes of Parma, to the protection of that true mother in Israel, Queen Elizabeth; and how her successors had also confirmed these English privileges. The bishop was further reminded that the Dutch ministers had always been men of piety and learning, preserving peace and brotherhood with the English Church; how Grindal had lovingly received them, Sandys appeased controversies among them, and all bishops since been brotherly in proffers of assistance.

And so, with more compliments to the bishop of the day, they made their bow and took their departure. The good men of piety and learning thought, I suppose, that it would be no good to cast pearls of classical erudition before a lord mayor, and therefore addressed him in English, congratulating him according to custom, and praying that through him God's glory might be advanced and the Church edified, and that they might continue to enjoy his favour. Afterwards they dined with him.

Although they had themselves fled from persecution, the worthy foreigners seem to have been sometimes a little inclined to persecute. In 1642 the Austin Friars congregation, in concert with Reformed foreign churches at Norwich, Colchester, Canterbury, Sandwich, and elsewhere, petitioned the House of Lords that they might—1. Choose and appoint their own ministers and other officers; 2. That no member of their church, under its censure for slanderous

offence, might be received as a member of another church without certification; and 3. That no foreign churches not subject to the synods of their respective nations should be authorised in the realm. An ordinance of Parliament was made in accordance with the prayer of the petition.

There used to be service in the Dutch church twice on Sundays and once in the middle of the week, but now there is only one Sunday service. The congregation still supports, to a considerable extent, its own poor, and has an almshouse at Charlton. The old one, razed by a railway, stood in Moorfields. It consisted of a boardroom, in which the elders and deacons met once a week to pay pensions and transact other business, and twenty-six rooms for men and women. The English wives of members of the congregation were admissible, and there were indeed often more English than Dutch in the place. Including pensions to widows of ministers, the sums spent by the church in olden times, on congregational benevolence, amounted to £1,200 a year, made up of the free-will offerings dropped into the deacons' basins at the door.

The church in which Catholic chants had echoed for three hundred years, and in which, with a form-surrounded table on a platform substituted for an altar, foreign Protestants had joined for three hundred more in a simpler worship, more worthy of the "Jesus Temple" painted on the windows, was burned down in 1862; but has been replaced by a building which, externally at least (save in the freshness of the masonry), is an exact reproduction of that in which the worthy Dutchmen sat on their stuffed benches lined with green cloth, with boards laid over the stone floor—inscribed with many a "Van" and "Heer"—to prevent the damp of the vaults beneath from stealing up to chill their toes and devotions.

At the west end of the church there used to be a library with this inscription:—*"Ecclesiæ Londino-Belgiæ Bibliotheca. Extracta sumptibus Marie Dubois. 1659."* It contained, *inter alia*, letters and manuscripts in the handwriting of Calvin and Peter Martyr. The books, &c., were damaged to some extent by water at the time of the fire. They now form part of the Free Library of the Corporation of London in Guildhall. Out of them an old Bible and a few other books were lent to the Caxton Exhibition.

SOME ANIMAL TRANSFORMATIONS.

THERE is perhaps no feature of living beings more marked and characteristic than that implied in the constant changes to which they are subject. Life is, in fact, everywhere and at all times associated with change and alteration. Living forces manifest their course and direction through their varying degrees and attitudes, and the absence of active change in the living being becomes synonymous with the want of all that makes life the characteristic force of the universe, and with all that gives to death its commanding and chilling power in the eyes of men. The changes which operate within and upon living beings are of widely different nature from those which affect the world of non-living matter. Inorganic things are affected by external forces in an unvarying regular fashion, and the effects of these forces may be safely predicted and determined by exact science. The rate, for example, at which the hardest rock may be worn away by the "weathering" action of rain, of frost, or of the atmosphere, may be calculated by the geologist; and the period of time which must pass ere the level of a whole country can be sensibly reduced by the weathering agencies may be determined with tolerable accuracy through the past experience of the student of earth-lore. The same kind of experience, again, gives to chemical science its exactness, and imparts to the deductions of the mathematician and physicist an unvarying and correct nature. The uniformity of nature with regard to the inorganic portion of her domain constitutes, in truth, the vantage ground of the student of the exact and experimental sciences, and of those branches which, whilst hardly falling within the latter definition, nevertheless deal with inorganic matter, and with the relations of the forces which govern its disposition.

But this uniformity which forms so prominent a feature in the physicist's calculations, is exactly the element which is absent from the science of life. The biologist can take no heed or account of stability or uniformity in the acts of living beings, regarded in a general sense. True, law claims the living as well as the non-living universe as its province, and brings life as well as matter under its inexorable sway. But the laws which regulate the ways and works of living things are, of all others, hardest to discover, and their nature and working are certainly sometimes past finding out. The effect

which we observe in life-science as noted to-day, may assume a new aspect in the light of to-morrow's research; whilst the labours of accumulated ideas of years may have to be revised and altered by the higher knowledge which that research may bring. The laws which exist and operate within the biologist's province present certainly the greatest number of exceptions; and so many-sided are the aspects which the varying nature of living beings evolves, that the expression of law in the province of life, so far from being unalterable, must be regarded as being at the best of provisional kind. No better illustration of the flexibility of the laws—or ideas of the laws—which regulate the affairs of living beings, could well be cited, than that afforded by the changes which our ideas have undergone regarding the nature of animal and plant "species." What is a "species" of animals or plants? and what is a "variety?" how are we to define the one and the other? and what are the limits and laws regulating variation in species? are questions which at the present time receive an answer diametrically opposite to that which the past generation of naturalists would have given. A species of animal or plant was, in the ideas of the last generation of naturalists, a fixed quantity—the stable unit of the sum total of organic existence. Now, we must regard this quantity of the organic world as the most variable of all its parts. What was a law in former years, is heresy and error now; and the science of life, in respect of its kaleidoscopic nature, may not unfitly compare with the science of law-making itself; since the constantly recurring change of opinion in the biological world is perhaps nowhere more closely paralleled than in the political arena itself.

But the investigation of the change and variation which prevail in the study of living nature, at the same time reveals one of the greatest charms of the science of life. The biologist is ever seeking to discover the deeper reading which exists beneath these surface changes; and his task is one which knows not the weariness of repetition, nor the fatigue of sameness and monotony. And when any cycle of change and variation has been fully studied, when the limits of the circle have been duly determined, the man of science then attains the *summum bonum* of his existence in the discovery of the exact lines along which the

apparent variability and capriciousness of nature have led him. The elucidation of the meanings which the changes of living things bear, and the discovery of method existing beneath the tangled maze of plan, contrivance, and structure, are the coveted results with which the study of a subject like the present is fraught.

Whilst the study of physiology, pure and simple, would demonstrate the existence of many interesting examples of changes of structure and tissue which accompany each act of human existence, our present study rather leads us to note some of the more notable transformations which occur in lower forms of animal life. The changes characteristic of higher animals are less evident and perceptible to the ordinary observer than those which occur in the humbler groups of the animal scale; whilst certainly, as regards their interesting and curious nature, the transformations of lower life will bear favourable comparison even with those which may be shown to be represented within the human organism itself.

Of the transformations which seem to prevail naturally amongst lower animals, none are more familiar to readers than those seen in the class of insects. Every one knows something regarding the series of changes which most insects undergo in passing from the egg to the mature state, and which naturalists collectively denominate "metamorphosis." The schoolboy who has kept silkworms is aware that sooner or later his somewhat apathetic pets will spin a cocoon or pupa-case, and will thus become "nymphs" or "chrysalides." Whilst it requires no great extent of zoological knowledge to affirm that from the cocoon, the perfect, winged silk-moth will in due time emerge. The butterflies and beetles in our gardens may be seen to pass through the same stages in the course of their development; and the unsavoury-looking maggots of decomposing meat become a degree less repulsive, in the light of knowledge, when they are known to represent the caterpillar stage of flies. Our extreme familiarity with such phenomena dulls our sense of the curious, and in time we cease to regard it as even strange that insects should dally on the verge of existence in this manner, whilst the great majority of their animal neighbours should be developed in a plain and straightforward fashion. Let us, however, presume that an observer has been struck with the facts which nature presents for observation, and that some inquiry is made regarding the transformations of the

insect-class as a whole. The results of such an inquiry will show that very different degrees and grades of metamorphosis are to be found within the limits of that group of animals. Such insects as the dragon-flies and May-flies, for example, will be found to undergo a series of changes of less perfect nature than those exemplified by the butterflies and their neighbours. The dragon-flies, those tyrants of the pools, deposit their eggs on the stems and leaves of aquatic plants, gluing them together in packets by means of a special secretion. From each egg, about the middle of summer, a long-bodied wingless larva (Fig. 1, *a*) comes forth; this creature being provided with six legs, and a mouth well adapted for biting purposes. In its movements, the young dragon-fly is thoroughly active, whilst in its tastes it is decidedly carnivorous, feeding on other insects, which it contrives to capture by aid of a curious apparatus with which the mouth is provided. This apparatus is known as the "mask," since, when at rest, the larva keeps it closely applied to the head. But when an unwary insect ventures within reach, the "mask" is suddenly protruded from the

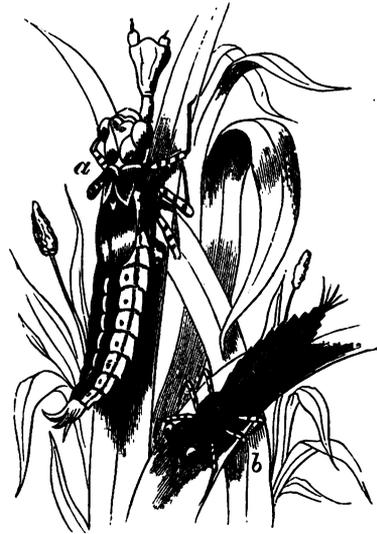


Fig. 1.—Development of dragon-fly: *a*, larva, with "mask" unclosed; *b*, pupa, or chrysalis.

head, and is then seen to consist of the movable lower lip greatly extended and provided at its tip with two powerful jaws or hooks; and by means of this literal casting net, the prey is seized and dragged towards the mouth. The movements of this water-inhabiting creature are performed by means of the legs, and by aid of a peculiar syringe-like arrangement which acts like a hydraulic

engine in propelling the young insect forward. The breathing of the young dragon-fly is carried on chiefly in the tail; water containing the vivifying air being admitted to a hinder canal in which the air-tubes or breathing-organs are chiefly collected. When this water has had the air extracted from it, it is expelled in a forcible manner by the sudden contraction of the canal, and through the reaction upon the surrounding water of this *jet d'eau*, the insect is driven rapidly forward.

Such are a few of the curious details included in the life-history of a young dragon-fly. Sooner or later, however, the changes whereby this immature form is developed into the dragon-fly proper are initiated by sundry moultings of the skin and by the development of the chrysalis stage (Fig. 1, *b*), marked by the presence of rudimentary wings, in the form of "wing-pads," upon the chest. Then later on, whilst still encased in the horny skin of the larval stage, the chrysalis attaches itself to the stem of a water-plant, near to the surface of the water which has hitherto sheltered it. The horny skin splits open along the back and exhibits a wide rent, within which the observer may obtain a glimpse of the still hidden form; and there next emerges from the chasm a new and utterly different creature, of the beauty of which the previous developments gave no promise. The dragon-fly itself now appears, lies motionless awhile that its crumpled wings may dry, and then finally mounts into the air, as if exulting in the possession of its new-found liberty and powers.

The chronicle of the dragon-fly's development therefore shows us that from a wingless form leading an aquatic life, there is produced an active aerial creature which, to all appearance, is developed with all its new and special structure from the reconstruction of the elements and frame of its less attractive predecessor. The exact nature of the changes comprised in such a life-history will hereafter engage our attention, but we may at present study certain other cases of transformation more or less resembling those of the insect-class.

Those familiar animals the crabs, along with many of their crustacean neighbours, pass through a series of transformations quite as remarkable in their way as those just described. The young crab makes its first appearance in a form (Fig. 2, *a*) which bears not the slightest resemblance to the mature state. Imagine a little creature provided with a headpiece of exaggerated proportions as compared with its slender, jointed tail, and

one may form some idea of the strange disguise under which the young crustacean begins life. The embryo crab may justly be described as consisting simply of a head and tail. It swims about freely in the water by aid of the tail and of certain foot-like appendages which are developed on the lower surface of the head; this latter region being capped above by an elongated process which forcibly suggests a resemblance to the end of a conical hat long drawn out. A pair of large lantern-like eyes, not stalked as are the eyes of the adult crab, is developed; and, thus provided, *Carcinus junior* makes its way through the sea, bearing a much closer resemblance to some prawn or shrimp on a roving commission, than to the sedate and angular form in which its latter days are passed. This crab-larva moults or casts its skin several times, and insensibly changes into a condition somewhat resembling the chrysalis stage of the insect; the crab-chrysalis being known under the name of *Megalopa* (Fig. 2, *b*), whilst in the preceding stage it receives the name of *Zoea*. So unlike the perfect crab are these beings that we cannot be surprised to find a Dutch naturalist describing the *Zoea* in 1778 as a new crustacean; whilst in 1816 five species of *Zoeas* were known to science, and were regarded as specifically distinct and perfect forms. In 1822 Mr. J. V. Thompson—

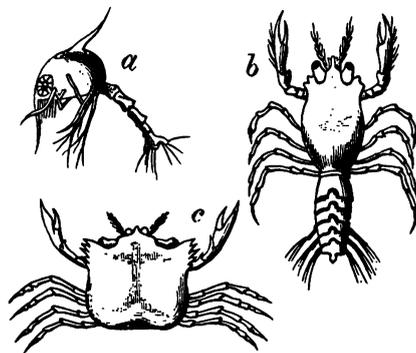


Fig. 2.—Development of crab: *a*, youngest stage, or *Zoea*; *b*, *Megalopa*; *c*, assumption of perfect form.

whose good fortune it was to discover another embryonic treasure, to be hereafter noticed—found numerous *Zoeas* in the Cove of Cork. The careful study of the development of these creatures by this naturalist, showed that sooner or later they became *Megalopas*, in which latter stage the body of the animal becomes better developed, and the tail in consequence loses much of the preponderance it obtains in the *Zoea*.

stage. The eyes in the Megalopa stage are still large, but have developed stalks; indeed, the prominent nature of the visual organs first secured for it the name of "Megalopa," a term meaning literally "large-eyed." The walking legs are now represented; the characteristic nipping claws or pincers having already attained a high development. After a few months the Megalopa loses its tail, the abbreviated portion which remains becoming tucked up beneath the greatly broadened head and chest, which together constitute the body of the crab; and with the assumption of the mature form (Fig. 2, c), the creature settles down to an existence we must regard as somewhat mundane when compared with the freedom and activity of its early days.

The result of the transformations which affect the existence of the crab, however, appears to be the production of a creature certainly of a higher grade than that represented by the embryo form. But development does not always lead to higher levels. There is, on the contrary, such a thing as physiological backsliding and retrogression; the results of which, to the form which exhibits the deteriorating process, are witnessed in the evident inferiority of the adult as compared with the young or infantile condition. Every one knows the barnacles which encrust the sides of ships and driftwood, sometimes in enormous quantities, appearing as little shells attached to fixed objects by fleshy stalks; whilst even more familiar to unscientific observers, may be the little conical acorn-shells or Balani which cover the rocks at low water mark, and which are crushed by hundreds under our feet as we walk over the rocky ledges of the shore. Commonplace and uninteresting as the barnacles and their shore neighbours may appear to be, they yet pre-

sent examples of transformations as curious in nature and results as any that may be witnessed within the domain of the zoologist. From the egg of the barnacle a minute embryo is developed, known as a *Nauplius*, which is provided with three pairs of swimming-feet, and, like Cyclops of old, with a large single eye. The Nauplius further possesses a well-developed mouth, and is provided with the usual equipment of internal organs necessary for the nutrition of its frame. This larval being grows rapidly, and moults frequently, and when it enters upon the chrysalis stage of its existence it is found to possess a pair of compound eyes, a bivalve shell, six pairs of swimming-legs or feet, and a pair of complicated antennæ or feelers. The mouth has, however, become obliterated; and from this circumstance we may conclude that the work of nutrition, performed during the preceding stage, has been mainly destined to provide for the wants of the animal in its mouthless condition. The next step in the transformations of the barnacle consists in the animal mooring itself to some fixed object by means of the largely developed feelers, which, curiously enough, are provided with special glands, secreting a strong natural cement or literal "marine glue," for purposes of fixation. After this latter process has been performed, the final stages in development are undergone. The six pairs of swimming-feet are converted into waving plumes which, by their incessant movements, draw floating food particles towards the mouth of the adult, which is soon formed after the stationary period of life has been attained. The well-developed eyes of the young form disappear, and leave the adult without organs of sight; and with the development of the characteristic shell the cycle of transformation is completed.

ANDREW WILSON.

(To be continued.)

FOR MUSIC.

OH! would that love could die,
And memories cease to be!
That a foolish kiss and a sigh
Were nothing more to me!

Oh! would that a summer day,
A stroll mid the rustling corn,
Could pass from my heart away
Like the little clouds at morn!

Ah me! for the starry night,
The glow-worm under the rose,
The talk in the fading light,
Which only one sad heart knows.

Ah me! for the day's surprise,
The love in a parting look,
The watching of wistful eyes
For the morrow that never broke.

M. B. EDWARDS.

HOW TO LIVE ON A REDUCED INCOME.

[This paper contains the experiences of an English lady reduced in circumstances, who with two daughters is residing in a town in the neighbourhood of Paris. Although the circumstances in detail are applicable to English persons who have settled on the Continent, it is believed that *mutatis mutandis* they might be usefully considered by Englishmen or Englishwomen in like circumstances at home.—A. P. S.]

THE conditions of modern life are changing so rapidly that the old-fashioned notion of living respectably "all round" is being rudely shattered among us folk of small, or even moderate incomes, the increase of which does not correspond to the requirements of the day. In the struggle to keep even with the times one family drops one thing, one another, according to their several or individual gains, but we all leave some of our feathers on the road, and they bear testimony to the pace being too much for us. Here we see home comfort erected as the household god. The traditional three women servants—cook, housemaid, and parlour-maid, with a background of invisible "boy," and "charwoman" on occasions, make the machinery of housekeeping work easily, and a friend or two may drop in at mealtime without giving the mistress of the house a care. But there would seem to be a veiled sort of narrow self-sufficiency in this all-inside life; there is no margin for anything else—no travelling, no outside interests—and life is materialised into "living by bread alone." In another house the family evaporate continually; the money is spent in dress and locomotion; and considered as a social investment, if the people are pleasant and amusing it may pay and start all the sons and daughters in the world; but then the home is a myth, representing only a shifting scene of discomfort, out of which all the members are continually escaping as fast as they can. Others—the most sensible, perhaps—are all for intellectual, or artistic, or literary pursuits; but the mistake is, that you must on a limited income take from Peter to pay Paul. One stints on fire, one on attendance, one on table; but the contrivances are still behind the ever-increasing necessities till we come to the families at the opposite pole, who have not even a hobby, and live in a scramble all round without compensation.

The fact is that, whatever way the money goes, ninety-nine families out of a hundred are living up to the extreme edge of their income—and often beyond it—trusting in that case to some happy chance to be able to square accounts. And wives look harassed and husbands are cross, and the children come to feel that they are considered specially,

if not exclusively, as so many items of expenditure; and family love, and kindly feeling, and all home affections are battered about from post to pillar till they are pretty well knocked to pieces in the daily struggle to appear what we are not. How much more of all this is to be endured? The relief must soon come somehow or other—by fair means or by foul. The truth is, that the drones are being squeezed away out of modern life, and that we, the middle-class people with fixed incomes, which are diminishing yearly and becoming "small by degrees and beautifully less," are being cleared off from the body social as surely as the Maories out of New Zealand. There is no room at all for us in the new distribution of parts, and, as money is daily losing its value, those who will not work must starve, and the sooner we realise this fact the better for our children, whose inheritance is always tending to melt away like snow-balls in a thaw. I being a woman write specially for women, and would earnestly implore all parents of what is conventionally called good position and moderate means to bring up their daughters, as they do their sons, to some honourable employment. Means of occupation for ladies are opening out on all sides, and corresponding channels of instruction and education are ready to their hands to prepare them for a career of honest work and usefulness. To me it appears to be positive cruelty in the face of increasing difficulties to leave girls helpless and incapable. But this is provision for the future, and meanwhile we require immediate relief in the present. It is to be found, I believe, in a more simple mode of life—in the not trying to keep up to the mark in one particular to the neglect of all the rest. Let us renounce at once the senseless struggle to appear richer than we are—this money pride—this Moloch on whose altar the well-being of so many families is offered up. It is the peculiar English weakness—the modern equivalent of the tax of blood on our scanty incomes. Let us shake it off bravely, fearlessly, and an untold relief will be the first and immediate consequence.

It is not a pleasant feeling to combine a sad consciousness of the incapacity to fight one's own battle in the world with the con-

viction that you are being "improved" off the surface of the earth on account of it, or, at least, as a consequence of it, and yet such is the fate of the greater number of us women who were educated under the old negative dispensation of the "Thou shalt not." That is, thou shalt not help thyself.

I have already said that we may ease ourselves in two ways—by making money, and by saving money. The former should be placed within the reach of the younger generation; the latter, which all, however, may practise, remains, I fear, the sole refuge of many of us in ripe middle-age. It is at best but a transitory expedient; still it may do our day and see us through our time. It is, therefore, on "economy" that I would speak more especially to-day.

We often hear it said, "You can live so much cheaper abroad;" but I doubt whether English families, even those who are accustomed to travel on the Continent, really know much about it. Circumstances have accelerated my descent personally, not merely by the sliding scale which is carrying us all along together more or less consciously, but with a sudden plunge, a small avalanche in private life, which has landed me from the moderate altitude of a cosy £500 a-year down on an insecure ledge of £250, and I have thought it might not be without interest to show how "we do these things" abroad.

To begin with, there is the blessedness of "flats" instead of houses. Mine was rather small for my income, but being south (saving in fuel), pretty, healthy, and well situated, I had not cared to change, and so now can remain in it. We had two women servants—equal to three in a house. These have been dispensed with, and I have in their place a woman who comes for three parts of the day. We now dine at one, and as soon as the washing-up is over, my *femme de journée* goes away, leaving the bright, cheery little kitchen free to us, if wanted. It is a notable economy not having a servant to sleep—in rent of sleeping-room, in washing, in house linen, in lighting, and in warming. We consist of self and two daughters just growing up and still educating with a view to independence. I should mention that masters are paid for out of a small fund laid by for the purpose. Now to items:—

Table (a month)	£	s.	d.
House expenses	6	0	0
Rent (unfurnished)	6	0	0
Clothes and private expenses	3	0	0
	5	0	0
	£20	0	0

And we really do not live uncomfortably or discredibly, by which I mean that we do not in the slightest degree make our house a "pigsty"—an idea generally connected with tight quarters by those who enjoy plenty of room and attendance, and whom I am quite ready to challenge to a domiciliary visit—reciprocally! If travelling friends pass our way, we are ready to offer them lunch any day; and go the lengths of asking in a dozen or so friends of an evening sometimes for a cup of tea and music, and very good music too! Everything comes so handy in an apartment that "self-help" is scarcely apparent, and but a small infiction. Perhaps you would like to know how it all works and fits in. During these short winter days the servant does not come till seven, and as the breakfast is at eight, at that time it leaves a scanty margin. We help in the easy morning work, and as we still allow ourselves good light in an evening, I trim three small lamps, which we either unite on one table to work and read together or disperse at will. Breakfast consists of tea, or milk, or some sort of porridge, as our tastes differ, bread and butter, and always a dish of raw fruit—just at present apples. Immediately afterwards I go down to the cellar, keys in hand, and give out so many logs of wood for the rooms and coals for the kitchen stove. The porter is enlisted for this service at the rate of 5 francs a month. It may be worth while to mention that a coal-scuttle full, weighing from fifteen to twenty pounds, is the allowance for two days, with two scuttles a-week of "slack" to bank up the fire after dinner, which keeps up a gentle warmth and hot water in the boiler till quite into the night. Coals being here £2 5s. a ton, and wood almost dearer in proportion, fuel is a serious consideration. Gas is laid on in the kitchen, and we cook entirely by it in summer. In winter I keep one small furnace burning to boil water or cook one dish at the hours when the stove is not available. All *our* early work is done by nine; indeed, three times a week there is a master who comes at ten. At dinner we have—vegetable soup, one of the many sorts so well made in France; one dish of meat (prime joint from best butcher); potatoes; one dish of dry and one dish of green vegetables dressed in the foreign way. Tea or supper at half-past six or seven—for this meal we are left to our own devices—a dish of stewed fruit being always ready, to which we add rice-milk or stewed macaroni or a blancmange turn-out. We often come home late, and so have nothing

which takes much time, if hot. Cold things are done in the morning by the servant. Sometimes we have hot roast chestnuts from round the corner, and altogether the reform of no late dinner has been welcomed not unkindly. At this hour I cook and the girls lay the cloth and take away. The dirty crockery is put into the pantry for poor "Smudgy," as we call her, to wash up next morning, and before half-past seven we are settled in the drawing-room without a household care on our minds, feeling that the little apartment is spick and span in every nook and cranny.

Every other Monday—it used to be once a-week—comes the *frotteur*, by "peep o' day;" the man who rubs and polishes the floors, or gives the rooms, carpeted in winter, a thorough good routing and sweeping, to the tune of half a franc a room. He puts up all my winter curtains for 1 franc, and cleans all my windows for another—which in this unsmoked atmosphere is only necessary twice a-year. Needlework is kept in check by a workwoman who comes two days in the week, at the cost of 2 francs or less a-day, not fed. One of her days is my "at home," and I thus have a tidy girl to answer the door. When we give a "tomasha," *i.e.* an evening party, she comes for the occasion, which costs me another franc. By eight o'clock tea and cakes are set out in the dining-room. We have thus our three rooms lighted up, the piano being at the opposite end, and my "parties" do not cost me more than 5 francs.

What I want to impress on my readers by all these particulars is that we do not, we need not, sacrifice all the graces and amenities of civilised and social life any more than intellectual pursuits. We *must* dress very plainly, but we have good patterns and are handy with our needle. We *cannot* afford any extra expenses, and must practise a good deal of self-denial in that respect, for sheer want of margin; but we are *not* compelled to adopt any habits repugnant to gentlefolk, or that we should wish to unlearn under better circumstances. How much of this plan of life would be possible in England I cannot judge, not having tried; but surely much might be done. To small parties we go on foot in summer, in winter in a cab; the cost, there and back, is 2s. 6d. For large parties we order, on rare occasions, a *remise* carriage—a large landau with two horses, very roomy inside and perfectly clean; 5 francs, both ways. Our porter goes a message all over the town for 5 sous.

Under the rather comprehensive item of

"house," £6 a-month, I include fuel, 50 francs; wages of servant, 40 francs; *frotteur*, or the "trotter," as my English cook would insist on calling him all the five years she was with me, 5 francs; work-woman, 8 or 9 francs; porter, 5 francs; soap, oil, candles, gas, washing, general wear and tear, breakages, and that ever-encroaching list of unclassable nothings that go under no particular heading, that are the *enfants terribles* of housekeeping, and require a very firm hand.

As for postages and locomotion, they go on the private expense book. The fact is I have never had such a wonderful array of little account books, or dealt so much in figures, or divided and subdivided to such an extent, as since there has been so little to operate upon! And I do not mean to say that all is *couleur de rose*, and that things are always quite easy, or even pleasant. Human beings, drill as you will, are not machines; and yet we must submit to the most orderly and tidy habits, and to the most extreme exactitude, as every one's occupations dovetail one into the other, and any irregularity translates itself into mutual obstruction, and often into expense, the ultimate consideration of all. Indeed, if things were not made easy to her we should soon have "Smudgy" in a highly excited state of mind, throwing up her arms wildly, and exclaiming in no dulcet tones—more, however, in despair than in anger—that she cannot overtake the work. Now Catherine, commonly called "Smudgy," is a sort of character in her way—a legacy left me by the cook when we parted last year. She used to come in for odd jobs, and so learnt the ways of the house, and was altogether pleasanter to deal with than a stranger. "I assure you, ma'am," quoth cook, "you might go farther and fare worse than with Smudgy. I certainly do wish she would take more pride in herself, but that's just the worst that can be said about her. She is a good soul if you don't rough her, and speak kindly; and capital at cleaning, which many of them French are not; and she is daintily clean in her cooking, and really truly honest."

So Catherine was duly inducted into the cook's vacant place, but on her own express stipulation that she *must* have her evenings free to—go to school; and this she does with the utmost perseverance, notwithstanding that she is "fat, dark, and forty." She has a pleasant face, very soft pretty eyes, and a bright smile. There was a sort of winning naïveté in the way in which this stout rolly-

poly woman said to me one day, "I was so pleased last night, I did not make a single fault in my dictation." Poor Catherine, why does she go about so unkempt? The coarse fricze peasant skirt, and woollen jacket hanging loosely from the shoulders, a capital working dress, and which manages to look so thoroughly to the purpose, and yet tidy and appropriate on so many, seems to tell of neglect and want of honest pride in her, while her head is wild and bushy like that of a Shetland pony. The little I know of her past is but a shadowy outline. She was once in Algeria, as I learnt from the exclamation, "Oh, madame, always wash those little cheap figs. I have seen them prepared *en Afrique*; they powder them over with flour for it to look like the sugar come out in the drying, and altogether—it's better to wash them." She also made with me the bargain of one day free in the month to go to Paris "on business." She prepares the dinner for two days, and on the Paris morning only comes to do out the rooms, leaving us to warm up and serve, which makes it rather a black-letter day as far as we are concerned. I have found out that she goes to receive a monthly allowance, and that she has a boy educating somewhere, who is now twelve years old. And this information has given quite a new colouring to her desire to pick up a little instruction, her anxiety to have a little knowledge of things. It has appeared to me that she is possibly trying in her humble way to bridge over a chasm between herself and her child, that she may not be utterly abased before him. I respect her reticence, asking no questions; but to me it lends a touching pathos to the evening schooling. She is quiet and well-conducted enough now, poor thing! and I can fancy her steadied by that one pure and true love for a son who will perhaps be always far removed from her sphere. I have evolved a story out of these slight hints that he is being educated above her station, and that his father may be a sort of a gentleman intending his son to be on his own plane in life, which I have made up my mind probably is that of a small government employé, of which there are a good many thousands.

Left-handed connections are, alas! more than common in that world, because they are forbidden to marry under a certain *dot* or portion; the higher the grade the larger the sum. This is a wide and sore subject on which much might be said; for the present it is enough to state that, in consequence of these stringent requisitions, this whole class

of men look upon such connections as perfectly justifiable. They may or may not end in marriage when the man takes his retirement and recovers his liberty. As a rule, the children are educated, and the father owns his responsibilities. I would fain have touched a tender corner in your heart for poor, willing, faithful "Smudgy," with her shock-head, soft kindly eyes, and pleasant countenance, going after a hard day's work to her evening-school to learn even as a little child. Poor she is not in the money sense of the word; like all the working-people in this country, she hoards penny upon penny, and then invests. She had an "Obligation de la Ville de Paris" that was drawn with a premium the other day, on which occasion she, of course, took an extra jaunt into Paris to receive her money, which she reinvested forthwith; but she goes on toiling and moiling as if she possessed never a farthing. Surely the working-people, by which is understood the manual-labour class, have an enviable start of us, and are in more normal conditions of existence. That woman holds her livelihood in her own hand, and can earn her bread in a manner congenial to her habits and capacity. *We* ought to be able to do as much; failing which we stand at a clear disadvantage; and that is why some of our money goes to her direct, and none of anybody else comes to us through any exertion of our own. It is for this that our daughters must train to be workers in their sphere; it is the key-stone to the arch of the nineteenth century. Let the young generation go forth on its way rejoicing in the new commandment—"Thou shalt"—in the glory of the affirmative principle which teaches that life is action, and that when we cease to *do* we begin to die. Let it abandon the leaky and sinking craft of idle poor gentility to join the goodly company of those who have realised that "work" in its noblest sense is our highest privilege—the most elevated point of contact of mortal humanity with the Divine: "My Father worketh, and I work." All honour to the leaders of men, the great thinkers of the age, who elaborate the form in which it shall be cast, who mould or reflect the times. All honour to the workers above, and also to the workers below us, though they should join hands over our heads. Let those who can, make good their claim to enter the ranks on either side, and spring into renovated life and action. Let those who cannot, humbly bow their heads, and submit to their fate with, at least, the final and supreme grace of quiet dignity and patient resignation.

SKETCHES ON THE PRAIRIES.

By ALBERT HASTINGS MARKHAM, CAPTAIN, R.N.

I.

"Should you ask me, Whence these stories,

With the odours of the forest,
With the dew and damp of meadows,
With the curling smoke of wigwams,
With the rushing of great rivers?
I should answer, I should tell you,
From the forests and the prairies."

THE above words of Longfellow are very applicable to the brief sketches of "prairie life" that I propose presenting to my readers in a few short pages: for if asked "Whence these stories?" I can truly answer with him, "From the forests and the prairies."

On referring to a map of the United States it will be seen that to a large area of country lying between the 34th and 37th parallels of latitude, and between the 94th and 100th meridians of longitude, the name of the "Indian Territory" is given. Unlike the states by which it is surrounded, this tract of land is entirely devoid of cities, towns, or civilized communities of any description. In fact, except to military men, a few trappers, and those who have fled from justice to avoid a well-deserved punishment, it is a *terra incognita*, a land almost unexplored and totally unsurveyed.

It is a district set apart by the United States Government, where those Indians who have acknowledged the supremacy of the white man can live on reservations specially appropriated to each tribe, and where, unmolested by their enemies, they can still hunt the buffalo, the red deer, and the antelope.

Military posts are established in various parts of the territory guarded by strong garrisons, but these are equally for the safeguard and protection of the red men, as for the purpose of keeping them under subjection.

To a lover of the chase this country offers such attractions as are seldom to be found equalled in any part of the globe; but in order to render a visit to it successful, it is necessary that the traveller, or hunter, should have some "friend at court" who would be able to furnish him with recommendations to the officers commanding the different military establishments, who are only too glad and happy to do everything in their power for those who should pay them a visit thus provided.

For some years I had regarded with long-eyes this portion of North America, and

many were the projects I entertained concerning the probability of visiting and exploring its little-known region.

An opportunity at length offered by which my dreams might be realised, which I was not slow to avail myself of. Having occasion to visit the United States shortly after my return from the late Arctic expedition, and seeing no prospect of present employment in my own profession, I determined to extend my visit to America to a longer period than I had at first proposed, so as to be able to carry out my long-contemplated project.

During a short stay in Chicago I had the good fortune and pleasure of making the acquaintance of General Sheridan, and it was mainly owing to the kindness of this distinguished officer, who furnished me with a letter of introduction to General Mackenzie, the officer commanding the troops at Fort Sill, in the Indian territory, that I was enabled to undertake successfully the extensive journeys on the "plains," a short history of which I am about to narrate.

An account of the voyage across the Atlantic in one of the fine ocean steamers belonging to the Cunard Company, and of the railway journey to St. Louis, would, I think, be out of place in such a sketch as this must necessarily be, so I will at once plunge into my subject, and convey my readers to the interior of a Pullman car on the Missouri, Kansas, and Texas Railroad, which had just steamed out of the Union Depôt, as railway stations are called in America.

The day was dull and gloomy as we left St. Louis; dark grey clouds hung over us in a threatening manner, gradually resolving themselves, first into a few heavy drops of rain, and then into a steady and persistent down-pour, which sadly interfered with the full enjoyment of the scenery through which we passed. What little we could observe, however, appeared of an uninteresting nature, as we travelled along the banks of the muddy and deceitful Missouri River, the navigation

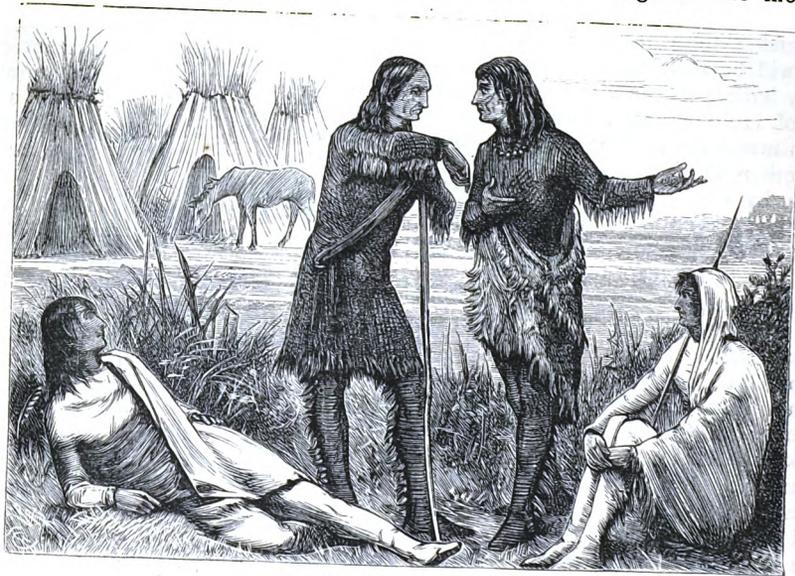
of which is rendered doubly dangerous by the numerous shifting snags that abound in the bed of this mighty stream.

Fields bearing crops of winter wheat, the green leaves of which could be just seen forcing themselves through the ground, were occasionally passed as we journeyed to the southward, but the principal cereal under cultivation in the State of Missouri was undoubtedly corn, or maize, as we in England would term it, immense fields of which were passed, stretching away in all directions.

During the afternoon we passed Jefferson City, the capital of the State of Missouri. It is a curious fact in America that the most important towns, or cities, in a commercial point of view, are rarely or ever selected as

the seat of the provincial government. For instance, Albany, and not New York, is the capital of New York State; Jefferson City is the capital of Missouri, and not St. Louis, although the latter has a population forty times as large; Madison is the capital of Wisconsin, and not Milwaukee, which is a city infinitely larger and more important; and many other examples could be enumerated. It is a favourite saying in America that "commerce and politics kill each other, and can, therefore, never reside in the same town," and I suppose it is true.

Only one other passenger occupied the Pullman car besides myself, and we were soon on friendly terms with one another. This gentleman beguiled the monotony of



"Ye noble Redskins."

the journey by relating several encouraging anecdotes—incidents of travel occurring on this road and other western lines: how trains had not unfrequently been stopped by bands of armed and lawless desperadoes, who had systematically robbed the passengers and the train of all valuables; and how he himself was shot at, not many years ago, on the same line, from the platform of a railway station by an irascible gentleman, whose aim, however, was fortunately not so good as his intentions were murderous!

Only six short weeks ago the Kansas Pacific Railway was stopped by a party of six men, and the train and passengers plundered to the amount of 60,000 dollars! On comparing notes after the robbery, the passengers discovered that they only possessed

one revolver amongst them, and that was at the bottom of its owner's trunk. The description of railway carriages used in America facilitates robbery more than if the ordinary English carriages were there in vogue.

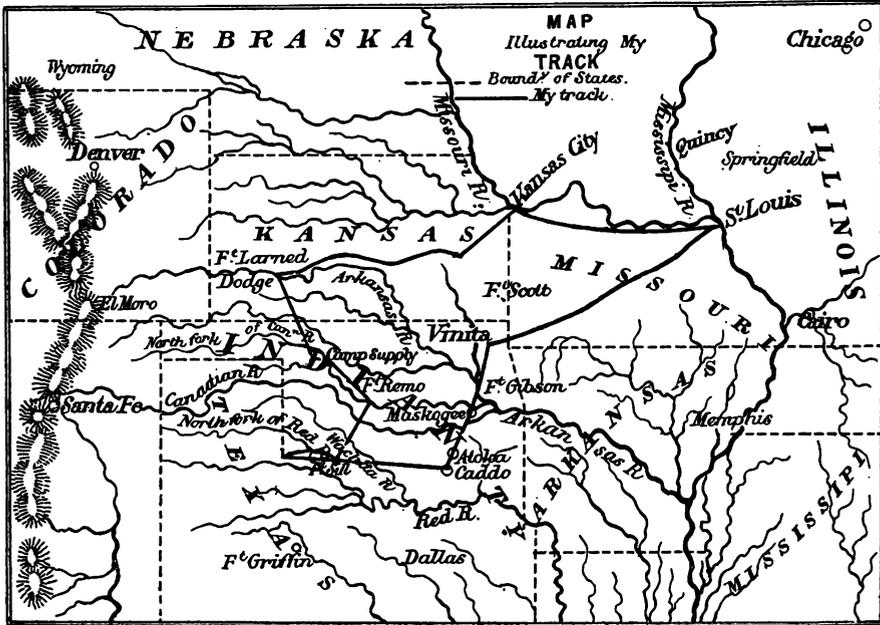
A thick fog on the following morning totally obscured from our view the country through which we were passing. This was all the more tantalising as we had entered the far-famed Indian territory, my desire to see which had been doubly intensified by reading the following advertisement issued by the directors of the railway company on whose line I was travelling. It is a very fair specimen of American puffing, so I offer no apology for its insertion:—

"Beautiful land! Inexhaustible in its variety of resources, with its mines, forests, and prairies; its

mountains, cataracts, and cañons ; its valleys, dales, and streams ; the Italy of our country ; the brightest skies, the grandest sunsets, the softest twilight, and the most brilliant moon and glittering stars ; her fair surface covered with the rarest fragrant flowers ; home of the wild horse, deer, elk, bear, turkey, grouse, quail, duck, goose, crane, swan, snipe, curlew, plover, and birds of song. Broad winding streams, clear as the fabled mirror in the halls of the fairies, wind along the green prairies, stretching in airy undulations far away, as if the ocean in its greatest swell stood still, with all its rounded billows fixed and motionless for ever. No other country on the globe equals these wonderful lands of the red man. There is only one railroad in the United States that has the right of way north and south through this far-famed Indian territory ; it is the liberal, the enterprising, and wide-awake Missouri, Kansas, and Texas Railway !”

From glimpses obtained through the fog, we appeared to be traversing a vast rolling prairie, occasionally varied by strips of slightly wooded country covered with scrub and small stunted oak trees, and now and then crossing muddy rivers and creeks that could hardly, with any regard to veracity, be compared in transparency to the “fabled mirror in the halls of the fairies !”

The hotels, or eating-houses, at the stations at which we stopped for the purpose of getting our meals, were of the most primitive order, and generally distinguished by some sign or notice : as, for instance, at Muskogee, where we were regaled with breakfast, the



following invitation appeared on a large board :—

“CUM into my
Res Tau Rant.
All meals good at 40 ¢s.
If not, no pay.”

A-to-ka, where we lunched, boasted of two rival establishments, one of which took no pains to conceal the contempt in which it held its neighbour, for in front of the door was exhibited a large signboard representing two men, one enormously stout, the other very thin. Underneath the former was written in large letters, “I eat at Dillon’s,” whilst under the other was, “I eat at Brown’s.” It is almost superfluous to add

that the painting was displayed outside Mr. Dillon’s establishment.

Before the day was many hours old, the thick fog that had so persistently obscured the surrounding country rolled away, and the sun shone out bright and warm.

It is almost impossible to describe the beauties of the country, thus revealed to us, through which we journeyed. First, along a vast and boundless prairie, wild and uncultivated, except where here and there little huts with small stretches of ploughed land, and a herd of cattle grazing in an adjacent pasturage, indicated the farmstead of some semi-civilised Indian ; then leaving the undulating prairie, we emerged into a more hilly and densely wooded country—the home of the

Creeks and Cherokees—interminable forests composed of the ubiquitous oak, whose boughs were abundantly adorned with large bunches of mistletoe; sometimes our road led through the most delightful park-land it is possible to imagine, luxuriant green swards with groves of oak and cotton-trees, and the most picturesque glades and glens.

Amidst such scenery books were abandoned, and I feasted my eyes on the truly lovely and wild panorama that was continually passing before me, and which exists in no other part of the globe—a wild tract of country, yet clothed with the richest and most luxuriant herbage. Nothing can be more beautiful than the gorgeous colouring of the sumac,* which grows in this part of America in reckless profusion, the leaves of which are of a bright red, almost vermilion, colour; nor must I omit to mention the pretty castor-oil plant, which I observed growing in great abundance.

Limestone Gap, through which our train rushed shrieking and whistling, is a natural gap in a long, high ridge of limestone, extending for many miles, and rising to an altitude of about two hundred feet. This ridge is covered with vegetation, and is not at all unlike in appearance to the Devil's Dyke at Brighton, only on a larger scale. In the gap itself the stratification of the limestone is distinctly visible, dipping to the southward at an angle of 45°.

A small hut situated in this charming locality was pointed out as the home in which Miss Vinnie Ream, the celebrated American sculptress, passed her early days. It is now occupied by her brother, who is married to a Choctaw lady. Vinita, a young and thriving town, that owes its birth and prosperity to the railroad, was named after Miss Ream.

The main road, or trail, leading into Texas runs nearly parallel with the railway, and as we hied onward we passed numerous caravans, consisting of covered waggons containing emigrants wending their way towards their new homes; the number of small children accompanying these nomadic families appearing to be out of all proportion to the adults. The bones and skeletons of animals innumerable lay along the route, poor beasts that had either perished or been sacrificed for food whilst travelling over the illimitable prairie.

Shortly after leaving Limestone Gap we

passed, on a siding, the remains of a freight train that had just been wrecked, but which had luckily succeeded in getting out of our way in time. Some of the cars were in a terribly dilapidated condition, whilst others were completely "chawed up"! A few miles farther on we arrived at the scene of disaster, where portions of the wreck lay strewn around. We were unable to ascertain the extent of the catastrophe, or whether anybody had been injured. Our conductor regarded it quite as a matter of ordinary occurrence, and alluded to such accidents as incidents that not unfrequently happened, causing me to feel a glow of satisfaction that I had nearly reached the termination of my railroad journey without a mishap of a similar kind.

Numbers of negroes and negresses were assembled at the different stations as we passed through, and they could also be observed cultivating the land along the railway track. This large coloured population can be accounted for by the fact that the Indians residing on the reservations situated in this portion of the territory were considerable slave-owners before the Rebellion which ended in the abolition of slavery. It is almost needless to add that during the war these men not only sympathized with, but fought for, the South. On the termination of the rebellion one old chief of the Chickasaw tribe, when informed that all slaves were emancipated, and that he could no longer retain possession of any, deliberately took his rifle and shot a negro whom he had recently purchased, observing that he had paid a large sum of money for him, and as he could not keep him nobody else should; give him his liberty, except through death, he would not!

Caddo station was reached at half-past three in the afternoon, and here I alighted with my luggage. From this place to Fort Sill, my destination, I had to travel by stage a distance of one hundred and sixty-three miles. It was rather annoying to find, on making inquiries, that the stage would not leave for forty-eight hours, and that I should therefore be compelled to spend that period in Caddo. It was not a delightful prospect to look forward to, but there was no alternative; so, putting the best face on the matter, I walked into a small wooden establishment situated near the station, on the front of which was painted in very large letters "Railway Hotel," and engaged a room, the only one I think in the house, whose sole furniture was a bed and a wash-hand stand;

* The leaf of this shrub (*Rhus*) is extensively used in England and elsewhere for tanning purposes. The plant attains a height of from four to eight feet.

but so much space did the former occupy, and so little room was there to move, that the chamber might very truly be said to be a great deal over-furnished.

Caddo consists of about eighteen or twenty small houses and stores, and owes its existence, like many other places in this part of the world, entirely to the railroad. It contains a population of about two hundred, the majority of which are coloured. Although such a small place, it actually rejoices in the possession of three hotels! These are more for the convenience of Indians residing in the neighbourhood, with whom the greater part of the trade of the place is transacted, than for white men; indeed, with the exception of those men in government employ, the railroad officials, and those few who are allowed to keep stores—and these men have to rent their land from the Indians—no white men are allowed to settle or even to live in the territory, which is strictly reserved for the Indians. People here own no politics, nor do they possess any vote or interest in the country whatever. The only way by which a white man can reside in this region is by marrying a squaw, which according to their law transforms him into an Indian, and he can then own land in common with his tribe. As may be imagined, the majority of men residing in this part of the country—I of course allude to white men—are those whose social positions were not very exalted, being principally men who have either fled from justice, or those who were unable to get a living elsewhere.

The Indians who are settled in this vicinity are in a semi-civilised state. They live in frame-houses or log-huts, possess farms, cultivate the land, and dress in what is in this part of the world called "citizen's" clothes! It is long since they even dreamed of going on a war-path, or of scalping an enemy! I am now alluding to the tribes through whose country the railway penetrates—these are the Creeks, Cherokees, Choctaws, Chickasaws, and Seminoles. These are united under one agent, and are known as the "Union Agency," or "the Tribes of Five Nations," and number collectively a little over twenty-seven thousand. All tribes are, as a rule, represented by an agent, who receives his appointment from the United States Government. This is not unfrequently a much-abused office, the man appointed to fill it being often both mercenary and unprincipled, thinking more of feathering his own nest than of caring for the interests of the red man. The days of the much-persecuted Indians are, alas!

numbered. Driven far from the happy hunting-grounds of their fathers by the advent of white men, almost deprived of the means of existence from the scarcity of game, they have acquired all the vices and debaucheries of the so-called civilised people with whom they have come into contact, acquiring few of the virtues of civilisation, whilst the many noble qualities that adorn the character of the savage are sunk and forgotten in their attempts to imitate their white conquerors. It can only be a work of time—and that time I fear is at no distant date—when the red man, with the buffalo and other animals that used to range the boundless prairies in numbers innumerable, will become as extinct as the dodo, the moa, and the great auk.

At present the Indians look down upon and despise all white men (not soldiers) and negroes, considering themselves vastly superior to both races. This is not to be wondered at in the case of the former, for the specimens that are met are of a very rough and poor description, whilst with regard to the latter it must be remembered that it is not many years since they were owned by the Indians as slaves! Spirits and strong liquors of all descriptions are contraband in the Indian Territory, and rigorous measures are taken to carry out the prohibition; but, in spite of the law, it is not impossible to obtain liquor at the settlements situated in the vicinity of the railway; at those places, however, that are under the immediate control and supervision of the military authorities, the execution of the law is strictly enforced.

There appear to be few missionaries, if any, distributed amongst the Indians. This omission surely seems very remiss on the part of the United States Government, who, in other things, are excessively liberal to their wild and untutored children of the West.

A small Congregational church was in course of construction at Caddo, but I was unable to learn whether any minister had been assigned to it. The funds towards its completion having been expended before the necessary fittings of the interior had been finished, an amateur theatrical entertainment was announced to take place in a few days for the purpose of raising a sufficient sum of money to defray the expenses, and I was solicited to prolong my visit in Caddo in order to attend. On inquiring where this dramatic entertainment was to be held, I was answered, "Oh, in the church, of course; we could not have a better place; the admission will only be 25 cents, and then there will be a supper after, also in the church, for

which each person will have to pay another 25 cents ; and as everybody will go, we hope to get quite a sum !”

From my experience in various parts of other Western States, I find that it is by no means unusual for lecturers, dramatic companies, concert singers, and others, to borrow, and even to hire, the use of the houses of worship in order to give their entertainments. So commonly and frequently are these churches, principally those of the Methodist and Baptist persuasions, used for secular purposes, that out of curiosity I asked if “balls and dances were ever given in them ?” but at this the line appears to be drawn, for I was answered in the negative in rather an indignant manner.

The forty-eight hours that I was doomed to spend in Caddo having at length expired, I found myself, at half-past four o'clock on a fine but sultry afternoon, seated in the stage and starting for Fort Sill. The vehicle in which I was established as the sole occupant was simply a rickety, tumble-down military ambulance that had long seen its best day, and was now working out its latter ones in the transportation of mails between Caddo and Fort Sill. It had a slight duck covering stretched over a wooden framework on the top, but was open in front and at the two sides. It was dragged by a couple of horses, driven by a “citizen” who sat immediately in my front. Provided nothing else was placed inside, the conveyance was capable of carrying four passengers, but with three heavy leathern mail bags, each as bulky as, and equal in weight to, a full-grown man, with other miscellaneous packages besides my own luggage, I found I had but little room wherein to stretch my legs. The crickets and grasshoppers chirped noisily as we proceeded, and as the darkness increased numberless fireflies hovered round our carriage lamps, looking like bright sparks emanating from the flame. In consequence of the recent fall of rain the roads were rendered so heavy as to make our progress slow. During the first two or three hours our route led over a level prairie, after which, as night settled upon us, we journeyed through dense thickets of timber composed of cotton-wood, oak, elm, hackberry, and willow.

Having arranged the mail bags and parcels inside so as to form a comfortable (?) couch for my night's rest, I distributed my dollar notes about my person, and with my rifle by my side and my revolver handy I felt comparatively secure ; but I could not disguise from myself the fact that we were passing through

a very wild part of the country, offering every facility for the robbery of the stage by those bands of desperadoes that are known to infest the frontier of Texas, from which we were not many miles distant. Nothing could be more simple than to make a successful attack upon our coach, and as the maxim of these ruffians is “dead men tell no tales,” it was as well to be prepared. Their plan of attack is generally to wait until the stage is passing through one of the almost impervious thickets, so frequently seen in the eastern part of the territory, along a road only just broad enough to allow a carriage to proceed, across which they have previously laid some obstruction, such as the trunk of a tree. This necessitates the driver dismounting in order to remove it. That is the signal for attack. The helpless and half-sleepy passengers wake up to the fact that a loaded revolver is pointed at their heads, and are only too glad to get out of their unpleasant and awkward predicament at the expense of their money, watches, arms, and all valuables.

At midnight, having come a distance of thirty miles, we stopped for twenty minutes at a miserable apology for a log-hut, kept by the most repulsive-looking old negress I ever saw, as broad as she was long, who, whilst smoking a short black pipe, served the driver and myself with a cup of execrable coffee and some exceedingly tough beef. Here our horses were taken out and four others substituted ; but although the number was doubled, I hardly think we benefited much by the change, for two out of the four were lame, and all were in a very wretched condition. Immediately the old horses found themselves at liberty they lay down on the ground, rolled on their backs, and whinnied with pleasure and delight.

Shortly after midnight, and after we had left the abode of the negress, the moon rose bright and fiery, and the night, which had previously been excessively sultry, became almost oppressively warm ; flashes of lightning also occasionally lit up the heavy overcast clouds to the northward. Knowing that atmospheric phenomena of this description were always regarded in these regions as sure precursors to a severe storm, I could not help making the following quotation to the driver—

“There's tempest in yon horned moon,
And lightning in yon cloud.”

But he, having no soul for poetry, answered me very surlily, evidently not appreciating my prediction, which he was only too well aware would soon be realised.

It was not very long before these indications were verified, for by four o'clock a heavy thunderstorm burst upon us in all its fury. Never do I recollect witnessing, even in the tropics, such a commotion in the heavens, or such a severe storm as this that assailed us on the open prairie. So vivid was the lightning that it illumined every blade of grass along the whole expanse of prairie as far as we could see, whilst the branches of the trees were rendered distinctly visible. The electric fluid played about the harness on our horses until almost every buckle and every strap could be distinguished, and then left us in utter and complete darkness, doubly intensified by the brilliancy of the flashes that had just dazzled our eyes. Simultaneous with the lightning was the loud roar of the thunder as it burst upon us with a loud and sharp report, and then rolled away in long reverberating echoes in the far distance. Then the floodgates of heaven opened and a perfect deluge descended; not rain, but an unbroken sheet of water, from which, in our miserably found equipage, it was impossible to shelter ourselves. Our poor horses, half starved, half drowned, and wholly paralyzed with fear, stopped, and refused, in spite of the earnest entreaties of the driver, backed by applications of a more forcible character from his whip, to proceed farther; we were, therefore, compelled to remain at a standstill and inactive, until the fury of the storm had expended itself.

The entire prairie, which a short time before was dry and green, was in the space of a few short minutes converted into a vast sheet of water. With the storm came also cold; the temperature falling from some-

thing between 80° and 90° to below freezing point—which, with the strong gale that was blowing from the northward, was anything but pleasant to us in our wet condition. By dint of much use of the whip and a great deal of shouting to the horses, such as "Git up, Jim!" "Hi, git long, Cricket!" and "Git up thar!" on the part of our driver, a little life was instilled into our poor, frightened, and jaded team, and we succeeded once more in getting our conveyance into motion. At half-past seven we reached our second stage, and pulled up in front of a small house, the residence of Governor Harris.

Wet, cold, and miserable, I hastened to avail myself of the shelter thus afforded, in the full expectation of being able to warm myself, and at the same time partially dry my clothes before a good fire; but, alas! no fire had been lighted, and I was forced to sit down to a meagre breakfast like a half-drowned rat, and with my teeth chattering so with the cold that they would hardly perform the necessary duties of mastication on the hard piece of salt bacon that constituted my morning meal.

At this place we changed drivers, and substituting four mules for our wearied team, started again in half an hour.

Governor Harris, I ought to state, is a full-blooded Indian, and is ex-governor of the Chickasaw nation. Like the President of the United States, the governors of these semi-civilised tribes are elected to fill that office for a term of years, generally from two to four; they, also in imitation of the Supreme Government, select and appoint their own ministers to assist them in conducting the affairs of the nation.

DIVINE GLORY.

A Sermon by the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Rochester.

"And the glory that should follow."—1 PETER i. 11.

WHAT glory? The glory of the Word made flesh; a new glory, because the glory of His risen humanity, an endless glory, never to cease—nay, let us be bold and say, never to cease augmenting and growing until the end shall come. And why? The first sentence of the verse tells us: "The sufferings of Christ, and the glory that should follow." The glory of the resurrection was to come, not only after the passion in order of time, but on account of the passion as its result, and earning, and exceeding great reward. And it is plain from Scripture

that this glory was not only the misty vision of enraptured prophets, but the sustaining and ever-present anticipation of the suffering Christ. For hope was no stranger to the human heart of Jesus. Being man He was as much saved by hope as we are. In Him, too, it was an anchor of the soul, keeping it from drifting before the storm; the first faint flush of dawn, telling Him that the darkness was passing, and the day at hand. We see this in His words before He suffered and after He suffered; also in the words of the Holy Ghost, when the glory had become all His

own. To the apostles: "Now is the Son of Man glorified, and God is glorified in Him. If God be glorified in Him, God shall also glorify Him in Himself, and shall straightway glorify Him." And to His own holy Father: "And now, O Father, glorify thou me with thine own glory." And, again, to the disciples on their way to Emmaus: "Ought not Christ to have suffered these things, and to enter into His glory?" And once more we read in the Hebrews: "Who for the joy that was set before Him endured the cross, despising the shame, and is set down at the right hand of the throne of God."

On the nature of this glory let us meditate now, profoundly conscious that the glory of Christ, in a real sense, as much passeth our human knowledge as His love doth; well assured also that, as it is His purpose that His ransomed people should hereafter share it, when they sit with Him on His throne, it must also be His will that they should humbly draw near to see what they can of it now.

The word in the text is a plural word—*glories*. And these glories are—1. *The glory of an accomplished purpose*—"the riches of the glory of the mystery," conceived in the Divine heart before the worlds were made, and slowly elaborated as the ages went on, in the unspeakable patience of God. "I have a baptism to be baptized with, and how am I straitened until it be accomplished?" Just before He suffered His word of praise to the Father was, "I have glorified thee on the earth; I have finished the work thou gavest me to do." Just before He expired He said, "It is finished," for then, and only then, could He die. That eternal purpose was God and man made one—*one for ever in Him*. "Having by Himself purged our sins;" "having offered one sacrifice for sins;" "having obtained eternal redemption for us,"—these are the several faces or aspects of that great atoning work which the pity of the Eternal Three accomplished in the Incarnate Son. And the glory of this! Oh, that all of us may some day see its splendour, and taste its sweetness, and wear its whiteness, and sing its song! One soul saved! Only God who has saved it knows from what He has rescued it, and into what He has brought it. But a race redeemed, sin-purged, God at once Father and Brother—we must be in heaven before we can guess what it means.

Then, (2) there is *the glory of the Father's welcome*. "Now come I to thee,"—"The love wherewith Thou hast loved me,"—

here were the thoughts that made summer in His soul before He went to His passion. "This is my beloved Son in whom I am well pleased." This was the Divine complacency and joy, wherewith from first to last the Eternal Father regarded and accepted Jesus of Nazareth. "I do always such things as please Him" was the calm account of His life that smote conviction into the Jews. It were useless, if not presumptuous, for us to try to discover which of two motives most constrained Christ to His atonement, love to God or love to man. This is certain, that God He infinitely loved, and that He was in indissoluble union and sympathy with Him before the worlds were made; and oh! what a blessed welcome, what an august reception, what a tender recognition (to speak of Divine things in human language), what a pomp of principalities and powers must have been His, when He went up from Olivet, and was set down for ever at the right hand of God, "being made so much better than the angels, as He hath by inheritance obtained a more excellent name than they"! But this is holy ground, and we must not presume further to tread upon it.

In the third place, it was *the glory of a crowned humanity*. At His birth He took the manhood into union with God. After His resurrection He took the manhood so united to be crowned with glory and honour in Heaven. Gratefully as we bow before the cross, humbly and devoutly as we say, Was there ever sorrow like that sorrow, or love like that love? had there been only a cross and a grave, no crowning for the cross, no bursting open for the grave, the world would have been still in its sin, and death reigning. But the Gospel as St. Paul preaches it runs thus: "It is Christ that died, yea rather, that is risen again, who is even at the right hand of God, who also maketh intercession for us." When Christ died man was redeemed, and when Christ rose man was justified, and when Christ went into heaven man was crowned. The last of all God's works He is immeasurably the noblest. Made in the image of God, and for fellowship with Him, even in his ruin and fall He is wonderful and lovely. But in his regeneration how blessed, in his resurrection how sublime! With the physical symmetry and fairness of his outer form, with his reason and intelligence, his kingly will, his judicial conscience, and his loving heart, any man or woman, though soiled with the worst soils of moral pollution, is still a wonderful work of God. But when perfect in-

stead of fallen, immortal instead of dying, pure with the purity of God, wise with His mind, penetrated with His love, vital with His grace, and inspired with His favour, what kings and queens will the ransomed of the Lord hereafter become, sitting on their thrones of power in the kingdom of the Father! Christ will be King of kings, and Lord of lords; and we, if ever we get there, shall be kings and lords under him, each with our spheres of power and our functions of duty, and our keys of government, and our raiment of light. And as His resurrection is the pledge of our resurrection, for as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive, so is His coronation the pledge of our coronation. We do not yet know all that we shall be; this we do know, that those whom He has washed from their sins in His own blood, He hath made kings and priests to God and the Father; and the imagination reels before the amazing conception of the noble task, the universal witness, the grand viceroyalty that it may please Him who is at once our head and our Master, to lay on the ransomed race in everlasting and spousal union with Himself, through all the coming time, for all the universe of worlds.

Fourthly, it is *the glory of His Mediatorial office*. He died that salvation might be possible. He rose that it might be actual. What His cross procured His resurrection confirms. It is still as true of Him as ever, in a sense more true, than at the moment when He uttered it,—“The Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost.” He is still, “The Son of Man;” never will He lose, never will He deny that name, by which He loved best to call Himself on earth—that name which is our true link with Him, now that He is reigning in heaven. He is still seeking, still saving the lost; and if there are as many lost as ever there were, may we not venture to say, that there are more found? Jesus lives, and we know it, when He lives in our hearts. Jesus saves, and we know it, not only when first He saves us, but also when He uses us to save others. Jesus pleads, and we know it, for the Comforter is come to us from the Father, making the gospel potent, and conscience restless, and sin a slavery, and pity keen, and prayer mighty, and the Bible precious, and the world startled, and the Church awake. Jesus reigns, and we know it, for everywhere over the face of this redeemed earth the mists and vapours of heathenism are sullenly but surely retiring before the piercing beams of the rising sun.

If it was glory for Jesus to die, it was glory

for Him to rise; if it pleased Him to suffer, it was only that He might be “mighty to save;” and the diadem on His royal brow, the diadem of ransomed souls, is ever flashing forth splendour from the growing myriads of polished facets; and as each ransomed soul passes up out of its temptations and sorrows into the radiant presence of the Incarnate King, He sees of the travail of His soul, and is satisfied.

Once more, it is *the glory of one who is the Light of the World*. This function He claimed for Himself while on earth, and we cannot wonder that so lofty a self-assertion should have provoked an indignant surprise. “I am the Light of the World.” It is what St. Paul claimed for Him, when standing before Festus: “That Christ should suffer, and that He should be the first that should rise from the dead, and should show light unto the people and the Gentiles.”

And has He not since justified it by the matchless influence of His name? False prophet or true; Son of God, or only Son of Mary; a blasphemer, or speaking the words of truth and soberness; living a king in heaven, or a handful of dust in an obscure grave,—by the confession of His enemies, to whom, in spite of themselves, He is a subject of absorbing interest; with the acclamation of His disciples, to whom the instant recognition of all His claims is the only explanation of His life that satisfies their reason, and the only outcome of His death that stills their heart—wisely or foolishly, rightly or wrongly, He is the centre of human attraction, the fountain of perfect morality, the character that, in itself complete, meets all possible requirements of the human conscience; the friend who attracts the secret sympathies of rich and poor, young and old, the Saviour, who has raised the world to a higher level (low as it may seem to be), than it had even dreamed of without Him; the Saviour, who from some that read this has earned a gratitude that no eternity can repay. But it is His resurrection and ascension that have made Him this. He is light to the angels in heaven, light to humanity on earth, light to the spirits in prison, light to the devils in hell. To the angels in heaven, who through the Church now discern in Him, as they never before discerned, the manifold wisdom of God. To humanity on earth, who in seeing Him sees the Father, in righteousness, mercy, and truth. To the spirits in prison, to whom long ago, we doubt not, came, in God’s kind thought of them, the glad gospel of the Lord of life, crucified through weak-

ness, but living through the power of God. To the devils in hell, for did not He Himself say, during His earthly ministry, "I saw Satan as lightning fall from heaven"? and St. Paul reveals, in his letter to the Colossian believers, what in human language we may without offence call the utter foiling and baffling of the Powers of Evil, when most they thought to triumph, by forcing on the death of the Cross—"Having spoiled principalities and powers He made a show of them openly, triumphing over them in it." And this glory is for His people. To make this wonderful thought nearer and clearer, first let us consider it from the side of God, and then from the side of man.

On God's side of the matter, Christ has *promised* it, and He has *asked* for it. He will perfect it by His grace, and He will consummate it at His coming. When Peter said to Jesus, "Lord, what shall we have therefore?" He answered, "Verily I say unto you, that ye which have followed me in the regeneration, when the Son of Man shall sit in the throne of His glory, ye also shall sit upon twelve thrones, judging the twelve tribes of Israel." And He asked for it before He suffered: "Father, I will that they also whom Thou hast given me may be with me where I am, that they may behold the glory which Thou hast given me." It will be a moral and also a bodily glory—moral first, and bodily afterwards, both wrought by His spirit, both given by His love. The *moral* glory: "that He might sanctify and cleanse it with the washing of water by the Word; that He might present it to Himself a glorious Church, not having spot or wrinkle or any such thing, but that it should be holy and without blemish." The *visible* glory: well, let us confess that we know little about it. The glowing and gorgeous figures of the Revelation are only figures; and who can penetrate them into the substance behind? But what this glory is, ours shall be. The King's livery will be worn by His servants; and the King's daughter, all glorious within, shall instantly be recognised as comely with the perfect comeliness of her Immortal Head. "We shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is." Here, in this First Epistle, is St. John's account of it: his mind exhausted by trying to imagine it, his heart resting in the ineffable certainty that He who has polished the gem will know how to provide the casket. While in the Revelation he has a glimpse of what is to be, and passes it on to us as well as he knows how: "He carried me away in the spirit to

a great and high mountain, and showed me that great city the holy Jerusalem, descending out of heaven from God, having the glory of God."

On man's side it has its conditions and its measure, its pledge and its hope. My friends, do you wish to share this glory of the resurrection? When life is over, and earth behind, and an eternity of some sort in front, do you care to have your lot and place in the new heavens and the new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness? You say, "Of course we do. Why ask us?" I ask you, because with some people the wishing for what they understand by heaven goes a longer way with them than is quite safe, to prove and constitute their fitness for it; whereas, stripped of its illusions and reduced to its real substance and meaning, it is often only the instinct of self-interest, desiring to do the best it can for itself, and desiring heaven simply to avoid hell. But if we would have the glory of the resurrection upon us presently, we must have the power of the resurrection within us now. There is a spiritual, and there is a bodily resurrection, and the spiritual must come first, if the bodily is to be in glory. Consequently St. Paul writing to the Colossians takes it for granted that they had been raised already—raised with Christ when He was raised, and bids them walk worthily of their Christian calling. "If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above." Are you risen with Christ? Have you heard Him say, "Awake thou that sleepest and arise from the dead!" and have you done so? Anyhow, are you living in Him now? If this is settled, other things matter but little. If this is doubtful, then all your future is in cloud.

Again, supposing we reach that glory, how much shall we have of it? Does this seem an irrelevant or even a presumptuous question? Do you say that you are humbly content just to creep into the light of God, and if but from a distant corner to gaze on the rainbow before the throne, wondering how it is you are there? Do you feel that much glory, or little glory, is as nothing, when put into the scales with the question of your salvation? To be saved is enough for you; to be glorified seems to belong to your Saviour. Well, but if glory in its true meaning does not mean pomp that feeds pride, or beauty that might be the craving of vanity, or power that is clutched by arrogance, or gifts that stir envy, but simply the image, and the mind, and the nearness, and the fruition of Jesus; so that the more glory you have, the more

thereby you resemble and understand and enjoy and magnify Him; and out of your own glory there comes also more to your Lord: is not this a reason for taking into your trembling lips something of the prayer that Jesus took into His? Well, there are three chief things that will affect our glory—suffering, knowledge, and sacrifice. Suffering, according to His will, and in fellowship with Him; knowledge, through the teaching of His Spirit, for it is eternal life to know Him, and the more we study Him here, the more we shall resemble Him there—“changed from glory into glory, even as by the spirit of the Lord;” sacrifice, out of love that adores Him, and surrenders all for Him, content with more of Himself as our best reward,—“Thou shalt have treasure in Heaven—follow me.”

Finally, cultivate the assurance of it as your true safeguard against sin, your best antidote for that corroding and enfeebling earthliness that taints and degrades us all, your sweetest consolation for those who have gone before and now sleep in Him, your

loftiest encouragement to work and wait till He returns.

Christ is risen; and He has gone to prepare a home for us. Oh, let us not live as if our life here had no end to it; let us not plot and plan, dig and build, hoard and enjoy, as if there were no inheritance laid up for us in heaven.

Christ is risen; and those that sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him, radiant in the bloom of an immortal youth, glowing with the freshness of a Divine perfection, loving us better than ever, because themselves utterly saturated with the dear love of God.

Christ is risen; and He is coming back. Let us “work while it is called to-day, for the night cometh, when no man can work.” Just wages, glad welcome, full harvest, rich glory, will He have for His servants, when He comes to reckon with them. Look to it, look to it, that you are His servants; both seeking His favour, and walking in His light, and expecting His return, and then,—“when Christ, who is our life, shall appear, then shall ye also appear with Him in glory.”

JOHN DUNCAN: THE ALFORD WEAVER AND BOTANIST.

BY WILLIAM JOLLY, H.M. INSPECTOR OF SCHOOLS.

PART II.

IT will be well, before returning to Droghda, briefly to narrate John Duncan's life.

He was born on the 24th of December, 1794, of poor parents, in Stonehaven, the county town of Kincardine. Not far off are the grand old ruins of Dunottar, on the old sea-cliff, with its interesting history and Covenanting memories. As a boy, he was small but active and athletic, and used to climb in through the windows of the old castle and spend many an hour there, alone or with companions, “rinnin' roond about,” as he said, “like a cat.” He received the little education he ever got, in a neighbouring school, but that was very small, as is still shown by the rude, though clear and creditable, style of his writing. He was early sent to work, and became a country weaver, which he has remained ever since. He married early in life, and had a son and two daughters. His children married, but they are all dead. His wife died more than thirty years ago, and he has lived a solitary life ever since, supporting himself by the small gains of his daily toil; and, though devoted

to out-door pursuits, has never failed to work for his bread. He was always fond of flowers; as he says, “I aye liket the bonnie things.” When a boy, he used to gather them along the beautiful green cliffs and braes of the old red conglomerate coast of the Mearns, which are covered with a rich and varied flora containing many sea-side species, which brighten the rocks, and scent the air with a fragrance ever remembered by those who have been privileged to range about these natural wilds, in childhood and youth. Though thus always fond of plants, he did not begin their scientific study till, in 1835, he made the acquaintance of his friend Charles Black, and caught from him the enthusiasm for such natural pursuits, which has been the sunshine of his life.

Charles Black is a remarkable man, with high natural endowments, of sterling worth, and great individuality of character—an excellent botanist, knowing intimately all our native plants; a good geologist, possessing a large gathering of fossils, and intelligently versed in the literature of Geology and its far-reaching problems; a capital ornithologist,

knowing all our native birds by plumage, flight, cry, and egg, and having an almost perfect collection of British eggs; a fair numismatist, with a remarkable collection of coins, home and foreign, ancient and modern, for a working man; an insatiable reader, especially in natural science and theology: in short, an ardent lover and student of beasts and birds and insects and plants, and not less of mankind.

In making the acquaintance of Charles Black, John Duncan came under the influence of a nature stronger than his own, and capable of moving him greatly and permanently for good. His affection for Charles is one of his strongest feelings, and remains to him now, in his solitariness, a perennial fountain of pure delight. I never mentioned Charles's name, but the old man's heart welled up into the moisture of the eye, and the thrill and even falter of the voice, which revealed depths of genuine affection. Though Charles was some twenty years younger than John, the two men entered into a covenant of friendship, of the diviner type, that has survived undimmed into old age.

Charles was a gardener, which pleasant æsthetic occupation, after a varied experience in many scenes, he still follows. He has been settled down, for many years, away beyond Dumfries, on the shores of the Solway, in sight of the mountains of Cumberland, while John has remained in the district where they first met. Both of them have numberless reminiscences of their long and happy intercourse in these earlier days, especially Charles; and, no doubt, had I known John sooner, before age had told on him as it has done, he would have been equally full of these old memories. For the old man delights to recall these pleasant times, and to tell stories about them, which he does with relish, humour, and picturesque detail, and with no little dramatic power; though now, in his old age, he may be too long-winded, perhaps, for the uninterested or unsympathetic.

John was introduced to Charles Black by letter from a mutual friend. He had already studied plants, but only for their practical uses as "herbs" for medical purposes, guided by Culpepper's "Herbal." At their first interview, Charles asked him if he knew any of the plants. John replied that he knew "most of the herbs," and could go out just then and lay his hand on them. Charles told him that he "had a surer way of finding them out" than by Culpepper's pictures, by help of Botany. That was John's first intro-

duction to the science. John eagerly inquired if he had a book to guide him in the work. Charles said he had, and asked if he would like to be shown the way to use it. John expressed his willingness; and there and then he began the study, which was to be the labour of his leisure and the sweetener and solace of his life, amidst not a few heavy sorrows.

They worked with ardour and success, made many a long excursion, climbed the hills round the Vale of Alford in search of plants, and gradually extended their knowledge of the subject.

The greatest difficulty with these poor and ardent students was, to obtain the requisite text-books for advancing in the subject and identifying the specimens when found; for "Hooker" was for them at a ransom price, being in two volumes, at something like a guinea a volume. One of John's stories of that period gives a vivid glimpse of the straits and shifts to which enthusiasm will be reduced, in pursuit of an object.

In the neighbourhood of Whitehouse, near Alford, where John and Charles at that time lived, a small public-house was kept by a worthy man, whose son had recently died of consumption, in the flower of his youth. This young man had been a gardener, evidently above the average of his class, and had, like themselves, entered on the scientific study of Botany. One of his employers, a gentleman in the district, observing his tendencies and wishing to assist him in such laudable and unusual pursuits, had generously presented him with both of Hooker's volumes. These and others of his books his father valued as mementos of his dead son, and he kept them carefully locked up in a drawer. If the two bookless students could only gain access to these precious works! The father would not lend them from fear of losing them, and John and Charles used to go to that tavern, and, over a gill of whisky, purchased for the good of the house, and as a kind of return for the kindness shown them, as well as, no doubt, for their own entertainment after the labours of the day, they got a look of the books as long and as often as they wished. And many a sixpence was spent, many a long and ardent hour passed, by the two men, poring over these hidden treasures of botanical lore.

Some time after this, the tavern-keeper and family removed to the colonies, and, for some reason, all his books were sold. John was at the sale, to watch the fate of the two memorable books, and, if possible, to rescue them from unappreciative hands; and they were

knocked down to him for the large sum of one shilling! So that each volume brought the price of one of the costly libations they used to pour to Bacchus—or shall we not rather say to Flora or Minerva?—to obtain a sight of them!

Having his time, as a home weaver, greatly in his own hands, John was able to command more leisure than Charles, who, as a servant, had his daily work to do, with the fewest of holidays, especially in those days. At every available opportunity, however, the two botanized together; but John took longer and wider excursions, and made increasing discoveries, which delighted both of them. Professor Dickie,* late professor of Botany in Aberdeen, about that time published a catalogue of plants found within a radius of fifteen miles of that city. Guided by this, John began a more systematic examination of the country, commencing with the coastline, which he then examined from Belhelvie, north of Aberdeen, to Portlethen, south of it; going up the Dee, by the Loch of Drum, to Tarland; conquering the Valley of the Don, up to near its source at Corgarf Castle, where he obtained one of his earliest finds of the plants unknown on the lower grounds, the *Vaccinium oxycoccos*, or cranberry, which he brought home in triumph, announcing the discovery to Charles in an odd "transmogrification" of the strange-looking name.

Charles's liking for Botany and John Duncan grew so great that, as he has told me, John "became as it were part of himself," and if he did not come up every evening, when at home, he felt a blank in the day; for they lived then only about a quarter of a mile distant. As Charles has often said of himself, he loved John "like a very brither." Whatever plants were found, whether in company or by John alone in his longer journeys during the summer, were pressed and kept in Charles's house; for they wisely used the summer chiefly for gathering plants. Then, during the long and happy winter nights, the two set themselves to discover them, with all the vigorous enthusiasm born of love for the plants and for each other; John being so eager that, winter as it was, he threw off his coat and shoes when the examination began, and worked in his shirt-sleeves and bare stockings! So very eager were these two students that, as Charles has told me, often did the dawn surprise them at

their pleasant labours. At that time, Charles did the chief part of the work of examination and arrangement, while John put them neatly in paper according to their classes. As Charles tells, "deftly did he do it," using the clean-washed floor to lay them on, the table being occupied by Charles.

Often, while thus occupied, they were so devotedly absorbed in the work that hours would pass without a single word being exchanged between them; as Charles says, "our heads and hearts were too full!" And who that has engaged, especially with a dear friend, in the same delightful work, among the plants they have gathered during the day, has not known the charms of like enthusiasm, and cannot vividly recall many a delightful hour so spent, as amongst the happiest of his life?

Would that such pursuits were commoner than they are among our people! Few things would do more to raise the intelligence and moral tone of the country, and save the memory many a blot, and the conscience many a pang. What an influence might not our schools exercise in kindling a love of science, and such employment of leisure! They have it in their power, and it is to be hoped that they will gradually rise to their high possibilities.

John's delight in returning to Charles after a more distant ramble with his bundle of treasures was something beautiful, as Charles has told me, his joy bursting out at the moment of meeting in some characteristic exclamation. He would then produce his specimens in succession, naming them not unfrequently (especially in his earlier efforts) by wonderful transformations of the technical terms, that raised many a merry laugh, and recounting, in humorous detail, the adventures he had had in search of them.

Many of John's experiences in his botanical rambles were entertaining and humorous, and exhibited his native shrewdness and keen appreciation of the ludicrous; but these it would be too long to tell in the present rapid sketch.

John was slow, it seems, but sure; and, through his ceaseless activity, soon gained a good knowledge and a practical mastery of the science. The Vale of Alford, Charles Black tells me, is very good for plants, though it contains nothing very rare. Ben-a-chie is also good in its lower reaches; on the higher they both found the *Rubus chamaemorus*, the cloud-berry or mountain strawberry, a rather uncommon sub-alpine plant, with a pale, large, luscious fruit—the only rare one they

* Author of a capital work, the "Flora of Aberdeen, Banff, and Kincardine," a pattern of what a local Flora ought to be in plan and exhaustiveness, and in generous acknowledgment of obligations.

ever found on it. That mountain was to them both, as Charles often says, "what Lochnagar was to Byron," and they often wandered over its slopes in search of plants. They had, therefore, round them a very good field for study, in a charming country.

Having to pursue the science at that time altogether unaided and alone, the difficulties they had frequently to encounter, in trying to decipher some of the more difficult and peculiar species, were very great, increased, of course, by the want of the microscope and other appliances of the more favoured botanical student. It took them two whole years, for instance, to discover the Grass of Parnassus (*Parnassia palustris*), which the unbotanical reader should understand is no grass at all, but a plant with a beautiful large white flower, which forms a sub-order by itself, and one that is very difficult for young botanists to make out. Charles Black found it out one wet Sunday, after long renewed examination; and the plant carries to both of them, independently of its great beauty, a certain delightful charm, which only those can understand who have tasted the like joy of discovery, after long-protracted search.

Charles removed to different parts of the country more or less distant, but they had frequent happy meetings, when they compared notes and helped each other onwards in the more advanced and thorny portions of their studies. These meetings were a special pleasure to the one who, remaining behind, had fewer opportunities of seeing the world. John used to look forward to them with keenest anticipation, for the pleasures of friendship, the pursuit of Botany, and the knowledge of things, his mental appetite being unusually strong and omnivorous. As he said, in speaking of these reunions, "Ah, man, Charlie was awfu' fine at telling stories, when he cam' hame!" And he was right, for Charles Black has a gift in that way, and he had "mony a fairlie" to tell about; for had he not been away in Edinburgh and seen the world south of the "Cairn-o'-Munt"?* Meantime John remained at home, winning his bread at the weaver's beam, and gradually perfecting his knowledge of the flora of the district. Having by-and-by greatly accomplished this, he was seized with a strong desire to know more of the botany of Scotland, and to see more of its scenery and the world. But how was this to be accomplished?

He had a house and family to provide for by Don-side, and his employers were round him at home. He could not, therefore, wander about like an unmarried man, taking employment where he could find it. What was to be done, for the thirst was strong upon him? The plan he took was simple and successful. The cutting of grain in harvest was then performed almost altogether by the sickle, though the scythe was also used; for Bell had not yet dreamt of his wonderful reaping-machine, in the quiet manse at Carmyllie, which has caused such a revolution in old country habits and ways of work. It was then customary for many persons to go to different parts of the country, and hire themselves as harvesters for the season, returning at the beginning of winter, with improved health and a heavier purse, which helped to pay the rent and provide some of the milder luxuries. John determined to "gae to the hairst"* in various parts of the country. In this way, by selecting a different place every year, he traversed the greater part of Scotland, winning a needed penny, gaining health, seeing the country, increasing his knowledge of men and things, and gradually conquering, in detail, the botany of his native land. By this means, he has visited most places between Banff and the Border, on to Glasgow in the west. He has never been into Ayr or Galloway, or into the Highlands west of Banffshire, which was his utmost limit to the north. He visited Edinburgh—a memorable thing, for there he saw the beautiful capital, and Charles, who was then employed in the Botanical Gardens, and the students working under the Professor of Botany; and there he made acquaintance with many new and rare plants, and the grand vegetation of the tropics. During these yearly visits to different regions, the main object was the pursuit of his favourite science, the love of which continued steadily to grow with the food it fed on and his increasing grasp of its principles and technicalities. Many were the adventures he had in his search for plants, and curious the company he had often to associate with. These he delighted, like a wandering sailor from foreign parts, to recount to his wondering friends by the quiet Don.

Every year, when the snow began to powder Ben-a-chie, he would return home with a happy burden of dried specimens. He also brought some of the rarer living plants, which he used to place in suitable spots near his house. He thus not only gradually perfected

* The Cairn-of-Mount, a hill in the Grampians, over which a carriage-road passes between Banchory and Fettercairn, in Kincardine, then the great highway from Upper Dee and Don-side to the south.

* To go to the harvest.

his herbarium, but gathered round him pleasant mementos of his wanderings, in the plants carried from far, which he tended with religious care.

In this way, by unwearied study of the plants wherever he went, and of the numerous books he continued to get on the science itself—for he now possesses a remarkable collection of works on Botany, purchased with his own hard-earned savings—he gradually acquired an extensive knowledge of the science, and of the flora of Scotland. He has also been successful in discovering some of the rarer plants of the country.* John has, however, not discovered any of our very rarest species, because he has never visited the higher mountains where only these are found. All his rarer specimens are sub-alpine.

Though little understood by his neighbours, and inclined himself to a quiet, retired life, John has had some youthful disciples, whom he imbued with a love for the science, and whose studies he assisted; but these were only from his immediate neighbourhood. When John and I were in the ditcher's house with whom John boards, and he deprecated, as is sometimes his wont, any such influence over others, the good-wife broke out, "Noo, John, I maun tell on ye; ye hae had

* The following may be mentioned, furnished to me by the Rev. Thomas Bell of Keig, after looking over John's broken specimens:—The *Pyrola secunda* and *rotundifolia* (the serrate, and the round-leaved, winter green), both uncommon varieties; *Linnaea borealis* (the two-flowered Linnaea), a rare and pretty plant which bears the name of the great botanist; *Goodyera repens* (the creeping Goodyera), named after an English botanist, and not very common; *Listera cordata* (the heart-leaved twayblade), to which another botanist has given name; *Vaccinium vitis-Idaea* and *uliginosum* (the cowberry, and the great bilberry); *Arctostaphylos uva-ursi* (the red bearberry); *Genista Anglica* (the needle whin). It is now impossible to make a complete list of the plants found by John Duncan.

scholars, and a wheen o' them. There was my ain son-in-law, noo in Aberdeen, and that clever loon doon the road there, noo a grand teacher awa in England, wha baith mony a day used to come to you wi' their bit floors and girses;* and mony a lauch I hae hain at ye a', as ye stud at the door there, in the gloaming, looking at the unco' things, and gabbin' ower them to nae end!"

The students from Aberdeen in their botanical excursions used sometimes to call on John, and he has led them, on occasions, to the spots where the rarer species grew. But "puir fallows," said he, "they cu'd na stand my walkin' at a'; they had ower thin boots. I was aye a grand walker. But fat cu'd you expect frae thae young loons?"

John knew and used to visit Professor Dickie, the Professor of Botany at Aberdeen, when he had found a new or rarer plant, and the professor, who seems to have appreciated the old man's enthusiasm and knowledge, asked John to visit him when in town, and often invited him to tea; though he never called on him at Droghsburn.

But so little known is the old man even in his own district, that I met an intelligent schoolmaster, and a merchant in large business, long located in the Vale of Alford, neither of whom had ever heard of him!

Thus for more than forty years in the neighbourhood of Alford, and for some twenty-five years in his present house, John Duncan has lived, a country weaver, and student of Botany, with quiet unobtrusiveness, known only to a few friends and acquaintances, solitary but contented.

* Flowers and grasses.

THE FRIENDSHIP OF CHRIST.

BY PROFESSOR CANDLISH, D.D.

IN his farewell discourses with his disciples before His death, our Lord gave them for their encouragement and consolation many great and precious promises; and as the seal and pledge of them all he pointed to that very death that He was about to endure, and that caused their grief and dismay. When they came to understand its meaning, that laying down of His life would be to them the strongest proof of the depth and tenderness of His love and of the close union of friendship between Him and them. The greatness of love is seen by what it moves him who feels it to do for those who are its objects. If there is no need or room

for doing anything for the loved ones, there can be no manifestation of the greatness of the love. But in general love will find something to do or to give; where it is in truth it will also be in deed, and not in word or tongue only (1 John iii. 18). Thus, in proportion to the greatness and costliness of what love does, is it seen to be great. To bestow a small gift or do a trifling service that costs but little, is of itself but a slight display of love; to give a large and costly boon shows proportionally more; and when one spends time, labour, money for another he gives a greater proof of love than by the most valuable gift that costs him little; still

more if he sacrifices comfort, health, good name, the affection of friends, for the sake of others. But beyond and above all these is life itself. "All that a man hath will he give for his life." When that is in danger all things else instantly sink in the scale of value, and we are ready to sacrifice them all. True, there are some things more precious than life, and for which it is well lost—truth and right, a good conscience, and the favour of God; but these are not ours to dispose of, and we are not at liberty to give them for a friend any more than for our own life. It still remains true that of the things that may be given for another, life is the most precious; it includes all the rest, for it is only after having given or offered all things else that, if these will not suffice, a generous friend will give, if need be, life itself for another. That is the supreme effort of love crowning all that had gone before. There have not been wanting in the world's history some beautiful examples of love, reaching even to the last and highest degree, and proving itself strong as death; nay, it has been said even by a heathen moralist, that the chief reason for having a friend is to have one for whom I may die, whom I may follow into exile, for whose life I may give or offer my own. Jonathan loved David even as his own soul, and risked his life for him, when, by speaking on his behalf, he exposed himself to his father's javelin (1 Sam. xx. 32, 33).

"Wealth, pleasure, ease, all thought of self resign'd,
What will not man encounter for mankind?
Behold him now unbar the prison door,
And, lifting guilt, contagion from the floor,
To peace, and health, and light, and life restore!
Now in Thermopylae remain to share
Death, nor look back nor turn a footstep there,
Leaving his story to the birds of air!
And now, like Pylades, in heaven they write
Names such as his in characters of white,
Long with his friend in generous enmity
Pleading, insisting in his place to die!"

Such examples of disinterested, self-sacrificing love are among the brightest and most cheering things in the annals of our race. The authentic instances are as rare as they are beautiful.

Now it was this highest possible proof of love that Jesus gave. He laid down His life for us. The blessings that He bestows are not things that cost Him nothing. He gave all that man can give for his fellows, even to life itself. He lived a life of poverty and hardship, of toil and dishonour, of suffering and woe, and he ended it by a death of agony and shame. All this course of labour and suffering in life and death he undertook and carried through entirely for our sakes, and out of love to us. Nothing but our miserable perishing state occasioned His coming,

and nothing but His own infinite heart of love moved Him to have such a care for us. Well might He say of His love thus shown, "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends" (John xv. 13).

But why does Jesus speak of those for whom He laid down His life as being His friends, and describe that as the greatest possible love, when we find the Apostle Paul in one place (Rom. v. 6—8) dwelling upon the greatness of that love as shown in its being, not for good or even righteous men, but for sinners and enemies, that Christ died? Does it not show a still greater love than that mentioned here, when one dies, as Christ really did, for his enemies? Our Lord does not mean by the use of this word to say anything different from Paul as to their character and disposition, when He set His love on them to lay down His life for them. They were animated with no friendly feelings towards Him, till he first loved them; they had not chosen Him, but He had chosen them. If they were clean now, it was only through the word that He had spoken to them; and even yet without Him they could do nothing. Such is the view that He gives in this very discourse of their natural state and character; and it is entirely in accordance with that on which Paul founds his estimate of the transcendent love of God. To all intents that could enhance the greatness of His love, they were enemies rather than friends, not good or amiable in themselves, not righteous or well-deserving towards Him, but sinners, without moral strength, ungodly.

But it was not our Lord's wish at such a time to dwell upon this view of the case; He would not even seem to be reproaching them with their unworthiness; it was more becoming that that aspect of the greatness of His love should be brought out by one of the sinners themselves, for whom He died, and who spoke from a deep personal sense of his unworthiness of such love. But there is another element of greatness in it, that could not be so convincingly expressed by any lips but His own. For while, on the side of man, the greatness of His love is not fully seen unless we remember that they for whom He died were not friends, but foes, *i.e.* that they had no friendship for Him, but the opposite; yet on the side of God we do not enter into the depth and tenderness of His love unless we consider that they for whom He laid down His life were His friends, *i.e.* that he had a real friendship and friendly love

for them, and that He not only gave Himself for them, but gives Himself to them to be their friend.

It is possible to give much, and even life itself, for another, and yet not really to regard or treat him as a friend. A man might see an enemy who had sorely wronged and injured him shipwrecked in a stormy sea and perishing in the waters; and moved with compassion and out of a sense of duty, he might plunge in amid the foaming waves, and, at the risk of his own life, bring his enemy safe to the shore. It could not be denied that he had risked his life for him, and so done him the very greatest service at the very greatest sacrifice possible. But if, on returning to the shore, he still retained his resentment against him and refused to regard him as a friend or to receive his proffered hand, could it be said that he had shown to him the greatest possible love? Such a case is, perhaps, not easily conceivable among men, but it might have been imagined that Christ, the Son of God, being so infinitely exalted above us, might have saved us, even at the cost of His own life, simply out of compassion for perishing creatures, but without such a real personal affection as would make us His friends.

But such is not Christ's feeling for those whom He saves. He finds them enemies, but He makes them friends; and though they regard Him as their enemy, He counts them as His friends, and proves Himself a friend to them—yea, a friend that sticketh closer than a brother. It seems almost a more marvellous proof of love even than the sacrifice of His life itself, that it was given out of real personal love as for friends; and this is the aspect of that love brought out by our Lord, speaking of laying down His life for His friends. But who could have assured us of this but Himself, since it is the very feeling of His own heart that makes it so marvellous? And what more fitting time could there be for Him to disclose that feeling than when He spoke these words, in the circle of His chosen disciples, on the very eve of His death for them? Who can doubt that He poured forth His very heart of hearts at such a time, when His whole mien and bearing and conduct indicated the most real and personal love for those around Him, and when He was equally mindful and concerned for all who should hereafter believe through their word. Oh, how blessed to have such an expression from His own lips of the love He bears to those for whom He laid down His life!

Nor need any think that this narrows and restricts the number of those for whom He died, and makes it doubtful or impossible to tell whether I personally am one of them. It does nothing of the sort, but rather the reverse. If only you will be content not to pry into the secret things which belong to the Lord our God, but to deal with the things that He has revealed, the door is open to you and to all. For what is it that is revealed? Is it not just this great, gracious, loving Saviour who is offering Himself to you as your friend? It is with Himself that you have to do, and not, in the first place, at least, with His work. He is inviting you to come to Him, that you may have rest and relief and eternal life. Can you not take Him at His word, and accept His offered friendship? and then you may be certain that you are among the friends for whom He laid down His life. Or are you afraid that, though you trust Him and love Him, He may not love you? Nay, perish the unworthy thought! for does He not say, "I love them that love me, and they that seek me early shall find me"?

But wherever this friendship is really formed there will, as a natural result, be on the part of the disciple an obedience to Christ. This wondrous love, if it be really received and felt, cannot but awaken love in us in return; we love, because he first loved us. And that love will show itself in obedience. In many cases love may show itself in the way of spontaneous, unasked service—as when it goes forth to those who are in want or distress or danger, when the very sight or knowledge of the sad condition they are in at once suggests and prompts what love may do for them. But it is not so when the object of our love is one far above us who stands in no need of our help or relief. In what way can love show itself towards such a one but by doing what we know would please Him, what He has bid us do?

Such, then, is the way in which love to Christ must show itself; for He is gone into heaven, and is now at the right hand of God, where is fulness of joy and pleasures for evermore. While he was with them on the earth the disciples might show their affection by actual services prompted by thoughtful and spontaneous love; but now He was going from them, and He tells them that the only way they can do so henceforth would be by doing what He commands them, "Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you" (John xv. 14). There seems to be intended not so much

a general precept as a special reference to that one particular command that Christ had given just before (v. 12), and repeats again immediately after (v. 17), "That ye love one another." This it is especially that He commands us and would have us do if we are His friends. For He has other friends on the earth besides us, and they often stand in need of our help; yea, there is no one of our fellow-men who is not, or may not become, His friend. The most degraded and vile He will welcome to His friendship, if only they will receive it. Whatever is done to them, or to any, for His sake, He counts as done to Him, and receives as a welcome proof of love on the part of His friends.

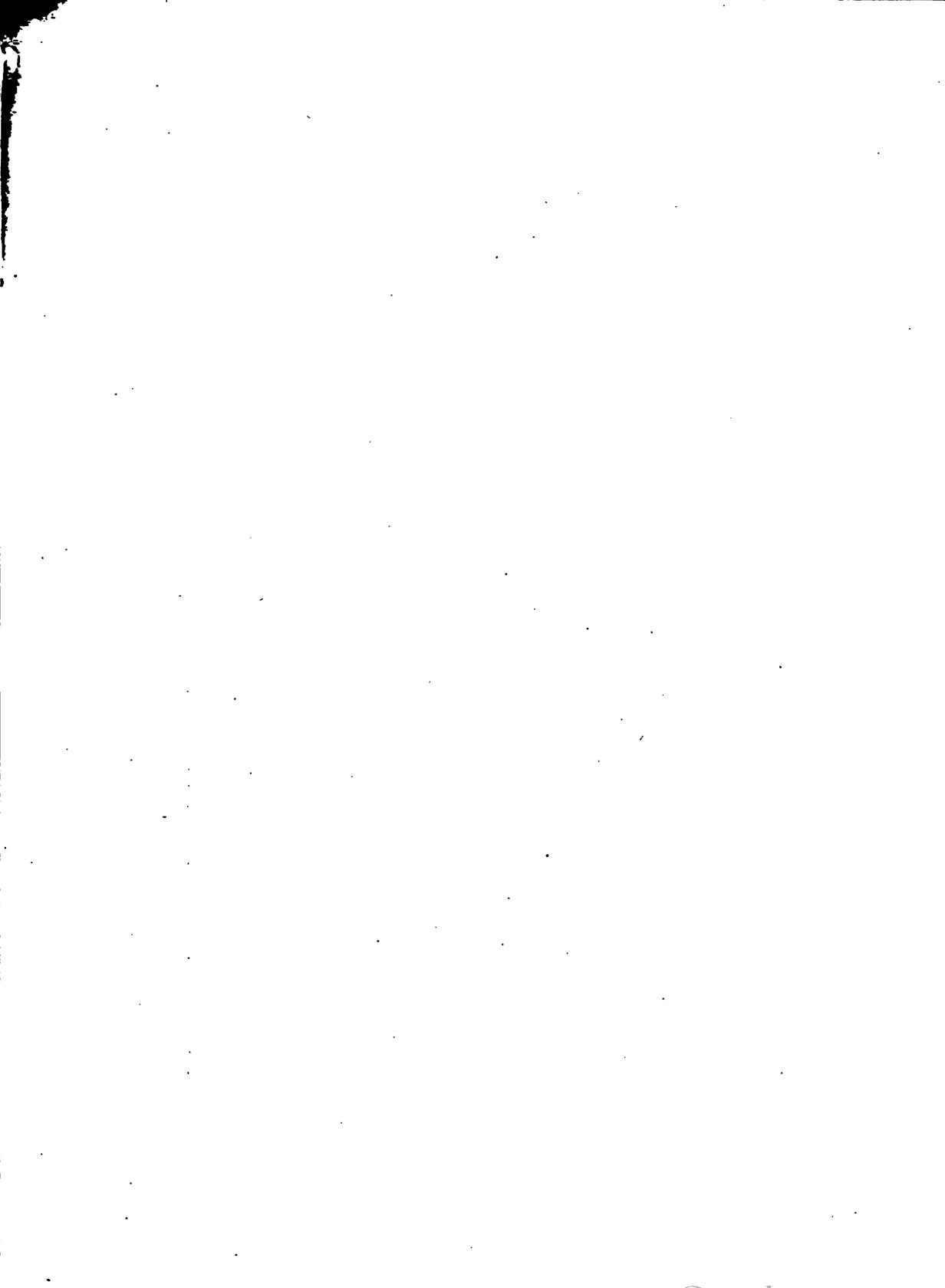
Here, then, is the channel through which the gratitude and love awakened in the saved soul by the matchless love of Christ finds its right and adequate outlet, to flow forth in streams of blessing on the world; here is the way in which we may show ourselves to be indeed friends of Him who laid down His life for His friends; for "by this," said He, "shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another." Here there is scope for the utmost freedom and spontaneity in the offices or services of love done to our fellow-men for the sake of Christ, and yet, on the whole, we are simply taking our right position of humility, merely obeying, doing what He commands us. Here there is room for the utmost multitude and variety in the actual things done, according to the endless differences in the need of our brethren and our power to help, so that even the weakest and meanest may do something; and yet there is a oneness in what they are all doing, so that none may be elated with pride nor any unduly depressed, since, whether you are called and enabled to do much or little for Christ, you are all alike doing, out of love to Him, as His friends, what He commands.

Ah, when we think that His commandment is to love one another, to love after the manner of His love for us, we may well be filled with despondency and dismay at the difficulty of the task. Who is sufficient for such things? may be our cry. Alas! can we, into whose thoughts and affections self intrudes so much, who are so often prevailed upon by indolence and sloth, by the dislike of labour and the love of ease and pleasure, to neglect our duty or indulge in sin, whose hearts are so apt to be turned against our brethren by dislike or prejudice, anger or revenge, envy or jealousy—how can such as we feel habitually and constantly love to our

brethren after the pattern of His who laid down life for His friends? The commandment is too high, the virtue it requires too heavenly for us! Yes, it is indeed high and heavenly: it is no mean or common thing that Jesus asks of His friends. He did not come down from heaven, and suffer and die for sinners, merely that we might do what is easy for flesh and blood. So great a love was manifested and so great a sacrifice made, just that we might be raised to great and high things. God descended that we might rise. It is the very glory and excellence of Christianity that it introduces such a high standard of duty as the aim of our life. But if Christ gives us a new commandment, He also, in the first place, makes a new revelation of love, and puts us in a new relation of friendship, and gives us a new heart, to enable us to keep it. The lofty precepts of the gospel should not terrify us or cast us down in despair; rather they should raise and encourage us, for they show what great things Christ considers redeemed and renewed human nature to be capable of doing. Only let us not dream that we can do what He commands unless or until we first of all are His friends, receiving that love that He has so marvellously shown and so freely offers, and feeling its infinite greatness and power as a motive to obedience.

If, then, you perceive the greatness of this requirement, and yet at the same time feel, as He would have you to feel, a holy ambition and aspiration to reach even so high an ideal, then see to it that you are really His friends, that you have accepted and are ever looking to Him as your friend; seek to feel and to have ever abiding with you a sense of the greatness of that love of His; let that be shed abroad in your hearts by the Holy Ghost given unto you; and then you will have a constraining motive urging you to do what He commands, and though His commands are indeed high, you will find that while you have His friendship they are not grievous. Abide in His love, and that will make all His precepts light and pleasant. "He that abideth in me," He says, "and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit." Alas, that we are so weak in faith, by which we should abide in Christ! therefore it is that we come so far short in the love which should make us do what He commands.

"Oh for grace our hearts to soften!
Teach us, Lord, at length to love!
We, alas! forget too often
What a friend we have above:
But when home our souls are brought,
We will love thee as we ought."





“MACLEOD OF DARE.”

MACLEOD OF DARE.*

BY WILLIAM BLACK, AUTHOR OF "MADCAP VIOLET," "A PRINCESS OF THULE," ETC.

CHAPTER XX.—OTTER-SKINS.

"AH, pappy," said Miss Gertrude White to her father—and she pretended to sigh as she spoke—"this is a change indeed."

They were driving up to the gate of the small cottage in South Bank. It was the end of October. In the gardens they passed the trees were almost bare, though such leaves as hung sparsely on the branches of the chestnuts and maples were ablaze with russet and gold in the misty sunshine.

"In another week," she continued, "there will not be a leaf left. I dare say there is not a single geranium in the garden. All hands on deck to pipe a farewell.

Ihr Matten, lebt wohl,
Ihr sonnigen Weiden
Der Senne muss scheiden,
Der Sommer ist hin.

Farewell to the blue mountains of Newcastle, and the sunlit valleys of Liverpool, and the silver waterfalls of Leeds; the summer is indeed over; and a very nice and pleasant summer we have had of it."

The flavour of sarcasm running through this affected sadness vexed Mr. White, and he answered sharply—

"I think you have little reason to grumble over a tour which has so distinctly added to your reputation."

"I was not aware," said she, with a certain careless sauciness of manner, "that an actress was allowed to have a reputation—at least, there are always plenty of people anxious enough to take it away."

"Gertrude," said he sternly, "what do you mean by this constant carping? Do you wish to cease to be an actress? or, what in all the world do you want?"

"To cease to be an actress?" she said with a mild wonder, and with the sweetest of smiles, as she prepared to get out of the open door of the cab. "Why, don't you know, pappy, that a leopard cannot change his spots, or an Ethiopian his skin? Take care of the step, dear. That's right. Come here, Marie, and give the cabman a hand with this portmanteau."

Miss White was not grumbling at all—but on the contrary was quite pleasant and cheerful—when she entered the small house and found herself once more at home.

"Oh, Carry," she said, when her sister followed her into her room, "you don't

know what it is to get back home after having been bandied from one hotel to another hotel, and from one lodging-house to another lodging-house, for goodness knows how long."

"Oh, indeed," said Miss Carry, with such marked coldness that her sister turned to her.

"What is the matter with you?"

"What is the matter with *you*?" the younger sister retorted, with sudden fire. "Do you know that your letters to me have been quite disgraceful?"

"You are crazed, child—you wrote something about it the other day—I could not make out what you meant," said Miss White; and she went to the glass to see that the beautiful brown hair had not been too much disarranged by the removal of her bonnet.

"It is you are crazed, Gertrude White," said Carry, who had apparently picked up from some melodrama the notion that it was rather effective to address a person by her full name; "I am really ashamed of you—that you should have let yourself be bewitched by a parcel of beasts' skins. I declare that your ravings about the Highlands, and fairies, and trash of that sort, have been only fit for a penny journal—"

Miss White turned and stared—as well she might. This indignant person of fourteen had flashing eyes and a visage of wrath. The pale, calm, elder sister only remarked, in that deep-toned and gentle voice of hers—

"Your language is pretty considerably strong, Carry. I don't know what has aroused such a passion in you. Because I wrote to you about the Highlands? Because I sent you that collection of legends? Because it seemed to me, when I was in a wretched hotel in some dirty town, I would rather be away yachting or driving with some one of the various parties of people whom I know, and who had mostly gone to Scotland this year? If you are jealous of the Highlands, Carry, I will undertake to root out the name of every mountain and lake that has got hold of my affections."

She was turning away again, with a quiet smile on her face, when her younger sister arrested her.

"What's that?" said she, so sharply, and extending her forefinger so suddenly, that Gertrude almost shrank back.

"What's what?" she said in dismay—

* The right of translation is reserved.

fearing perhaps to hear of an adder being on her shoulder.

"You know perfectly well," said Miss Carry, vehemently, "it is the Macleod tartan!"

Now the truth was that Miss White's travelling dress was of an unrelieved grey; the only scrap of colour about her costume being a tiny thread of tartan ribbon that just showed in front of her collar.

"The Macleod tartan?" said the elder sister, demurely. "And what if it were the Macleod tartan?"

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Gerty! There was quite enough occasion for people to talk in the way he kept coming here—and now you make a parade of it—you ask people to look at you wearing a badge of servitude—you say, 'Oh, here I am; and I am quite ready to be your wife when you ask me, Sir Keith Macleod!'"

There was no flush of anger in the fair and placid face; but rather a look of demure amusement in the downcast eyes.

"Dear me, Carry," said she, with great innocence, "the profession of an actress must be looking up in public estimation when such a rumour as that could even get into existence. And so people have been so kind as to suggest that Sir Keith Macleod, the representative of one of the oldest and proudest families in the kingdom, would not be above marrying a poor actress who has her living to earn, and who is supported by the half-crowns and half-sovereigns of the public? And indeed I think it would look very well to have him loitering about the stage-doors of provincial theatres until his wife should be ready to come out; and would he bring his gillies, and keepers, and head-foresters, and put them into the pit to applaud her? Really, the rôle you have cut out for a Highland gentleman——"

"A Highland gentleman!" exclaimed Carry. "A Highland pauper! But you are quite right, Gerty, to laugh at the rumour. Of course it is quite ridiculous. It is quite ridiculous to think that an actress whose fame is all over England—who is sought after by everybody, and the popularest favourite ever seen—would give up everything and go away and marry an ignorant Highland savage, and look after his calves and his cows and hens for him. That is indeed ridiculous, Gerty."

"Very well, then, put it out of your mind, and never let me hear another word about it," said the popularest favourite, as she undid the bit of tartan ribbon, "and if it is

any great comfort to you to know, this is not the Macleod tartan, but the MacDougal tartan, and you may put it in the fire if you like."

Saying which she threw the bit of costume which had given so great offence on the table. The discomfited Carry looked at it, but would not touch it. At last she said—

"Where are the skins, Gerty?"

"Near Castle Dare," answered Miss White, turning to get something else for her neck, "there is a steep hill, and the road comes over it. When you climb to the top of the hill and sit down, the fairies will carry you right to the bottom, if you are in a proper frame of mind. But they won't appear at all unless you are at peace with all men. I will show you the skins when you are in a proper frame of mind, Carry."

"Who told you that story?" she asked quickly.

"Sir Keith Macleod," the elder sister said without thinking.

"Then he has been writing to you?"

"Certainly."

She marched out of the room. Gertrude White, unconscious of the fierce rage she had aroused, carelessly proceeded with her toilette, trying now one flower and now another in the ripples of her sun-brown hair, but finally discarding these half-withered things for a narrow band of blue velvet.

"Three score of nobles rode up the king's ha'";

she was humming thoughtlessly to herself as she stood with her hands uplifted to her head, revealing the beautiful lines of her figure,

"But bonnie Glenogie's the flower o' them a';
Wi' his milk-white steed and his coal-black e'e:
Glenogie, dear mither, Glenogie for me!"

At length she had finished, and was ready to proceed to her immediate work of overhauling domestic affairs. When Keith Macleod was struck by the exceeding neatness and perfection of arrangement in this small house, he was in nowise the victim of any stage-effect. Gertrude White was at all times and in all seasons a precise and accurate house-mistress. Harassed, as an actress must often be, by other cares; sometimes exhausted with hard work; perhaps tempted now and again by the self-satisfaction of a splendid triumph to let meaner concerns go unheeded; all the same she allowed nothing to interfere with her domestic duties.

"Gerty," her father said impatiently to her a day or two before they left London for the provinces, "what is the use of your

going down to these stores yourself? Surely you can send Jane or Marie. You really waste far too much time over the veriest trifles: how can it matter what sort of mustard we have?"

"And, indeed, I am glad to have something to convince me that I am a human being and a woman," she had said instantly, "something to be myself in. I believe Providence intended me to be the manager of a Swiss hotel."

This was one of the first occasions on which she had revealed to her father that she had been thinking a good deal about her lot in life, and was perhaps beginning to doubt whether the struggle to become a great and famous actress was the only thing worth living for. But he paid little attention to it at the time. He had a vague impression that it was scarcely worth discussing about. He was pretty well convinced that his daughter was clever enough to argue herself into any sort of belief about herself, if she should take some fantastic notion into her head. It was not until that night in Manchester that he began to fear there might be something serious in these expressions of discontent.

On this bright October morning Miss Gertrude White was about to begin her domestic inquiries, and was leaving her room humming cheerfully to herself something about the bonnie Glenogie of the song, when she was again stopped by her sister, who was carrying a bundle.

"I have got the skins," she said gloomily. "Jane took them out."

"Will you look at them?" the sister said kindly. "They are very pretty. If they were not a present, I would give them to you, to make a jacket of them."

"I wear them?" said she. "Not likely!"

Nevertheless she had sufficient womanly curiosity to let her elder sister open the parcel; and then she took up the otter-skins one by one, and looked at them.

"I don't think much of them," she said.

The other bore this taunt patiently.

"They are only big moles, aren't they? And I thought moleskin was only worn by working people."

"I am a working person too," Miss Gertrude White said, "but in any case I think a jacket of these skins will look lovely."

"Oh, do you think so? Well, you can't say much for the smell of them."

"It is no more disagreeable than the smell of a seal-skin jacket."

She laid down the last of the skins, with some air of disdain.

"It will be a nice series of trophies, any way—showing you know some one who goes about spending his life in killing inoffensive animals."

"Poor Sir Keith Macleod! What has he done to offend you, Carry?"

Miss Carry turned her head away for a minute; but presently she boldly faced her sister.

"Gerty, you don't mean to marry a beauty man?"

Gerty looked considerably puzzled; but her companion continued vehemently—

"How often have I heard you say you would never marry a beauty man—a man who has been brought up in front of the looking-glass—who is far too well satisfied with his own good looks to think of anything or anybody else! Again and again you have said that, Gertrude White. You told me, rather than marry a self-satisfied coxcomb, you would marry a misshapen ugly little man, so that he would worship you all the days of your life for your condescension and kindness."

"Very well, then!"

"And what is Sir Keith Macleod but a beauty man?"

"He is not!" and for once the elder sister betrayed some feeling in the proud tone of her voice. "He is the manliest-looking man that I have ever seen; and I have seen a good many more men than you. There is not a man you know whom he could not throw across the canal down there. Sir Keith Macleod a beauty man!—I think he could take on a good deal more polishing, and curling, and smoothing without any great harm. If I was in any danger, I know which of all the men I have seen I would rather have in front of me—with his arms free; and I don't suppose he would be thinking of any looking-glass! If you want to know about the race he represents, read English history, and the story of England's wars. If you go to India, or China, or Africa, or the Crimea, you will hear something about the Macleods, I think!"

Carry began to cry.

"You silly thing, what is the matter with you?" Gertrude White exclaimed; but of course her arm was round her sister's neck.

"It is true, then."

"What is true?"

"What people say."

"What do people say?"

"That you will marry Sir Keith Macleod."

"Carry!" she said angrily, "I can't imagine who has been repeating such idiotic stories to you. I wish people would mind their own business. Sir Keith Macleod marry me!—"

"Do you mean to say he has never asked you?" Carry said, disengaging herself, and fixing her eyes on her sister's face.

"Certainly not!" was the decided answer; but all the same Miss Gertrude White's forehead and cheeks flushed slightly.

"Then you know that he means to—and that is why you have been writing to me, day after day, about the romance of the Highlands, and fairy stories, and the pleasure of people who could live without caring for the public. Oh, Gerty, why won't you be frank with me, and let me know the worst at once?"

"If I gave you a box on the ears," she said, laughing, "that would be the worst at once; and I think it would serve you right for listening to such tittle-tattle and letting your head be filled with nonsense. Haven't you sufficient sense to know that you ought not to compel me to speak of such a thing—absurd as it is? I cannot go on denying that I am about to become the wife of Tom, Dick, or Harry; and you know the stories that have been going about for years past. Who was I last? The wife of a Russian nobleman who gambled away all my earnings at Homburg. You are fourteen now, Carry; you should have more sense."

Miss Carry dried her eyes; but she mournfully shook her head. There were the otter-skins lying on the table. She had seen plenty of the absurd paragraphs about her sister which good-natured friends had cut out of provincial and foreign papers and forwarded to the small family at South Bank. But the mythical Russian nobleman had never sent a parcel of otter-skins. These were palpable and not to be explained away. She sorrowfully left the room, unconvinced.

And now Miss Gertrude White set to work with a will; and no one who was only familiar with her outside her own house would have recognised in this shifty, practical, industrious person, who went so thoroughly into all the details of the small establishment, the lady who, when she went abroad among the gaieties of the London season, was so eagerly sought after, and flattered, and petted, and made the object of all manner of delicate attentions. Her father, who suspected that her increased devotion to these domestic duties was but part of that rebellious spirit she had recently betrayed, had nevertheless

to confess that there was no one but herself whom he could trust to arrange his china and dust his curiosities. And how could he resent her giving instructions to the cook, when it was his own dinner that profited thereby?

"Well, Gerty," he said that evening after dinner, "what do you think about Mr. ——'s offer? It is very good-natured of him to let you have the ordering of the drawing-room scene; for you can have the furniture and the colour to suit your own costume."

"Indeed I shall have nothing whatever to do with it," said she promptly. "The furniture at home is enough for me. I don't wish to become the upholsterer of a theatre."

"You are very ungrateful then. Half the effect of a modern comedy is lost because the people appear in rooms which resemble nothing at all that people ever lived in. Here is a man who gives you *carte blanche* to put a modern drawing-room on the stage; and your part would gain infinitely from having real surroundings. I consider it a very flattering offer."

"And perhaps it is, pappy," said she, "but I think I do enough if I get through my own share of the work. And it is very silly of him to want me to introduce a song into this part too. He knows I can't sing——"

"Gerty!" her sister said.

"Oh, you know as well as I. I can get through a song well enough in a room; but I have not enough voice for a theatre; and although he says it is only to make the drawing-room scene more realistic—and that I need not sing to the front—that is all nonsense. I know what it is meant for—to catch the gallery. Now I refuse to sing for the gallery."

This was decided enough.

"What was the song you put into your last part, Gerty?" her sister asked. "I saw something in the papers about it."

"It was a Scotch one, Carry—I don't think you know it."

"I wonder it was not a Highland one," her sister said rather spitefully.

"Oh, I have a whole collection of Highland ones now—would you like to hear one? Would you, pappy?"

She went and fetched the book, and opened the piano.

"It is an old air that belonged to Scarba," she said, and then she sang, simply and pathetically enough, the somewhat stiff and cumbrous English translation of the Gaelic words. It was the song of the exiled Mary Macleod, who, sitting on the shores of "sea-

worn Mull," looks abroad on the lonely islands of Scarba, and Islay, and Jura, and laments that she is far away from her own home.

"How do you like it, pappy?" she said, when she had finished. "It is a pity I do not know the Gaelic. They say that when the chief heard these verses repeated, he let the old woman go back to her own home."

One of the two listeners, at all events, did not seem to be particularly struck by the pathos of Mary Macleod's lament. She walked up to the piano.

"Where did you get that book, Gerty?" she said in a firm voice.

"Where?" said the other, innocently. "In Manchester, I think it was, I bought it."

But before she had made the explanation, Miss Carry, convinced that this, too, had come from her enemy, had seized the book and turned to the title-page. Neither on title-page nor on fly-leaf, however, was there any inscription.

"Did you think it had come with the otter-skins, Carry?" the elder sister said, laughing; and the younger one retired, baffled and chagrined, but none the less resolved that before Gertrude White completely gave herself up to this blind infatuation for a savage country and for one of its worthless inhabitants, she would have to run the gauntlet of many a sharp word of warning and reproach.

CHAPTER XXI.—IN LONDON AGAIN.

ON through the sleeping counties rushed the train—passing woods, streams, fertile valleys, and clustering villages all palely shrouded in the faint morning mist that had a sort of suffused and hidden sunlight in it: the world had not yet awoke. But Macleod knew that, ere he reached London, people would be abroad; and he almost shrank from meeting the look of these thousands of eager faces. Would not some of them guess his errand? Would he not be sure to run against a friend of hers—an acquaintance of his own? It was with a strange sense of fear that he stepped out and on to the platform at Euston Station; he glanced up and down: if she were suddenly to confront his eyes! A day or two ago it seemed as if innumerable leagues of ocean lay between him and her, so that the heart grew sick with thinking of the distance; now that he was in the same town with her he felt so close to her that he could almost hear her breathe.

Major Stewart had enjoyed a sound night's rest, and was now possessed of quite enough good spirits and loquacity for two. He

scarcely observed the silence of his companion. Together they rattled away through this busy, eager, immense throng, until they got down to the comparative quiet of Bury Street; and here they were fortunate enough to find not only that Macleod's old rooms were unoccupied, but that his companion could have the corresponding chambers on the floor above. They changed their attire; had breakfast; and then proceeded to discuss their plans for the day. Major Stewart observed that he was in no hurry to investigate the last modifications of the drying machines. It would be necessary to write and appoint an interview before going down into Essex. He had several calls to make in London; if Macleod did not see him before, they should meet at seven for dinner. Macleod saw him depart without any great regret.

When he himself went outside it was already noon, but the sun had not yet broken through the mist, and London seemed cold, and lifeless, and deserted. He did not know of any one of his former friends being left in the great and lonely city. He walked along Piccadilly, and saw how many of the houses were shut up. The beautiful foliage of the Green Park had vanished; here and there a red leaf hung on a withered branch. And yet, lonely as he felt in walking through this crowd of strangers, he was nevertheless possessed with a nervous and excited fear that at any moment he might have to quail before the inquiring glance of a certain pair of calm, large eyes. Was this, then, really Keith Macleod who was haunted by these fantastic troubles? Had he so little courage that he dared not go boldly up to her house, and hold out his hand to her? As he walked along this thoroughfare, he was looking far ahead; and when any tall and slender figure appeared that might by any possibility be taken for hers, he watched it with a nervous interest that had something of dread in it. So much for the high courage born of love!

It was with some sense of relief that he entered Hyde Park, for here there were fewer people. And as he walked on, the day brightened. A warmer light began to suffuse the pale mist lying over the black-green masses of rhododendrons, the leafless trees, the damp grass plots, the empty chairs; and as he was regarding a group of people on horseback who, almost at the summit of the red hill, seemed about to disappear into the mist, behold! a sudden break in the sky; a silvery gleam shot athwart from the south, so that these distant figures grew almost black;

and presently the frail sunshine of November was streaming all over the red ride and the raw green of the grass. His spirits rose somewhat. When he reached the Serpentine, the sunlight was shining on the rippling blue water; and there were pert young ladies of ten or twelve feeding the ducks; and away on the other side there was actually an island amid the blue ripples; and the island, if it was not as grand as Staffa nor as green as Ulva, was nevertheless an island, and it was pleasant enough to look at, with its bushes, and boats, and white swans. And then he bethought him of his first walks by the side of this little lake—when Oscar was the only creature in London he had to concern himself with—when each new day was only a brighter holiday than its predecessor—when he was of opinion that London was the happiest and most beautiful place in the world. And of that bright morning, too, when he walked through the empty streets at dawn, and came to the peacefully flowing river.

These idle meditations were suddenly interrupted. Away along the bank of the lake his keen eye could make out a figure, which, even at that distance, seemed so much to resemble one he knew, that his heart began to beat quick. Then the dress—all of black, with a white hat and white gloves; was not that of the simplicity that had always so great an attraction for her? And he knew that she was singularly fond of Kensington Gardens; and might she not be going thither for a stroll before going back to the Piccadilly Theatre? He hastened his steps. He soon began to gain on the stranger; and the nearer he got the more it seemed to him that he recognised the graceful walk and carriage of this slender woman. She passed under the archway of the bridge. When she had emerged from the shadow, she paused for a moment or two to look at the ducks on the lake; and this arch of shadow seemed to frame a beautiful sunlit picture—the single figure against a background of green bushes. And if this were indeed she, how splendid the world would all become in a moment! In his eagerness of anticipation, he forgot his fear. What would she say? Was he to hear her laugh once more? And take her hand? Alas! when he got close enough to make sure, he found that this beautiful figure belonged to a somewhat pretty middle-aged lady, who had brought a bag of scraps with her to feed the ducks. The world grew empty again. He passed on, in a sort of dream. He only knew he was in Kensington

Gardens; and that once or twice he had walked with her down those broad alleys in the happy summer-time of flowers and sunshine and the scent of limes. Now there was a pale blue mist in the open glades, and a gloomy purple instead of the brilliant green of the trees; and the cold wind that came across rustled the masses of brown and orange leaves that were lying scattered on the ground. He got a little more interested when he neared the Round Pond; for the wind had freshened, and there were several handsome craft out there on the raging deep, braving well the sudden squalls that laid them right on their beam-ends, and then let them come staggering and dripping up to windward. But there were two small boys there who had brought with them a tiny vessel of home-made build, with a couple of lug-sails, a jib, and no rudder; and it was a great disappointment to them that this nondescript craft would move, if it moved at all, in an uncertain circle. Macleod came to their assistance—got a bit of floating stick, and carved out of it a rude rudder, altered the sails, and altogether put the ship into such sea-going trim that, when she was fairly launched, she kept a pretty good course for the other side, where doubtless she arrived in safety and discharged her passengers and cargo. He was almost sorry to part with the two small shipowners. They almost seemed to him the only people he knew in London.

But surely he had not come all the way from Castle Dare to walk about Kensington Gardens? What had become of that intense longing to see her—to hear her speak—that had made his life at home a constant torment and misery? Well, it still held possession of him; but all the same there was this indefinite dread that held him back. Perhaps he was afraid that he would have to confess to her the true reason for his having come to London. Perhaps he feared he might find her something entirely different from the creature of his dreams. At all events, as he returned to his rooms and sat down by himself to think over all the things that might accrue from this step of his, he only got further and further into a haze of nervous indecision. One thing only was clear to him. With all his hatred and jealousy of the theatre, to the theatre that night he would have to go. He could not know that she was so near to him—that at a certain time and place he could certainly see her and listen to her—without going. He bethought him, moreover, of what he had once heard her say—that while she could fairly well make out the people in

the galleries and boxes, those who were sitting in the stalls close to the orchestra were, by reason of the glare of the footlights, quite invisible to her. Might he not, then, get into some corner where, himself unseen, he might be so near her that he could almost stretch out his hand to her, and take her hand, and tell by its warmth and throbbing that it was a real woman, and not a dream, that filled his heart?

Major Stewart was put off by some excuse; and at eight o'clock Macleod walked up to the theatre. He drew near with some apprehension; it almost seemed to him as though the man in the box-office recognised him, and knew the reason for his demanding one of those stalls. He got it easily enough; there was no great run on the new piece, even though Miss Gertrude White was the heroine. He made his way along the narrow corridors; he passed into the glare of the house; he took his seat with his ears dinned by the loud music; and waited. He paid no heed to his neighbours; he had already twisted up the programme so that he could not have read it if he had wished; he was aware mostly of a sort of slightly choking sensation about the throat.

When Gertrude White did appear—she came in unexpectedly—he almost uttered a cry; and it would have been a cry of delight. For there was the flesh-and-blood woman a thousand times more interesting, and beautiful, and lovable than all his fancied pictures of her. Look how she walks—how simply and gracefully she takes off her hat and places it on the table—look at the play of light and life and gladness on her face—at the eloquence of her eyes! He had been thinking of her eyes as too calmly observant and serious; he saw them now, and was amazed at the difference—they seemed to have so much clear light in them, and pleasant laughter. He did not fear at all that she should see him. She was so near—he wished he could take her hand, and lead her away. What concern had these people around with her? This was Gertrude White—whom he knew. She was a friend of Mrs. Ross's; she lived in a quiet little home, with an affectionate and provoking sister; she had a great admiration for Oscar the collie; she had the whitest hand in the world as she offered you some salad at the small, neat table. What was she doing here—amid all this glaring sham—before all these people? "*Come away quickly!*" his heart cried to her. "*Quick—quick—let us get away together—there*

is some mistake—some illusion—outside you will breathe the fresh air and get into the reality of the world again—and you will ask about Oscar, and young Ogilvie—and one might hold your hand—your real warm hand—and perhaps hold it tight, and not give it up to any one whatsoever!" His own hand was trembling with excitement. The eagerness of delight with which he listened to every word uttered by the low-toned and gentle voice was almost painful; and yet he knew it not. He was as one demented. This was Gertrude White—speaking, walking, smiling, a fire of beauty in her clear eyes, her parted lips when she laughed letting the brilliant light just touch for an instant the milk-white teeth. This was no pale Rose-leaf at all—no dream or vision—but the actual laughing, talking, beautiful woman, who had more than ever of that strange grace and witchery about her that had fascinated him when first he saw her. She was so near that he could have thrown a rose to her—a red rose full-blown and full-scented. He forgave the theatre—or rather he forgot it—in the unimaginable delight of being so near to her. And when at length she left the stage, he had no jealousy at all of the poor people who remained there to go through their marionette business. He hoped they might all become great actors and actresses. He even thought he would try to get to understand the story—seeing he should have nothing else to do until Gertrude White came back again.

Now Keith Macleod was no more ignorant or innocent than anybody else; but there was one social misdemeanour—a mere peccadillo, let us say—that was quite unintelligible to him. He could not understand how a man could go flirting and sighing after a married woman; and still less could he understand how a married woman should, instead of attending to her children and her house and such matters, make herself ridiculous by aping girlhood and pretending to have a lover. He had read a great deal about this; and he was told it was common; but he did not believe it. The same authorities assured him that the women of England were drunkards in secret; he did not believe it. The same authorities insisted that the sole notion of marriage that occupied the head of an English girl of our own day was as to how she should sell her charms to the highest bidder; he did not believe that either. And indeed he argued with himself, in considering to what extent books and plays could be trusted in such matters, that in one obvious

case the absurdity of these allegations was proved. If France were the France of French playwrights and novelists, the whole business of the country would come to a standstill. If it was the sole and constant occupation of every adult Frenchman to run after his neighbour's wife, how could bridges be built, taxes collected, fortifications planned? Surely a Frenchman must sometimes think—if only by accident—of something other than his neighbour's wife? Macleod laughed to himself, in the solitude of Castle Dare, and contemptuously flung the unfinished paper-covered novel aside.

But what was his surprise and indignation—his shame, even—on finding that this very piece in which Gertrude White was acting, was all about a jealous husband, and a gay and thoughtless wife, and a villain, who did not at all silently plot her ruin, but frankly confided his aspirations to a mutual friend, and rather sought for sympathy; while she, Gertrude White herself, had, before all these people, to listen to advances which, in her innocence, she was not supposed to understand! As the play proceeded, his brows grew darker and darker. And the husband, who ought to have been the guardian of his wife's honour? Well, the husband in this rather poor play was a creation that is common in modern English drama. He represented one idea at least that the English playwright has certainly not borrowed from the French stage. Moral worth is best indicated by a sullen demeanour. The man who has a pleasant manner is dangerous and a profligate; the virtuous man—the true-hearted Englishman—conducts himself as a boor, and proves the goodness of his nature by his silence and his sulks. The hero of this trumpery piece was of this familiar type. He saw the gay fascinator coming about his house; but he was too proud and dignified to interfere. He knew of his young wife becoming the by-word of his friends; but he only clasped his hands on his forehead—and sought solitude—and scowled as a man of virtue should. Macleod had paid but little attention to stories of this kind when he had merely read them; but when the situation was visible—when actual people were before him—the whole thing looked more real, and his sympathies became active enough. How was it possible, he thought, for this poor dolt to fume and mutter, and let his innocent wife go her own way alone and unprotected, when there was a door in the room, and a window by way of alternative? There was one scene in which the faithless friend and

the young wife were together in her drawing-room. He drew nearer to her; he spoke softly to her; he ventured to take her hand. And while he was looking up appealingly to her, Macleod was regarding his face. He was calculating to himself the precise spot between the eyes where a man's knuckles would most effectually tell; and his hand was clenched; and his teeth set hard. There was a look on his face which would have warned any gay young man that when Macleod should marry his wife would need no second champion.

But was this the atmosphere by which she was surrounded? It is needless to say that the piece was proper enough. Virtue was triumphant; vice compelled to sneak off discomfited. The indignant outburst of shame and horror and contempt on the part of the young wife when she came to know what the villain's suave intentions really meant, gave Miss White an excellent opportunity of displaying her histrionic gifts; and the public applauded vehemently; but Macleod had no pride in her triumph. He was glad when the piece ended—when the honest-hearted Englishman so far recovered speech as to declare that his confidence in his wife was restored, and so far forgot his stolidity of face and demeanour as to point out to the villain the way to the door instead of kicking him thither. Macleod breathed more freely when he knew that Gertrude White was now about to go away to the shelter and quiet of her own home. He went back to his rooms; and tried to forget the precise circumstances in which he had just seen her.

But not to forget herself. A new gladness filled his heart when he thought of her—thought of her not now as a dream or a vision, but as the living and breathing woman whose musical laugh seemed still to be ringing in his ears. He could see her plainly—the face all charged with life and loveliness; the clear, bright eyes that he had no longer any fear of meeting; the sweet mouth with its changing smiles. When Major Stewart came home that night, he noticed a most marked change in the manner of his companion. Macleod was excited, eager, talkative; full of high spirits and friendliness; he joked his friend about his playing truant from his wife. He was anxious to know all about the Major's adventures; and pressed him to have but one other cigar; and vowed that he would take him on the following evening to the only place in London where a good dinner could be had. There was gladness in his eyes; a careless satisfaction in his

manner; he was ready to do anything, go anywhere. This was more like the Macleod of old. Major Stewart came to the conclusion that the atmosphere of London had had a very good effect on his friend's spirits.

When Macleod went to bed that night there were wild and glad desires and resolves in his brain that might otherwise have kept him awake but for the fatigue he had lately endured. He slept, and he dreamed; and the figure that he saw in his dreams—though she was distant somehow—had a look of tenderness in her eyes, and she held a red rose in her hand.

CHAPTER XXII.—A DECLARATION.

NOVEMBER though it was, next morning broke brilliantly over London. There was a fresh west wind blowing; there was a clear sunshine filling the thoroughfares; if one were on the look-out for picturesqueness even in Bury Street, was there not a fine touch of colour where the softly red chimney-pots rose far away into the blue? It was not possible to have always around one the splendour of the northern sea.

And Macleod would not listen to a word his friend had to say concerning the important business that had brought them both to London.

"To-night, man—to-night—we will arrange it all to-night," he would say, and there was a nervous excitement about his manner for which the Major could not at all account.

"Shan't I see you till the evening, then?" he asked.

"No," Macleod said, looking anxiously out of the window, as if he feared some thunderstorm would suddenly shut out the clear light of this beautiful morning. "I don't know—perhaps I may be back before—but at any rate we meet at seven. You will remember seven?"

"Indeed I am not likely to forget it," his companion said, for he had been told about five-and-thirty times.

It was about eleven o'clock when Macleod left the house. There was a grateful freshness about the morning even here in the middle of London. People looked cheerful; Piccadilly was thronged with idlers come out to enjoy the sunshine; there was still a leaf or two fluttering on the trees in the squares. Why should this man go eagerly tearing away northward in a hansom—with an anxious and absorbed look on his face—when everybody seemed inclined to saunter leisurely along, breathing the sweet wind, and feeling the sunlight on his cheek?

It was scarcely half-past eleven when Macleod got out of the hansom, and opened a small gate, and walked up to the door of a certain house. He was afraid she had already gone. He was afraid she might resent his calling at so unusual an hour. He was afraid—of a thousand things. And when, at last, the trim maid-servant told him that Miss White was within and asked him to step into the drawing-room, it was almost as one in a dream that he followed her. As one in a dream, truly; but nevertheless he saw every object around him with a marvellous vividness. Next day he could recollect every feature of the room—the empty fireplace, the black-framed mirror, the Chinese fans, the small cabinets with their shelves of blue and white, and the large open book on the table, with a bit of tartan lying on it. These things seemed to impress themselves on his eyesight involuntarily; for he was in reality intently listening for a soft footfall outside the door. He went forward to this open book. It was a volume of a work on the Highland clans—a large and expensive work that was not likely to belong to Mr. White. And this coloured figure? It was the representative of the Clan Macleod; and this bit of cloth that lay on the open book was of the Macleod tartan. He withdrew quickly, as though he had stumbled on some dire secret. He went to the window. He saw only leafless trees now, and withered flowers; with the clear sunshine touching the sides of houses and walls that had in the summer months been quite invisible.

There was a slight noise behind him; he turned, and all the room seemed filled with a splendour of light and of life as she advanced to him—the clear, beautiful eyes full of gladness, the lips smiling, the hand frankly extended. And of a sudden his heart sank. Was it indeed of her,

"The glory of life, the beauty of the world,"

that he had dared to dream wild and impossible dreams? He had set out that morning with a certain masterful sense that he would face his fate. He had "taken the world for his pillow," as the Gaelic stories say. But at this sudden revelation of the incomparable grace, and self-possession, and high loveliness of this beautiful creature, all his courage and hopes fled instantly, and he could only stammer out excuses for his calling so early. He was eagerly trying to make himself out an ordinary visitor. He explained that he did not know but that she might be going to the theatre during the day. He was in London

for a short time, on business. It was an unconscionable hour.

"But I am so glad to see you," she said, with a perfect sweetness, and her eyes said more than her words. "I should have been really vexed if I had heard you had passed through London without calling on us. Won't you sit down?"

As he sat down, she turned for a second, and without any embarrassment shut the big book that had been lying open on the table.

"It is very beautiful weather," she remarked—there was no tremor about *her* fingers, at all events, as she made secure the brooch that fastened the simple morning dress at the neck, "only it seems a pity to throw away such beautiful sunshine on withered gardens and bare trees. We have some fine chrysanthemums, though; but I confess I don't like chrysanthemums myself. They come at a wrong time. They look unnatural. They only remind one of what is gone. If we are to have winter, we ought to have it out-and-out; the chrysanthemums always seem to me as if they were making a pretence—trying to make you believe that there was still some life in the dead garden."

It was very pretty talk all this about chrysanthemums, uttered in the low-toned, and gentle, and musical voice; but somehow there was a burning impatience in his heart—and a bitter sense of hopelessness—and he felt as though he would cry out in his despair. How could he sit there and listen to talk about chrysanthemums? His hands were tightly clasped together; his heart was throbbing quickly; there was a humming in his ears, as though something there refused to hear about chrysanthemums.

"I—I saw you at the theatre last night," said he.

Perhaps it was the abruptness of the remark that caused the quick blush. She lowered her eyes. But all the same she said, with perfect self-possession,

"Did you like the piece?"

And he, too: was he not determined to play the part of an ordinary visitor?

"I am not much of a judge," said he lightly. "The drawing-room scene is very pretty. It is very like a drawing-room. I suppose these are real curtains, and real pictures?"

"Oh, yes, it is all real furniture," said she.

Thereafter, for a second, blank silence. Neither dared to touch that deeper stage question that lay next their hearts. But when Keith Macleod, in many a word of timid suggestion, and in the jesting letter he

sent her from Castle Dare, had ventured upon that dangerous ground, it was not to talk about the real furniture of a stage drawing-room. However, was not this an ordinary morning call? His manner—his speech—everything said so but the tightly clasped hands, and perhaps too a certain intensity of look in the eyes, which seemed anxious and constrained.

"Papa, at least, is proud of our chrysanthemums," said Miss White, quickly getting away from the stage question. "He is in the garden now. Will you go out and see him? I am sorry Carry has gone to school."

She rose. He rose also, and he was about to lift his hat from the table, when he suddenly turned to her.

"A drowning man will cry out—how can you prevent his crying out?"

She was startled by the change in the sound of his voice, and still more by the almost haggard look of pain and entreaty in his eyes. He seized her hand; she would have withdrawn it, but she could not.

"You will listen. It is no harm to you. I must speak now, or I will die," said he quite wildly, "and if you think I am mad, perhaps you are right, but people have pity for a madman. Do you know why I have come to London? It is, to see you. I could bear it no longer—the fire that was burning and killing me. Oh, it is no use my saying that it is love for you—I do not know what it is—but only that I must tell you, and you cannot be angry with me—you can only pity me and go away. That is it—it is nothing to you—you can go away."

She burst into tears, and snatched her hand from him, and with both hands covered her face.

"Ah!" said he, "is it pain to you that I should tell you of this madness? But you will forgive me—and you will forget it—and it will not pain you to-morrow or any other day. Surely you are not to blame! Do you remember the days when we became friends?—it seems a long time ago—but they were beautiful days, and you were very kind to me, and I was glad I had come to London to make so kind a friend. And it was no fault of yours that I went away with that sickness of the heart; and how could you know about the burning fire, and the feeling that if I did not see you I might as well be dead? And I am come—and I see you—and now I know no more what is to happen when I go away. And I will call you Gertrude for once only. Gertrude, sit down now—for a moment or two—and do not grieve any more over

what is only a misfortune. I want to tell you. After I have spoken, I will go away, and there will be an end of the trouble."

She did sit down; her hands were clasped in piteous despair; he saw the tear-drops on the long beautiful lashes.

"And if the drowning man cries?" said he. "It is only a breath. The waves go over him, and the world is at peace. And oh! do you know, that I have taken a strange fancy of late— But I will not trouble you with that; you may hear of it afterwards; you will understand, and know you have no blame, and there is an end of trouble. It is quite strange what fancies get into one's head when one is—sick—heart-sick. Do you know what I thought this morning? Will you believe it? Will you let the drowning man cry out in his madness? Why, I said to myself, 'Up now, and have courage! Up now, and be brave, and win a bride as they used to do in the old stories.' And it was you—it was you—my madness thought of. 'You will tell her,' I said to myself, 'of all the love and the worship you have for her, and your thinking of her by day and by night; and she is a woman, and she will have pity. And then in her surprise—why—' But then you came into the room—it is only a little while ago—but it seems for ever and ever away now—and I have only pained you—"

She sprang to her feet; her face white, her lips proud and determined. And for a second she put her hands on his shoulders; and the wet, full, piteous eyes met his. But as rapidly she withdrew them—almost shuddering—and turned away; and her hands were apart, each clasped, and she bowed her head. Gertrude White had never acted like that on any stage.

And as for him, he stood absolutely dazed for a moment, not daring to think what that involuntary action might mean. He stepped forward—with a pale face and a bewildered air—and caught her hand. Her face she sheltered with the other, and she was sobbing bitterly.

"Gertrude," he said, "what is it? What do you mean?"

The broken voice answered, though her face was turned aside—

"It is I who am miserable."

"You who are miserable?"

She turned and looked fair into his face—with her eyes all wet, and beautiful, and piteous.

"Can't you see? Don't you understand?" she said. "Oh, my good friend! of all the men in the world, you are the very last I

would bring trouble to. And I cannot be a hypocrite with you. I feared something of this; and now the misery is that I cannot say to you, 'Here, take my hand. It is yours. You have won your bride.' I cannot do it. If we were both differently situated—it might be otherwise—"

"It might be otherwise!" he exclaimed, with a sudden wonder. "Gertrude, what do you mean? Situated? Is it only that? Look me in the face, now, and as you are a true woman tell me—if we were both free from all situation—if there were no difficulties—nothing to be thought of—could you give yourself to me? Would you really become my wife—you who have all the world flattering you?"

She dared not look him in the face. There was something about the vehemence of his manner that almost terrified her. But she answered bravely, in the sweet, low, trembling voice, and with downcast eyes—

"If I were to become the wife of any one, it is your wife I would like to be; and I have thought of it. Oh, I cannot be a hypocrite with you when I see the misery I have brought you! And I have thought of giving up all my present life, and all the wishes and dreams I have cherished, and going away and living the simple life of a woman. And under whose guidance would I try that rather than yours? You made me think. But it is all a dream—a fancy. It is impossible. It would only bring misery to you and to me—"

"But why—but why?" he eagerly exclaimed; and there was a proud light in his face. "Gertrude, if you can say so much, why not say all? What are obstacles? There can be none if you have the fiftieth part of the love for me that I have for you! Obstacles!"—and he laughed with a strange laugh.

She looked up in his face.

"And would it be so great a happiness for you? That would make up for all the trouble I have brought you?" she said, wistfully; and his answer was to take both her hands in his, and there was such a joy in his heart that he could not speak at all. But she only shook her head, somewhat sadly, and withdrew her hands, and sat down again by the table.

"It is wrong of me even to think of it," she said. "To-day I might say 'yes,' and to-morrow? You might inspire me with courage now; and afterwards—I should only bring you further pain. I do not know myself. I could not be sure of myself. How

could I dare drag you into such a terrible risk? It is better as it is. The pain you are suffering will go. You will come to call me your friend; and you will thank me that I refused. Perhaps I shall suffer a little too," she added, and once more she rather timidly looked up into his face. "You do not know the fascination of seeing your scheme of life, that you have been dreaming about, just suddenly put before you for acceptance; and you want all your common sense to hold back. But I know it will be better—better for both of us. You must believe me."

"I do not believe you, and I will not believe you," said he, proudly and gladly, "and now you have said so much I am not going to take any refusal at all. Not now. Gertrude, I have courage for both of us; when you are timid, you will take my hand. Say it, then! A word only! You have already said all but that!"

He seemed scarcely the same man who had appealed to her with the wild eyes and the haggard face. His look was radiant and proud. He spoke with a firm voice; and yet there was a great tenderness in his tone.

"I am sure you love me," she said in a low voice.

"You will see," he rejoined, with a firm confidence.

"And I am not going to requite your love ill. You are too vehement. You think of nothing but the one end to it all. But I am a woman, and women are taught to be patient. Now you must let me think about all you have said."

"And you do not quite refuse?" said he.

She hesitated for a moment or two.

"I must think for you as well as for myself," she said, in a scarcely audible voice. "Give me time. Give me till the end of the week."

"At this hour I will come."

"And you will believe I have decided for the best—that I have tried hard to be fair to you as well as myself?"

"I know you are too true a woman for anything else," he said; and then he added, "Ah, well, now, you have had enough misery for one morning—you must dry your eyes now, and we will go out into the garden—and if I am not to say anything of all my gratitude to you—why? Because I hope there will be many a year to do that in, my angel of goodness!"

She went to fetch a light shawl and a hat; he kept turning over the things on the table, his fingers trembling, his eyes seeing nothing. If they did see anything it was a vision of the

brown moors near Castle Dare, and a beautiful creature, clad all in cream-colour and scarlet, drawing near the great grey stone house.

She came into the room again; joy leapt to his eyes.

"Will you follow me?"

There was a strangely subdued air about her manner as she led him to where her father was; perhaps she was rather tired after the varied emotions she had experienced; perhaps she was still anxious. He was not anxious. It was in a glad way that he addressed the old gentleman who stood there with a spade in his hand.

"It is indeed a beautiful garden," Macleod said—looking round on the withered leaves and damp soil—"no wonder you look after it yourself."

"I am not gardening," the old man said, peevishly. "I have been putting a knife in the ground—burying the hatchet, you might call it. Fancy! A man sees an old hunting-knife in a shop in Gloucester; a hunting-knife of the time of Charles I., with a beautifully carved ivory handle; and he thinks he will make a present of it to me. What does he do but go and have it ground and sharpened and polished until it looks like something sent from Sheffield the day before yesterday!"

"You ought to be very pleased, pappy, you got it at all," said Gertrude White; but she was looking elsewhere—and rather absently too.

"And so you have buried it to restore the tone?"

"I have," said the old gentleman, marching off with the shovel to a sort of outhouse.

Macleod speedily took his leave.

"Saturday next at noon," said he to her, with no timidity in his voice.

"Yes," said she, more gently, and with downcast eyes.

He walked away from the house—he knew not whither. He saw nothing around him. He walked hard, sometimes talking to himself. In the afternoon he found himself in a village in Berkshire, close by which, fortunately, there was a railway station; and he had just time to get back to keep his appointment with Major Stewart.

They sat down to dinner.

"Come now, Macleod, tell me where you have been all day," said the rosy-faced soldier, carefully tucking his napkin under his chin.

Macleod burst out laughing.

"Another day—another day, Stewart, I will tell you all about it. It is the most ridiculous story you ever heard in your life!"

It was a strange sort of laughing, for there

were tears in the younger man's eyes. But Major Stewart was too busy to notice; and presently they began to talk about the real and serious object of their expedition to London.

CHAPTER XXIII.—A RED ROSE.

FROM nervous and unreasoning dread to overweening and extravagant confidence there was but a single bound. After the timid confession she had made, how could he have any further fear? He knew now the answer she must certainly give him. What but the one word "yes"—musical as the sound of summer seas—could fitly close and atone for all that long period of doubt and despair? And would she murmur it with the low, sweet voice, or only look it with the clear and lambent eyes? Once uttered, anyhow, surely the glad message would instantly wing its flight away to the far north; and Colonsay would hear; and the green shores of Ulva would laugh; and through all the wild dashing and roaring of the seas there would be a soft ringing as of wedding-bells. The Gometra men will have a good glass that night; and who will take the news to distant Fladda and rouse the lonely Dutchman from his winter sleep? There is a bride coming to Castle Dare!

When Norman Ogilvie had even mentioned marriage, Macleod had merely shaken his head and turned away. There was no issue that way from the wilderness of pain and trouble into which he had strayed. She was already wedded—to that cruel art that was crushing the woman within her. Her ways of life and his were separated as though by unknown oceans. And how was it possible that so beautiful a woman—surrounded by people who petted and flattered her—should not already have her heart engaged? Even if she were free, how could she have bestowed a thought on him—a passing stranger—a summer visitor—the acquaintance of an hour?

But no sooner had Gertrude White, to his sudden wonder, and joy, and gratitude, made that stammering confession, than the impetuosity of his passion leapt at once to the goal. He would not hear of any obstacles. He would not look at them. If she would but take his hand, he would lead her and guard her, and all would go well. And it was to this effect that he wrote to her day after day, pouring out all the confidences of his heart to her, appealing to her, striving to convey to her something of his own high courage and hope. Strictly speaking, per-

haps, it was not quite fair that he should thus have disturbed the calm of her deliberation. Had he not given her till the end of the week to come to a decision? But when in his eagerness he thought of some further reason, some further appeal, how could he remain silent? With the prize so near, he could not let it slip from his grasp through the consideration of niceties of conduct. By rights he ought to have gone up to Mr. White and begged for permission to pay his addresses to the old gentleman's daughter. He forgot all about that. He forgot that Mr. White was in existence. All his thinking from morning till night—and through much of the night too—was directed on her answer—the one small word filled with a whole worldful of light and joy.

"If you will only say that one little word," he wrote to her, "then everything else becomes a mere trifle. If there are obstacles and troubles and what not, we will meet them one by one, and dispose of them. There can be no obstacles, if we are of one mind; and we shall be of one mind sure enough, if you will say you will become my wife; for there is nothing I will not consent to; and I shall only be too glad to have opportunities of showing my great gratitude to you for the sacrifice you must make. I speak of it as a sacrifice; but I do not believe it is one—whatever you may think now—and whatever natural regret you may feel—you will grow to feel there was no evil done you when you were drawn away from the life that now surrounds you. And if you were to say, 'I will become your wife only on one condition—that I am not asked to abandon my career as an actress,' still I would say, 'Become my wife.' Surely matters of arrangement are mere trifles—after you have given me your promise. And when you have placed your hand in mine (and the motto of the Macleods is *Hold Fast*) we can study conditions, and obstacles, and the other nonsense that our friends are sure to suggest, at our leisure. I think I already hear you say 'Yes; I listen and listen until I almost hear your voice. And if it is to be 'Yes,' will you wear a red rose in your dress on Saturday? I shall see that before you speak. I will know what your message is, even if there are people about. One red rose only."

"Macleod," said Major Stewart to him, "did you come to London to write love-letters?"

"Love-letters!" he said, angrily; but then he laughed. "And what did you come to London for?"

"On a highly philanthropic errand," said the other, gravely, "which I hope to see fulfilled to-morrow. And if we have a day or two to spare, that is well enough, for one cannot be always at work; but I did not expect to take a holiday in the company of a man who spends three-fourths of the day at a writing-desk."

"Nonsense!" said Macleod, though there was some tell-tale colour in his face. "All the writing I have done to-day would not fill up twenty minutes. And if I am a dull companion, is not Norman Ogilvie coming to dinner to-night to amuse you?"

While they were speaking a servant brought in a card.

"Ask the gentleman to come up," Macleod said, and then he turned to his companion. "What an odd thing! I was speaking to you a minute ago about that drag accident. And here is Beauregard himself."

The tall rough-visaged man—stooping slightly as though he thought the doorway was a trifle low—came forward and shook hands with Macleod, and was understood to inquire about his health, though what he literally said was, "Hawya, Macleod, hawya?"

"I heard you were in town from Paulton—you remember Paulton who dined with you at Richmond. He saw you in a hansom yesterday; and I took my chance of finding you in your old quarters. What are you doing in London?"

Macleod briefly explained.

"And you?" he asked, "what has brought you to London? I thought you and Lady Beauregard were in Ireland?"

"We have just come over, and go down to Weatherill to-morrow. Won't you come down and shoot a pheasant or two before you return to the Highlands?"

"Well, the fact is," Macleod said, hesitatingly, "my friend and I—by the way, let me introduce you—Lord Beauregard, Major Stewart—the fact is, we ought to go back directly after we have settled this business."

"But a day or two won't matter. Now, let me see. Plymley comes to us on Monday next, I think. We could get up a party for you on the Tuesday; and if your friend will come with you, we shall be six guns, which I always think the best number."

The gallant major showed no hesitation whatever. The chance of blazing away at a whole atmosphereful of pheasants—for so he construed the invitation—did not often come in his way.

"I am quite sure a day or two won't make any difference," said he, quickly. "In any

case we were not thinking of going till Monday, and that would only mean an extra day."

"Very well," Macleod said.

"Then you will come down to dinner on the Monday evening. I will see if there is any alteration in the trains, and drop you a note with full instructions. Is it a bargain?"

"It is."

"All right. I must be off now. Good-bye."

Major Stewart jumped to his feet with great alacrity, and warmly shook hands with the departing stranger. Then, when the door was shut, he went through a pantomimic expression of bringing down innumerable pheasants from every corner of the ceiling—with an occasional aim at the floor, where an imaginary hare was scurrying by.

"Macleod, Macleod," said he, "you are a trump. You may go on writing love-letters from now till next Monday afternoon. I suppose we shall have a good dinner, too?"

"Beauregard is said to have the best *chef* in London; and I don't suppose he would leave so important a person in Ireland."

"You have my gratitude, Macleod—eternal, sincere, unbounded," the Major said seriously.

"But it is not I who am asking you to go and massacre a lot of pheasants," said Macleod; and he spoke rather absently, for he was thinking of the probable mood in which he would go down to Weatherill. One of a generous gladness and joy, the outward expression of an eager and secret happiness to be known by none? Or what if there were no red rose at all on her bosom when she advanced to meet him with sad eyes?

They went down into Essex next day. Major Stewart was surprised to find that his companion talked not so much about the price of machines for drying saturated crops as about the conjectural cost of living in the various houses they saw from afar, set amid the leafless trees of November.

"You don't think of coming to live in England, do you?" said he.

"No—at least, not at present," Macleod said. "Of course, one never knows what may turn up. I don't propose to live at Dare all my life."

"Your wife might want to live in England," the Major said coolly.

Macleod started and stared.

"You have been writing a good many letters of late," said his companion.

"And is that all?" said Macleod, answering him in the Gaelic. "You know the

proverb—*Tossing the head will not make the boat row.* I am not married yet.”

The result of this journey was, that they agreed to purchase one of the machines for transference to the rainy regions of Mull; and then they returned to London. This was on a Wednesday. Major Stewart considered they had a few days to idle by before the *battue*; Macleod was only excitedly aware that Thursday and Friday—two short November days—came between him and that decision which he regarded with an anxious joy.

The two days went by in a sort of dream. A pale fog hung over London; and as he wandered about he saw the tall houses rise faintly blue into the grey mist; and the great coffee-coloured river, flushed with recent rains, rolled down between the pale embankments; and the golden-red globe of the sun, occasionally becoming visible through the mottled clouds, sent a ray of fire here and there on some window-pane or lamp.

In the course of his devious wanderings—for he mostly went about alone—he made his way, with great trouble and perplexity, to the court in which the mother of Johnny Wickes lived; and he betrayed no shame at all in confronting the poor woman—half starved, and pale, and emaciated as she was—whose child he had stolen. It was in a tone of quite gratuitous pleasantry that he described to her how the small lad was growing brown and fat; and he had the audacity to declare to her that as he proposed to pay the boy the sum of one shilling per week at present, he might as well hand over to her the three months' pay which he had already earned. And the woman was so amused at the notion of little Johnny Wickes being able to earn anything at all, that, when she received the money, and looked at it, she burst out crying; and she had so little of the spirit of the British matron, and so little regard for the laws of her country, that she invoked Heaven knows what—Heaven does know what—blessings on the head of the very man who had carried her child into slavery.

“And the first time I am going over to Oban,” said he, “I will take him with me, and I will get a photograph of him made, and I will send you the photograph. And did you get the rabbits?” said he.

“Yes, indeed, sir, I got the rabbits.”

“And it is a very fine poacher your son promises to be, for he got every one of the rabbits with his own snare, though I am

thinking it was old Hamish was showing him how to use it. And I will say good-bye to you now.”

The poor woman seemed to hesitate for a second.

“If there was any sewing, sir,” said she, wiping her eyes with the corner of her apron, “that I could do for your good lady, sir——”

“But I am not married,” said he quickly.

“Ah, well, indeed, sir,” she said with a sigh.

“But if there is any lace, or sewing, or anything like that you can send to my mother, I have no doubt she will pay you for it as well as any one else——”

“I was not thinking of paying, sir; but to show you I am not ungrateful,” was the answer—and if she said *hungrateful*, what matter? She was a woman without spirit; she had sold away her son.

From this dingy court he made his way round to Covent Garden market, and he went into a florist's shop there.

“I want a bouquet,” said he to the neat-handed maiden who looked up at him.

“Yes, sir,” said she; “will you look at those in the window?”

“But I want one,” said he, “with a single rose—a red rose—in the centre.”

This proposition did not find favour in the eyes of the mild-mannered artist, who explained to him that something more important and ornate was necessary in the middle of a bouquet. He could have a circle of rosebuds, if he liked, outside; and a great white lily or camellia in the centre. He could have—this thing and the next; she showed him how she could combine the features of this bouquet with those of the next. But the tall Highlander remained obdurate.

“Yes,” said he, “I think you are quite right. You are quite right, I am sure. But it is this that I would rather have—only one red rose in the centre, and you can make the rest what you like, only I think if they were smaller flowers, and all white, that would be better.”

“Very well,” said the young lady with a pleasing smile (she was rather good-looking herself), “I will try what I can do for you if you don't mind waiting. Will you take a chair?”

He was quite amazed by the dexterity with which those nimble fingers took from one cluster and another cluster the very flowers he would himself have chosen; and by the rapid fashion in which they were

dressed, fitted, and arranged. The work of art grew apace.

"But you must have something to break the white," said she, smiling, "or it will look too like a bride's bouquet," and with that—almost in the twinkling of an eye—she had put a circular line of dark purple-blue through the cream-white blossoms. It was a splendid rose that lay in the midst of all that beauty.

"What price would you like to give, sir?" the gentle Phyllis had said at the very outset. "Half a guinea—fifteen shillings?"

"Give me a beautiful rose," said he, "and I do not mind what the price is."

And at last the lace-paper was put round; and a little further trimming and setting took place; and finally the bouquet was swathed in soft white wool and put into a basket.

"Shall I take the address?" said the young lady, no doubt expecting that he would write it on the back of one of his cards. But no. He dictated the address; and then laid down the money. The astute young person was puzzled—perhaps disappointed.

"Is there no message, sir?" said she:—"no card?"

"No; but you must be sure to have it delivered to-night."

"It shall be sent off at once," said she, probably thinking that this was a very foolish young man who did not know the ways of the world. The only persons of whom she had any experience who sent bouquets without a note or a letter were husbands, who were either making up a quarrel with their wives or going to the opera, and she had observed that on such occasions the difference between twelve-and-sixpence and fifteen shillings was regarded and considered.

He slept but little that night; and next morning he got up nervous and trembling—like a drunken man—with half the courage and confidence, that had so long sustained him, gone. Major Stewart went out early. He kept pacing about the room until the

frightfully slow half-hours went by; he hated the clock on the mantelpiece. And then, by a strong effort of will, he delayed starting until he should barely have time to reach her house by twelve o'clock, so that he should have the mad delight of eagerly wishing the hansom had a still more furious speed. He had chosen his horse well. It wanted five minutes to the appointed hour when he arrived at the house.

Did this trim maid-servant know? Was there anything of welcome in the demure smile? He followed her; his face was pale, though he knew it not; in the dusk of the room he was left alone.

But what was this—on the table? He almost uttered a cry as his bewildered eyes fixed themselves on it. The very bouquet he had sent the previous evening; and behold—behold!—the red rose wanting! And then, at the same moment, he turned; and there was a vision of something all in white—that came to him timidly—all in white but for the red star of love shining there. And she did not speak at all; but she buried her head in his bosom; and he held her hands tight.

And now what will Ulva say; and the lonely shores of Fladda; and the distant Dutchman roused from his winter sleep amid the wild waves? Far away over the white sands of Iona—and the sunlight must be shining there now—there is many a sacred spot fit for the solemn plighting of lovers' vows; and if there is any organ wanted, what more noble than the vast Atlantic rollers booming into the Bourg and Gribun caves? Surely they must know already; for the sea-birds have caught the cry; and there is a sound all through the glad rushing of the morning seas like the sound of wedding-bells. *There is a bride coming to Castle Dare*—the islands listen; and the wild sea calls again; and the green shores of Ulva grow greener still in the sunlight. There is a bride coming to Castle Dare; and the bride is dressed all in white—only she wears a red rose.

"WOULD TO GOD!"

"WOULD that my master could but see
The Prophet of the Lord; for he
Would heal him of his leprosy!"
So spake the little captive maid
Unto her mistress, half afraid,
And so to-day speak we.

"Would," saith a wife, "my husband could,
Amid life's hunger, have the food—
Amid life's fever, the calm mood—
Which come to them that love His name
Who bore dishonour for their fame,
And evil for their good!"

"Would that my child," so prays her sire,
 "My child—the child of my desire—
 But felt God's love, or feared his ire!
 Life, with its sins, fast from her throbs,
 And the end thereof"—the old man sobs—
 "The end thereof is fire."

"O would to God my brother knew,"
 His sister saith, "what fair flowers grew
 In God's dear garden, 'and he too
 Would come and gather them all day,
 And we would wander in the way
 Where walk the happy few."



One to another thus they speak,
 Or murmur out of hearts that break.
 Nay, lift your heads; the thing ye seek
 Is nigher to you than you dream:
 Look up—lo, there is Jordan's stream,
 And there the Prophet meek!

WILFRID MEYNELL.

CONVICTS AND QUAKERS.

PART II.

AFTER preaching to the chain-gang in Van Diemen's Land there was possibly just one step farther which Christian philanthropy could carry the Quakers on their religious mission to the southern hemisphere, and that step was taken when they proceeded to call Macquarie Harbour and the other penal settlements in Australia to repentance. Convicts for whom the society of the chain-gang was too good, select criminals who had attained a bad eminence at home, or had earned distinction after being transported, were consigned to these settlements when it was not found suitable or necessary to hang them. It is not altogether irrelevantly that the gallows and the penal settlement are here mentioned together. Between the two, at any rate according to the views of those principally concerned, there was very little to choose, and if any choice was possible it was to be given, in their opinion, in favour of the former. It might be, as Sydney Smith suggested fifty years ago, that "a London thief, clothed in kangaroos' skins, lodged under the bark of the dwarf eucalyptus, and keeping sheep fourteen thousand miles from Piccadilly, with a crook bent into the shape of a picklock, was not an uninteresting picture," or a picture of an unenviable lot; but there was a counterpart to be found to such a view of the condition of convicts in Australia, which might have been made use of to calm the fears of people at home lest their condition should be made too agreeable and attractive; and the counterpart was the penal settlement like Macquarie Harbour, to escape from which the London thief would often break into "the bloody house of life," so as to make sure of being hanged.

If it were determined to establish a penal colony in the wilds of the Western Highlands of Scotland, or on the western coast of Ireland, in a situation contrived to make solitude horrible and escape impossible; if such a situation were discovered on a rock in the middle of a loch like Torridon or Ewe; if instead of being accessible from places along shore, or from the interior of the country, this island jail, a prison inside of prisons, were divided from the nearest abodes of men by a hundred miles or more of insuperable difficulty in the shape of mountain and forest and jungle and fordless river; if to this place of the doubly condemned

there were conveyed a few hundreds of the most desperate criminals now in Dartmoor and Perth, and if everything were done by conscientious officers of her Majesty's service to maintain among its inmates an unbroken monotony of misery and despair, it would have some resemblance to Macquarie Harbour.

No nation, perhaps, which has yet obtained a conspicuous place in the world is in danger of losing its place through the sin of pride, unless while remembering its victories by sea and land it forgets its treatment of poor relations, especially the poorest of all, that large section of the criminal class who, as the result of imperious social conditions, are left morally naked, and are sent to the hulks for not being clothed. Any one who reads what our good Quakers have to say of our penal settlements in Australia, at the commencement of her Majesty's reign, must confess that England, as well as other nations, is not without cause for blushing in this respect. Nor is it only perhaps in recalling the past that occasion might be found for such a display of humility on the part of our victorious country. If it be true that even at the present day discharged prisoners, as a rule, leave jail (possibly after a term of years) penniless and friendless, and thus with the temptation to crime redoubled; and if it be true that in many cases they re-enter respectable society wearing a suit of clothes which in its excessive shoddiness is a lesson in rascality, and by its pattern is an advertisement of "Who's who" addressed to the police and to the public—if this be true, the treatment of our poor relations is still so little to our credit that even Waterloo should hardly serve to support our pride.

Macquarie Harbour, on the west (the uninhabited) coast of Tasmania, when it was visited by the Quakers, though shorn by that time of some of its atrocities, was a disgrace to civilisation and to Christianity, such as the world has rarely witnessed. If it had existed in his time, Dante might have drawn from it for his Inferno hints of some quaint and some tremendous horrors. Those who approached it by "Hell's Gates," an almost impassable bar at the entrance, forgot the profanity of the name in thinking of its truth. Sarah's Island, nearly thirty miles from these gates, and three miles from the mouth of a river called the Gordon, closely resembling

the Styx in colour, and also in the character of its noxious exhalations, was the place chosen for the settlement by Governor Arthur's predecessor. Such was the settlement as to justify Mr. West, the historian of Tasmania, in saying of the island, "Nature concurred with the objects of its separation from the rest of the world to exhibit some notion of a perfect misery. There man lost the aspect and the heart of a man."

This insular Tartarus, a rock half a mile long by a quarter of a mile broad, accommodated from two to three hundred prisoners in wooden barracks, through which groans and oaths, the sound of the lash, and the clanking of chains reverberated with horrible effect; and in a jail the cells of which were narrow and dark, and noisome to a degree, calculated to brutalise any known variety of human disposition and character. Two neighbouring rocks completed the accommodation required for the settlement: the one was Halliday's Island, where the wicked who ceased from troubling found earth to cover them; and the other was Grummet's or Pilot Island, where the wicked who were too troublesome to be endured were consigned to an unheard-of solitude. In the sides of this latter island there are caves, which have a tale to tell of former days that seems barely credible, but the truth of which is attested as if by the oaths of Quaker witnesses before a Quaker judge and jury. Into these caves men clambered up out of the surf when they were tossed out of the boat which had brought them and their oarsmen from Sarah's Island, and, thus provided with a lodging, were left for days or weeks "to add their yells to the scream of the sea birds and the moan of the western wind."

The Quakers were philanthropists who, instead of preaching too much, kept accounts, and kept them accurately. With a view to practical results they were careful to note facts with draper-like precision. Walker spent much time over his journals, "writing out at night, in a clear and beautiful hand," what he had seen during the day. Here, at Macquarie Harbour, there was much to be done by him in that way.

What with crimes of violence and accidents occurring to gangs of labourers, which could only have happened to convicts under the charge of convict overseers, it was almost three to one at this Australian settlement that death should result from other than natural causes. Of eighty-five deaths only thirty were in the course of nature. In

three years two-thirds of the population had had distributed among them six thousand two hundred and eighty lashes, or about thirty per man. The difficulty, or rather the impossibility, of escape did not deter even craven spirits from attempting the desperate enterprise. In the course of ten years a hundred and sixty-nine men attempted to get away, of whom sixty or seventy perished in the woods, fifty-seven were recaptured, and only six lived to tell the tale of how difficult is the ascent from the under world. As for the rest their fate is doubtful, or if anything is certain with regard to their end, it is that they were murdered to be eaten. "It is a horrid but indubitable fact," as the Quakers report, "that on several occasions when a party of men had determined to take to the bush, some unsuspecting simple man was inveigled into the conspiracy, for the express purpose of furnishing food;" and as we need hardly have been told upon other authority almost as good as the Quakers', it is an equally undoubted fact that when such a man had to be chosen it was a point in favour of the guileless man if he happened to be neither too old nor too lean. Or if this should be deemed an incredible horror, its historical character may perhaps be supported by the fact that when escape through the bush failed or was considered impossible, even with the help of the guileless fat man, there was one exit which was taken advantage of by many. If one man was murdered, several were delivered, at least for a time, from Tartarus. The murdered man's release was instantaneous and complete. His murderer's was sure to come soon. The witnesses, if not also emancipated by the gallows as accomplices, were certain, at any rate, of a holiday in being taken to Hobart Town to give evidence. So something in lieu of a coin was often tossed up to decide by an appeal to the fates how a life was to be taken—who was to be murdered, who was to murder, and who were to have a holiday as witnesses. "The blow would be struck," says a historian of Macquarie Harbour; "one would be hanged, and two or three would exchange for a few weeks the pine shore of one prison for the stone floor of Hobart Town jail."

Such was the field of work and observation into which the Quakers entered, taking that one step which it was possible for Christian philanthropy to take beyond the Australian chain-gang. They were here at the ends of the earth on their benign errand; the force of charity could no further carry them

away from home. They did not travel so far altogether in vain. Their visit to Macquarie Harbour and to other Australian penal settlements had undoubtedly the effect of helping to accelerate changes in the treatment of prisoners, which make it possible now, without looking beyond the bounds of the British empire, to look back upon forty or fifty years ago as a period of barbarism. They were amply rewarded, in their own opinion, for the dangers and privations which they incurred on this mission by discovering that even among felons to whom murder was a recreation, there were "human" hearts on which sympathy was not wasted, and by which religious conversation was properly and indeed intensely relished. It is the sobriety (as distinguished from stolidity) of Quaker Christianity, however, which is perhaps its most notable feature here at the ends of the earth. It appears as free from excitement at Macquarie Harbour as if the occasion and the place were a First Day meeting at Newcastle or York. Under circumstances tending to induce hysteria, it preserves its resemblance to common sense, adheres to its preference for "guarded expression," notes deficiencies in the scale of rations, at the same time that it points the way to heaven; and while not refusing to credit marvellous instances of conversion among convicts of the worst class, recognises in regard to their history and their future the operation of the law of cause and effect—that law by which it is guaranteed to men and nations that whatsoever they sow that shall they also reap. Other missionaries may sometimes be carried away by a generous enthusiasm, so as to anticipate from a very small amount of Christian work enormous results, such for example as the civilisation of a continent like Africa in half a century, or the evangelisation of a populous South-Sea Island between one Christmas and another. Our good Quakers at Macquarie Harbour are of the number of those resolute and rational friends of humanity who anticipate no greater results from their greatest labours than to see the evil of to-day, which has existed for ages, a little lessened before to-morrow.

There was at least one Quaker to be found among convicts before our missionaries visited Van Diemen's Land. After their return from Macquarie Harbour to Hobart Town, a Quaker meeting was established, and convicts were among the first to become Quakers. Walker and his companion always and everywhere, in the most earnest manner

that Friends are capable of assuming, disclaimed sectarian motives in their religious procedure. They prayed fervently to be strengthened against all temptations by which their human weakness was assailed and might be overcome on the side of sectarianism. In all this, however, they might have been as insincere as members of other Christian bodies who have denounced sectarianism in the interests of a sect and from sectarian motives. But their sincerity was demonstrated when convicts were invited into Quaker fellowship—when the disciples of Fox showed themselves disciples of Him who sat at meat with publicans and sinners. Their meeting before long was joined by colonists like Robert Mather (destined to be Walker's father-in-law), whose presence would have done honour to any Church in Christendom. But perhaps the feeling may be pardoned that the new Church lost something of its first Christian gloss and glory when it became respectable; when men without ticket-of-leave, like Robert Mather, were admitted into the fellowship of jail-birds, fragments of the chain-gang, and strangers and pilgrims from Macquarie Harbour.

Walker's journals are worth reprinting. If they were reprinted they might be illustrated, and if illustrated it might be by the pencil of an artist alive to the touch of the humorous and the grotesque which often accompanies the sublime and serves to heighten its effect. Such an artist would find scenes in almost every chapter to suit his taste. There is something which tickles the fancy as well as something which moves the heart in the idea of Quakers turning both cheeks to the smiter, and lifting up their testimony on that subject in presence of the bruisers and murderers of the chain-gang or of Macquarie Harbour. In the same way, considering the old-fashioned Friend's aversion to pleasure even in the form of piano-playing, and his strict attention to propriety in dress, speech, and demeanour; and considering how these peculiarities owed their origin to the necessity of protesting against an effete Christianity and a corrupt civilisation, it is curious, to say the least of it, and provocative of a smile (pardon it, ye brethren of Walker and Backhouse), to think of Quaker missionaries fraternising with "children of nature" who as often as not appear before them in a state of nudity, or to find them present at a dance at which the excitement is so furious that many of the performers drop down exhausted or in a swoon. A broad-brim, such as Andrew Pitt wore when Voltaire visited

him, has, it must be allowed, a picturesque effect under such circumstances. It is another sort of scene certainly than that of Faust and Mephistophiles in Auerbach's cellar at Leipzig, but it is perhaps not much less dramatic—our Quaker missionaries figuring on Flinders Island among the few remaining natives of Van Diemen's Land. Forty-four men, twenty-nine women, and five children had been here collected by G. A. Robinson—the last relics (except perhaps about as many still at large in the bush) of a race which was appointed to die. Many points of extremely great interest emerge in the Quakers' account of this now extinct variety of our genus, but it is impossible to glance even at the most interesting. Their sympathy for the "children of nature" on this occasion cost Walker and his companion no little hardship, and exposed them more than once to serious danger, and yielded on the whole results which tended rather to melancholy than to philanthropic joy. They listened with pious satisfaction to stories illustrative of the goodness of the natural black man, and for what they heard of his occasional exhibitions of human frailty in the way of domestic peevishness and tyranny they had various grave and kindly apologies to offer. They were struck with the humane arrangements made for the dissolution of a species of the human race, so that its latter end should be as decent and comfortable as possible. But on the other hand they were undeceived as to their pious sealer friends in regard to their relations with native women, and any doubts they may have had as to the way in which the Aborigines were treated before their removal to Flinders Island, were dispersed by proofs that the worst stories ever told were but too true.

The Quakers were of opinion that the peculiar freedom of movement which they enjoyed as compared with most missionaries was in their favour, the free exercise of individual intelligence on the part of the friend of humanity being of more account in his work than any system or method of benevolence however perfect. Be this as it may their work as missionaries was done in a workmanlike manner whatever field they entered. They had to return to the home of the Aborigines in Bass's Straits, Flinders Island, a year after their first visit, and they were received with shouts of welcome from a black mob assembled to witness their landing. If their errand was known, the reflections of heathen minds on the subject must have been such as would have formed,

had they been recorded, a curious epilogue to the history of a vanished race. Walker and his companion came this time as before in the capacity of peacemakers; but whereas formerly their authority was from Heaven, and their errand was to the blacks, now they came from his Excellency the Governor, and their mission was to the whites. In a word, the commandant and the resident missionary were at war, and as a last effort in favour of peace the Governor had sent the disciples of Fox to deprecate the continuance of hostilities between English Christians and gentlemen in presence of black men.

During the period of their stay in Tasmania, which extended to nearly three years, the comprehensive plan of work which the Quakers had sketched for themselves on their landing in the colony was wonderfully accomplished. Apart from Hobart Town and Launceston, centres of population separated from each other by the whole length of the island, the inhabitants of Tasmania were thinly distributed over country, of which one mountainous district vied with another in forbidding travel except upon urgent business. "No road, except on business," might have been seen notified east, west, north, and south by travellers who were not disposed to incur fatigue or not impelled to run the risk of losing themselves in almost pathless forests. East, west, north, south, the Friends trudged forth on their benign, and, to them, urgent business. It was of no use intimating, in the largest capitals, to such travellers, "No Thoroughfare." They were of the right sort of fighting Englishmen—those who fight difficulties for less than a shilling a day, and don't know when they are beaten. If no better accommodation could be found for weary limbs, they slept where they halted, with the sky for a canopy. Walker blistered his feet, and then only came to the conclusion that it was hardly practicable to go any farther. He and his companion were seen in places where no missionary had been heard of before, and left wholesome impressions of their sincerity, good sense, and goodness upon the minds of men who had considered themselves abandoned, alike of God and man, to solitude, and blasphemy, and drink. There were many colonists and many convicts (some of them possibly still alive) who for years afterwards dated all events with reference to the visit of the Quakers.

In a land containing 15,000 convicts they met with one solitary rebuff, and it came from a person with regard to whom they

remark quaintly that he seemed to be "one of those persons who are described by an inspired penman as fools that make a mock of sin."

In regard to the chief object of their mission they were indefatigable during those three years spent in Van Diemen's Land. Subsequently to their visit to Macquarie Harbour, and in compliance with his Excellency's request, they addressed a series of reports to the Governor respecting the condition of convicts, pointing out reforms which were urgently required, especially advertising to the evils of the system of assigned servants, and conclusively demonstrating that punishment was least efficacious where, as in the chain-gang and at Macquarie Harbour, it was most revolting and inhuman. It may be that they came to the colony with opinions on the subject already formed, but if so it was to have their convictions strengthened by much careful observation and much painful experience. Flagellation, the chain-gang, excessive doses of solitude and darkness, all the worst horrors of an antiquated penal system, they denounced to the Governor, with references to the law of Moses, which did not perhaps appear to his Excellency perfectly conclusive, and with appeals to reason and experience, which seem to have been not altogether fruitless either in the colony or at home. In reference to flagellation their protest was couched in terms the eloquent indignation of which was one of many revenges that the disciples of George Fox have taken for that "double dose" of the lash which he mistakenly thought good for the soul. "It is calculated," they wrote to his Excellency, "to increase desperation of character; it is a part of that abstract system of vengeance which man is not authorised to inflict upon man." They had seen much of the effect of the "double dose," and they differed with George Fox as to its being good for the soul. Besides Macquarie Harbour they had visited Port Arthur, which was shortly to take the place of the former as the chief penal establishment of the island. They had inspected the jails of Hobart Town and Launceston; they had made acquaintance, in various places besides Bridgewater, with the chain-gang; they had had more than one meeting with Nottman's gang, consisting of one hundred and thirty select ruffians, with regard to whom the overseer informed them that as a rule they had no belief in a future state of rewards and punishments. It was not, therefore, without having been at pains to know

the truth, if they fell into any error in protesting to Governor Arthur that to inflict "abstract" vengeance was a blunder worse than a crime.

On leaving Hobart Town the Quakers sailed for Botany Bay, to begin in New South Wales a course of labour like that which they had just finished in Van Diemen's Land. Their experience in the one colony was to a large extent a repetition of their career in the other, with perhaps some additional trial of their faith and patience in the form of miasmatic fever, excessive heat, mosquitoes, and extended views of human degradation and misery. The oldest colony of the Australian group, though now best known by its capital, Sydney, and its harbour, more beautiful than the Bay of Naples, was in those days famous for a bay the name of which is Botany. In New South Wales then our Quaker missionaries, as far as their business was with convicts, had arrived at head-quarters. In coming from Tasmania to this colony the scale of their labours was altered from that of an island to that of a continent—from that of Ireland to that of a third of Europe. The penal settlement, the chain-gang, the system of assigned servants, flogging in large jails, suffocation in small lock-ups, were all in full swing here as in Van Diemen's Land, only on a larger plan and cumbering more ground called Christian. Our Quakers began their labours with the penal settlement—one of the most remarkable and most famous establishments of the sort on which even an Australian sun has ever shone. Norfolk Island has been heard of on this side of the world, and is now known as the home of the Pitcairn Islanders; but it is only in Australia, and among the survivors of a time when transportation was a crime committed to punish crime, that the name retains anything of the terrible significance which it once had. It is one of the loveliest of the lovely islands of the Pacific, a green and glorious Eden, the marvellous beauty of which could not fail to attract the attention of a government which, in transplanting crime, made a point of giving over to an ugly weed only the fairest scenes. Still more than in the case of Botany Bay or Van Diemen's Land, an island which combines rare grandeur and loveliness with the perfection of climate, what sin did when Norfolk Island was made a penal settlement, was to enter into Paradise and take possession of it in the name of the British Government. Norfolk Island had one thing besides its beauty to fit it for being the abode of crime and misery—escape from it was im-

possible. More than a thousand miles distant from the Australian shore, and surrounded by a reef in which there was but one opening, and that a narrow and dangerous one, it was the Macquarie Harbour of New South Wales in point of dread security as well as other terrible aspects. "It was Macquarie Harbour over again," so the Quakers tell us, "with an extra shade of darkness superadded."

Everything was done on Sarah's Island, Macquarie Harbour, to give to the life of the prisoner a dull, monotonous, depressing hue, like that of the sombre hills and forests by which he found himself surrounded. On Norfolk Island the art was understood and exercised of making the misery of man's evil days an effective contrast to the beauty, and glory, and luxuriance with which he was encompassed. "Where every prospect pleases, and only man is vile," had an application to Norfolk Island such as never presented itself to Heber's imagination, such as Ceylon with its "spicy breezes," or Africa with its "sunny fountains," never furnished. All vegetation was tropical; tropical, too, was the growth of the ugly weed sent over seas by the British Government to Botany Bay, and thence transplanted afresh to the soil of this island. All that was good for food and pleasant to the eye abounded to excess; superabundant, too, was the profusion of all that is hateful and horrible in the form of sin and misery. It was found impossible to extirpate the orange-tree, though the attempt was made to deprive a harsh fate of the alleviation which its fruit afforded. It is impossible to allude to the fruits of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste brought death into the world, which were here as plentiful as oranges. As had happened to them on their visit to Macquarie Harbour, so on their arrival at Norfolk Island the Quakers found that they were just too late to witness the utmost length to which inhuman severity could be carried out at a penal settlement. They were in time, however, to see and to hear enough of the island to be able to understand why, in spite of its spicy breezes, its name had become "infamous." Just before their visit, one of the colonial judges before whom prisoners came for sentence involving transportation to Norfolk Island made this public declaration, "That it brought tears to his eyes when a Norfolk Island convict brought before him for sentence said, 'Let a man be what he will, when he comes here he will soon be as bad as the rest; a man's heart is taken from him, and there is given him the heart of a beast.'"

"Evil, be thou my good," was the language of Norfolk Island, as of a place to which it might be supposed to bear only too close a resemblance. Evidence on this point was given before a committee of the House of Commons by Dr. Ullathorne, Roman Catholic priest of Sydney, which Walker was careful to preserve in his "clear and beautiful hand." Good men, whose conscience did not suffer them to conform to universal custom as regards the use of the second personal pronoun plural, the Quakers, heard at Norfolk Island of a perversion of language which argued an immeasurable depravity of mind. A convict, in Dr. Ullathorne's hearing, called another convict a good man. The priest was surprised, and asked a question, which elicited the information that in general, and according to the ethics of the island, a bad man was called good, and a man who was ready to perform his duty, or any part thereof, was called a bad man. "There was a whole vocabulary of terms of that kind, which seemed to have been invented to adapt themselves to the complete subversion of the human heart."

This was a fact which it was incumbent upon Friend Walker to record with care in his best style of penmanship. There was much of the same sort of information to be had with which to enrich the pages of his journal. Here, as at Macquarie Harbour, death in another than the Christian sense was gain; here, even more thoroughly than in the Tasmanian settlement, the ruffian whose crimes were monstrous was at one with the saints and heroes of Christian history in his longing to depart. The most horrible scene that the good priest, whose name has been mentioned, ever saw was one which he witnessed on Norfolk Island, and it was a scene, so to speak, not of murder, but of death-bed resignation and departing ecstasy. Twenty-four men (perhaps because it was convenient to reckon by dozens) were sentenced to death as mutineers. The priest was sent from Sydney to administer the consolations of religion to thirteen of these, and to inform the rest that they were reprieved. As the names were read out, not the eleven who were reprieved, but the thirteen who were to die, dropped down, man by man, upon his knees and gave thanks to the Eternal Mercy that His salvation had visited them.

Down with this fact in thy journal, Friend Walker, and let it remain there for a testimony—against whom need not be said—but, at any rate, against man's inhumanity to man.

It was at Norfolk Island, at the end of a visit of two months' duration, that the Quakers received the address to which allusion has been made, beginning, "We, the prisoners of the Crown embracing the tenets of the Protestant faith." Partly, perhaps, because with all their gravity they were not devoid of humour, the Friends would fain have been spared this testimony to the worth and success of their labours; but they were gentlemen, and lest they should seem to slight a kindness, which was all that Protestantism in reduced circumstances had to offer them, they accepted it. It had cost them a disagreeable voyage of three weeks' duration to reach the island. They had a narrow escape from drowning as they swung in their boat on the edge of the reef which guarded the approach to an ocean prison whose walls were inaccessible basaltic cliffs. Not without much fatigue and hardship, perhaps not without blistered feet, certainly not without aching hearts, they had followed the prisoners of the Crown embracing the Protestant faith into the depths of the narrow and sultry valleys winding among the moun-

tains of which the island consists, and had noted how the vertical sun under which they worked had obliged them to dispense with clothes, and imparted to their skins a hue resembling that of negroes. They had seen the flower and crown of forest loveliness, the Norfolk Island pine, flourish along the ridges of hills the sides of which were covered with a jungle of fruit-trees, the orange, the lemon, the guava; and these features of a paradise in the Pacific had only served to deepen in their minds the sadness of the reflections which were suggested by the fact of Protestants not being allowed the use of knives and forks, and being restricted to the use of spoons, lest they should murder each other with any weapon except the regular hoe. Here, however, in this complimentary address from the almost negro-hued Protestantism of the island, was their reward; as much of a reward, perhaps, as the friends of humanity have any right to expect; a sign that possibly earnest and faithful work has not been altogether thrown away; a token that possibly the day is yet coming when the wilderness shall somehow blossom as the rose.

JOHN SERVICE.

SPRING.

O MOTHER Earth! dost thou at last awake
From the long sleep which sealed thy sunny
eyes,
Which hushed the music murmuring in thy woods
And veiled the summer gladness of thy skies?

Sadly we stood and watched, with wistful eyes,
Time with relentless hand from day to day
Rob thee of each bright token of the past,
Trampling thy buds and blossoms to decay.

The wand'ring winds heaped thy quiet heart with
leaves—
Dead leaves and flowers, once cradled in thy
breast—
And sweeping o'er the harp-strings of the wood,
Sang with deep voice, "Rest, weary mother, rest."

And thou didst rest, though winter winds were loud,
And sullen rain plashed on thy sleeping form;
That deep and dreamless sleep of thine, like Death,
Mocked, by its silence, winter's wildest storm.

But lo! a tender radiance lights the land,
A subtle sense of hope embalms the air,
Th' unfettered stream bursts forth with merry bound,
Green buds are swelling where the boughs were
bare.

The liquid call of bird to bird floats out,
Rising and falling from the budding trees;
And faint and sweet th' unfolding leaves distil
Their fragrant incense on the passing breeze.

The loneliest bank or woodland nook is lit
With starry gleam of opening buds and flowers;
And thorny brakes are stirred by restless wings
As mating birds prepare their mossy bowers.

Each downy curling frond and rosy bud
Is radiant with a tender, youthful grace,
A light divine, as fleeting and as fair
As dreams of Eden lend an infant face.

O Mother Earth! thou dost at last awake,
And with thy calm fair face, and sunny eyes,
Dost gently chide us for our failing hearts
While thou didst sleep beneath dull winter skies.

JESSIE LEE.

JOHN DUNCAN: THE ALFORD WEAVER AND BOTANIST.

BY WILLIAM JOLLY, H.M. INSPECTOR OF SCHOOLS.

III.

ON the day following our united visit, I made my way alone once more to Droghsburn. The weather was fine, the Leochel flowed down its quiet valley in the bright sun-light amidst the ripening corn, and the retired nook, with its willows and rowans, where John lives seemed more removed from the outer world than before. I found the old man outside, in his own little plot, bare-headed and bent, but bright and healthy. In front of his own door, he has a small part of the larger garden belonging to the croft railed off for his own use. There he grows chiefly native wild plants, which he has gathered, and which he likes to look after when he comes out of doors for a rest from toil; nothing cheers and restores him like the flowers. The dike enclosing it was crested with Honeysuckle in bright blossom and sweetest scent, and the Woody Nightshade, with its lurid flower, was prominent above the rest. John gave me cordial welcome and a warm shake of the hand, and seemed in excellent but quiet spirits. After some remarks on the plants, we entered his house, and seating ourselves opposite each other, between the two looms, we chatted on many things for a long time. He sat with his back to the window, through which the sun-beams streamed and prettily touched his head and eager, intelligent face. He was brighter and more communicative than on the previous day. My relations with his old friend, Charles Black, had evidently opened to me his silent heart, and I enjoyed the glow created by memory and friendship.

Seated there, he told me, in considerable detail, amongst other things, the story of Linnæus, suggested by some subject we had mentioned, characterizing him as "a grand chieft,"* "an awfu' clever man," "wha had to fecht his wey up frae naething, for they were to mak' him a shoemaker!"

Like most old Scotchmen of any individuality or humour, John speaks capital Scotch; of course, the broad Aberdeen or Kincardine doric, but very recherché and fine, with the flavour of youth and early memories round it. His expressions are generally picturesque, and sometimes poetical; as, when crossing a

little burn, he wished me to notice "hoo bonnily the watter trinkled!" and when referring to the disastrous years, 1816 and 1817, when the harvest was not taken in till November, he characterized 1818, which had superabundant plenty, as "rinnin ower!"

"Did he not feel lonely, thus living by himself, his family gone, and Charles so far away?"

"Na," said he, "only noos and nans.* Ye see I hae my noospaper, for I aye get that, and my books; and there's aye the bonnie floors to look at. Na, na! I'm no lanely!"

"Did he never become, tired, working so hard, now that he was getting old?"

"Some," said he. "But then I just rise and gang about a bit, and oot to the gairden for a wee. And a body, ye ken, maun just fa' till 't agen!"† continued he, with cheerful practical philosophy; "but I aye likit to wirk."

"How was he able to learn and to remember the great Latin and Greek words that Botany is so full of?" For he almost always uses the technical name of a plant, with the ease of long habit.

"Ow, ye see," he explained, "I had aye a gude memory. But when I got a noo plant and fund oot its naim, I used to write it doon on a bit paiper, and lay it on the wab afore me, as I was wirkin', to glance at it noo and nan, and say it ower to mysel', without disturbing my wark. I hae seen a gude lot o' thae words lyin' afore me, at the same time, on my loom. And then when I took a walk, I wu'd tak' them oot o' my pooch, and lairn them as I gaed along. But it was na very muckle trouble, for I had a guid memory; and I was aye usin' them, ye see!"

John's use of these technical terms is not a mere effort of memory without knowledge, for he knows the meanings of a large number of them, and had bought Ainsworth's Latin Dictionary, to get at these! A man like John is too intelligent to talk by mere note. For instance, speaking of the Woody Nightshade (*Solanum dulcamara*), he knew that *dulcamara* meant the same as its English name, Bittersweet, and said that *Solanum* had something to do "wi' makkin' you sleep." But

* Or "chieft," a young man: often used with endearment. Pronounced "cheel" or "cheeld." The same word, likely, as the English "Childe," as in "Childe Harold." It occurs frequently in the old ballads.

* "Nows and thens," the English "now and then."

† Fall to it, that is, to work, again.



John Duncan's Cottage.

here he mistook one of the effects of the poisonous properties of the species for the etymology—which, however, is doubtful, a likely connection with the Latin *solor*, to “console” or “solace,” being suggested. Then he spoke of the uses God makes of the poisons in the world, in diseases and otherwise, and how the most useful of plants, the potato, belongs to this most dangerous order of the Deadly Nightshade. All which shows that John’s knowledge of plants is real, practical, and interesting, and not confined to mere technical barrenness. As an additional proof of this also, he has studied largely the medical properties of plants—a favourite pursuit of old intelligent country people—and he possesses several books on Medical Botany, such as a very fine octavo copy of “Culpeper’s Herbal,” by Sir John Hall, M.D., and other works. When we passed the Fig-wort (*Scrophularia aquatica*) that day, he told me of how he had cured himself of a very painful affection, by means of a decoction of this plant and the common field dock, saying with grateful energy, “Man, it wrocht like a chairm! Widna the doctors hae made a fine job o’ me?”

His memory is certainly unusually good, if not remarkable. He has in no case written down the dates or localities at which he discovered his plants—a great loss in regard to the rarer ones—and when asked why he had not done so, he said, “I didna need; I ken brawly far they a’ cam’ frae!” And certainly he recalls the times and places with wonderful readiness, and, no doubt, cor-

rectly; and, more than that, he can give the circumstances under which most of the plants were discovered, and any special experiences he had in obtaining them. Indeed, this is one very good means of getting at John’s past life, which he can now give chiefly by way of reminiscences suggested by his plants. Each one has become to him the centre of many happy, humorous, or hard memories; and thus, dry and dead and broken as they are, in their worm-eaten receptacles, they are all living to him, and are surrounded by him with the sunshine and the shower of his past life. In taking a walk with him, you have merely to direct his attention to the plants you pass, and you at once open springs of living memory, which flow without stint from the old man’s heart. In this way, his past life is now greatly linked with the wild flowers, and a stranger can get at his history mainly through their companionship.

Like all old men who have had a varied experience, John frequently illustrates and clenches what he has to say with an anecdote, or an apt Scotch proverb or sentiment—a fine old custom now greatly obsolete. What wealth of “proverbial philosophy,” the achieved wisdom of life and history, not unfrequently bursts from the experience of an old man or woman who has lived to some purpose—real gold, that as far surpasses much modern tinsel as it is ancient, wise, and pregnant!

We thus sat talking on many subjects, seated between the looms, while the bright sun was shining outside. I wished much to

get him out into the field, that I might see more of his habits and let the flowers do their office of suggestion, and I proposed that we should take a walk. He was ready at once to go, and was evidently willing to devote the day to me, as certainly I was to him. He rose, put on his bonnet, a small blue Glengarry, and, shutting the door of his dwelling, staff in hand, he led the way up the hill behind the house. He walked at a smart pace, with short steps, leaning far forward on his staff, which was put down on the ground at every step, being evidently required to support him. The way was rough, there being no proper path except the field or dike side; but he would not accept assistance even in difficult places, as when climbing the dike, getting over fences, or pushing through the tall broom on the steep hillside. "Na, na, I dinna need ony help, sir, thank you. I can manage awa' fine." Yet tottering as he seems, his steps, though short, are firm and smart, and he moves onwards at a considerable pace.

He led me first to a quarry of twisted Silurian slate, here largely developed, for, in the valley of the Leochel, we are west of the granite upheaval of Alford and Ben-a-chie. We then ascended to one of the pre-historic cairns, so common in the north, regarding which he gave the usual legend. Rising through wet bog and tall broom and whin, which completely hid us from view, John led manfully upwards, though it evidently was hard on him. He would, nevertheless, move on alone, earnestly believing to the last in "a stout heart to a stey brae,"* as he had always done in more things than in hill-climbing. The Grass of Parnassus, one of the very prettiest of our wild flowers, catching his eye, as it grew in the wet places of the hill, he called on me to look at "that bonnie snaw-white floorie!" in a tone of truest appreciation, as well as in words of correct description. When shown by me the backward movement of the sensitive stamens of the Rock Rose (*Helianthemum vulgare*), after the base of the style has been titillated, which, strangely, was new to him, and which is certainly very striking, he exclaimed, in child-like wonder, "Ay, man, ay, so it does! The creytur has sense!" He had only seen the green-house sensitive *Mimosæ*, and was not aware that we had any British sensitives, such as this one and the Barberry. He was exceedingly taken with the phenomenon, and frequently repeated to himself, "Ay, man, ay! ay, ay!" as if pondering over it.

* A steep brae or hillside. Brae is from Gaelic

We climbed at length to "the croon o' the hill," where he wished me to see "the gran' view." It certainly commanded a splendid prospect, looking down, on the one side, on the fine Vale of Alford, with Ben-a-chie at its extremity; and, on the other, away to the south, over a sea of rounded rolling hills, like heaving waves on a calm day in mid-ocean, the taller peaks of the Grampians rising beyond, still adorned with gleaming patches of snow, and surmounted by the fine top of Lochnagar. We rested there for some time, enjoying the far-stretching scene and the warm sunshine. He talked fluently, the various plants and places and features of the hills and landscape affording him abundant topics for remark, and I exceedingly enjoyed his interesting communications and picturesque speech.

That little saunter with the old man revealed him more than ever, and I enjoyed it immensely. I was delighted to see him out in the field, under the blue sky and amidst the plants he had loved so long and so well. He must have been a pleasant and instructive companion in his younger days, when mind and body were full of vigour and enthusiasm.

We wandered slowly down the hill again to the cottage, and entered the ditcher's house. The father was absent on his laborious toil; but the mother was there, a striking-looking old dame, with abundant traces in face and figure of the tall, handsome, and good-looking woman of earlier life, though now bent with rheumatism and needing a staff. The house is kept sweetly clean, both "but and ben,"* by the youngest daughter, a growing, pretty girl, active and bright-smiling, who bids fair to reproduce her mother's youth.

We sat in the cheerful kitchen chatting for some time with the vigorous old lady, who is a splendid talker in first-rate vernacular, while the young housekeeper prepared a meal for us in the best room. They had lived beside John for some fifteen years, so that she knew him well and all his ways. She told me that the last year had made "a terrible odds" on John, and that he was not like the same man now, as if natural decay were rapidly beginning to tell on him. She was greatly impressed with the man, respected his ability and knowledge, and spoke strongly in his favour, even when he himself deprecated praise. She was sorry I had not seen

* In the kitchen and best room, for there are but two rooms in such cottages. The words are derived from "be-out" and "be-in," the better apartment being reckoned the inmost one or sanctuary.

and known him in his more vigorous years. At length, John and I retired to the other room, where a homely but substantial meal was neatly laid down on a snowy cloth, consisting chiefly of the home produce of the field and the byre. We did full justice to the fare, after our appetising walk, seasoning our rustic meal with "smooth discourse and joyous thought."

Having finished, we entered once more his own room, to go over his books, which I wished much to see, and which he was justly proud to show; for they are numerous and good and in very good condition. He keeps the most of them in his chest, preserved from the ravages of moths and like lovers of literature, by little bags of camphor, which soon filled the place with a pleasant odour. In these books, we see far into John's tastes and studies, and obtain a glimpse of the work of his life, which will do us good service in estimating the man.

The larger portion of his books are, as might be expected, connected with his favourite science, and they are surprisingly numerous for a poor man, especially when we consider that, with a few exceptions, they had been bought by himself. They amount in all to some thirty volumes of different kinds, including some of the more costly technical works, as well as those of a more popular nature, and a few on Medical Botany, many of them now rare and out of date, but interesting as his early guides in the science.

Next to Botany, like the true Scotchman he is, theology was his chief study. In this subject, he had taken a warm and intelligent interest, for, like most of our older countrymen, he is constitutionally religious. He entered keenly into the religious struggles of '43, which issued in the Disruption and the formation of the Free Church. He possesses and has of course read the "Ten Years' Conflict," which gives the story of this remarkable religious contest. Sympathizing with the dissentients, he joined the Free Church, to which he is still warmly attached, and in which he holds the dignity of deacon. His religious books include, "Matthew Henry's Bible," "Brown's Dictionary," "Stackhouse's History of the Bible," "Cassell's Biblical Educator," "The Plants and Trees of Scripture," thus applying his science to the interpretation of the Sacred Book; and others.

Like a true Scotchman, also, especially one born and brought up within sight of Dunottar Castle with its "Whigs' Dungeon," where the Covenanters were immured and suffered so much for their faith, he shares the universal Scotch enthusiasm—at least in the

uncontaminated country—for the "strong stout hearts of the Covenanting men:" a grand element in Scottish history, which has, perhaps, done more than aught else to nourish high-souled independence and religious fervour in the country. John has, of course, the books that contain the story of that period, once found in every cottage in the land, the "Scots Worthies," a fine large copy, and the "Cloud of Witnesses." And he would be no Scot, at least no Scot of the good old type, who did not possess the "History of Scotland," which John has in two large volumes.

His determination to get at the bottom of things, and to have a real knowledge of the subjects he has studied, and the words he uses, is still further proved by his possession of the English dictionary of "N. Bailey *Φιλόλογος*," a capital old work, unique in its time, and still well worth having, which must have been of special value to John with its derivations and "explications" of all scientific, technical, and legal terms; as also by Ainsworth's Latin dictionary, and the other works, already named, for the interpretation of the Bible. But John could not even work his loom without knowing all about it, and he gets "Murphy on Weaving."

His appetite for general knowledge, as already said, is keen and active, and as supplying healthy food for this, he has Chambers' "Information for the People," a whole library in itself, and the "Dictionary of Daily Wants."

He had also a great wish to study Geology, to interpret the rocks, amidst which his plants grew, and the constant sight of which, in their close relations to these favourites, was a continual challenge to his intelligence and an attraction to his desire of intellectual acquisition: he therefore began the study of the subject, and made a collection of the rocks of the district, but he was reluctantly obliged to abandon it, for he "had naeboddy to gie him a lift wi't;" and Geology is a science requiring above most, especially in its earlier stages, like music, the assistance of a master, in the practical work of the field and the identification of the rocks.

But the stars above him, which looked down on him nightly, and often cheered him homewards, when late and tired with his long rambles, appealed to him to know them with their bright speaking eyes; and he studied Astronomy, and stranger still, that curious phase of it, which their distant silence and mystery created in the youth of the world—Astrology, of which he possesses a Manual.

The living creatures that fill the earth and are fed by its plants, he could not be ignorant of, and he gets "Charles Knight's Natural History," a large and very good book. He does not seem, however, to have followed his friend, Charles Black, in the study of the birds at all; at least, he has no work on Ornithology, though doubtless he possesses a more than common knowledge of their names and charming ways. He was presented with a copy of "The Common Seaweeds," but never had an opportunity, as a man, of studying that branch of Botany, having lived far inland since he took to science, and since he used to range as a thoughtless boy along the sea-cliffs near Dunottar.

These books show an unusual range of reading and study, as well as remarkable thoroughness, not only in his special science, but in all he took in hand to do. They abundantly prove that their possessor is a man of large intelligence, and strong religious aspirations, who wishes to interpret the world in which he moves, and to know its relations to the universal and eternal.

While he puts back his library into its place, let us look a little more minutely round this little room, which is his domestic world, and see how he lives here. The whole space of the floor is occupied with the various apparatus required for his trade, except a small part near the door, which is filled with his chests and boxes. Yet this room contains the whole of his dwelling-place, and here he spends his days and nights, except when he goes next door for his meals. Where is his sleeping-room? Here also. Close by the door will be observed a short home-made ladder, leaning on the wall. Looking upwards, we see some planks laid across the couples of the roof at this end of the room, the rest being open to the rafters and the thatch. These boards form a kind of small room, supporting his bed, to which the ladder leads up. That is John's bedroom. Its roof is the thatch, and it is entirely without light, except what comes from the room below, which is sufficient for his purpose, for he went up the ladder several times for things he wished to show me. That is all and nothing more.

Here, then, within these four low narrow walls, covered with thatch and lighted by these three dim windows, we have the whole of John's interior domain, his home, forming at once his workshop, tool house, dwelling place, and sleeping room, as well as his library, study, and museum; and here he has lived and read, and studied and laboured, for some twenty-five years—poor, but contented,

yea, happy—a workman, a student, a thinker, and an honest man! Is it not blessedly true, that our happiness is bounded not by our possessions, but by our desires, and that our life depends, not on what we have, but on what we wish to have? Are we not reminded, by these meagre furnishings and narrow bounds and the reigning contentment, of the hut of the old slave philosopher, at Nicopolis, with its straw pallet and its one lamp? Ah, yes, the secret lies within, in cultivating the "internals," as good Epicurus wisely tells us, and putting "externals" in their due place and rank; and in possessing some of that highest alchemy which turns all it touches into gold, and by which "all great souls still make their own content!"

The day had passed with a strange speed to me, and as evening was now drawing near and I had a long way to return, I was reluctantly obliged to propose to go. He accompanied me, staff in hand, down the burn that sung its even-song beneath the cress and scented mint, and along the highway some distance towards Alford. The sunshine was warm and bright, and the quiet valley of the Leochel was filled with a calm sunset light, as we walked on together, pursuing the pleasant talk that had given the day such delight to me and happiness to him. I told him how I had enjoyed the time I had spent with him, how it had realised a happiness I had looked forward to for years, and how, seeing he looked so well, I hoped, ere long, again to visit him at Droghsburn, before he passed to his long home. I told him that I should tell his friend Charles of my visit, and all I had seen and heard. This visibly affected him, and touched a chord that trembled on his lip, and gave a pearly brightness to his eye. He assured me that he had enjoyed the day and would remember it, for he now had few to visit him, and fewer to understand and sympathize with him; and he sent his best remembrances and many messages to Charles. We shook hands warmly and parted. As the old man moved back to solitary contentment, I could not refrain from watching with some emotion his retreating form, a little crooked casket that enclosed no common soul, seen, it might be, for the last time. As I slowly made my way to the house of my friend, the sinking sun and sweet waning light induced quiet meditation on the experiences of these two days, mingled with thoughts on the strange web of human life and destiny, the beautiful compensations in every lot, the power we have to make or mar our own happiness, and the blissfulness of higher pursuits.

WHO TEACHES OUR LITTLE ONES?

THE first years of a child's life are the most important. In them his character is moulded, perhaps into angles and corners, which much work in after-life will scarcely smooth away. In them he ought to master the lesson how to learn, for it can only be acquired afterwards at the price of much toil and great waste of time.

Yet these early years are the ones in which children are least considered. They are in the nursery or school room, hearing perhaps nothing but foolish talk, and only for an hour or two have any chance of speaking with their mothers. If they find no opening to ask some question which oppresses them, it must wait till to-morrow, and the poor little curly heads must contain doubts, difficulties, and longings, which a little sympathy and help would turn into an upward ladder. This part of the subject will be passed over, not because it is unimportant, but my present object is to show the grievous wrong that is done in the matter of teaching our young children.

The children of the poor are protected from the folly and short-sighted economy of their parents by the law which forbids the employment of children till they have passed a certain standard examination. It might perhaps be well if education were made directly compulsory, but no one would urge the passing of such a law without making due provision to insure the efficiency of the teaching given. The Children's Labour Act does not touch parents who are not obliged to employ their children in labour. Public opinion, however, demands the appearance of teaching for the children of the upper classes. But public opinion is easily satisfied by an outward submission. Mothers who are too busy, too lazy, too stupid, or too fine to pretend to teach their children, engage some person calling herself a governess to reside in their house, or to attend for a part of every day; and to her is intrusted the important work of sowing the first seeds of knowledge in the children's minds, and preparing the soil for further cultivation.

Now what sort of people are the governesses? For the older children among rich people it is thought worth while to engage a certificated governess; that is, one whose acquirements have been tested. But certificated governesses are expensive; and even if people are prepared to pay highly for good teaching in advanced studies, they almost invariably

assume that it is absurd to spend much on the education of the young children. They look, therefore, among the ranks of the uncertificated, and run the risk of choosing for themselves. Teaching, though certainly one of the most important employments, and not far from the most difficult, is the only one for which special training is not supposed to be required. Every lady in want of money is supposed in virtue of that want to be qualified to teach. Undoubtedly many ladies qualified to teach are in want of money, and there is no reason why they should be forbidden to earn it by teaching; but it is absurd to suppose that need on the teacher's part is in itself any sort of qualification for the work of training the minds of our children. Many mothers are incapable of discriminating for themselves between acquirements and professions. They are at the mercy of impostors, and the governess *professing* to teach French and German is engaged, though both languages are so taught as to be unintelligible to natives of those countries, while another who is really capable of teaching one language well is passed over as not good enough. One feels some pity for mothers, who, under a mistake, provide such wretched teaching for their children, especially if they are honestly anxious to give them the best they can.

The mistaken mothers are, however, few compared with the class deserving little pity, whose object in engaging a governess is merely conventional. Everybody has a governess for their children, and "we must do like other people," they say. The teaching, as a thing of small importance to them, is made subservient to other considerations, and the clever needle-woman who is willing to make the children's clothes, or the good-natured girl who will give such help in the nursery as to save an extra maid, is chosen, though the lessons given are simply a farce. In the name of common sense, I protest that these children ought to be protected by the State from the ignorance, or culpable negligence, of their parents. This can only be done by requiring every teacher to take out a licence to teach, or, in other words, to be certificated. Of course, there would have to be a graduated series of certificates, many people being competent to teach reading and writing without arithmetic, or all three and nothing more. To be quite fair, I think there ought to be a separate certificate for each subject. The case is different with regard to candi-

dates at the Oxford or Cambridge examinations for women. They *must* pass in certain compulsory subjects before they are permitted to try for any further subjects; and this is an admirable rule in principle, because it means that the importance of a solid foundation is felt by the managers of these examinations. But for teachers it is scarcely fair. A talent for languages may exist where arithmetic is impossible, or music may be a gift where language is denied, and each ought to be certificated on its own merits. People sometimes talk of the natural talent for teaching, a thing which an untried teacher could not prove, and they fancy this shows how ineffectual examinations would be to insure really good teaching. That some have a natural facility for transmitting what they know is undeniable; but they must know something before they can transmit it, and ascertaining the amount of their knowledge would be no injustice to them. No mere talent for teaching will enable any person to teach more than she knows, though unquestionably many find it difficult to pass on to others even a small part of what they have learned. Among these last are to be found some of the cleverest people. Examinations are certainly not infallible, but they seem to be the best practical test we know of. Their imperfection does not prevent their use in other professions; why should it here? A doctor on passing certain examinations is licensed to prescribe for the sick, yet we all know that something more is required to make a good doctor. Decision, gentleness, tact, enabling him to work on the mental as well as the physical state of the patient, are as much required as a knowledge of drugs. Yet no one would say that these were of themselves enough without the said knowledge. So the power of teaching is a great help, but it can never be a substitute for the thing to be taught. As it is illegal for a man to call himself or to act as a doctor without a licence, so I would have it illegal for any person to assume the name or office of a teacher without a certificate. We do incalculable mischief to our children by allowing them to be taught a smattering of many things while leaving their reasoning faculties quite uncultivated. How can they care for studies which are evidently only weariness to their teacher? How can they feel their learning of any consequence, when lessons are interrupted for an animated discussion on how best to make the girls' old frocks look like new, or how to imitate the sailor suit of a rich neighbour for little Freddy, so that it

should look like tailors' work? And, further, do they not often discover that the teacher does not clearly understand the subject taught, and is not this discovery of pretence and shamming a real and lasting injury to a child's character?

So much for the children. But if common sense urges me to speak in their behalf, common justice impels me to plead for the same thing in the interests of the governesses themselves. Many people say and think that it would be cruel to interfere with the great mass of poor ladies who live by teaching; and so, indeed, it would, were not the measure one which will benefit them at last as much as their pupils. Many of the present uncertificated governesses would be perfectly able to pass in the present Oxford or Cambridge examination for women, if they could afford a very little money and a little time for study. But a bird in the hand is worth more than two in the bush to them. They *must* have money now, so they take what they can get. A preliminary examination in subjects chosen by themselves would raise their value, and this would make it possible for them to devote a little time to preparation for the full examination. Then there are others who, while unequal to a severe test, would be capable of proving themselves competent to teach a child thoroughly some one or two things. All these would be materially benefited by a recognition of their capacities. The remaining number, who are only fit to be needle-women or nursery-maids, would be left in peace to pursue those callings. At present the system is entirely rotten. The governess market is glutted by the introduction of an inferior article, which forces down the price of the real thing. Many governesses are as such worth nothing, and anything they earn in that capacity is too much. But as an ignorant public, anxious only for the appearance of education, finds that some one answering this purpose is to be hired at little cost, and that much work of other sorts is to be got out of her, it is not to be expected that more will be paid for real teaching which adds nothing to outward display, especially if the teacher refuses to do the work of under-housemaid. Many ladies succumb under the difficulties of their position. The work as hard as any servant, besides teaching what they can to the children, with no moment of peace either night or day, and for wages which would not be high for a kitchen-maid. Worse than this, they are driven in their sore strait to degrade their moral nature by pretending to do what is beyond their power, knowing

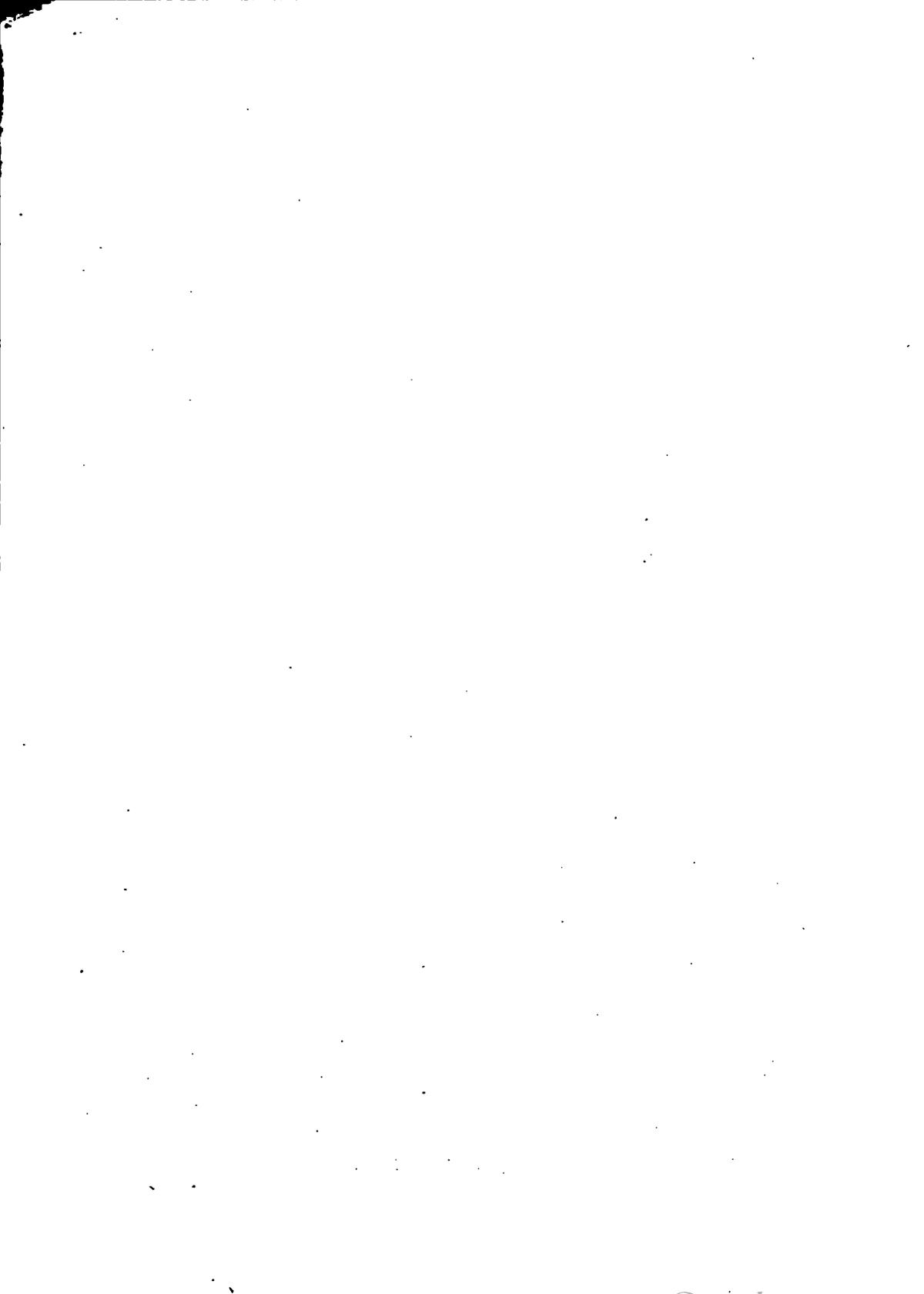
that their scanty pittance will be forfeited if they confess their ignorance. They are ground down to the dust, good and bad alike, by the grasping, money-loving class in whose power they are, while the children run the risk of having an unsteady foundation to their education, only to be repaired in after life by being pulled down and built over again. On this point I can speak feelingly, for scarcely a day passes in which I do not find cause to regret my own slipshod education, which woke in me no intelligent interest in any subject, but left me with a rooted dislike to study. Probably I shall feel to my life's end the hurtful influence of those worse than wasted years of youth.

One cause of all this trouble, which would be completely removed by the certificate plan, is the large number of young women who, living at home, and experiencing the daily fret of very limited means, take to teaching as a help. A father earning perhaps two or three hundred a year, and owning grown-up daughters, finds it yearly a more puzzling task to make the two ends meet. The daughters having lodging and some sort of board already secure, can afford to spend their time in employment which, though ill paid, suits their peculiar circumstances better than a more lucrative one requiring in the first instance the outlay of some capital. This class is chiefly represented by the daily governess division. They live at home, and every shilling they earn is so much increase to the comfort of the establishment. Supposing three daughters to earn between them £100 a year, it is a better thing for them than to lead an idle life, earning nothing; but were it needed to support them entirely, it is easy to see how inadequate the sum would be. We do not think of asking our servants what their savings may be, and paying less in proportion. We pay for work done according to its own worth. A fair day's work ought to receive a fair day's wage. Why should the class of teachers be the only one to whose case this principle is not supposed to apply? It would be well if these half-independent ladies ceased to join in ruining their penniless fellows. Were all obliged to be certificated they could do no harm to others, and would be in a better position themselves.

Ignorant people are often taken in by counterfeiters. They pay a high price for what looks like the real thing, and find out their mistake too late. But it is only in the governess market that good things are habitually to be bought for the price of bad.

Many are too ignorant to know the difference; nay, some, more ignorant still, do not care so long as they are known to have bought something. The knowing customers carefully select the real genuine article and go on their way rejoicing. These are the only people who reap advantage from the present state of affairs. They are good judges, not to be imposed upon, so they take the best and pay the least possible. Miss A. won't do, for her French accent is bad; Miss B. won't do, for she can't teach Latin; Miss C. would do, but her charges are high; Miss D., who can teach everything, and is contented to do so for a few shillings, is after some delay engaged. These are common occurrences. One case may serve as illustration, and its truth I can vouch for. A lady was inquiring for a daily governess to teach her child Latin, French, and music, besides the usual English subjects. The governess would further be required to dine with the child, and to accompany it for a daily walk, thus occupying nearly the whole day. A governess perfectly qualified for the work proposed to undertake it for two guineas a week. The lady expressed herself surprised at being asked such a sum, saying it was double what she had ever been asked before, and that many governesses were willing to undertake such a situation for twelve shillings a week. I do not know, nor can I imagine, how such unfortunate teachers live on their earnings. Perhaps were their employers to follow them home, they might be less anxious to reduce the salary to the lowest possible figure.

If judged by their conversation, ladies of this order would often be thought almost foolishly tender-hearted. They talk so sorrowfully of the numerous well-educated ladies who are reduced to starvation, and thankful to earn anything. They enlarge on the hardships endured by those who have come down in the world. They profess that were it possible, they would engage two or three at a time, by way of helping a larger proportion. These protestations unfortunately are counted as charitable deeds. The protester, with a quiet conscience, proceeds to the business of engaging a governess, and puts sentiment aside, or perhaps even feels a little thrill of virtue as she reflects that the starvation wages one pays are helping to reduce the sum of human misery. Does no voice of conscience ever speak to them? Do they really believe themselves to be acting fairly by their fellow-creatures? It is hard to think so. They save a few sovereigns a year, to be paid by the life-blood of suffering humanity, and the





A TOUCH OF PITY.

small part paid of the wages due is counted almost as a charitable donation. The slovenliness of thought, to which John Stuart Mill attributes some of the curious results of our conventional reasoning, is surely the only explanation of this self-justification. Parents belonging to this class want good teaching, and though they prefer to get it without adequate payment, they will pay highly rather than put up with an inferior article. They are often rich people, who can well afford, and do not grudge, the money to send their sons to Eton or Harrow. A fair payment to the governess who teaches the little boys and the girls till fourteen or fifteen would not be felt by them. It is certainly wrong that they should be able systematically so to oppress the ladies in their employment.

Could the prophet Amos revisit the earth now, after eighteen hundred years of Christianity, he would recognise one at least of the sins he so indignantly denounced in his contemporaries. "They sell the righteous for silver, and the poor for a pair of shoes." He would probably find himself scorned now, as he was in the older days, by the fashionable world, though the feeling would be expressed in more modern style—"A vulgar, low communist," would be something like the verdict passed on him now.

Were every governess certificated there would not be too many to *teach* the children, and the only hardship to those incapable of taking a certificate would be the deprivation of the right to call themselves teachers. The others would receive a juster payment, but these could scarcely be offered less as nurses or workwomen than they now receive, nor could they be much less considered by their employers.

While fully recognising the fact that obliging every governess to be certificated will not be an infallible mode of securing the best possible teaching, I think it is a step in the right direction. When knowledge is a thing of course in those professing to teach, we may find out some further means of testing the power to convey knowledge. One step will not bring us to perfection. We are not so near it as that; but is it not by many steps that we travel onwards? and how should we ever advance if we waited till only one step was needed before we started on our journey? Let us then, in God's name, and in the cause of justice and mercy, take our first step, and by so doing prepare for the second, and so each one will bring us nearer to the object in view, viz., to secure proper teachers for our little ones.

MARY CALVERLEY.

A TOUCH OF PITY.

FORTH they set at early morn,
Happy in their hope,
Adown the path and through the corn,
And by a grassy slope;

Then o'er a stretch of clean sea-sand,
And reached a slippery pier;
And there the brother raised his hand,
And said, "We'll cast lines here."

And, oh, the tremor of her heart
As tackle straight he set!
She deemed her brother had more art
Than any angler yet.

And at each bite she felt a glow
Of pride, that made her speak
In louder tones; there came a flow
Of blood to either cheek.

At last a catch! the silvery sides
Came twinkling o'er the pier—
She shrieked with joy; but soon the tides
Of joy were changed to fear

As full she looked upon the thing
That writhed before her eyes,
The heart felt for its suffering,
She burst in tears and sighs!

And all her day was clouded dim
With thoughts she could not speak;
The voice was low; she stood by him,
But pale was now her cheek.

Her first glimpse of the ill and pain
That haunts the world, that day
Disturbed her heart, and ne'er again
Will she so gladly play.

Ah, little maid, that mystery
O'ershadows all our work,
And unto many, as to thee,
Has turned the bright to dark.

E. CONDER GRAY.

THE RELIGIOUS ASPECT OF GOTHIC ARCHITECTURE.

By ARTHUR PENRHYN STANLEY, D.D., DEAN OF WESTMINSTER.

"I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord."—PSALM cxxiii.

"THE house of the Lord." It is an expression which we at once recognise as figurative. "Behold the heaven of heavens cannot contain thee; how much less this house that I have builded!" So it was said even in the Jewish dispensation. In the Christian dispensation it is still more strongly expressed that the only fitting temple of the Most High is the sacred human conscience, or the community of good men throughout the world, or that vast unseen universe which is the true tabernacle, greater and more perfect than any made by hands. Nevertheless, like all familiar metaphors, the expression "the house of God" has a deep root in the human heart and mind. Our idea of the invisible almost inevitably makes for itself a shell or husk from visible things. This is the germ of religious architecture. This is the reason why the most splendid buildings in the world have been temples or churches. This is the reason why even the most spiritual, even the most Puritanical, religion clothes itself with the drapery not only of words, and sounds, and pictures, but of wood, and stone, and marble. A Friends' meeting-house is as really a house of God, and therefore as decisive a testimony to the sacredness of architecture, as the most magnificent cathedral. The barbaric artificers of the rude tabernacle in the desert were as really inspired in their rude manner as the Tyrian architects of the temple of Solomon. Who is there that does not feel a glow of enthusiasm, when coming back after long absence, it may be like him who addresses you to-day, long illness, he finds himself once more in the old familiar, venerable sanctuary, which has become the home of his affection, the outward and visible sign of his country's and of his own hopes and duties? Who is there that having grown with the growth and strengthened with the strength of an institution like this, does not feel that it is part of himself—that its honour or dishonour is his own glory or his own shame? That is sentiment usually ascribed to the witty Canon* of a neighbouring cathedral which, with singular

humour, treated as an impossibility what is in fact the simple truth. We who live under the hull or framework, the vaults or the dome of a building like Westminster Abbey or St. Paul's, are conscious of a thrill of satisfaction when the hand of an approving public is placed on our outward shell; a thrill which penetrates to our inmost souls, because we within, and that superb shell without, constitute but one and the same living creature. It is the consciousness of this intimate connection between the spiritual and the material temple, between the grandeur of religion and the grandeur of its outward habitation, which gives a living interest to the thought which I would this day bring before you—the religious aspect of the noble science and art of the architect. We yesterday laid within these walls the most famous builder of this generation. Others may have soared to loftier flights, or produced special works of more commanding power; but no name within the last thirty years has been so widely impressed on the edifices of Great Britain, past and present, as that of Gilbert Scott. From the humble but graceful cross, which commemorates at Oxford the sacrifice of the three martyrs of the English Reformation, to the splendid memorial of the prince who devoted his life to the service of his Queen and country; from the Presbyterian University on the banks of the Clyde, to the college chapels on the banks of the Isis and the Cam; from the proudest minster to the most retired parish church; from India to Newfoundland—the trace has been left of the loving eye and skilful hand that are now so cold in death. Truly was it said by one, who from the distant shores of a foreign land rendered yesterday his sorrowing tribute of respect, that in nearly all the cathedrals of England there must have been a shock of grief when the tidings came of the sudden stroke which had parted them from him, who was to them as their own familiar friend and foster-father. Canterbury, Ely, Exeter, Worcester, Peterborough, Salisbury, Hereford, Lichfield, Ripon, Gloucester, Manchester, Chester, Rochester, Oxford, Bangor, St. Asaph, St. David's, Windsor, St. Alban's, Tewkesbury, and last, not least, our own Westminster, in which he took most delight of all buildings in all the world—are the silent mourners round the grave of him who loved

* It is told of Sydney Smith that he once said to a child who thought that it was pleasing a tortoise by stroking the shell, "You might as well hope to please the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's by patting the dome." ("Memoirs of Sydney Smith," vol. i. 324.) It would seem, however, that the story had an earlier origin. The remark was made, at least in the first instance or simultaneously, by the present Sir Frederick Pollock to his brother.

their very stones and dust, and knew them to their very heart's core. But it is good on these occasions to rise above the personal feelings of the moment into those more general lessons which the career of the departed suggests.

I. It was the singular fortune of that career that it coincided with one of the most remarkable revolutions of taste that the world has witnessed. That peculiar conception of architectural beauty which our ancestors in blame, and not in praise, called Gothic was altogether unknown to Pagan or Christian antiquity. It was unknown alike to the builders of the Pyramids and the Parthenon, to the builders of the Roman Basilica, or the Byzantine Sta. Sophia. Born partly of Saracenic, partly of German parentage, it gradually won its way to perfection by the mysterious instinct which breathed through Europe in the Middle Ages. It flourished for four centuries, and then died as completely as if it had never existed. Another style took its place. By Catholic and Protestant it was alike repudiated. By the hands of French and Italian prelates, no less than by English or Scottish Reformers, its traces wherever possible were obliterated. Here and there a momentary thrill of admiration was rekindled by the high-embowed roof, or by the stately pillars of our ancient churches, or as in the *Penseroso* of Milton, or as in the *Mourning Bride* of Congreve. But as a general rule it was regarded as a lost art—and our poets of the sixteenth century make no more allusion to it than if they had been born and bred in the new world of America.

"Look through the popular writers of the sixteenth century, the unconscious exponents of the sentiments of the age that followed the Reformation, examine the writings of Spenser, for instance, and Shakespeare, the many-sided, to whom all the tones of thought of all ages seem to have been revealed and familiarised; of Chapman and Marlow and the rest, and I question whether you will find a line or a word in any one of them indicating the slightest sympathy with the æsthetics of ecclesiastical architecture, which exercise such a fascination over ourselves. Not one line, not one word, I believe, of the charms of cloistered arcades and fretted roofs, and painted windows, and the dim religious light of the pensive poets of our later ages. No wail of despair, no murmur of dissatisfaction reaches us from the generation that witnessed the dire eclipse in which the labour of so many ages of artistic refinement became involved. Their children have betrayed to us no remembrance of the stifled sorrows of their fathers. As far as regards its taste for ecclesiastical monuments, the literature of Elizabeth might have been the production of the rude colonists of the Antilles or of Virginia." *

Here and there an antiquarian, like Gostling at Canterbury or Carter at Westminster, allowed the genius of the place to overpower the tendencies of the age. And if a protest came at last against the indiscriminate disparagement of mediæval art from Horace Walpole, it was more in deference to his rank, than from conversion to his sentiments, that the authorities in church and state consented to preserve what else they would have doomed to destruction. At last in the first half of this century a new eye was given to the mind of man. Gradually, imperfectly, through various channels—in this country chiefly through the minute observations of a Quaker student—the visions of the strange past rose before a newly awakened world. The glory and the grace of our soaring arches, of our stained windows, of our recumbent effigies, were revealed, as they had been to no mortal eyes since the time of their erection. To imitate, to preserve this ancient style in its remarkable beauty was the inevitable consequence, we might say the overwhelming temptation, of this new discovery. The hour was come when the ecclesiastical architecture of the past was to be roused from its long slumber, and with the hour came the man. We do not forget that splendid if eccentric genius who gave himself, though not with undivided love, to the service of another communion. We cannot but remember the gifted architect who raised the stately halls and the commanding towers of the palace of the imperial legislature, and who was laid long years ago—in fit proximity to his own great works—within these walls, and where he has now been followed by him of whom I now would speak. For there was one who, if younger in the race, and at the time less conspicuous than either of them, was destined to exercise over the growth of Gothic architecture in this country a yet more enduring and extensive influence.

When in this Abbey the first note of that revival was struck by the erection of Bernasconi's plaster canopies in the place of the classic altar-piece, given by Queen Anne,* a boy of fourteen years old was in the church watching the demolition and the reconstruction with a curious vigilance, which from that time never flagged for fifty years. That was the earliest reminiscence which Gilbert Scott retained of Westminster Abbey; that was the first inspiration of the Gothic revival which swept away before its onward progress not only the plaster reredos

* Sermon preached on the Founder's Day, at Harrow, October 10, 1872, by Charles Merivale, D.D., Dean of Ely.

* "Memorials of Westminster Abbey," p. 530.

of this Abbey, but a thousand other crudities of the same imperfect period. He impersonated the taste of the age. Antiquarian no less than builder, he became to those fossils of mediæval architecture what Cuvier and Owen have been to the fossils of the earlier world of nature. It may be that others will succeed to whom the marvellous bounty of Providence shall bestow other gifts of other kinds. But meanwhile we bless God for what we have had in our departed friend and his fellow-workers. The recovery, the second birth, of Gothic architecture, is a striking proof that the human mind is not dead, nor the creative power of our Maker slackened. We bless alike the power which breathed this inspiration into the men of old, and which even from their dry bones, has breathed it once again into the men of these latter days.

II. But it is not enough that a great gift should be resuscitated or a great style imitated. We must ask wherein its greatness consisted, and in what relation it stood to the other gifts of the Creator. There are many characteristics of the mediæval architecture, as of the mediæval mind, which have totally perished, or which ought never to be revived, which represent ideas that for our time have lost all significance, and purposes which are doomed to extinction. The Middle Ages have left on the intellect of Europe few, very few, enduring traces. Their chronicles are but the quarries of later historians; their schoolmen are but the extinct species of a dead theology. Two great poems and one book of devotion are all that that long period has bequeathed to the universal literature of mankind. But their architecture still remains

"Of equal date,
With Andes and with Ararat,"

and the reason of this continuance or revival is this, that in its essential features it represented those aspirations of religion which are eternal. As in mediæval Christianity there were elements which belonged to the undeveloped Protestantism of the Western churches, so also in mediæval architecture there are elements which belong to the churches of the Reformation as well as to the churches of the Papal system. Its massive solidity, its aspiring height, its infinite space, these belong not to the tawdry, trivial, minute, material side of religion, but to its sobriety, its grandeur, its breadth, its sublimity. And therefore it was that when this revival of Gothic architecture took place, it

* Emerson.

was amongst the Protestant churches of England, rather than in the Catholic churches of the Continent, that its first growth struck root. The religious power of our great cathedrals has, as has been well remarked,* not lost, but gained, in proportion as our worship has become more solemn, more simple, more reverential, more comprehensive. There is a cloud of superstition doubtless which, with the latter half of the nineteenth century, has settled down over a large part of the ecclesiastical world; but the last places which it will reach will be the magnificent architectural monuments which defy the introduction of trivial and mean decorations, or, if introduced, condemn them for their evident incongruity with other portions of the buildings. The great antiquaries, the great architects of this century, are but too well acquainted with the differences between the loftier and the baser aspects, between the golden and the copper sides of their noble art, to allow it to become the handmaid of a sect or party, or the instrument of a senseless proselytism.

And this leads me to one more point of the marvellous revival of which he who lies in yonder grave was the pioneer and champion. For the first, or almost for the first time in the history of the world, the architecture of the nineteenth century betook itself, not to the creation of a new style, but to the preservation and imitation of an older style. With perhaps one exception,† every age and country down to our own has set its face towards superseding the works of its predecessors, by erecting its own work in their place. The Normans overthrew the old Romanesque churches of the Saxons. Henry III. in this place "totally swept away, as of no value whatever," the noble abbey of the Confessor. Henry VII. built his stately Chapel in marked contrast to all the other portions of this building. The great architects of the cathedrals of St. Peter at Rome, and St. Paul in London, adopted a style varying as widely from the mediæval, which they despised, as from the Grecian, which they admired. But now, in our own time, the whole genius of the age threw all its energies into the reproduction of what had been, rather than into the production of what was to be. No doubt it may be said that there is in the original genius which creates

* Dean Milman's "History of Latin Christianity," vol. vi., page 97.

† The continuance of the Pharaonic style in Egypt by the Ptolemaic princes and Roman emperors. There are also a few rare examples in Mediæval Architecture, such as the completion of the nave in Westminster Abbey.

something more stimulating and inspiring. Yet still the very eagerness of reproduction is itself an original inspiration, and there is in it also a peculiar grace which, to the illustrious departed, was singularly congenial. If one had sought for a man to carry out this awe-striking retrospect through the great works of old, to gather up the fragments of perishing antiquity, it would have been one whose inborn modesty used to call the colour into his face at every word of praise—whose reverential attitude led him instinctively to understand and to admire. And yet in him this very tendency, especially in his maturer age, took so large and generous a sweep as to counteract the excesses into which, in minds less expansive and less vigorous, it is sure to fall. Because the bent of his own character and of his own time led chiefly to the restoration of mediæval art, he was not on that account insensible to the merits of the ages which had gone before, or which had succeeded. With that narrow and exclusive pedantry which would fain sweep out from this and other like buildings all the monuments and memorials of the three last centuries, he had little or no sympathy. He regarded them as footprints of the onward march of English history, and whilst, with a natural regret for the inroads which here and there they had made into the earlier glories of the Plantagenet and Tudor architecture—and whilst willing to prune their disproportionate encroachments, he cherished their associations as tenderly as though they had been his own creations; and he would bestow his meed of admiration as freely on the modern memorial of Isaac Watts as on the antique effigy of a crusading prince or of a Benedictine abbot. It was this loving, yet comprehensive care for all the heterogeneous elements of the past, this anxious, unselfish attention to all their multifarious details, which made him so wise a counsellor, so delightful a companion, in the great work of the reparation, the conservation, the glorification of this building, which, amidst his absorbing and ubiquitous duties, it is not too much to say was his first love, his chief, his last, his enduring interest.

Such is the loss which the whole Church and country deplore, but which we of this place mourn most of all. We cannot forget him. Roof and wall, chapter-house and cloister, the tombs of the dead and the worship of the living, all speak of him to those who know that his hand and his eye were everywhere amongst us. But these very trophies of what he did for us must render

us more alive to do what we can for him. His memory must stimulate us who remain to carry on with unabated zeal those works in which he took so deep a concern: the completion of the Chapter-house by its long delayed and long-promised windows of stained glass; the northern porch, which he desired above all things to see restored to its pristine beauty; the new cloister, which he had planned in all its completeness as the link for another thousand years between the illustrious dead of the generations of the past, and those of the generations of the future. So long as these remain unfinished, his grave will continue to reproach us. When they shall be accomplished, they will be amongst the noblest monuments of him whose ambition for his glorious art was so far-reaching, and whose requirements of what was due to this national sanctuary were so exacting.

But there is yet a more sacred and solemn thought which attaches to the immediate remembrance of so faithful a servant of this State of England, of so honoured a friend of this church of Westminster.

It has been sometimes said that it was by a strange irony of fate that the great leader in the revival of mediæval architecture should have been the grandson of that venerable commentator who belonged to the revival of evangelical religion. Yet in fact, from another point of view, it was a fitting continuity. It is always useful to be reminded that the revival, or, as we may better put it, the increase, of sincere English religion, belongs to a generation and a tendency long anterior to the multiplication of those external signs and symbols of which our age has made so much; and in the deep sense of that inward religion, that simple faith in the Great Unseen, the grandson who multiplied and disclosed the secrets of the visible sanctuaries of God throughout the land, was not an unworthy descendant of the grandfather who endeavoured, according to the light of his time, to draw forth the mysteries of the Book of books. We in this place, who knew him and valued him, who leant upon him as a tower of strength in our difficulties, who honoured his indefatigable industry, his child-like humility, his unvarying courtesy, his noble candour, we who remember with gratitude his generous encouragement of the students of the rising generation, but who know how he loved and valued the best that we also have loved and valued, we all feel that in him we have lost one of those just, gentle, guileless souls who in their lives have lifted, and in their memories

may still lift our souls upwards. And when we speak of the work which such a career bequeaths to those that remain, let us remember that although, as we said at the beginning of this discourse, the shell, the framework, of a great building like this, is an inestimable gift of God, its creation and preservation one of the noblest functions of human genius and national enterprise, yet on us who dwell within it, to whose charge it is committed, depends in no slight manner its continuance for the future, its glory and its usefulness for the present. There are some eager spirits of our time, in whom the noble passion for reform and improvement has been stifled and suspended by the ignoble passion for destruction, who have openly avowed their desire to suppress all the expressions of worship or of teaching within this or like edifices, and keep them only as dead memorials of the past—better silent with the solitude of Tintern or of Melrose, than thronged with vast congregations or resounding with the music of the psalmist or the voice of the preacher. It is for us so to fulfil our several duties, so to people this noble sanctuary with living deeds and words of goodness and of wisdom, that such dreams of the destroyer may find no place to enter, no shelter or excuse from our neglect or ignorance or folly. The grave of our great architect is close beside the pulpit which he erected to commemorate the earliest establishment of services and of sermons in the nave, which for the first time were then set on foot by my predecessor, and which have since spread throughout the whole country. That reminds us of the kind of support which we, the guardians and

occupants of abbeys and cathedrals, can give even to their outward fabric. It has been well said by a gifted author, who, if any of his time, has been devoted to the passionate love of art, that in the day of trial it will be said even in those magnificent buildings, not "See what manner of stones are here," but "See what manner of men." * Clergy, layclerks, choristers, teachers, scholars, vergers, guides, almoners, workmen—yes, and all you who frequent this church—every one of us may have it in our power to support it, by our reverence and devotion, by our eagerness to profit by what we hear, by our sincere wish to give the best that we can in teaching and preaching, by our honest and careful fulfilment of the duties of each day's work, by our scrupulous care to avoid all that can give needless annoyance or offence, by our constancy and belief, by our rising above all paltry disputes and all vulgar vices. In the presence of this great institution of which we are all members, and in the presence of the Most High God, whom it recalls to our thoughts, and in whose presence we are, equally within its walls and without them—every one of us has it in his power to increase the glory, to strengthen the stability, to insure the perpetuity of this abbey. That is the best memorial we can raise, that is the best service we can render, to all those, dead or living, who have loved, or who still love, this holy and beautiful house, wherein our fathers worshipped in the generations of the past, and wherein, if we be but true to its glorious mission, our children and our children's children shall worship in the generations that are yet to come.

* Ruskin's "Lectures on Art," 118.

A JOURNEY OF A DOG AND A MAN FROM CARIBOO TO CALIFORNIA.

BY MAJOR W. F. BUTLER, C.B.

IV.

AT Rock Point the man and the dog called a halt for the day, and the coach rolled away on its southern road, leaving the valley of the Rogue River in perfect peace. After the sixteen hours' jolting which the travellers had undergone since quitting Roseburg, the complete rest and unbroken quiet of this lovely spot were grateful to both man and beast.

Never was afternoon siesta more needed—never was it more enjoyed than on that

bright first of July, when the tired man and the dozing dog idled away the warm hours of the summer's day in the roadside inn at Rock Point.

The western sun was beginning to get low on the red and green hills when a knock at the bedroom door caused the still sleepy travellers to start from their recumbent attitudes. The door opened, and the head of the hotel proprietor appeared.

"I ain't a man that bears any animosity

agin dawgs," he said, "but that dawg won't agree with that carpet, and I'm bound to go off the carpet and not for the dawg."

The reasoning was sound.

"The dog," replied the traveller, "is an old and valued friend; he has not yet been denied admission into his owner's room by any hotel proprietors in Oregon, Washington, or British Columbia; nevertheless, if you think he injures your furniture I shall remove him, but his removal must be conditional upon a safe place, under lock and key, being provided for him in your farm buildings, when the night has come." So much being said, the two travellers set forth upon an evening ramble ere the sun had gone down beneath the quiet hills.

It was one of those evenings, so perfect in colour and temperature, that fortunately for man they come but seldom to him in life, else the leaving of such a world would be all too terrible to think of. Strolling along the road the travellers stopped beneath the shadows of some tall stone pines that grew by the wayside, in order to cast a fly upon the quiet stream of conversation which two denizens of the valley were maintaining. The theme was of Indian war. The remnant of a tribe called Modocs, numbering about forty souls, had entrenched themselves amid lava beds, some eighty miles farther east, and from thence had bidden defiance to some forty odd millions of white inhabitants of the United States. The forty odd millions in the United States had responded by moving up several battalions of troops, some batteries of artillery, and much military store. The fight had lasted three months; but the Modocs no longer held their lava burrows, and the valley of Rogue River had to deplore the loss (upon brisk commissariat demand) of its farm produce, and exciting topics of conversation for its evening hours. As the traveller now stood listening to this wayside dialogue, he gathered many items of intelligence that threw light upon obscure points of Indian war. He found, for instance, that oats had advanced in price from thirty cents the bushel to one dollar in the valley, and that so long as these prices could be maintained, war was rather a popular pastime to the peaceful inhabitants of the valley.

As, however, this southern road will, in a day or two, carry the travellers nearer to the scene of conflict, the story of Modoc "war" must remain untold until Shasta is in sight.

Back through the long summer twilight to the inn to find the preparations for the secure lodgment of the dog fully completed. Fear

had evidently been the ruling passion that had dictated the arrangements in question—fear either that the dog would break loose in the night and devour quantities of farm produce, or else that he would turn the tide of his ferocity upon the human inmates of the hotel. The hotel-keeper, armed with two large keys, led the way towards a log-built barn; the dog was securely fastened to a beam, the two doors were locked, and the keys handed over to the man, who received them with a solemnity eminently impressive.

"He looks dangerous, he do," said the native of Oregon to the man, as, casting a last look through the bars, the chained animal was dimly observable within.

"He has never been separated from me like this," gloomily replied the man. "I cannot answer for what he may do during the night. Which side of the house do you sleep?" he inquired, as if a thought had just struck him.

"On the near side," answered the inn-keeper. "Me and my old woman are on the ground floor next the kitchen."

"It doesn't much matter," went on the man, "we are sure to hear him if he is getting out."

In this assertion he only spoke a portion of the truth. The dog didn't get out; he remained in all night—but far and near he was heard all the same. It was a bright moonlight night, the air was very fresh, the odours of the trees very sweet, but all the same, Rogue River valley echoed with unceasing howls. The man's bedroom was situated at the side farthest from the barn, so that the lamentations of the captive fell muffled upon his sleepy ear. What was the effect upon the inmates of the nearer side, morning alone could reveal.

Descending to breakfast next morning, the man inquired of the "old woman" how her husband had fared.

"He was tuck very bad in the night," she answered. "We sent off the waggon to Jacksonville for the doctor, but he hasn't come yet."

Under all these circumstances a continuation of the journey became advisable, and a little after mid-day the travellers quitted Rock Point for the Siskyon and California.

It was a glowing July afternoon as the coach, now rolling along a good gravel road, held its way up the Rogue River valley to the city of Jacksonville. Although built of wood, Jacksonville was more addicted to masonry than any town the travellers had yet reached. The fourth of July, now close

at hand, promised to call forth some remarkable demonstrations from the masonic body of the city, as set forth in a printed programme posted in the hotel bar-room. According to this document, a national procession was to form at nine A.M. on the day in question. The grand Captain of the Host, a person of the name of Babcock, the Grand Principal Sojourner, a citizen named Shirtfill, the Bearer of Beauseant, represented by a gentleman rejoicing in the name of Biles, and the Guardian of the Temple, whose name has not been recorded—were severally and collectively to promote the interests of this

remarkable function in a manner consistent with the high and mysterious titles borne by them in masonic life. Gentlemen bearing the names of Nolan, Niel, Kasper Kubli, and Nol Sachs were also to take a prominent part in the demonstration as orator, reader, and marshals of the day; while two orders of Red men, together with thirty-eight young women representing the States of the Union, were to proceed on vehicles, on horse, and on foot, to the rendezvous at Bylie's Grove, there to celebrate, in becoming spirit, the Ninety-seventh Anniversary of American Independence.



Captain Jack.—Page 402.

Two days later, as the travellers were descending the Sacramento Valley, many woebegone Guardians of Temples, Bearers of Beauseant, Principal Sojourners, and Chief Citizens were to be seen in different degrees of dilapidated sickliness along the stations of the Oregon and Californian railroad; but that was the day after the glorious "fourth," and to-day, at Jacksonville, the Kasper Kublis, and the Nol Sachs, and the rest of the heroes have their drams and their headaches all before them.

Speeding along the upper valley of the Rogue River, the coach drew near the Siskiyon range as the summer day began to grow

dim. A long ascent wound up the hillside—the night fell—a brilliant moon rose over the scene—myriad scented things flung out perfume on the soft night air—the red stems of the madrono laurel glistened in the yellow light—the sheen of dew on blossom sparkled along the roadside. At length the crest was gained. Below, far stretching to the south, lost in a dreamy haze of moonlight, lay California the beautiful. The moon had risen high in the blue heaven, and under her lustrous light Shasta's cold white cone rose like a gigantic iceberg above the dim pine sea beneath.

On through the night. At a wayside stable

about midnight there was a change of drivers, and there mounted the box D. M. Cawley of Yreka, Cal. He was friendly with the man traveller at once, he had a dozen kind words for the dog, he had a hundred anecdotes to tell of road and State, of Indians and settlers. The moon set, and darkness was on all the land; there was just light enough to see that wild, bleak hills lay all around, and that the coach-road had, at turns, steep slopes that dropped down into the darkness on one side, and rose up into the hill upon the other. At length a black quick-flowing river lay across the road—it was the Klamath River. The coach and its four horses were ferried across upon a crazy raft, swinging to a cable from bank to bank.

It was after crossing this river that Mr. Cawley began a narrative of the "Modoc war"—as the fight made by some few starving Indian men and women fifty miles higher up this Klamath River was known to the American people. It would not be easy to put into the original words the story of that war as the traveller here heard it from the lips of the stage-coach driver. Enough to say, that no man had better opportunities of arriving at the truth than had this driver, whose knowledge of the district and its people—settler and savage—went back to times ere Californian roads began.

They were the scant remnant of a once powerful tribe; for generations deep beyond the coming of the white man, their fathers had dwelt around the base of Shasta—Shasta, the monarch mountain of the United States. Over a sea of pine-trees which offer a ceaseless melody around his feet, Shasta lifts his lonely head into unclouded skies; he stands alone, a mighty, solitary mountain, not a crest amid countless peaks, but a single colossal cone whose base springs from a circumference of sixty miles, whose summit lifts the light of its everlasting whiteness 14,400 feet above the sea-level.

Shasta, or "the Whiteness," they had named him; for wherever their tents were pitched, through the immense pine-trees, the sheen of his white splendour fell upon them as the glory of their home-land.

At the north side of Shasta there was a poor and arid region. The lava torrent had scorched from it verdure, and the sage bush alone grew upon the salt-encrusted soil. This region was given to the Modoc tribe as their reserved ground. They at first occupied a reserved tract on the Klamath River, under treaty with the United States; but incoming settlers hungered for this land, and

the Modocs were moved by force into the wretched region just spoken of. It was a poor and arid waste. The people starved. The streams were without fish, the sage bush sheltered no deer, the Modocs killed and ate their horses for food, and then they starved.

One night they passed the line of posts set to mark the new reserve, and moved back into their old region along the stream, which they had named the Lost River. There were those amongst them who as boys had roved the entire country within sight of Shasta's lofty head, and found no mortal to dispute their right to it, for from the Pacific the land was theirs; and now, when they had killed their horses and their dogs for food, the hungry band moved back into their old lost home, as the hunted hare will turn to seek her birthplace with the last effort of her strength, to die there.

Then came the usual Government officials of the United States, of many different degrees; and then, from Yreka, Portland, and San Francisco, soldiers and militia moved up to the Lost River.

Let us do these Government officials and United States soldiers justice. They do not want wars with the Indians. Like the petty savage wars of England, the fight is too unequal, its real causes too apparent to enlist the sympathies of the soldier; but behind wars of this class lie contracts—large demands for produce of land, increased expenditure, and better prospect of robbing the State; all of which considerations go far to make war a popular pastime with the civilian and colonial mind. So it was determined that if the Modocs did not return to their barren reservation there would be war. The Modocs would not give up their old home, and the war began.

It would take long to tell how these few Modoc men and women held the wild lava beds by the Klamath lakes, from early spring to midsummer, against many hundred regular soldiers. "When we have killed each three white men," said the Modoc chief, "then we will die satisfied."

They began by killing the United States commissioners at a parley; for from the first the contest, to the Indians, was a hopeless one, and to kill and be killed was all they sought for. Meantime very famous dispatches emanated from the generals commanding the United States troops. Day after day accounts came of places stormed and Indians killed. Announcements in the newspapers appeared in which the strange names of the Modoc chiefs were seen in large capitals.

Scar-faced Charley, Curly-headed Doctor, Boston Charley, Hooker Jim, and Bogus Charley—names bestowed on these poor wretches by the mingled rufianism and civilisation of America—became prominent headings over all the States. Of course the slaughter among the Modocs was reported as very great. On one occasion a vigorous cannonade had resulted in the destruction of the Curly-headed Doctor; again Steamboat Frank was disposed of by a cavalry charge; and finally, after a bombardment of the lava-beds of several hours' duration, Bogus Charley's hat was picked up—a fact which pointed to the natural conclusion that the body of Bogus had been utterly blown into imperceptible fragments.

But the crowning triumph of this Modoc war was the fact of a new strategical phrase having arisen from it.

One fine morning two companies of United States soldiers had advanced to storm some outlying position held by the Indians. The Modocs opened fire. "The companies, thrown into confusion," wrote the general, "received orders to retire; they obeyed; but failing to halt, &c., the field was abandoned to the enemy." Failing to halt—the good old manœuvre of "running away" never appeared in garb so delicate. To all future commanders in these warlike days the phrase should prove an invaluable addition to the dictionary of defeat. The Modoc war was over. Two mountain batteries, two regiments of infantry, many battalions of volunteers, had at length succeeded in cutting the Modocs off from water, and had thus compelled their surrender through thirst. But this had not been effected until four Modoc Indians had been induced, by large promises, to desert their comrades and reveal the hidden spring to the enemy.

Out of the lava beds, which they had held for three months, in spite of overwhelming forces, there marched fifteen men and forty-five women. The prisoners were sent down to Fort Klamath in waggons, bound hand and foot. This is what followed.

A company of Oregon volunteers waylaid one of the waggons on the road, cut the traces, ordered the small escort to alight, and deliberately shot the four handcuffed Indians as they sat in the waggon. The catiffs who dared not face these wretched Modocs free, thus butchered them, bound and helpless.

The Anglo-Saxon race has never been remarkable for magnanimity towards a fallen foe. "Strike well these English," said Duke William on the morning of Hastings to his

Normans; "show no weakness towards these English, for they will have no pity for you. Neither the coward for running well, nor the bold man for fighting well, will be better liked by the English; nor will any be more spared on either account." It has mattered little through history whether the foe was civilised or savage, or man or woman. The character given by Duke William has been verified throughout succeeding ages. For the two bravest women that ever stood in the path of our conquest we had nothing to offer but the stake and the infamy of shameful words. An English general spurns with his foot the dead body of the only African king who, whatever were his faults, was a soldier every inch of him; and three years ago a captive Zulu chief, brought prisoner through Natal, is spat upon, bound and helpless as the Modocs were, by the Anglo-Saxon colonist of the period. To return to the Modoc story.

They hanged the chief and his few remaining comrades; they met their end bravely. The day before the execution, Jack, the chief, was asked if he had anything to say. "I have nothing to say. To-morrow I am to die; but already my Indian heart is dead and cold, and all I ask is that Lizzie, my wife, may be allowed to sit beside me."

He might die contented. The last Modocs went from the shadow of Shasta; but they had sent three times the number of enemies into the deeper shade of death.

A dawn full of weird lights, of many-hued bars of clouds stretched horizontally along the eastern sky, of white vapours clinging to stream courses over a vast plain, and above the vapours sharp serrated cones rise to view, and still high above the cones one grand mountain mass rears up into the pale green sky. A complete change had taken place in the character of the scenery and the land. The road lay across a level plain, covered with sage bush. Numbers of long-eared rabbits were to be seen hopping in and out of the low cover. In many places great heaps of gravel were visible—traces of gold-miners' labour in the days when first California was a magic name to the gold-seeker. But the one centre of sight was Shasta. Cold, white, and grand he rose to the south-east, holding aloft to many a long mile of the Pacific coast the signal of the sunrise.

At one hundred and one miles from Rock Point, a distance covered in eighteen and a half hours, the coach stopped for breakfast. The village was called Butteville; a stream of clear cold water, fed from Shasta's snow,

ran by the little inn, and along it oleanders clustered thickly. The travellers, tired by the long night's journey, would fain have called here another halt; for, independently of fatigue and sleepiness, at Butteville abided their good friend, D. M. Cawley, of Yreka, Cal. But ere that worthy driver had relinquished the reins to a successor, he had confided to the man a piece of advice as to lodgment. "The next stage," he said, "is Sisson's. It's the coolest and best place on the line; right afore it is Shasta; all round it is forest. Sisson's will treat you both well." "Do ye know," went on the traveller's friend, "that dawg has come it kind on me. I'd like to know how that dawg got on in Frisco, I would; and if ye'd have a spare minute, and just drop a line to D. M. Cawley, Yreka, California, I'd be glad to get it."

Some few miles south of Butteville the road began to ascend; soon it entered a deep and lofty pine forest, a forest differing entirely from the pine woods of Oregon, Washington, or British Columbia. Colossal trees stood at distances apart from each other, their lower trunks bare of branches to a height sufficient to allow a man on horseback to ride beneath, their tops tapering from one hundred and fifty to two hundred feet above the ground, their middle distance filled with dusky-leaved branches, through which the summer sun could not penetrate, and amid which a ceaseless murmur of soft winds sounded far away music night and day.

Beneath this glorious forest there was no gloom; the sandy soil showed bright amidst many a creeping plant; the morning sun shot down his rays here and there between the lofty trees, and fell on the massive trunks of dull red Douglass and darker-stemmed "sugar" pine. Through openings to the left Shasta was constantly visible.

It was yet two hours of mid-day when amid a small glade in this great forest Sisson's Hotel was seen by the roadside, standing full in front of Shasta, whose snow-white crown and colossal bulk rose from endless waves of tree top.

A place of rest was Sisson's. Ice-cool

water trickled along its little garden; from the gigantic pines soft murmurs and sweet odours came, and, as the long summer day stole on into the west, such lights glowed on Shasta's splintered shoulders that the man traveller, rousing himself from rest, looked out of the little window of his room and could not go to sleep again. The heat had been great, but it was eminently a bearable heat. The ground whereon Sisson's stood was 3,700 feet above sea-level; the snow upon the last 4,000 feet of Shasta's mass made cool, at least to the eye, the clear bright atmosphere. Beneath the pines dark shadows slowly moved with the changing sun.

It was a rare good time for the dog; he squatted in the clear cold water rills. He was an object of solicitude on the part of Sisson; but this feeling of friendship was traceable to the proximity of another large dog dwelling in the house of Sisson's rival, an innkeeper close by, and it was perceivable that Sisson regarded the newly arrived animal in the light of a possible annihilator of the beast across the road.

Evening came, the sun went down; Shasta seemed close at hand, every rock on his brown sides, each fissure far up amid his snow stood out distinct amid an atmosphere that had no trace of cloud or mist to mar its intense clearness. Twilight came; the sheen of Shasta's snow still glowed in the purple light; a low wind swept the lofty pine tops, the hand of the night was stirring the old music of the earth, and the grand Californian forest was murmuring its melody at the feet of Shasta.

The snow that lies upon the crest of Shasta is as old as earth itself; nor yet more youthful is that forest mantle spread around the giant's feet.

Here, since time began, the pine tops have bent their lofty heads, the west wind has sung the Vesper Hymn at sunset, and back through all the ages, ere even the red man came, the crest of Shasta, wondrous church tower of God, has flung its sunrise glory around six hundred miles of horizon.

JOHN COLET, DEAN OF ST. PAUL'S.

A.D. 1505—A.D. 1519.

IN the latter half of the fifteenth century the moral, intellectual, and material condition of England had reached an exceedingly low ebb. The resources of the country were exhausted, and the spirit of the people

was degraded by the long desolating "Wars of the Roses." Literature was almost at a standstill, and science properly speaking had no existence. The monasteries were no longer seats of learning; too often they were

mere castles of indolence and haunts of vice. The clergy were as a body narrow-minded and superstitious, secular in their habits, more intent on feeding themselves with the riches of the Church, than on supplying spiritual food to their flocks. Theology so called was not based upon an intelligent and rational study of Holy Scripture and the early Fathers, but upon the intricate, bewildering, unprofitable speculations of the schoolmen, Duns Scotus and St. Thomas Aquinas.

But the darkest and coldest hours of the night are those which immediately precede the dawn. And a moral and intellectual dawn of wonderful splendour was at hand, not only for England but for the whole of Western Europe.

Before the close of the fifteenth century printing had been invented, Copernicus had established the first principles of a sound astronomy, and the Western World of America had been discovered. In 1452 Constantinople was taken by the Turks. Civilisation fled as it ever has fled before the face of that barbarous people; but what the East lost the West gained. The Greek exiles poured into Italy. Soon a passionate enthusiasm for long-lost treasures of Greek literature and art was kindled in that country, nor was it long before it crossed the Alps. From Germany, from France, from England scholars came to Italy full of eagerness to acquire the "new learning," as it was called. Knowledge of Greek was the key which unlocked the rich stores of Homer and Sophocles for the poet, of Plato and Aristotle for the philosopher, of Galen for the physician, of the New Testament and the early Greek Fathers for the theologian.

Among the crowd of students which thronged Rome and Florence about the year 1495 was a young Englishman named John Colet. He was born in 1466, and was the son of Sir Henry Colet, a wealthy merchant, who had been twice Lord Mayor of London. Of a family of eleven sons and eleven daughters, John Colet was the eldest, and also the only survivor. He thus became sole heir to a large fortune, but he preferred study and religion to commerce. He was admitted into holy orders at the age of nineteen, and while only a sub-deacon became incumbent of two livings, in neither of which did he reside. This was a very common abuse of the Church in those days, and one which Colet afterwards vehemently denounced, but at the time he was too much absorbed in study at Oxford to turn his mind to practical reforms. He was still at Oxford in 1491

when Grocyn, a scholar senior to himself, returned from Italy, where he had been studying Greek, and began to teach it in Oxford. About two years afterwards Colet set out to kindle his torch at the same fountain of light. The idea of becoming an interpreter of Holy Scripture and a preacher on a different model from what was then fashionable had already taken possession of his mind. With this view he devoted most of his time in Italy to a study of some of the greatest writers and preachers in the early Church, Origen and Cyprian, Ambrose, Jerome, and St. John Chrysostom. St. Augustine he read with less relish, and for the great schoolmen whose works had long been adored as oracles of Divine wisdom he conceived an almost narrow-minded aversion.

In the autumn of 1496 the University of Oxford was informed that John Colet, having lately returned from his studies in Italy, was about to deliver a course of public and gratuitous lectures on some of the Epistles of St. Paul. Such an announcement was a novelty in Oxford. Direct continuous exposition of whole books of Holy Scripture was unknown. Theological disputations on some topic suggested by the schoolmen were common enough. Most of these topics were utterly barren, and many would appear to us positively irreverent and grotesque. Such were the questions, whether an angel can be in more than one place at one and the same time; whether God could have assumed the nature of a woman, of a devil, of an ass, a gourd, or a stone; and how, in that case, a gourd could have preached, worked miracles, and have been nailed to a cross? If the dissertation was on Holy Scripture it dealt commonly with isolated texts, each of which was regarded by scholastic theology as a kind of mystical puzzle. The theologian of that day studied the Bible very much as the astrologer studied the stars; every text, almost every word, like every star, was supposed to contain some occult, mysterious meaning and virtue in itself; its connection with what went before or followed, its position as part of a great whole, was little heeded or understood. From the tangled web of scholastic divinity, in which so many fine intellects had been caught and strangled, John Colet shook himself entirely free. He selected the Epistle to the Romans for the first subject of his lectures, and, for the first time for centuries, in Oxford students heard a whole book of Holy Scripture expounded in a manner at once reasonable and reverent, intelligible and interesting. Colet went

through the Epistle steadily from beginning to end. It was his belief that the simplest and most literal interpretations of the text were generally the soundest. He did not deny the possibility of mystical meanings, but he did not seek for them or speculate about them. On the higher mysteries of the faith, which may be adored but cannot be thoroughly comprehended, his words were, according to the wise rule afterwards laid down by Hooker, "wary and few." Into wiredrawn dissertations upon isolated passages he did not enter, but looked at each part in its connection with the whole. And to form a just and clear conception of the whole Epistle he carefully considered the character and circumstances alike of the writer, and of the people to whom he wrote. In the following year he lectured on the First Epistle to the Corinthians, and the same method was pursued. The vehement, abrupt style of St. Paul's writing, his practical wisdom and tact, his courtesy, his modesty, his self-denial for the good of others, the condition of the Greek city, the luxury of its inhabitants, the arrogance of the Greeks, and the audacity with which they attempted to solve insoluble questions—all these characteristics are carefully noted to illustrate the scope of the letter.

The lectures made a profound sensation; doctors and abbots as well as young scholars came to listen. Some were alarmed, but none could fail to be interested and impressed. One winter's night as Colet sat alone in his room there was a knock at his door. A priest entered whom Colet recognised as a diligent attender at his lectures. They sat together over the fire and talked of this and that; but Colet saw that his visitor had something on his mind which he was shy of disclosing. At last it came out. The priest drew from his bosom a little book, containing the Epistles of St. Paul carefully transcribed by his own hand. The lectures of Colet he said had kindled in him a great love for that Apostle. "Then, brother," replied Colet, "I love you for loving St. Paul, for I too dearly love and admire him." So the new-made friends sat together by the fire and talked freely on the subject which both had at heart. Then they read the first chapter of the Epistle to the Romans together, and Colet, at the priest's request, dictated to him a number of points which struck him as they went along, just to illustrate how much might be learned from almost every sentence of St. Paul's writings. Such was the way in which Colet, by his earnest, lifelike lectures, inspired others

with the almost personal affection which he himself felt for the great Apostle of the Gentiles.

The second set of Colet's lectures was heard by a young foreign student, a native of Rotterdam, named Erasmus. He was barely thirty years old, a few months younger than Colet, but his hollow cheeks and sunken eyes told of long and severe mental toil. He was already one of the best Latin scholars of the age, although his fame was not yet established. He wanted to learn Greek, and had longed to go to Italy for that purpose, but the journey was long, and he was very poor, having been robbed of his patrimony by dishonest guardians, and cast adrift upon the world without any resources but his wits. So hearing that Greek was being taught at Oxford, he willingly accepted an offer of travelling to England in the company of young Lord Montjoye, to whom he had been tutor in Paris. He did not know a word of English, but Latin he could speak and write with the most perfect fluency and grace. He was admitted at Oxford into the College of St. Mary. The prior, Richard Charnock, discerned his power; he informed Colet that the Dutch stranger was in his judgment no ordinary man, whereupon Colet wrote a kind and courteous letter to Erasmus, bidding him welcome to England, and expressing his readiness to assist him. Erasmus in reply gratefully accepted Colet's offer of friendship, and expressed admiration of his lucid, straightforward style of lecturing: "You say what you mean and mean what you say. Your words are born in your heart, not on your lips; they follow your thoughts, instead of your thoughts being shaped by them. You have the happy art of expressing with ease what others can hardly express with the greatest labour." For himself he said he was a man of no fortune or ambition, of few words and timid disposition, but he was warm-hearted, simple-minded, and honest, and if Colet could make such a man his friend he might count him as his own. The son of the wealthy London merchant was touched by the appeal of the poor friendless foreigner. He cultivated his acquaintance and introduced him to Sir Thomas More, the most amiable and religious, the most witty, learned, and accomplished Englishman of his time; almost of any time. Erasmus became the intimate friend of both. In the study of Holy Scripture, in the pursuit of learning, the promotion of education, and reform of abuses, he and Colet worked together, though in widely different spheres and ways.

Erasmus became recognised as the first scholar and writer of the age. He taught for a time in Cambridge the Greek which he had learned at Oxford. He loved England, but he had no certain dwelling-place there or anywhere, for he loved learning better than the comforts of a home. Europe was his workshop. Books could not easily be sent from place to place in those days, and printing presses were rare. Wherever the books which he wanted to read, or the printers whom he wanted to print his voluminous writings, were to be found, thither he went; and wherever he went he studied and wrote with prodigious indefatigable toil.

Thus Erasmus laboured in and for the world at large. Colet, on the other hand, was one of those who bring extensive learning and culture to bear upon that particular spot in which, by God's providence, they seem more especially called to work. For nine years he went on lecturing at Oxford. In 1505 his labours were rewarded by the Deanery of St. Paul's Cathedral, London, very probably at the recommendation of Warham, Archbishop of Canterbury, who was favourable to the "new learning." To a man of Colet's earnest and conscientious character a deanery could not be the place of idle retirement, or the mere source of income to be expended on secular work, which ecclesiastical preferment was often considered in those days. He felt himself called, as Erasmus said, "not to the dignity, but to the work" of the office. He was in the prime of life, and he girded himself to do with his might that which his hand found to do. It was an age when churchmen commonly held many benefices at once, and lived with pomp and splendour on their revenues. Colet set an example of simplicity. He resigned his rich living of Stepney. He continued to wear his plain dark robe instead of the purple garment customary with dignitaries. The income of the deanery was not large, but it was made to cover all the expenses of his household, and his private income he gave away in charity. His own fare was severely frugal, and his hospitality was of the simplest kind. He had a rich fund of humour, but frivolous or worldly gossip was not tolerated at his table. During the meal a boy with a good voice read a chapter out of one of St. Paul's Epistles, or from the Proverbs of Solomon, and when he had done reading the dean would pick out some passage which he made the theme of conversation. And so, after wholesome food and discourse, often prolonged to a late hour, the guests departed,

refreshed by a double repast—in body and mind. Such is the pleasant picture of Dean Collet's private life as painted by Erasmus. On Sundays and other holidays he preached regularly in the cathedral. The tradesman and his apprentice, the merchant, and even the courtier flocked thither to hear what they had never heard before; no subtle scholastic theme which bewildered the head and chilled the heart, but a course of earnest practical expositions, in homely but vigorous English, of one of the Gospels, or of the Apostle's Creed, or the Lord's Prayer. This was his rule, "Keep to the Bible and the Apostles' Creed, and let divines if they will dispute about the rest." The vices and follies of the age and the abuses of the Church were not spared in these discourses, and the uprightness and purity of the preacher's own life added to the force with which he spoke on these things.

In 1510 the Dean's father died, leaving him a large fortune. Colet had always earnestly preached the duty of self-sacrifice. "Thou hast nothing that is good of thyself: the gifts of nature and all other temporal gifts of this world have come to thee by the infinite grace and goodness of God." Such was his teaching, and now he would practise what he taught. He resolved to devote his patrimony to the foundation of a free school, of which there was a great need in the metropolis. It was to be planted in St. Paul's Churchyard, for the instruction of one hundred and fifty-three boys. The children were to be taught good literature, both Latin and Greek. The barbarous Latin jargon then prevalent, which, said the Dean, "might be called blotterature rather than literature," was to be "utterly abanished and excluded." "But above all," he writes, "my intent is by this school to increase the knowledge and worshipping of God and our Lord Jesus Christ, and good Christian life and manners in the children." To promote this end, the school was dedicated to the "Child Jesus," and a figure of the Holy Child was placed over the master's chair in an attitude of teaching, with the motto, suggested by Erasmus, "Hear ye Him." Dwelling-houses were built adjoining the school for the head master and under master, and their offices were endowed with ample salaries. A few years later provision was made for a chaplain to conduct service in the little chapel, and to instruct the children in the Catechism, the Articles of Faith, and the Ten Commandments, *not in Latin but English*. First and last, Colet must have spent on the build-

ings and endowment between £30,000 and £40,000, according to the present value of money.

Two most remarkable regulations indicate the liberal-mindedness and the practical wisdom of the founder. First, the school was absolutely free: it was open to the children of any race or country, provided they were moderately intelligent, and were already acquainted with the rudiments of learning. Secondly, the management of the school was vested not in the Chapter of St. Paul's, but in the Mercers' Company. Colet thought that the married citizen, with his experience of domestic life and practical business, was better fitted for the work than the celibate ecclesiastic.

His next care was to provide a good head master and good books for his school. He found the first in William Lilly, a friend of Sir Thomas More. Lilly had mastered Latin in Italy, and had spent some time in Rhodes to perfect himself in the knowledge of Greek. Two small treatises on accidence and syntax were drawn up by Colet himself, aided by Erasmus, Lilly, and others, and were long used under the name of Lilly's Grammar. The preface to the Accidence concludes with an affectionate and touching address of the writer to the children of his school: "I pray you all littel babes, all littel children, learn gladly this littel treatise, and commend it diligently unto your memories, trusting of this beginning that ye shall proceed and grow to perfect literature, and come at the last to be great clerks. And lift up your littel white hands for me which prayeth for you to God, to whom be all honour and imperial majesty and glory. Amen."

In 1512 the Convocation of Clergy met at St. Paul's, partly to consider the affairs of the Church, and partly to vote a subsidy for the war which the young King Henry VIII. was meditating against France. Colet was appointed by the primate Warham to preach the Latin sermon, with which the proceedings were opened. He undertook the task with reluctance, for he conceived it to be his duty to expose the grievous corruptions needing reformation in the Church.

His text was Romans xii. 2, "Be not conformed to this world, but be ye transformed by the renewing of your minds." With burning and indignant eloquence he dwelt upon the pride, the avarice, the sensuality, the worldliness which were eating out the very heart of the Church. From the persecutions of tyrants and the assaults of heretics in old times, the Church had come forth strengthened

and purified; but the most pernicious and poisonous of all heresies was the depraved life of the clergy: as St. Bernard had once said, "Many are catholics in speech who are heretics in practice; what heretics do by bad doctrine they do by bad example; they lead men astray and are, so far, more mischievous than heretics, inasmuch as deeds are more potent than words." The latter part of Colet's sermon was an earnest exhortation to reform, to deny ungodliness and worldly lusts and to live soberly in this present evil world. Let the laws of the Church be enforced, the laws which bade bishops take heed what manner of men they ordained, the laws which forbade simony, and which enjoined residence; the laws which commanded monks to obey the rules of their order, and which directed the revenues of the Church to be expended on the things of the Church, not in pomp and parade, grand houses, sumptuous feasts, horses and hounds. In short, let the clergy, the rulers of souls, set the example of temperate and righteous living, and the people would follow.

The primate and a few who, like him, were favourable to reform, must have listened with satisfaction to these bold castigations; many conscience-stricken offenders must have winced under the lash, but the hardened were filled with indignation, and a considerable party of malignant adversaries was formed against Colet from this time. They found a leader in Fitz James, the Bishop of London, a bigot of the old school. Colet was accused of heresy before the primate, but the charges were frivolous, and Warham dismissed them with cold contempt.

Yet Colet's danger was not at an end. In the spring of 1513, the King had completed his preparations for war with France. On Good Friday, Colet preached before the King. He preached against war, showing the difficulty of reconciling it with that love of our brethren which was inculcated in the gospel. His enemies now made almost sure that his doom was settled; but they were disappointed. The King had an interview with Colet in the garden of the Franciscan monastery adjoining his palace at Greenwich. They talked with great freedom for an hour and a half. The King was gratified to find that Colet did not absolutely condemn all war, but only such as were waged for unrighteous ends. Of course the King persuaded himself that his war was one of the just and necessary wars, and he returned to the palace in good humour with himself and Colet, whose health he drank at parting

with many expressions of regard. When he had gone the King observed in the hearing of all his suite, "Let every man have his own doctor, and favour his own, but this is the doctor for me." So Colet's adversaries were discomfited, and from that time forward no one dared to molest a man who was in favour alike with the King and the primate.

The abuses of the Church excited, as we have seen, the indignation of Colet, and from the scholastic theology he turned with loathing. In the graphic and entertaining account which Erasmus has left us of a pilgrimage made with Colet to the shrine of St. Thomas at Canterbury we see the contempt with which he viewed popular superstition. After a long ride through the lanes of Kent the friends see the two great towers of the cathedral, which seem to greet the pilgrim from afar, and the booming sound of the heavy bells comes swinging up upon the breeze. At length they reach the city, hasten to the cathedral, and pace up the majestic nave, where they notice the spurious Gospel of Nicodemus attached to one of the columns. Under the steps leading up to the choir they thread a vaulted passage and so gain access to the north side of the church. Here, on a wooden altar dedicated to the virgin, they are shown the point of the dagger with which the murderers pierced the brain of St. Thomas, and are invited to kiss the sacred rust thereon. In the vault below they see the martyr's skull lined with silver, save on the spot pierced by the dagger, which is left bare for the pilgrim's kiss. In the choir an amazing collection of skulls, jawbones, teeth, hands, and fingers were presented to be kissed, till Colet began to show signs of impatience, and the verger prudently shut up his treasures. Behind the high altar was exhibited the face of St. Thomas, set in gold and jewels. "Pray, sir," said Colet to the guide, "was not St. Thomas very bountiful to the poor?" "Ay, surely," was the reply. "And I suppose," continued Colet, "he has not changed his mind on that point except it be for the better." The guide assented. "Well then," said Colet, "I am sure that this most holy man, so charitable while living, would be delighted now he is dead if these same riches were bestowed on the poor and destitute, instead of being hoarded up here." The horror-stricken guardian of relics stared, pouted, and frowned at this sacrilegious remark, and Erasmus thought it well to pacify him with a few smooth words and a little coin. The prior himself showed them the offerings of pilgrims to the shrine—a mass of jewels; some were as

large as a goose's egg. Last of all he took down, with great reverence, from a shelf, a chest; the whole party devoutly knelt while he opened it. And what did it contain? Fragments of the handkerchief with which the saint was wont to blow his nose and wipe his face. The prior, knowing the dignity of Colet, offered one of these to him as a valuable gift. Colet just touched the precious rag with the tips of his fingers and dropped it with an expression of disgust. The prior thought it well to pocket the affront, and shutting up his chest invited the travellers to take some refreshment; after which they mounted their horses and started for London. On the way a mendicant monk offered to Colet an old shoe, supposed to have been the saint's, to kiss. This was too much for the dean's already ruffled temper. "Why, these fools would have us kiss all the old shoes and filthiest things they can find of every good man," he exclaimed to Erasmus. And then the friends discussed how such vain and silly superstition could be got rid of. Colet was for sweeping measures; the calmer Erasmus thought that these, like many other abuses, must be tolerated until they were gradually removed by the mild influence of learning and culture.

Had Colet lived to old age, he would have seen shrines demolished and monks dispersed with more rapidity and violence than even his impetuous nature would have approved. But twenty-five years before the crisis of the Reformation Colet was in his grave. Three attacks of the "sweating sickness," the most destructive epidemic in England during the sixteenth century, had shattered his constitution, and in September, 1519, in the fifty-sixth year of his age, Dean Colet died. He was buried on the south side of the choir of his cathedral. The humble monument which he had prepared for himself bore no inscription save the name "Joannes Coletus;" but the Mercers' Company afterwards erected a handsomer tomb, and on the lid of his coffin it was written that he died "to the great grief of the whole people, by whom, for his integrity of life and divine gift of preaching, he was the most beloved of all men in his time." Erasmus heard the news of his death at Louvain. Expressions of the most profound grief break forth in all his letters at this time. "I seem as though only half of me were alive." "What a man has England lost, and what a friend have I lost! But in a little time we shall follow him. He is now safely enjoying Christ, whom he always had upon his lips

and in his heart." Erasmus considered Colet as one of the two most purely good men he had ever known, the other being Vitrier, a Franciscan monk of St. Omer. He touchingly concludes a long letter describing the characters of both: "Happy souls! to whom I owe so much, aid with your prayers poor Erasmus still struggling with the ills of this life, that I may be translated to your society, never more to be parted."

Such was John Colet, a loving and lovable man, a man in advance of his age, a reformer before the Reformation, who shook off the fetters with which the intellect of men had

been bound throughout the Middle Ages. By the new method of interpretation of scripture, and the new style of preaching which he initiated, he was a benefactor to his own age; by the school which he founded he has been a benefactor to all succeeding ages. But although his love of learning was great, his love of Christ was greater. "Erasmus," he says, "of books and of knowledge there is no end; but for this brief life nothing is of more importance than to live holy and pure; and this, in my judgment, we shall in no wise attain save by the ardent love and imitation of Jesus Christ." W. R. W. STEPHENS.

SOME ANIMAL TRANSFORMATIONS.

II.

WE have noted that the case of the barnacle presents us with a typical instance of retrogressive development. The free-swimming locomotive embryo becomes the fixed adult; the former possessed eyes, the latter is destitute of these organs; and, as illustrated by other details of structure, there can be no doubt that the general law of development is here reversed, and that the barnacle "child" is, in respect of its superior organization, really and truly "father" to its parent. A second case bearing out, even in a more striking manner, this reversion or back-sliding, is afforded by the study of development in a near relative of the barnacle—the little organism known under the name of *Sacculina*. This animal exists as a parasite on hermit-crabs, and appears as a simple sac-like body (Fig. 3), which attaches itself to its crab host by means of root-like processes, penetrating the body of the latter, and usually found entwining themselves amongst the organs of the crab's body. This *Sacculina* lives a life which is apparently far removed from the active sphere of animal organization at large, and which, to all intents and purposes, may be described as entirely vegetative in character. The roots of the *Sacculina* absorb nourishment from the tissues and fluids of its crab host, and the animal through this simple absorptive process lives and grows. The body of a *Sacculina*, examined by the anatomist's scalpel and microscope, affords no clue to its nature or history. It may be succinctly and correctly described as being a rooted bag of eggs and nothing more. If, however, one of the eggs of the *Sacculina* is watched through the various stages of its development, a most instructive

series of transformations is to be discerned. From the egg of this sac-like creature a little active embryo or *Nauplius* (Fig. 3), exactly resembling the young of the barnacle, is de-



Fig. 3.—Development of *Sacculina*, showing the sac-like adult and its root processes, and the young, or *Nauplius*.

veloped. No mouth or digestive system, however, is developed. Transformation first produces three pairs of swimming-feet, as in the young barnacle; whilst the second change of any great extent is marked by the development of a little shell-covered form, possessing six pairs of legs. Once

again we seem to be following in the steps of barnacle growth, and we are scarcely surprised to find that the feelers borne on the head of the young *Sacculina* become largely developed as in the barnacle, and that by aid of these organs the creature should seek to attach itself to a crab host. Once attached to the crab, by means of its root-like feelers, organs and parts—feet, eyes, &c.—now no longer required in *Sacculina* existence, drop off or shrivel up and disappear. Nature is by no means niggardly in her work of furnishing the animal frame, but neither is she inclined to be over-generous or lavish in her providing; and thus, according to the most natural of laws, the young *Sacculina* being now provided for through its parasitic life, nature withdraws the structures by means of which it formerly pursued an independent existence. And thus the little elegant organism of the previous stages becomes finally transformed into an unheeding vegetative sac, exactly resembling that which gave it birth.

Not only, therefore, may the changes through which the *Sacculina* passes be held as exemplifying, in the most typical manner, a retrogressive development, but as also illustrating in a singularly apt fashion, how development often affords the naturalist the only sure clue to the relations of organisms, and to their place and grade in the scale of being. The adult *Sacculina*, as already remarked, presents no details of structure sufficient or calculated to guide us in relating it to other animals. But its development clearly indicates its genealogy, and points to an alliance with the barnacles and with other crustacean animals as its nearest relatives. And this similarity in development, as will afterwards be pointed out, may be regarded in a deeper light still, namely, as presenting us with the only evidence nature affords in enabling us to determine the common descent of those forms which agree in the manner of their early growth.

Turning to still lower limits in the world of animal life, we may meet with some interesting examples of transformations and disguises in the group to which the starfishes, sea urchins, and the crinoids or lily-stars belong. One of the best-known animals included in this group is the Rosy Feather Star—the *Antedon* or *Comatula rosacea* of the zoologist—an organism common in many localities around our coasts, and which derives its popular name from its dark pink colour, and from the feathered appearance of its ten rays. Prior to the year 1836, the

Rosy Feather Star was regarded as a starfish of ordinary kind, but in that year Mr. J. V. Thomson announced his discovery of certain transformations in the life-history of this animal, which had the effect of placing it in an entirely new aspect before the zoological world. In 1823, the naturalist just mentioned discovered a curious little organism in the Cove of Cork to which the name of *Pentacrinus Europæus* was given. This animal measured about three-quarters of an inch in length, and presented the appearance of a little flower-like body, supported on a jointed stalk. More properly it might be described as consisting of a reproduction in miniature of those interesting animals known as crinoids or lily-stars, which are found in immense numbers in a fossil state under the general name of "Encrinites," and the separated joints of whose stalks are familiarly known as "St. Cuthbert's Beads"—since, according to Sir Walter Scott, that saint

"Sits and toils to frame
The sea-born beads that bear his name."

The lily-stars are but sparsely represented in modern seas, and are for the most part confined to the abysses of ocean. The discovery in 1823 of a little British species being naturally regarded in the light of a most important case of scientific treasure-finding, the little lily-star of the Cove of Cork received the appropriate name of *Pentacrinus Europæus*, and was duly admitted into the lists of living species as a veritable British crinoid.

In 1836 Mr. Thomson, still studying the life-history of his foster child, startled the scientific world at large with the unlooked-for announcement that the little lily-star was in a manner but a pretender to the name after all. In the year just mentioned, the little head of the organism was seen to drop away from its stalk, and to appear before the observer in the likeness of an old familiar friend—the Rosy Feather Star. Thus the lily-star condition simply represents a stage in the development of the *Comatula*; this creature being not a true starfish, but a true crinoid—differing, however, from all its neighbours in that it is stalked during a part of its existence only, and in that it passes the latter portion of its life in a free, unattached condition. Not less curious was the discovery in 1835, by the Norwegian naturalist Sars, of a little creature attaining the length of an inch, which swam freely about in such a fashion as to suggest the idea of its being related to the jelly-fishes and their neighbours. This little

organism was named *Bipinnaria*: no doubts as to its true nature being aroused until 1844, when its discoverer had suspicions that *Bipinnaria* possessed relations with the starfishes. This suspicion, three years later, was elevated to the position of a fact by the announcement that the organism was in reality an embryo starfish, and that the latter was duly developed out of the tissues and materials afforded by the *Bipinnarian* form.

Amongst organisms of lowly grade none illustrate the varied nature of animal transformations in more perfect degree than the graceful plant-like beings popularly named "Zoophytes." A literally marvellous cycle of development appears to be exemplified by these animals, and one can hardly be surprised to find that the older naturalists entertained no suspicion of the exact nature of the processes they observed, and regarded the stages in these processes as representing each a distinct and independent being. A zoophyte presents us in its most typical phase with a colony of animals, connected together in the most intimate manner; each animal forming a unit in the total individuality, and contributing its due share and quota of work to the life of the organism at large. Such is the nature of the plant-like bodies we may pick up on the beach after a storm, or obtain in great quantities by dredging. So plant-like are these beings that one may at first sight be puzzled to determine their affinities with the animal world, and be inclined to think with Crabbe, that

"Here you find a race
Which science, doubting, knows not where to place;
On rock or stone is dropt the embryo seed,
And quickly vegetates a vital breed."

In the majority of the zoophytes the vital functions of the colony are divided into two sets, performed by two distinct series of individuals. Nutrition is thus subserved by little beings, provided each with a mouth, tentacles, and digestive cavity; the labours of these units resulting in the formation of a stream of nutrient matter which flows slowly through the stem and branches of the zoophyte, and which forms the common store from which its members draw their supply. The perpetuation of the race is, in the second place, subserved by a second and different set of beings, developed like their neighbours as buds from this animal tree, and which sooner or later may appear in strange and unexpected guise. For, as this animal tree blossoms into perfection, its reproductive bodies will fall like ripened fruit into the sea, and will swim away in the likeness of minia-

ture *Medusæ* or jelly-fishes. Each *Medusa* consists of a clear glassy dome, which, by its alternate contraction and expansion, propels itself through the yielding waters, to which, in the delicacy of its frame, it is so near akin. By-and-by, and after leading this independent existence for a longer or shorter period, the jelly-fish progeny of the zoophyte will produce eggs, and as each of the latter fulfils its destiny, it will become, not a jelly-fish, but a single unit of the zoophyte kind; and this unit, by a process of veritable budding, will duly produce once again the similitude of the animal tree. An almost identical series of phenomena was discovered by Chamisso—who to his observant powers as a naturalist united a charming fertility of imagination as a novelist—in the development of the peculiar organisms, belonging to the "Sea Squirt" class, known as *Salpæ*, and which are met with swimming in long phosphorescent chains at the surface of the sea in tropical climates. These chain-*Salpæ* are found to give origin to *single Salpæ* only; whilst the single *Salpæ*, by budding, produce invariably connected chains of individuals. Or, as Chamisso himself expressed it, "A *Salpa*-mother is not like its daughter or its own mother, but resembles its sister, its grand-daughter, and its grandmother."

The case of the zoophyte and its medusa-progeny, and that of the *Salpa*, suggested to the older naturalists the name of "Alternation of Generations" as a suitable term for the series of transformations thus witnessed. The medusa and the zoophyte were, in this light regarded, each as a distinct animal: each being capable, however, of reproducing the other. Two distinct generations of animals were thus believed to be represented in the process. That this view is wholly erroneous is proved by the simple consideration that the medusa is merely a free, floating bud, produced by, and forming, notwithstanding its liberation, part of the zoophyte-stock. And the whole history of these transformations indicates that we have to deal simply with a complicated cycle of development, in which, as already remarked, the function of perpetuating the race devolves upon specially developed members or portions of the zoophyte colony. Highly interesting is it, lastly, to note, in connection with the present topic, that some of the true jelly-fishes, in their turn, appear to reverse the order of development just described; their embryos (Fig. 4) appearing in the likeness of little polypes (*a, b*), which ultimately break

up (*c* to *f*) or divide into young jelly-fishes. Nor is it the least wonderful incident in connection with the transformations of the jelly-fishes, that their young may exist in the polype-form (*a*, *b*) for very considerable periods before evincing a tendency to pass onwards to the final stages in their development. Thus the writer has before him a communication in which it is stated that ten years ago a naturalist, lately deceased, obtained specimens of *Hydra tuba* (*a*, *b*)—as the polype form of the jelly-fishes was named by Sir John Dalyell—from the eggs of a medusa which he had watched through the process of hatching and subsequent development. At the present time, these embryo jelly-fishes still remain in their condition, having arrived at a half-way stage of development, but being unable or disinclined—who shall say which?—to pass into

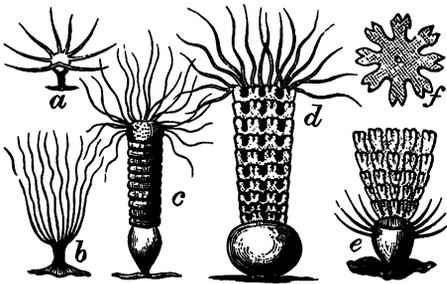


Fig. 4.—Development of *Chrysaora*, one of the Jelly-fishes: *a*, *Hydra-tuba*; *b*, the same further advanced; *c*, *Hydra-tuba* marked with constrictions; and in *d* and *e* about to divide into separate Medusoids or Jelly-fishes (*f*) or *Ephyra*.

their adult and mature form. Possibly the domestication, so to speak, of these embryos may have had some effect in delaying their development; the effects of domestication and an artificial state of existence being very marked in certain other cases to be presently noted. But the case in point would seem, at any rate, to support the views of those naturalists who are inclined to regard the polype form as the true and ultimate individual; the jelly-fish, in this view, being the intermediate stage or mobile element in this transformation, as in that of the zoophyte.

For some concluding examples of animal transformations, prior to a brief consideration of the bearing of these phenomena on animal life and origin, we may turn to the highest or vertebrate group, and to the class *Amphibia*, which possesses the frogs, newts, and their allies as its typical representatives. Highly organized as these latter animals are, when

compared with the organisms whose history we have just been considering, we find that transformations both of considerable extent and of remarkable nature are included in their life history. The young frog, for example, commences its existence as a truly aquatic animal—the familiar “tadpole” of the schoolboy. Possessing a relatively large head and a compressed fish-like tail, it swims freely about in its native waters; cropping the water weeds with its little horny jaws, and assimilating its food by aid of a digestive system of much longer and more complicated kind than is possessed by the insect-eating frog. At first the tadpole breathes by external gills, which appear as little filaments sprouting from the sides of the neck; these first-formed organs being soon replaced by internal gills, in the possession of which it evinces a still closer likeness to the fish. Next in order, the transformations affect the development of limbs: the hind limbs first becoming visible, and being shortly followed by the fore members. The fish-like tail next begins to decrease in size, and true lungs are meanwhile being developed; and with the decrease and suspension of the gills and their functions and the total disappearance of the tail, the young frog completes its development, and emerges from the water to live henceforth a purely terrestrial existence. Very noteworthy is it to remark that the frog, in its early life; thus appears to pass through stages in which it successively resembles a fish-like form and some animals—such as the Axolotls and Proteus—belonging to its own class, in which gills and lungs co-exist. In this view the development of the frog presents us with a panoramic representation of the variations in structure which appear in the fishes and in its own class.

All the members of the frog's class undergo transformations more or less closely resembling that of their familiar representative; these changes concerning not only the external form, but, as we have noted, involving parts of the internal structure and organization also. But more astonishing, in respect of their unwonted nature, are the transformations and variations from the ordinary course of development which appear to occur in certain amphibians, such as the sireon or axolotl of Mexico, and the Alpine salamander. The axolotl is a newt-like creature (Fig. 5), provided with both gills and lungs in its *adult* stage. Prior to 1867, the axolotl was regarded as a perfectly distinct and mature animal, since it freely

bred in its native waters, and even in captivity; the capacity to perpetuate its species being regarded by physiologists as the surest of tests of the attainment by any animal of the adult state of existence. But in 1867, some axolotls which were kept in the Jardin des Plantes were seen to lose their gills, to leave the water in which they had hitherto peacefully lived, and to assume the black and yellow colour of an American newt — the *Amblystoma* — which, like our newts, does not possess gills in its adult existence, and which was unknown to possess any relationship whatever with the axolotl. In this instance, therefore, the transformations dealt not merely with the natural development of a single animal, but actually had the effect of metamorphosing one apparently distinct species of animal into another. The exact causes of this serious change in individuality

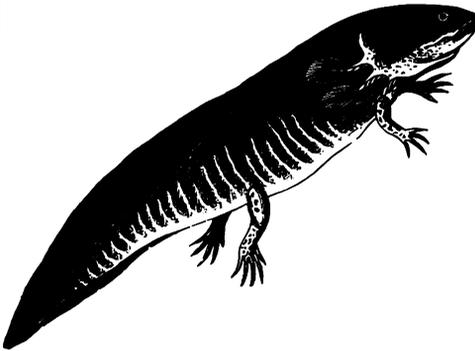


Fig. 5.—The Axolotl (*Siredon pisciforme*), showing the external gills.

were undetermined until the ingenuity and perseverance of Fräulein Marie von Chauvin, exhibited in experimentation upon the axolotls, afforded a clue to the probable nature of the transformation. This lady selected five axolotls as the subjects of her experiments, and by gradually enticing them from the water, and inuring them to a life on land, succeeded in causing two specimens to cast their gills, and to become dependent on their lungs. These two specimens at the same time acquired the rounded tail, the prominent eyes, and finally the characteristic black and yellow hues of the amblystoma. As supplementary to these experiments may be mentioned the observations of Professor Marsh, of America, who found that axolotls brought from the lakes of the Rocky Mountains—situated at an altitude of from four thousand five hundred to seven thousand feet—cast their gills and became

amblystomas when brought to the sea-level. There can be no doubt, therefore, in the present instance, that the alteration in the physical environments and conditions of life of these animals is the exciting cause of the transformations; and the case before us also well exemplifies that *adaptive* power of vital action which constitutes one of the most wonderful traits in the nature and disposition of living organisms.

An allied case of this power of adaptation to varied surroundings may be found in the case of the Alpine salamander (*Salamandra atra*), which occurs in the higher parts of the Alps, and in regions where pools of water are by no means abundant. All amphibians possess gills in early life, following the type of the frog; and like the latter animal, the young salamander of the Alps possesses gills in its earliest stage of development. But the serious difficulty thus arises of finding a suitable or aquatic habitat for the young gill-breathers, ere their lungs can be developed and during the period when the gills constitute their only respiratory organs. Nature's adaptive powers have operated with perfect success in this instance also. The gills are actually produced and cast in the young salamander ere it leaves the shelter of the parent body, so that when it is born it is provided with lungs, and at once enters upon its terrestrial existence. The common newts of our ponds present instructive examples by way of contrast to the mode of procedure in their Alpine relatives—since the young newt, like the young frog, breathes by gills exclusively at first; and only after spending, as a water-breathing form, the period passed by the Alpine salamander within the parent body, does the young newt cast its gills and acquire its lungs. Fräulein von Chauvin obtained two specimens of the Alpine salamander before birth and ere they had lost their gills, the little strangers being at once placed in water. One died shortly thereafter, but after a four days' existence, the survivor not only appeared to have become inured to its unwonted surroundings, but cast off its first set of gills, and developed new and larger organs; whilst it acquired a tail-fin, adapting it for easy locomotion in the water. For fifteen weeks it lived this abnormal existence, at the expiry of that period shedding its gills and appearing in its own natural guise as the *Salamandra atra*. Thus the power of adaptation is not only well illustrated by the present case, but a plain hint is afforded us as to the probable descent of the Alpine salamander and its

neighbours from forms which were ordinarily of aquatic habits.

It may safely be assumed that every series of facts accurately determined regarding natural objects, must stand in a definite relation to that greater body of facts which we collectively name a "science." The process of relating facts to their neighbours, and of adjusting the relations of such groups of ideas, may be regarded as the "pointing" of the scientific moral, and the "adorning" of the recital which science is prepared to make concerning the objects of her study. The application or moral of the scientific story constitutes in fact the chief end of the observer's mission. Thereby alone, in short, can his observations fall into their natural place in the long list of subjects which represents the growth and increase of his tree of knowledge. What then, it may be asked, are the deductions which science draws from the consideration of animal transformations? and what is the bearing of these observations upon the history of the animal creation? The naturalists of former years possessed no clue to the exact meaning of these transformations. Witness in proof of this the declaration of Kirby and Spence, who allege that, concerning the metamorphosis of insects, they "can only answer that such is the will of the Creator." No one may perhaps question this assertion, but the avowal leads us no nearer to the determination of why metamorphosis occurs. If we do not attempt to give or to seek an intelligent explanation of the meaning of such curious phases of living existence, nature at large must remain before us much in the light of a pretty puzzle or a strange paradox. Within the past few years, the idea that in the development of an animal we could obtain a clue to its descent and origin—presuming it to have been descended from some pre-existing form or forms—has grown in favour with naturalists. The development of an animal in this view, to use the words of Mr. Darwin, presents us with "a picture more or less obscured, of the progenitor, either in its adult or larval state, of all the members of the same great class"—that is, of its nearest relatives and neighbours. And the cases of transformations which we have just considered, may be regarded in this light as presenting us with these cases of development, in which, from one cause or another, the outlines of the picture are less obscure than in instances where development pursues an ordinary and less unusual course. There is much—or indeed everything—to be said

in support of this view of the matter. The plain fact at any rate remains, that if we reject this view of development, there is none other that we can appeal to except that of Kirby and Spence, which, as Sir John Lubbock remarks, is, after all, "a general confession of faith, and not an explanation of metamorphosis."

Accepting the view, however, that development is the expression of descent, we may by way of conclusion note very briefly some of the more remarkable aspects of the cases which have been considered. The transformations of insects are so varied in their nature, that their consideration has perplexed naturalists to a very great extent, even when regarded in the light of the theory of descent. But in the light of reasonable hypothesis many of the difficulties disappear. Thus we may conclude that most insects quit the egg in a very immature state, and hence primarily arises the necessity for a lengthened development. Next in order, we may lay stress on the supposition that external influences—food, climate, &c.—acting upon the young insect or larva, will mould its form and structure in varied ways, and in fashions which must be regarded as having reference rather to its own wants, than to its future form or adult condition. The study of insect-larvæ in the light of these and allied suggestions not only relates these animals together in natural groups, but presents us with information regarding the manner in which these groups have originated primarily from some pre-existing forms. The same bond of union which the study of development discloses between living beings, is also exemplified by the case of the barnacles, &c. Forms apparently widely removed from each other, are proved to be near relations by similarity in development. The sacculina, barnacle, and crab represent after all but so many variations from an original stock, reproduced before us in the form of the little free-swimming creature or *Nauplius*, which characterizes the early stage of each life history. No less strangely do the transformations of the Feather Star argue in favour of its derivation from a type represented most nearly by that of the fixed lily-stars (*Pentacrinus*) of tropical seas, and their fossil representatives. Whilst in the case of the frogs, axolotls, and their kin, we meet not only with clear examples and evidence of descent from aquatic forms—since, to use the words of Mr. G. H. Lewes, in speaking of the development of gills in the young of the Alpine salamander, "obviously

this aquatic organization has no reference to the future life of the animal, nor has it any adaptation to its embryonic condition; it has solely reference to ancestral adaptations, it repeats a phase in the development of its progenitors."

Such being the bearings of the present subject on the constitution of the animal world, it lastly remains to note the vast field of unexplored territory which exists even around the beaten track of scientific inquiry. The "how" of the animal transformation may be regarded as being plainly discernible; the "why" exists at present as a sealed book to the furthest research, and probably will remain as such to define one of the limits of the knowable. Even within the bounds of what is apparently well known, much that is mysterious and unexplained may be shown to remain. Thus, when we regard the metamorphosis of a butterfly, we may find much that is literally beyond comprehension in the ordering and carrying out of the trans-

formative phases. Within the chrysalis case the body of the caterpillar undergoes an astonishing metamorphosis. The tissues of the larva are broken down, and new parts are built up therefrom. Cells and organs increase and multiply, and from the disintegration and ruins of the former frame a new and perfect being is gradually evolved. Surely the fabled phoenix could effect no more wonderful transformation than this; and yet we are forced to own that in one sense the insect's development is as little understood in its intimate phases by us, as was the reconstruction of the fabled bird by the Egyptians of old. But the consideration of this very limitation of our perceptions may on the other hand impress us with the wealth of knowledge which everywhere surrounds the earnest student; whilst it no less eloquently discourses of the treasures which await the seeking mind, and which constitute "the harvest of a quiet eye."

ANDREW WILSON.

SKETCHES ON THE PRAIRIES.

By ALBERT HASTINGS MARKHAM, CAPTAIN, R.N.

II.

ALTHOUGH the storm described in the foregoing chapter had ceased, rain and hail continued to fall at intervals during the day, as we slowly pursued our journey, whilst the keen north wind penetrated even the thick folds of a blanket, that Indian-like I had wrapped around me, but which afforded comparatively little protection from the cold and piercing gusts. From the heavy state of the ground, caused by the late fall of rain, the dragging was rendered exceedingly laborious, and, in spite of the exertions of the driver, we proceeded but at a snail's pace, the monotony of the travelling being occasionally relieved by the necessity of fording rivers and creeks.

Whilst crossing Rocky River, so named because of its bed being composed of rock, we narrowly escaped from what might have proved a very serious mishap. The late excessive fall of rain had changed the ordinarily quiet stream into a rapid, turbulent river. The mules on being driven into it were frightened by the angry rush of water that almost carried them off their legs, and wheeling suddenly round, before the driver could check them, bolted up the bank, nearly capsizing the coach by their quick and unexpected movement; fortunately this was

prevented, but the pole was broken short off. We were therefore compelled to make a long halt and patch it up in the best way we could in order to proceed at all. This was no easy matter, as we were totally unprovided with any necessaries for such an emergency; however, we succeeded after some time in making a temporary repair, but for the remainder of our journey we were kept in momentary expectation of a break-down. Should such an unpleasant event occur, we had made up our minds to leave the stage, and ride the mules bare-backed to the nearest hut, about twenty miles off. Fortunately for us no such alternative was required.

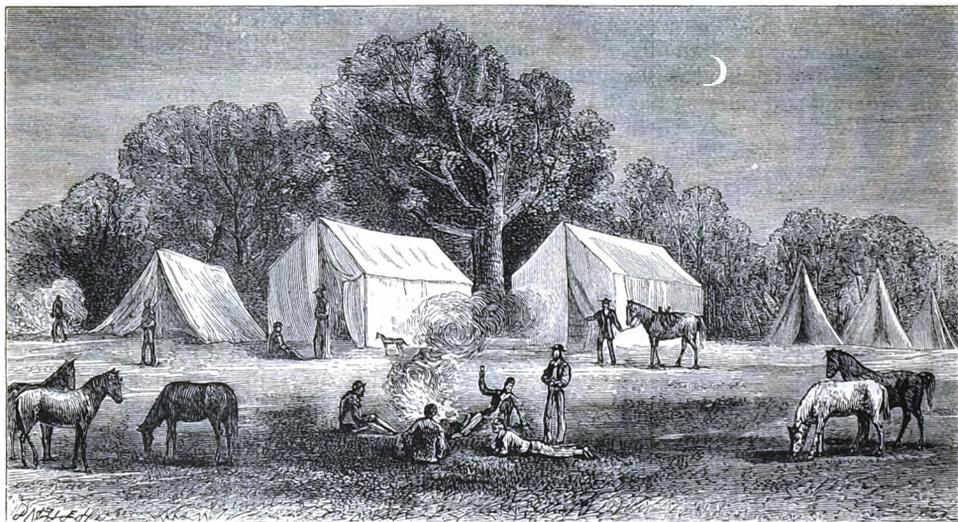
As we proceeded the roads became worse, and the mud appeared to get deeper and thicker. This mud is called "black gumbo," and is of an exceedingly tenacious consistency, sticking to the wheels and adhering to the spokes till they resemble large balls of mud, no parts of them being visible.

At three o'clock in the afternoon we arrived at a place called Cherokee, which consists of a log-house, a sutler's store, where the Indians come to make their purchases, and a stable. So far as my own experience goes this place is only remarkable for the number of flies that infest the solitary house, which

bite and sting with all the voracity of mosquitoes. Having fortified the inner man and obtained a fresh relay of mules, we again made a move and crossed by means of a very fair bridge the Wachita, a branch of the Red River. It is rather a rapid stream, the water being charged with red sedimentary matter, its banks composed of red loam, and heavily timbered. At midnight we arrived at Erin Springs, fifty-five miles from Fort Sill. Here we were furnished with supper, and took our third and last drive, exchanging our mules for a pair of horses. The storm that we had experienced the previous night appeared to have been local, or at least to have been limited to a radius of some eighty miles, for beyond Erin Springs

the roads were as hard and dry as if no rain had fallen. The character of the country underwent little or no change, and we still travelled over a vast prairie, occasionally relieved by groves of trees.

At seven the following morning we arrived at Rush Spring, the last stage before reaching our destination. Here we were delayed for some little time repairing the pole, which had unfortunately again broken. The remainder of our journey was performed in a pelting rain, and it was with no small feeling of relief and thankfulness that I saw the houses of Fort Sill looming through the thick and murky atmosphere, a feeling that was only intensified when I dismounted from the rickety machine in which I had been cooped



Our camp on Blue Beaver Creek.

up for over forty-eight hours, and was received by General Mackenzie with that hearty welcome and hospitality that so characterizes this distinguished officer. A hot bath and an excellent dinner soon made me forget the miseries of the stage journey.

Fort Sill is not, as its name implies, a fortified position, but is simply a military station containing a garrison of about five hundred soldiers, the majority being cavalry.

The barracks and officers' quarters are built of stone, constructed in a rectangular form, enclosing a large open space which is used as the parade ground. Immediately outside these buildings are the stables, the hospital, quartermaster's stores, and cattle corral. In addition, there are two sutlers'

stores, one for the convenience of the garrison, the other for the Indians—for here is also established the head-quarters of the Kiowa and Comanche Agency.

At these stores almost anything can be obtained at reasonable prices, though the proprietor of one must have been, I think, slightly exerting his imaginative faculties when he informed me that he could provide me with anything "from a pin to a camel!" Indeed, I soon proved his inaccuracy, for, on requesting to be supplied with some cartridges for my breech-loader, I was told that "they were just out of those articles!"

Nothing could exceed the kindness and hospitality that was shown me by all the officers of the garrison, from the general

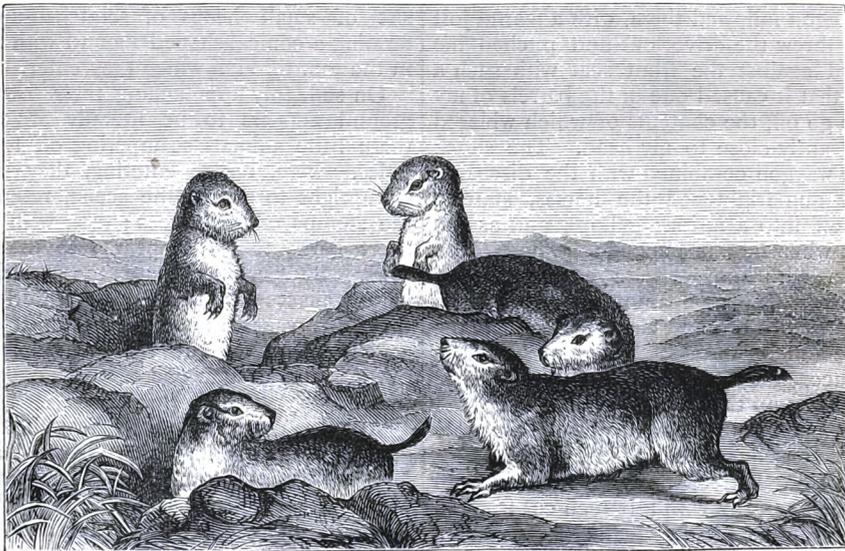
downwards, during the few days I remained a guest at Fort Sill. General Mackenzie is a keen sportsman and possesses a small pack of foxhounds and several greyhounds. With the former he hunts the wild cat, panther, and bear; with the latter he chases wolves and jack-rabbits.

During my visit a wild cat hunt was organized for my amusement, and as hunting in the Indian Territory is very different from an English fox-hunt, I will attempt to give a brief description of our run, which proved to be one of the most successful and brilliant of the season. The field consisted of six, mounted on chargers equipped according to military regulation; the pack numbered ten.

On leaving the post, as these military stations are invariably termed, we rode over a most delightful country, occasionally fording rivers and creeks, almost sufficiently deep to oblige our horses to swim.

As the wild cat adheres entirely to the timber and thick brush that adorn the banks of the streams, our road necessarily lay along these groves, into which the pack had been thrown.

In about an hour's time one of the hounds gave tongue, and soon the whole pack, with noses down and tails up, was in full cry. It was an exciting chase, as it was over the roughest ground imaginable; at one moment dashing through a dense wood with your



Prairie Dogs.

head down on your horse's neck to avoid the branches and boughs of trees, trusting almost entirely to your horse, and at another springing up the steep rocky bank of a river whose surface was covered with loose rolling stones. It was a wild harum-scarum hunt, but delightfully exciting. Occasionally we would catch sight of poor pussy as it doubled, hoping thereby to elude its enemies, and so large did it appear during these short glimpses that it was thought to be a panther that we were in pursuit of. For over two hours did our quarry lead the pack and ourselves. Such a long and strong run had seldom before been experienced.

At length a check occurred; and on riding up to the pack we found them squatting on

their haunches, and with their tongues hanging out gazing up into a tree with hungry, greedy eyes. On looking up we observed our prey on one of the topmost branches, where, becoming exhausted, it had taken refuge. It was an enormous cat, almost as large as a lynx. I fear there was little sympathy shown towards pussy, for it was soon knocked off its perch, when, again taking to flight, after about a quarter of a mile it was run into by the hounds and killed. On our return we found its weight to be 29lbs.! During the run we covered from fifteen to twenty miles.

Hunting the wolf is also very good sport, but very different from cat-hunting, for the wolves keep to the open country, and as they

are exceedingly fleet, afford a long and exciting gallop. As a rule it requires from three to four or five greyhounds to overtake and pull down a wolf.

On another day whilst out shooting with one of the officers, we had rather a narrow escape from what might have proved a very serious accident. We were out duck shooting, and as we had to go some distance we drove in a spring waggon.

On our way back, being some eight miles from the post, and the daylight fast waning, we drove over what appeared to us to be a narrow and shallow creek; instead of which it was a stream some four feet deep with a steep precipitous bank on each side. Before we could pull up, the horses were over the bank and into the water, and a second after the waggon followed them, with a fearful jolt which threw the driver out and pitched me forward against the front seat with such a shock that it caused one of the barrels of my gun to go off, the contents of which whizzed unpleasantly close to my head. The shock of the waggon combined with the discharge of the gun frightened the horses, starting them off into a furious gallop; and as the driver, when he was pitched out, had taken the reins with him, we were rendered almost powerless. My companion, however, with great presence of mind clambered out of the vehicle and on to one of the horse's backs, thus succeeding in getting hold of the reins, and pulling up the frightened animals.

Fortunately no one was injured, the only serious consequence of the mishap being a broken whipple-tree, which we contrived to repair temporarily with a branch cut from an adjacent tree, and some leather straps taken from the harness. It was long after dark before we reached the post, our protracted absence causing anxiety to my kind host.

Having expressed a desire of visiting a *bonâ-fide* Indian encampment, three officers of the 4th Regiment of Cavalry kindly undertook to drive me out to a large camp consisting of about one thousand people of the Kiowa and Comanche tribes, situated about eleven miles to the northward of Fort Sill. Accompanied by the Government interpreter, we drove out in a military ambulance drawn by four mules. The road out was uninteresting, for there is a great deal of sameness in prairie scenery, which is only varied by the clumps of timber that as a rule line the banks of the numerous creeks which flow through the country in all directions.

On the way we passed through numerous prairie-dog towns, as the habitations of these

little gregarious animals are called. The name by which this little animal is known is decidedly a misnomer. It is a species of marmot, and about as unlike a dog as any quadruped could possibly be. The name originated in consequence of the sharp spasmodic sounds, not unlike the barking of a small dog, that it utters on being disturbed. These interesting little creatures are found living in large communities all over the prairies. They subsist almost entirely on grass and roots, and are supposed not to require water or moisture of any description. In selecting a site for their town, they naturally choose a position where plenty of grass is obtainable. When this is consumed they migrate to some other part equally well favoured. Their burrows consist of small heaps of scratched-up soil, forming a conical-shaped mound with a hole in the top, through which they enter.

On suddenly approaching their towns the ground appears to be literally alive with these little animals scampering off to their holes, where, before entering, they usually sit upright to survey the scene, resembling the stumps of small trees; then with a few short barks they disappear into their burrows. So perforated are the prairies in various places with the holes of prairie dogs that great caution is necessary, whilst riding at any speed, to prevent the horse from putting his foot into one of these dangerous traps.

After a drive of about two hours we arrived at the Indian camp situated at the base of Mount Scott, the most elevated as well as the easternmost peak of the Wichita chain of mountains. This peak is about eleven hundred feet from base to summit, and forms a very imposing feature in the surrounding scenery. It stands in the midst of a fertile and lovely valley, covered with rich vegetation, through which flows a stream of beautifully clear and pure water; its banks fringed with oak, elm, white ash, hackberry and pecan trees.

On dismounting from our vehicle we were met by several Indians of both sexes, with whom we shook hands, uttering at the same time the brief monosyllable, "How!" This is the ordinary salutation.

I was agreeably surprised at the appearance of these people, for they were undoubtedly finer and more intelligent-looking than any I had hitherto seen. Perhaps this may be accounted for by the fact that they were still in their own wild and untrained state; for it was only a few short months

ago that these tribes were in arms against the United States' soldiers, and had not long surrendered to the military authorities. Whilst living on the reservations allotted to them, they are not only protected but fed by the United States' Government, each individual receiving a regular daily ration. These rations are obtained from the Quartermasters' departments at the various military posts in the territory, and are generally issued once a week.

The wigwams, or lodges as they are more frequently called, are what we should call bell-shaped, but are infinitely more commodious than our tents of the same name, having no pole in the centre. The framework is composed of about a dozen long poles, secured near the top, with their heels spread out. This is then covered with dressed buffalo-skins having the hair off, an aperture being left open at the top, through which the smoke from the fire, which is kindled inside, can escape. It usually takes from ten to fifteen skins to cover a fair-sized lodge. The entrance is always to the eastward—towards the rising sun!

When we arrived the majority of the men were either asleep or sitting lazily round their fires, wrapped up in their everlasting blankets. An Indian, if the fortunate possessor of a blanket, is rarely to be seen without it, and the brighter the colour the better will he be pleased. No matter whether it is the hottest day in summer or the coldest day in winter, he stalks about with his blanket over his head and shoulders, and, except on the war-path or whilst hunting, enjoys a lazy existence.

The poor squaw is the drudge. It is she that has to perform not only all the menial work, but has even sometimes, when her lord and master is more than usually indolent, to procure game wherewith to satisfy his appetite. She makes all the clothing for the family; she has to cut and bring in all the firewood, fetch the water, and cook the meals. When on the move she has to strike the lodges and pack the household goods, and attend to and drive the pack-horses; and on arriving at the camping-place she has to unpack the animals, pitch the lodges, &c., hardly even, as Colonel Dodge in his interesting account of the Indians says, "permitting her lord and master to unsaddle his own horse!" Truly the life of an Indian woman is "a round of wearisome labour."

The skill of the red man with a bow and arrow has always been proverbial. I can testify to the fact that they have not deterio-

rated as marksmen since those days so graphically described by Fenimore Cooper. Whilst in the camp we assembled a number of boys and urchins together, and putting a 5 cent piece (a coin about the size of a sixpence) on a piece of stick, desired them to shoot at it, the distance being from twelve to fifteen yards. So skilful were these youngsters in the use of the bow and arrow, and so accurate was their aim, that the coin was struck on an average once in six times! They appeared to take no aim, but the arrow was discharged almost as soon as it was brought to the eye. It is said that an Indian can keep three arrows in the air at the same moment, that is to say, he will have shot off the third before the first has touched the ground!

At the completion of my visit I must acknowledge to being rather favourably impressed with the much-abused but little-known red man! But then it must be remembered I had seen them under the most favourable circumstances.

During the few days that I was thus passing so pleasantly at Fort Sill, an expedition was being organized to proceed to the westward as far as the frontier of Texas, which would combine both hunting and scouting.*

As this party would be absent from four to five weeks, and would travel through a little known region abounding with game of various kinds, General Mackenzie kindly gave me permission to accompany it as a guest of the officers.

The force consisted of three officers and sixteen troopers of the 4th Cavalry, a negro servant belonging to one of the former, and two teamsters, each of the latter in charge of a large waggon drawn respectively by eight and six fine mules, numbering in all, including myself, twenty-three men. Being supplied with some eight or ten spare horses, in addition to those on which each person was mounted, we formed quite an imposing cavalcade, as we trotted gaily out of the post on a fine bright morning, having dispatched the waggons with the escort at an earlier hour.

The detail, as any small force detached on special service is called in American military parlance, was under the command of T—, who was supported by his two subalterns R— and P—, three good officers, and pleasant comrades.

We all had orderlies taken from the detail,

* Scouting, in the "plains" vernacular, means the despatch of a small military force for the purpose of observing the movements of hostile Indians, and, if necessary, punishing them.

whose duty it was to accompany us whithersoever we might go, and to "fix up" our blankets and buffalo robes after the tents were pitched, and generally to look after us. The one "detailed" to myself was curiously enough, although unknown to the officers when so selected, a young Englishman of the name of Cook, who had been in the army of the United States about four years. He proved a good and useful attendant. We were also accompanied by three Indians belonging to the Comanche tribe; two young men, sons of Mow-a-way, one of the most influential chiefs of that tribe, and a squaw, wife of one of the men. They were attached to our party in order to assist in hunting if required, and to act as interpreters should occasion offer. The young lady it was thought would also prove useful in curing any skins that we might wish to keep, as the women are very skillful in the preparation of those articles.

Nor must I omit to mention that we also had attached to our little force three or four greyhounds, which were occasionally used for hunting the wolves that prowl over the plains in great numbers, and sometimes for antelope; but we were never successful in running one of the latter down with them.

Having described the strength and composition of our little force I will now endeavour to relate the manner in which we lived, and describe the country through which we journeyed, during my four weeks' experience of a scouting and hunting life on the prairies of the "Far West." Perhaps I am wrong in designating any part of the Indian Territory as the Far West; but civilisation has of late years advanced with such rapid strides, both from the East and from the West of the great continent of America, that it is only in the Indian Territory, and in the border States in its immediate vicinity, that a true "plains" life can be enjoyed, and where alone the red man is to be found hunting the buffalo over his native prairies, uncurbed and untrammelled by the fetters of civilised life, a true child of nature in every sense of the word.

On the first day, having marched about sixteen miles we encamped on the banks of the West Cache Creek, so named in consequence of the Indians in by-gone times having selected the banks of this stream for the establishment of their *caches*, or depôts of provisions, whilst engaged on their hunting forays. The direction in which we travelled was almost due west, over an apparently endless prairie, the monotony of the landscape being occasionally relieved by the trees that invariably

line the banks of the streams that flow in winding sinuosities through the plains. To the northward of us lay the Wichita Mountains. This range extends for about fifty miles in a S.W. and N.E. direction, and is from five to fifteen miles in breadth, the altitudes of the different peaks varying from three hundred to one thousand feet from base to summit. They are composed of a coarse flesh-coloured granite, and appear a mass of huge rocks and boulders loosely thrown together.

This chain of hills consists of a number of detached peaks, more or less coniform, which, rising as they do upon the otherwise bare and naked prairie, isolated from all other prominent objects, resemble a number of islands on the horizon of an ocean. Occasionally our road led us through small groves of mesquite, a shrub that grows in great profusion in Texas and Mexico, but which in the region through which we were travelling grows sparse and straggling. Where it does exist the character of the surface of the prairie undergoes a change, the short mesquite grass, sometimes called buffalo grass, taking the place of the long rank prairie grass. It is always desirable to select the site of an encampment near these mesquite bushes, for there is no better fire-wood to be obtained than the roots of this shrub, and although the amount above ground may be small and insignificant in size, the roots of one plant will furnish sufficient fuel to keep a fire going for many hours.

On our second evening out, whilst seated round our camp fire with that comfortable feeling of ease and contentment that generally succeeds a good dinner after a long day's hunting, we were disturbed by ominous flashes of lightning to the northward, that are the sure forebodings of a storm, and which reminded me disagreeably of the one I had already experienced during my stage journey from Caddo to Fort Sill. Nor were we kept long in suspense, for by eight o'clock it burst upon us and blew with great fury all night. Fortunately it was what is called a "dry norther," and was unaccompanied by rain. For some little time our camp was in great danger of being burned, for when our tents were pitched a slight breeze was blowing from the southward, our fires had therefore been lighted on the northern side; the sudden shift of wind thus brought them to windward.

By the application of much water and shovelfuls of earth we succeeded in extinguishing the fires before any harm could be done; fortunately for us the grass was not

sufficiently dry to catch readily, otherwise we should infallibly have sustained a very great loss. With the wind came bitter cold, the temperature rapidly falling from about 70° to something below freezing point, and we were only too glad, when the danger of being burnt was past, to get inside our tents and wrap ourselves up in our buffalo robes. We were not, however, destined to spend the night undisturbed, having to turn out to re-secure our tent when the gale was at its height; even after, we were momentarily expecting it to be blown down by the fury of the blasts that assailed it. On the following day, although the gale had moderated considerably, the wind was so keen and cutting that we were compelled several times during the day to dismount and walk by the side of our horses in order to restore circulation in our numbed feet and hands! The number of prairie-dog towns that we passed was almost incredible; the prairie in consequence might be likened to a huge colander. These little animals, one would suppose, must lead a wretched and rather precarious existence, necessitating on their part a constant watchfulness and a deal of anxiety: preyed upon by wolves, owls, and hawks, they are expelled from the comfortable abodes that they have constructed with much toil and labour by the rattlesnakes, who not unfrequently "add insult to injury," by feeding upon the unfortunate occupants after taking possession of their holes. They, however, seem happy enough as they scamper over the ground wagging their short stumps of tails and uttering their shrill and spasmodic cries.

The ground on each side of our track, as we journeyed to the westward, was literally strewn with the whitened skeletons of buffaloes—sad evidences of the rapidity with which these animals, sometimes called the "black cattle of Illinois," and sometimes alluded to by the grander title of "monarchs of the plains," are becoming exterminated. Only two short years ago this neighbourhood was literally swarming with these animals; now, alas! they are represented only by the skulls and bones that lay bleaching on the ground, picked clean by the coyotes, turkey buzzards, and ravens.

Although this animal is universally known by the name of buffalo, naturalists tell us that the appellation is erroneous, and that its real name should be the American bison. The former name has, however, been so long in use that I doubt very much if it will ever be known by any other. Formerly the habitat of the American bison was over that

enormous region contained between the 25th and 62nd parallels of latitude in a north and south direction, whilst to the eastward it was found as far as the Ohio River and the Alleghany Mountains, and to the westward it ranged even beyond the Rocky Mountains to the Sierra Nevadas.

Now, however, it is limited to two distinct and comparatively small areas, divided by the Union Pacific Railroad. In the southern region it ranges in a portion of the Indian Territory and Kansas, and in the northern part of Texas; whilst northwards it is to be found only in that district extending from the sources of the principal southern tributaries of the Yellowstone River as far as the British possessions—a region not much larger than the present territory of Montana!

Even here, however, in these two small districts it is rapidly disappearing; so quickly, indeed, that according to the Government statisticians, the bison, "at its present rate of decrease, will certainly become wholly extinct during the next quarter of a century!" This is indeed an alarming statement, and one that I think is slightly exaggerated; for although there are undoubted proofs of the terrible decrease of these animals, the many thousands that I saw during my brief sojourn in the Indian territory would make me receive such a statement with hesitation. The principal enemies of the buffalo are first of all the white hunters, who slaughter them wholesale for the sake of their robes, leaving the carcasses to rot on the prairies and become food for the wolves and birds; then the Indians, who hunt them for their skins and flesh—and these may be regarded as being legitimately sacrificed; and, lastly, the wolves and panthers, who prey upon all single animals that may have been wounded or strayed from their herds, or any calves that may have loitered behind. At a general estimate formed of the destruction of buffaloes between the years 1870 and 1875, it was reported that no less than two millions and a half had been *annually* killed! Should this estimate be correct, and should the slaughtering of these animals continue at the same proportional rate, then we may conclude that the extermination of the race is only a matter of a few years.

Our general daily routine was to rise at half-past six or seven o'clock; then, after a refreshing wash in one of the clear rippling streams on the banks of which we invariably encamped for the first few days of our march, we would sit down to a delicious breakfast, consisting of wild turkey steak or

grilled wild duck ; then in the saddle about eight o'clock, and, accompanied by our orderlies, start off to hunt some glade for deer, some timber for turkey, or approach stealthily some ponds for wild duck and teal. Whilst so employed, the escort, having struck the tents and packed the waggons during the time we were discussing our morning's meal, would, under charge of one of the officers, be prosecuting the march to the westward—the distance accomplished each day being from fifteen to twenty miles. At four or five o'clock, having ridden forty or fifty miles, we would return to our tents laden with the spoils of the chase, and quite prepared for the sumptuous dinner, the savoury smell from which had saluted us as we rode into camp. As we only indulged in two meals a day, took plenty of exercise, and lived entirely in the open air, it is not to be wondered at that we were each able to dispose at dinner of a large mallard, with a fair proportion of venison steak, besides bread and vegetables! Coffee was our beverage at meals, and water at other times. Dinner over, fresh horses would be saddled, and we would start off for some adjacent turkey-roost, where, taking up positions under the trees, we would patiently await the arrival of the "gobblers," when an indiscriminate slaughter would commence, returning to camp long after dark. The remainder of the evening would be beguiled by "spinning yarns" round the camp-fire, or by a rubber of whist in one of the tents, until that pleasing drowsiness obtained only by healthful exer-

cise would steal over us, and send us to seek the warmth and comfort of our buffalo-robos. Our camp always presented a very cheerful and animated appearance.

Imagine a picturesque spot amidst the trees adorning the side of a creek, the murmuring of whose waters, as it ran towards its outlet,

"Flashing to heaven its sparkling spray
And clamouring joyful on her way,"

soothed us to sleep with its gentle lullaby ; the white tents—we had no less than eight, some almost concealed in the thick brush-wood—forming a pretty foreground, whilst the smoke from three or four fires curled up through the foliage ; our waggons standing idle in the middle of the camp, whilst between forty and fifty head of horses and mules quietly grazed on the outskirts, "lariat-ed" and "hobbled" so as to prevent them from straying. The former method of securing horses is simply a long line or lariat made fast to their halter, the opposite end secured to a peg in the ground. "Hobbled" is securing the fore and hind leg, on the same side, with a chain, generally called a side-line. This latter mode is always used when there is any fear of horses being stampeded by Indians or otherwise—a not unfrequent event if encamped in the neighbourhood of Indians disposed to be unfriendly, or of those white men, evaders of the law, who are even more accomplished in the art of horse-stealing than the Indians.

(To be continued.)

FORGIVENESS.

A Sermon

BY THE RIGHT REV. THE LORD BISHOP OF ROCHESTER.

"Clean every whit."—JOHN xiii. 10.

YOU remember what had happened. Christ and the apostles had come into Jerusalem for the great Paschal Feast. Through a chance forgetfulness, caused, as it seems, by a petty squabble about precedence, the service, due to the Lord, of washing His feet before the meal commenced, had been omitted ; and partly, perhaps, to remind them gently of this, also, we may be sure, to teach them the double lesson they would never afterwards forget, of the tender humble love He felt for them, and which He wished them to feel towards each other, He who had already taken on Him the form of a servant now assumed a servant's humblest

function ; and taking a towel wherewith to gird Himself, He went down on His knees before them, and washed their feet one by one—Peter's, who warmly remonstrated ; John's, who deeply pondered ; Judas's, who dared not resist, but whose cold hate grew. What did it all mean? Two things, the statement and interpretation of which are here before us. The perceptive value of it, as conveyed in the words, "I have given you an example that ye should do as I have done to you," is outside the question we are to consider here. The doctrinal meaning of it, so tersely wrapped up in the two words of the text, and connected so vitally and histo-

rically with the Resurrection and Ascension of the exalted Saviour, I propose to open out now. It is this: the meaning of the forgiveness of sins.

And there are two distinct aspects of thought in reference to this subject, each of them, it may be, more than familiar to some who are at the pains to read these words. Modern unbelief boldly and persistently asserts that forgiveness of sins is at once impossible for God and ruinous to man. It is impossible for God, because, if He is consistent with himself in all His operations and dealings with us, the same God (as Bishop Butler in his great argument presses) in the kingdom of grace that He is in the kingdom of nature, He will surely do in the one what He does in the other, and not do in the one what He does not do in the other. But as most certainly He never permits or forgives the slightest violation of physical order, He never can, never ought to condone any violation of the moral. As for man, it is injurious to him, nay, subversive of all authority outside him, and of all moral sense within, to suffer him to suppose that if he sins, his sin can be put away by any other method than through his personally suffering the entire consequences. In all ages this notion of a free and unearned pardon is declared to have been a fruitful source of moral disorder, through permitting men to suppose that they can sin with impunity as to the consequences; with equal indignation is repudiated the doctrine that even the deepest and most sincere repentance can be any just claim on God that the law should not take its course.

At the other extremity of religious opinion there is sometimes a perilous looseness of statement as to the facility of pardon, and, by inference, the comparative unimportance of sin; God's supposed readiness to forgive making Him liable to be represented as willing to wink the sin that needs the forgiveness, and the returning prodigal pressed nearer to the holy heart of the father than the son, who was ever with him, sharing his inheritance and his love. A careful examination of the text may, with God's blessing, help us in both of these views of forgiveness to separate the chaff from the wheat, and the false from the true; and through a wise combination of what is sound and just in each of them to avoid the terrible exception made about the traitor, "Ye are clean; *but not all.*" First we will examine the *figure* in the text under which the Lord conveys His view of the forgiveness of sins; and then we will pro-

ceed to consider what it does mean, and what it does not.

The three words in our English version are represented by only two in the original, and both of them are adjectives. Their exact rendering is, "clean, all of him." Our Lord's illustration is, beyond dispute, borrowed from the use of the bath. A person who has just bathed, and goes straight home, cannot on his arrival need another cleansing. He is clean every whit, since his body, just emerged from the purifying waters, has not had time to contract fresh soils. With, however, one exception. The feet, left unprotected by the open sandals from dust or mire in the journey home, do indeed need a fresh cleansing. But this is all. The rest of the body is pure. Thus, by a rapid and easy transition from the material and visible into the spiritual and invisible world, Christ uses the figure of the cleansing of the body in the water of the bath as an illustration of the cleansing of the soul through Divine grace; a cleansing which, whatever its method, and its conditions, and its instruments, has, at least, this one essential feature marked and stamped on its forehead here by Christ: in the sight of God, and therefore in the sight of man, it is COMPLETE—"clean every whit." But now we ask, What is it we mean when we speak of spiritual defilement? and in what sense, real and intelligible, can that defilement be said to be washed away from the spirit of man? Here, of course, we are in the region of figures, and what we have to do is to get behind the figures for the truth they convey. For it stands to reason that the spiritual essence we dimly apprehend and imperfectly describe by the word *soul* cannot possibly be reached or affected by material processes, such as washing or physical remedies in the application of sensible things; that a soul can be soiled at all is but the application to one sort of existence of a fact or a condition belonging to another sort widely differing from it. Consequently it is essential that we should penetrate through the shell of the figure to the spiritual verity beneath.

Now Holy Scripture uses three distinct figures as illustrations by analogy in visible and material things of that Divine process on the soul which the Creed calls "the forgiveness of sins," which Christ describes as every whit cleansing. There is the water, the blood, and the word.

WATER, as in Ezekiel: "I will sprinkle clean water upon you, and you shall be clean. From all your filthiness and from all your idols I will cleanse you." And in the

Acts: "Arise and be baptized and wash away thy sins." And once more in the Epistle to Titus: "According to His mercy He saved us by the washing of regeneration." BLOOD; to take one instance only, and that out of the Revelation: "These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the *blood* of the Lamb." The WORD, in our Lord's own use of it immediately afterwards: "Now ye are clean through the *word* which I have spoken unto you." And again, in a remarkable combination of two of these figures, with reference to the Church: "That He might sanctify and cleanse it with the washing of water by the word." Now of what are these three figures the symbols?

Water is a symbol of the Divine operation of the Holy Ghost in the regeneration and conversion and sanctification of the soul, whereby are conveyed and applied, in a potent and effectual manner, the forces of Divine Grace to man. *Blood* is the symbol of that amazing and atoning sacrifice whereby is at once declared man's sin and his consequent ruin and helplessness, God's love, and the unspeakable and inconceivable mystery whereby His holiness and His pity came together in one redeeming concord, and Righteousness and Peace kissed each other in the death of the cross. The *Word* is the symbol of the means of communicating all this to the understanding of man, whereby through the conveying of the great facts and truths and promises and ideas of the gospel to the heart and conscience through the reason, in words whether written or spoken, his spirit is laid hold of and touched and stirred and broken, and vitalised and healed and made glad.

To sum up all, the *blood* is at once the operation and exhibition of a Divine redemption; the *word* is the vehicle of that wondrous gospel to the intelligence of mankind; the *water* is the Divine force by which that message is sent home—the end of it being, that Christ having died and risen again, and the Spirit having been given as the Father's promise to men, with the message of the full and free and finished redemption, preaching peace to them that are afar off and them that are nigh, those who know and believe at once their own necessity and the fact of God's great love to them, put themselves into the hands of Christ the Redeemer, and are made perfectly whole—"clean, every whit."

But now let us proceed to consider what

this marvellous declaration *does* mean for our consolation and encouragement—*does not* mean for our sober instruction in life.

It means *four* infinitely blessed and life-giving truths for the Church of God: 1. The full and free and unreserved remission of sins to every penitent and believing soul approaching God in Christ, and presenting, by an act of faith, Christ's merits and sacrifice as the one ground of propitiation and mercy, whereby all God's wrath at the sinner is put away, and all the plagues and penalties of guilt remitted, and the curtain that shut God out torn down, and constant access opened to the presence of the Father. The sin is forgiven, and in the figurative language of the passage before us, the soul is cleansed from the pollution that defiled it. Loved before—or why should it have been redeemed at all?—now it is doubly loved, and in the grand hyperbole of the psalmist, "As far as the east is from the west, so far hath He removed our transgressions from us."

2. And with the pardon of God goes His righteousness. There is no separating the one from the other, either in the purpose of His mercy, or in the method of His salvation. So much so, that when St. Paul writes about it to the Romans, he not only includes the one in the other, but, practically, he identifies the one with the other, as but two halves of one whole, or two sides of one solid. "Even as David also describeth the blessedness of the man unto whom God imputeth righteousness without works, saying, Blessed are they whose iniquities are forgiven, and whose sins are covered: Blessed is the man to whom the Lord will not impute sin." In other words, to whom He does not impute sin, forgiving him, He does impute righteousness—justifying him. One act does both, and one love bestows both. The man who is pardoned sin is given righteousness. For clearly, it is either both or neither. It is either the rejection of a rebel into the outer darkness, or the standing of a forgiven child in Christ His representative and Head.

3. But with pardon for sin, and the Divine righteousness going of necessity along with it, is the pledge of continuous grace and final victory. Our God is consistent in His purpose, which is to overcome sin in us, and righteous in His character, which never claims of us anything that we are not reasonably able to perform. Christ died for sin, that we might die unto it. Wherefore we are told to reckon ourselves dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God, through Jesus Christ our Lord. On the cross, on which He did hang

and die, we, too, are to hang and die—only the cross is to be in our hearts, and the dying is to be a daily dying unto the will of the flesh, and the dominion of selfishness. Whatever we need for holiness and victory, God has got it for us—in Christ. It is all there; but we are to go to Him for it, and as we want it and ask for it we shall have it. For “the river of God is full of water,” and the water is “the gift of God.”

4. Once more: our pardon, our acceptance, our victory imply and include one thing more—our *service*. We are enlisted to be soldiers, we are called to be disciples. We are bidden to be fellow-workers with God. Observe this in St. Peter. Even before the Apostle denied his Lord, the order was laid on him by anticipation. “When thou art converted strengthen thy brethren.” After the Resurrection, as they walked together by the Sea of Galilee, Jesus asked him: “Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me?—Feed my sheep, feed my lambs.” If any reader of this paper wants to know if it is likely he is forgiven, let him ask himself if God is using him, or, at any rate, if he is willing to be used. God is not quite so rich in faithful witnesses that He can afford to dispense with the help of one of them. Let us be sure that if the joy of the Divine forgiveness has really touched the quick of our hearts, it will be impossible for us to be useless.

But now observe, and with grave attention, what Forgiveness does not mean:

1. It does not mean—let me be bold and say, how could it be good for us to mean?—that the moral and physical consequences of sin, so far as this life is concerned, can ever be remitted or repealed. As much in the moral government of God, as in His majestic order of nature, there is an inexorable reign of law. It is perfectly true, and as true for a saint as for a reprobate, that “Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.” The drunkard may be delivered from his cups, and the demon of strong drink for ever cast out of him, but the tissues of his body and mind, until he drops into his grave, must be marred and weakened by past excesses. Fifty years of temperance in front can only prevent future mischief; they cannot spill on the ground one glittering drop that has been already swallowed. The past is irrevocable, the law is for us all. No; we must consent to bow meekly to this inexorable law of righteousness; we must recognise and accept in it the mercy as well as the severity of Him who to prevent sin makes its present results evident and abiding; who would avert evil

and persuade good by making good sweet, and evil bitter.

2. Nor, again, are we to expect that, because sin has been forgiven and put away, it will never tempt us again. In our regeneration it may have received a deadly wound; but being hard to kill it still lives on, and may soon lift up its head and be too much for us once more. Its forms may, no doubt, vary as years grow and habits modify. The old man's temptations are not those of the boy. But it is the same mischief in a new disguise. Till we die, the motions of sin in our members will ever be tempting us to betray Christ. Nay, sometimes it almost seems that they who are most like Christ are those who are most with Him in the severity of His temptations; and that those whom He most dearly loves, most honourably uses, most continuously sanctifies, are those whom the tempter is permitted to insult with the most grievous trials, and who, like one of old, cry up to God from a heart almost breaking: “All these things are against me.”

3. It does not, again, follow that *sin forgiven is sin forgotten, either by God, or by men, or by ourselves*. It may be inexact to quote Joseph's brethren as an instance of this, when in the presence of the august stranger they said one to another, “We are verily guilty concerning our brother;” for we have no reason to suppose that they ever truly repented till their sin was brought home to their door. But we may be quite sure that David's sin about Uriah was never forgotten, either by himself or his enemies, until the quiet rest of the grave had soothed him into forgetfulness of that gloomy crime. St. Peter never forgot till he joined his Lord on the other side of the river that he had denied Him. Had he ever forgotten it, we are sure there were many at his side ready to push in the thorn. This, too, bitter and humbling as it may be, is wholesome and sobering. Operating by the force of law, through the action of memory and the power of mental association, and the cruelty of unrelenting hearts, it is no proof whatever that we are neither forgiven nor loved. What it does prove is, that we have some new lesson to learn of humility or watchfulness; more tenderness to acquire in dealing with the infirmities of our tempted brethren; more sympathy to manifest in helping them to bear their burdens up the Hill Difficulty to the house where Evangelist opens out the good tidings of grace.

4. Once more—and oh, that this awful truth could be written as with the point of a

diamond in each heart that ponders these words—it never can be the same thing, no, not even in eternity, to have sinned, as not to have sinned, however profound the repentance, and complete the conversion, and devoted the service, and edifying the life. A blameless past must always be better than a stained one. It is blessed to repent and be forgiven, but blessed—oh, far blessed is it—never to have left the house of our Father at all, and so to have kept ourselves unspotted in a pure youth and an upright manhood. *Every one and everything is the worse for sin*; and sin goes on harvesting its results and scattering its contagions long after it has been confessed and forgiven; nay, long after he who has sinned it has gone to his sleep in the grave. To some this would be an utterly intolerable thought of the terrible vitality of sin, if they could not, somehow, leave it with Him who, in forgiving, knows what He has forgiven, and has other ways, we trust, of preventing and healing, and finally overcoming evil than are revealed to us here.

All I would press is, now, that never for one moment should we suppose that because Christ has died, and God is reconciled, a little sin more or less is of no consequence. If we could watch but for five minutes the anguish of a lost soul at unforgiven sin, the darkness settling on a spirit banished from the light and hope of God, indeed we should better understand how to loathe and resist it now.

To conclude, first, as to the method of purity, which is *faith*, said St. Peter to the Church at Jerusalem in respect to the admission of the Gentiles, "God which knoweth the hearts bear them witness, giving unto them the Holy Ghost even as He did unto us: and put no difference between them and us, *purifying their hearts by faith*." Faith which, hour by hour, as the necessity occurs for it, applies the precious blood, with all it means and bestows, to the continual frailties of the believer's conscience, resting on the Word of God, claiming the Grace of God, going in and out in the presence of His love, and uttering a true Amen to the voice of His righteousness. Yet faith does not mean presumption, rather it implies soberness and vigilance, a burning desire to avoid sin, a quick readiness to acknowledge it when we have tumbled into its snare. And to use the figure in the text, while it is in a certain sense unavoidable, that in his daily activities and inevitable mingling with the world the hands and feet of the cleansed and accepted Christian must contract some defilement,

which need neither hurt his consistency nor too much wound his conscience, the more carefully we pick our steps through the miry places of the world the better it will be for us. Soils once contracted easily harden into the character unless they are instantly washed away through taking them to the blood of the Lamb.

Lastly, is any one reading this sermon whose heart is sore and wounded by the thought of past unworthiness, whose reason tells him that even God cannot make it as if it had not been, and that all he can do now cannot repair or atone for what has been already written down in the book that is to be opened at the last great day? Well, my brother, or my sister, I have a word of good cheer for you. Be humble and gentle, be charitable and forbearing, ever considering your own need of mercy, and how great a forgiveness you have yourselves received of God. But, also be bright and fearless, be manful and strong. If you can look your God in the face, because He has told you that He has cast your sins behind His back, surely you may look your neighbour in the face. If God, for Christ's sake, has consented to forgive you, surely your brother may, and if not—well, "If God be for you, who can be against you?" You are not alone in your sinful history, nor in your painful experience. Thousands and thousands share it with you, of whom the Church and the world dream not. In the great multitude, which no man can number, plucked as brands from the burning, everlasting monuments of undeserved grace, will be David, and the Magdalen, the great Augustine, and the author of the "Pilgrim's Progress;" ay, and a host of other souls that deeply sinned and then passionately loved, whose early transgressions have been generously and equitably forgotten in the grand usefulness of their lives and in the sweet fragrance of their sanctity.

The more you have been forgiven, so much the more you know thereby of God's love and power, so much greater the blessed burden laid on you of witnessing about it in holy life and steady sacrifice.

As to your Heaven, be sure of this, that whatever your present sadness or your unhealed remorse, when once the glory flashes on you from the Lamb that was slain, there will be perfect soundness and perfect cleanliness in the presence of us all: as you look into your heart, and feel no sin there, as you gaze on the whiteness of your robe, and find no stain there, the sentence will steal into your heart and heal it for ever—"Clean every whit."

WHAT IS IN A SHEEPSKIN.

III.—WOOL (*conclusion*).

A CLEVER man once argued that cork-trees grew to supply stoppers for ginger-beer bottles. That was his way of hinting that too much might be made of the argument from design. In spite of the warning thus conveyed, we must, in the outset, mention a very curious fact or two about wool, that may be regarded as strengthening the argument from design or not, as the reader chooses. Wool is simply a kind of modified hair, depending on the very same conditions of the skin, into which we cannot now enter. But hair—especially human hair—and wool differ very much in one respect. Hair, when seen under the microscope, gives a succession of markings, more or less regular, running across it, indicating that it is composed of a series of cells very closely pressed together; but wool shows these markings so much more defined that they present a serrated outside surface, resulting from the inequalities where the cells join together. This is what gives the curl observable in wool and woolly hair. It is because human hair generally does not have these serrations that it cannot be felted, and that it can be woven only with great difficulty, and would not make very warm garments even if it were. In preparation for some of the worsteds, indeed, one of the processes in combing wool aims at reducing the degree of serration, so as to obtain more smoothness and softness in the fabric. It may be mentioned, too, that one of the main reasons why such staples as mohair and alpaca so imperatively need to be mixed with other substances in being worked arises mainly from the shortness of the serrations. Sir Titus Salt's wonderful foresight and skill were seen as much in his clear discernment of the requisite qualities in the mixing staples, as in the conviction of the availability of alpaca itself to produce a glossy and beautiful cloth. These microscopic inequalities in the wool are thus what give it its great value as a woven commodity—hair having comparatively little cohesion when woven together. Though the wool-spinner may not have the fact in mind when he purchases his raw material, it is really the number of these serrations which determines qualities. The finer the wool the greater the number of serrations. The best Saxony wool, we learn, contains some 2,700 of these serrations in a single inch; merino wool only about 2,400; our own South-

down about 2,100; while the coarser sorts, as found on some of the Leicester sheep, does not present more than 1,850. It needs to be borne in mind, however, that several qualities of wool are got off one sheep, and this it is which gives rise to the occupations of wool-sorting or wool-stapling—a process which, in the rough, we saw begun at the fellmonger's, and we now propose to take up the wool as we found it there in big roughly assorted heaps, and to follow it further in its destination.

But when we are introduced into a large wool factory like that of the Messrs. Priestman & Co., of Bradford, where all the processes, from the sorting to the weaving, are carried on, and find ourselves very quickly transported by a lift to the top of the building, some five or six stories high, and are ushered into a large well-lighted hall, we find that our wools of English produce form but a portion of the raw material about to be submitted to the various processes here. Wools come in great quantities from America, and from Australia also, and this implies very tight packing in large bales. In order to prepare this wool for the sorters or staplers, it is put into a press heated by steam, the action of which on the natural grease of the wool speedily transforms the hard, stiff heap into a series of soft layers, which, when thrown on the table in front of the stapler, show themselves as whole fleeces. The business of the stapler is carefully to separate and to arrange the various parts of the fleece according to its quality, which he does by picking it apart and throwing the different qualities into different divisions before him. It is astonishing how dextrous the staplers become in this work, as may be guessed when we mention that five or six classes of wool are found on each animal, and that a good stapler will sort a fleece in a quarter of an hour or so. The main classes of wool are super, Southdown, fine combe, kindly combe, and Dutch, for the finer kinds; and livery wool, grey wool, super tegg and picked tegg, for the coarser. The former are used for blankets, flannels, fine cloths, tweeds, and shawls; the latter for such common cloths as are used for army, navy, or prison wear. The designations, though originally derived from obtaining local distributions, are nowadays very unreliable in that regard; for some nations have improved

their breed of sheep with much more skill, and have made much greater progress than others. Dutch wool, for example, is now not seldom super or kindly combe, and Spanish wool may take rank as Dutch—a reversion at which probably the Hidalgo would not feel greatly flattered.

The next process through which the wool passes is that of *washing* or scouring, and for this purpose it finds its way to the lower portion of the building. To remove the dirt and the oily substances, it is thrown into troughs of soap and water and beaten from half an hour to an hour, or in being transferred from one trough to the other it is put through rollers something like Messrs. Priestman & Co.'s wringing machines. When it has thus been thoroughly scoured, it is thrown into a large enclosed space by a fan at the end of the last set of rollers, the purpose of which is to open out the wool and throw it loosely down. It is now beautifully white, and delicate to the touch. We are speaking only of the finer wools manufactured at such works as those of Messrs. Priestman's.

Next comes the *carding*. The wool is spread out on a kind of flat table, where it is gradually drawn in and run through a series of cylinders with wire teething, which has the effect of opening and breaking it up, and throwing out the very short wool and any dirt that may have remained in it. The wonderful power of machinery in saving labour could hardly be more impressively seen than here, when one thinks of the old-fashioned way in which wool was carded at a time not so very remote. After having been submitted to what is called *doubling*, which simply means the uniting of ends so as to form a soft and continuous stream, the wool passes on to the *backwash*. It is once again run through soap and water to free it from any oil or dust that may have attached to it in the former processes; and after having been pressed by passing through rollers, and so far dried, the fibre is beautifully straightened by the ingenious contrivance of needle-like points fixed in a regular band, which rise and fall, and thus effectually penetrate the wool as it passes. It is then deposited in what are called *preparing* boxes—that is, it is placed in regular strata in deep tin vessels, out of which again it is run by a machine into balls ready for the *combing*. Messrs. Priestman & Co. have two forms of combing machines in their establishment, and both are very perfect and beautiful in action. The first is Noble's combing

machine, and the other is called the Orleans. Noble's machine, in its earlier form, was for a time superseded by the Orleans; but under later improvements it has almost regained its pre-eminence. The principle of the Noble is a revolving wheel with teeth, which by a very beautiful contrivance catch and throw out the wool from the edge. It is thus fed with the wool at one side, which in the course of the revolution is combed by two arms or hands which constantly move back and forward alternately, passing a comb through the wool as it revolves, thus drawing out what is short and unequal. The Orleans is more complex and less easy to describe in untechnical terms, but it also adopts the revolving wheel. The wool which is deposited after each revolution from the revolver is called the *top*, or fine wool, and that which has been combed out is called *noil*, or short wool, which is of course once or twice recombed. The Orleans, we were told, makes as clean a *top* as the Noble, but in some respects is a more difficult engine to manage and to keep in order. The next process is called *drawing*. The wool, of course, comes from the combing machine in a full untwisted stream almost as thick as two fingers: the drawing is the process by which it is reduced to thread thickness. This is followed by *roving*, whereby this wool thread is run on to smaller bobbins to suit the spinning machines.

On entering the spinning-room, on one of the higher floors of the building, we are somewhat surprised at the number of quite young boys and girls who are there; and as we observe the steady and beautiful movement of the machines, we are somewhat at a loss to guess what work they can be wanted for. The little girls who do the sweeping are very assiduous, flitting about in all corners; as they much need, for ceaseless clouds of woolly particles are thrown off, which but for them would soon cover the machinery and the floor. But the perfect cleanness and the bright shine of the machinery which are secured by their efforts are really astonishing. There are from one hundred and sixty to two hundred bobbins on each of the machines, which are ranged along the wall at each side, with a passage way down the centre. Each girl has, strictly speaking, charge of what may be called two sides of different machines, the space between them running off from the centre passage forming the walk. And as we are listening to the explanations given us, the use of the floating community of boys and girls soon be-

comes apparent. When the full bobbins are taken off the machine their place is at once supplied by empty ones from a line of pegs above; and this process is called "topping." The deftness with which it is accomplished by these boys and girls is really astonishing. Immediately on the topping being done the pegs are refilled with empty bobbins against the next topping, and thus the small moving community of "toppers" is, after all, kept pretty well employed.

It was very cheering to see the interest which the Messrs. Priestman have in their workpeople. We saw highly improved steam stoves for heating the dinners of the workers of such as find it most convenient to bring them in the morning; and there are dining-rooms and so on which are admirably kept and managed.

The thought of the many kinds of machines which must be called into requisition before a single bit of wool is ready either for cloth or worsted, suffices to show how far we have moved away from that primitive state of society which has left in our language the very suggestive word "spinster." Women do not spin nowadays to qualify themselves for matronhood; but the word remains, like a fossil in a later strata, to impress on the mind the immense step made in the commoner industrial arts within a very short period of time.

It is impossible for us here to follow up the many processes of weaving and felting; but this we need the less regret, as they may be regarded as in their main features very familiar to most readers. One of the strangest things connected with the fine woollen cloth manufacture is the use of the common *teazle*, which as yet no invention has superseded, and which is to be seen growing in the fields in many districts in the west, yielding the farmer a very fair profit. After the cloth has been woven and scoured, to remove the oil which had been added to it in the spinning, it is *fulled*, a process which consists in beating it by heavy hammers for a considerable time; then it is scoured again, and then *teazled*. This is accomplished by means of a cylinder, which revolves upon the cloth with these teazles attached to it. By this means all the loose woolly particles are raised up, so that they can be clean cut off, and thus make easily a very fine glossy finish. So effective is the *teazle* for its purpose that, though several inventions have been tried in its stead—among others a peculiar contrivance of wire fixed into a leather band—none of them have been found in the least to

approach it. Nature here asserts her superiority to science. England produces only about one-third of the teazles needed for the cloth manufacture, the others being imported from the continent. These foreign teazles are said by the manufacturers to be by far the best.

As in most industries, a residuum of waste is found at various stages of the manufacture. Put the wool through the carding machines as often as you will, some proportion, so short and broken as to be unavailable, will be thrown out; and again it is the same with the combing machine. This waste is not lost, however; and its destination suggests a glance at one industry which absorbs a great deal of it, and turns it to useful account. At Osset and other places in Lancashire and Yorkshire, there are factories where large numbers of persons are employed in the making of wool mattresses and beds. Some portion of the material used for this purpose, though not, like the jewels in "Faust," from "the wrong side of the firmament," is yet directly received from the "devil"—in other words, it is shoddy rags re-tortured in that ambiguously but not quite inappropriately named machine. But to get the proper amount of softness and buoyancy it is needful to mix this old material with a certain proportion of new, which is chiefly made up from this wool waste, scoured once more to free it from dirt and oil, and otherwise specially prepared for its purpose. These beds and mattresses find a ready market in all our large towns, and the numbers that are sold would, we are sure, astonish most readers were exact statistics available—which, however, they are not. Suffice it to say, that some thousands of persons within a small radius of Wakefield are engaged in this manufacture, and that the industry promises to grow.

We have now followed the wool from its first stages to its last; and with this we close our account of "What is in a Sheepskin," fully aware, as was, indeed, inevitable in the space allotted to us, that a few points may have been overlooked or too lightly passed over. But the most important and interesting facts have, we believe, been noted; and our purpose will have been served if any interest in industrial processes and industrial workers may have been excited in our readers. This is all the more to be desired at the present time when, owing to many causes, the industrial classes may be in special need of the indulgence and sympathy of their wealthier brethren.

TELEGRAPH CONSTRUCTION IN THE "FOREST PRIMEVAL."

TO many persons whose experience has been limited to this country, the idea still prevails that the electric telegraph is an adjunct to the railway, and that the proper place for the posts supporting the one is alongside the roadway which bears the other. Within the last few years, however, since the construction of our telegraphs fell into the hands of a government department, the eye has become more and more familiarised with the sight of solitary wires running through upland districts far from human habitation; and there are numerous countries, mostly of comparatively late occupation by European races, where the construction of telegraph lines has been undertaken in districts into which no railways have been made, and where roads or even foot-tracks have had no existence. Of such instances, perhaps, the most prominent and most recent has been the extension of the telegraph in Cape Colony, for which the services of Mr. Sivewright, a well-known writer on practical telegraphy, were obtained by the Colonial Office from the home Post Office. On 12th November last, Mr. Merriman addressed an official letter to Mr. Sivewright, expressing a high sense of the services rendered by him to the colony "during the past trying six weeks," and attributing to the cheerfulness and skill with which, at a time when interruptions might have been beyond calculation detrimental, Mr. Sivewright and his staff had devoted themselves to the maintenance of telegraph communication, much of the success with which the operations against the Galekas had been carried out. Considering the position telegraphy has attained in the operations of civilised warfare, it must be gratifying, in view of the possibility of troubles with outlying and semi-civilised tribes throughout our vast empire, that the telegraph also shows usefulness in this regard.

In the course of constructing telegraphs through unsettled countries a number of exciting adventures have been encountered, the particulars of which, garnered up in official records not very accessible to the public, are yet full of interest. The first narrative from which we shall quote is a report by the Director-General of Telegraphs in the Argentine Republic, the writer being a young Scotchman, Mr. Charles Burton. The first telegraph in the dominion of the republic was opened in 1870, and consisted of one hun-

dred and twenty-nine miles of line, but the system was rapidly extended thereafter; and Mr. Burton's report gives some graphic pictures of what had to be encountered in the course both of executing and maintaining the work. One of the first troubles encountered was the yellow fever, which dispersed the greater part of the employés by death or sickness, the communication being maintained by great exertions on the part of the director and a few telegraphists who did not fail him during the moments of severe trial. The progress of the plague was reported daily by wire from the provinces, and Mr. Burton concludes this part of his story with the fervent hope that the wires may not have to perform the same duty again. At another time a dry season resulted in great fires in the forest, and the director found that besides the destruction of posts, the native people stole away the wire and otherwise destroyed his work. At another time great floods came, causing much loss to the contractors, as well as on the completed lines, by carrying away posts, wires and all, for miles together. The rebellions, which appear to be more or less chronic in the states of South America, gave the telegraph director much trouble. An order by a rebel chief is quoted which displays no slight appreciation, on his part, of the advantages of telegraph communication. This chief ordered his men to cut the telegraph at a distance of three to six miles from each town, "taking care that the wire be cut at a distance of three yards from a post, so as to leave sufficient to wrap round each pole, and thus secure that the wires remain well stretched." The rebel had no doubt in view, that if the whirligig of time should bring him into power, he would wish to retain the benefit of telegraph communication. When Mr. Burton's men essayed to repair such interrupted lines, they were taken prisoners by the rebels, relieved of their tools, and told that if they attempted this again it would be at the risk of their lives. The following extract from Mr. Burton's report—part of a plea he urges against the reduction of the pay of his linemen from forty to thirty "hard dollars" a month—gives a lively idea of such service through an unsettled and uncleared region: "These men have to go over their districts generally in stormy weather, as the rainy season is the

most unpropitious for the telegraph. . . . They must buy and maintain, at their own cost, the horses which are indispensable for their long journeys, carrying with them the necessary tools, following closely the telegraph over rivers, swamps, and in fact all kinds of country—as, if they were to leave the direct route of the telegraph to find a good road, an interruption in the wires might be passed unobserved."

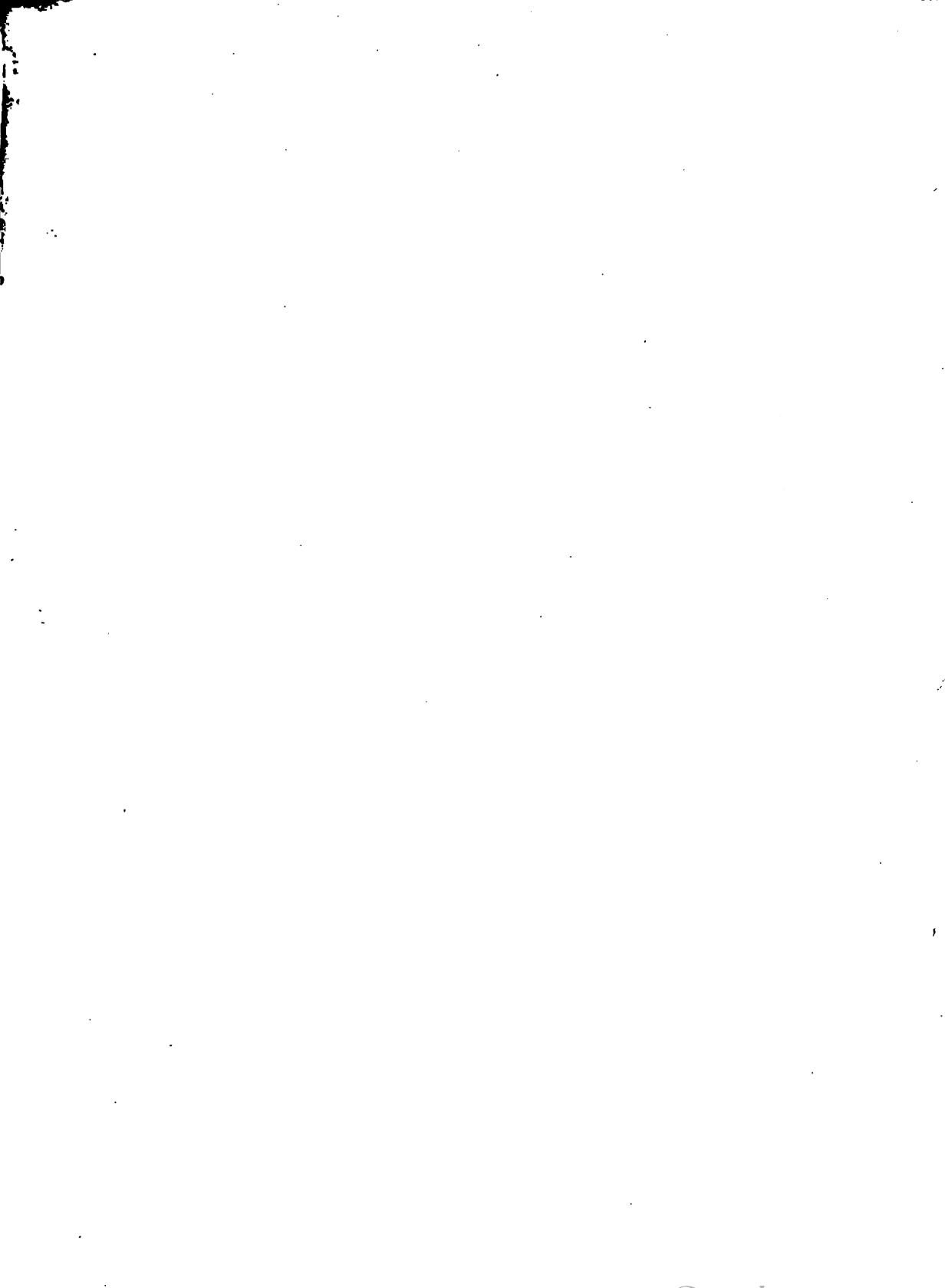
From New Zealand, where an extended system of telegraphs is now in operation, we obtain some experiences even more remarkable than those from South America. Mr. Floyd, electrician to the New Zealand Government Telegraph Department, furnishes, in a recent communication to the Society of Telegraph Engineers, of which he is a member, a most interesting narrative of his work in the colony. He observes that, where a road has preceded the telegraph, the work there is not in any special way different from such work at home. But in many cases the telegraph has been the pioneer of progress through almost unknown districts, inhabited by aboriginal natives, and it is in regard to such places that the interest of his narrative centres. "Under such circumstances," remarks Mr. Floyd, "the work required from the telegraph engineer becomes of a most varied, and often of a most arduous character. He may have to cut a path through dense forest, to build temporary bridges, cut tracks contouring high hills, and make temporary roads across swamps, before any of his material can be placed on his line, and before supplies can be conveyed to where his men will be at work, and, worse than all, he may be met with Maori opposition that must be coaxed away." In lands where the Maoris have exclusive possession, the compulsory powers of the Colonial Telegraph Act could not be forcibly exercised, and bribery was useless, for concession in that way only led to extortionate demands. "The only weapons to be used were tact, patience, and determined persistence," and these, although trying to human nature, did not, Mr. Floyd says, often fail. In constructing a line through two hundred and twenty miles of such a country, the first proceeding was that the constructor, with a surveyor and interpreter, started on horseback, with a pack-horse to carry tent, blankets, and food. After fifty miles had been gone over, the surveyor returned to organize a party of men to cut a line along the course selected, and to mark the site of each telegraph pole. Meanwhile the constructor with his interpreter proceeded on

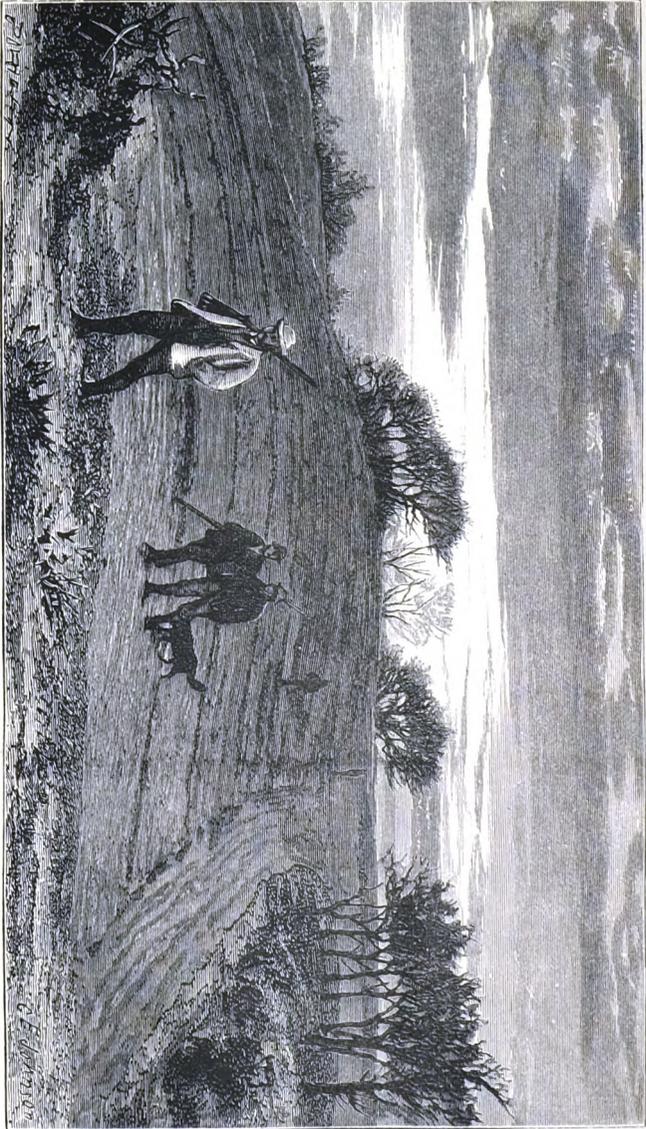
the journey, the whole distance occupying six weeks, and necessitating a good deal of "roughing" when night-fall found them far away from human habitation, and they had to camp out in the "forest primeval." As the expense of keeping open a special path through the forest for the linemen is great, made roads, or courses where roads would probably be made hereafter, were preferred, but a very large proportion of the line described was through heavy timber, and in regions either sparsely peopled by Europeans or wholly in Maori occupation. In the meantime, while the surveyor went on "pegging out" the route at the rate of about a mile a day, a series of contracts was prepared, dividing the work of clearing as much as possible amongst the residents, whether European or Maori, along the line. Thirty-two such contracts were made, running from £5 to £500 in amount, and it was found that the smaller settlers were very glad to undertake the clearing near their own locations. The work was to cut down all trees which could fall across the wire, and to make a clearing forty feet wide, removing all logs and scrub over the entire route, with a sixty-foot circle at each peg indicating the proposed position of a pole. As an additional precaution against the re-growth of underwood, a certain circle round each pole was dug up, and suitable grass seeds sown over the space. It is stated to be characteristic of a New Zealand forest, that when a clearing is made the trees on each side of the clearing wither and fall. And as the trees are of noble proportions—producing, as Mr. Floyd shows, splendid material for telegraph poles—the cutting down of large trees beyond the forty feet general clearing was often a work of great labour. From the luxuriance and density of the undergrowth, the first surveyors followed, as far as possible, existing Maori tracks, and even there they had to use tomahawk and bill-hook to clear their way. The cost of clearing the two hundred and twenty miles, the time occupied being six months, was £5,323. Some examples of exorbitant demands made by the Maoris are given. Where £300 was offered by the constructor the Maori would demand £2,000, where a payment of £30 was offered £200 would be demanded, and so on. When the work of putting up the poles through native districts began some curious results were seen. The erecting gang of Europeans was divided into parties of two men each, these obtaining labour locally to assist in the work. Where

Maori settlements were far apart the men selected for this labour would in the course of the work become very expert, but when the settlements were close together the labourers were changed every pole or two, the natives insisting that they to whom the land belonged should alone receive the money for working it. This element in the case gave the superintending constructor a good deal of hard work and anxiety, as he had to be everywhere at once, as it were, to meet objections, to pay wages, to alter a pole if the aboriginal owner of the ground objected to its place, and "generally to keep everybody in good temper." Although all this made the work of erecting the telegraph laborious and prolonged, it had in the end a good effect, for Mr. Floyd states that every Maori who had worked on the line looked on it thereafter as a monument to his own ingenuity, over which he was bound to keep a watchful eye. As a summary of the labour of thus extending to a half-civilised community one of the most notable of the inventions of civilised man, the following sketch of the life led by the constructor and his interpreter is full of interest. "During the twelve months from the commencement of the line till its completion, they continued travelling on horseback from end to end of the line. They were never more than three or four consecutive days in any one place, but rode about the country day after day without regard to weather all the year through. . . . The constructor could not have clerical assistance . . . sometimes his saddle was his writing-desk, sometimes a fallen log served as both chair and table, and often he could not do better than lie face downward in a Maori hut, and use the floor for a writing-table. He carried writing materials, voucher forms, and a cheque-book constantly on the saddle, and had to be ready to give a contractor a progress payment, pay wages, or draw contracts, whenever and wherever the occasion required, without reference to the comfort or convenience of the circumstances surrounding him. As a matter of practical telegraph construction, Mr. Floyd's description of the method adopted for carrying the wires across navigable rivers at high elevations is full of interest. As damage to such wires was most likely to happen in a gale, and as not one man in a hundred would venture to the top of a tall mast in a gale of wind, the plan was adopted of building wooden turrets, at first four-square and subsequently, for economy, triangular. The turrets were of open framework, with a

ladder between each stage, so that in the heaviest gale the workmen could proceed to the top and repair wire damage. Such a turret, one hundred feet high, erected at Maketu, is stated to have cost £175—a heavy item in the construction, but perhaps fully justified from the circumstances stated.

The telegraphs of Asia Minor, British India, Russian Asia, Japan, &c., would each offer a chapter of difficulty and adventure not in any degree inferior to those detailed in the preceding sentences, while to the telegraphist as well as to the physicist, they present many features of special interest. One of the earliest local telegraph lines in Eastern countries was a private line, erected in 1859, from Teheran to Sultanieh, where the Shah of Persia temporarily resided. This line, one hundred and sixty-nine miles long, after being used for one summer, was demolished. There are now about five thousand miles of telegraph in Persia alone; and the construction of the last of those lines, that from Shahrud to Meshed, supplies an illustration of the point dealt with in this paper. "The workmen suffered much from want of water and from heat," says the Persian Inspector-General of Telegraphs. "During the months of June and July (1876) the heat in the plains, with a cool wind blowing, rose to 140 Fahrenheit, while the heat in the shade once rose to 112 Fahrenheit. Great anxiety was felt on account of the Turcomans, who were expected to attack us every day; but not a single Turcoman was seen." The first through telegraph to the far East was erected by the Turkish Government in 1863, and proceeded from Constantinople through Asia Minor, by way of Mosul to Bagdad. In 1864 the Government of British India built a line, on iron standards, from Bagdad to Fão at the head of the Persian Gulf. This line was subsequently handed over to the Turks, and was deemed so unsafe, passing as it did through a region where the Porte had really little or no authority, that after the submarine cable from Fão to Kurachee had been laid, a telegraph line was put up by British officers, but at the cost of the Persian Government, from Bushire *viâ* Teheran to Bagdad. This glance at telegraph construction in the countries of lawless, semi-civilised peoples, may suffice to conjure up a notable picture of perseverance under difficulties in the endeavour to carry out what is perhaps the most characteristic mark of modern civilisation.





“MACLEOD OF DARE.”

MACLEOD OF DARE.*

BY WILLIAM BLACK, AUTHOR OF "MADCAP VIOLET," "A PRINCESS OF THULE," ETC.

CHAPTER XXIV.—ENTHUSIASMS.

SHE was seated alone, her arms on the table, her head bent down. There was no red rose now in the white morning dress, for she had given it to him when he left. The frail November sunshine streamed into the room and put a shimmer of gold on the soft brown of her hair.

It was a bold step she had taken, without counsel of any one. Her dream was now to give up everything that she had hitherto cared about, and to go away into private life to play the part of Lady Bountiful. And if doubts about the strength of her own resolution occasionally crossed her mind, could she not appeal for aid and courage to him who would always be by her side? When she became a Macleod she would have to accept the motto of the Macleods. That motto is *Hold Fast*.

She heard her sister come into the house, and she raised her head. Presently Carry opened the door; and it was clear she was in high spirits.

"Oh, Mopsy," said she—and this was a pet name she gave her sister only when the latter was in great favour—"did you ever see such a morning in November? Don't you think papa might take us to Kew Gardens?"

"I want to speak to you, Carry—come here," she said gravely; and the younger sister went and stood by the table. "You know you and I are thrown very much on each other; and we ought to have no secrets from each other; and we ought to be always quite sure of each other's sympathy. Now, Carry, you must be patient, you must be kind; if I don't get sympathy from you, from whom should I get it?"

Carry withdrew a step; and her manner instantly changed. Gertrude White was a very clever actress; but she had never been able to impose on her younger sister. This imploring look was all very fine; this appeal for sympathy was pathetic enough; but both only awakened Carry's suspicions. In their ordinary talk sisters rarely use such formal words as "sympathy."

"What do you mean?" said she sharply.

"There—already!" exclaimed the other, apparently in deep disappointment. "Just when I most need your kindness and sympathy you show yourself most unfeeling—"

"I wish you would tell me what it is all about," Carry said impatiently.

The elder sister lowered her eyes, and her fingers began to work with a paper-knife that was lying there. Perhaps this was only a bit of stage-business; or perhaps she was apprehensive about the effect of her announcement.

"Carry," she said in a low voice, "I have promised to marry Sir Keith Macleod."

Carry uttered a slight cry of horror and surprise; but this, too, was only a bit of stage-effect, for she had fully anticipated the disclosure.

"Well, Gertrude White!" said she, apparently when she had recovered her breath. "Well—I—I—I—never!"

Her language was not as imposing as her gestures; but then nobody had written the part for her; whereas her very tolerable acting was nature's own gift.

"Now, Carry, be reasonable—don't be angry—what is the use of being vexed with what is past recalling? Any other sister would be very glad at such a time——" these were the hurried and broken sentences with which the culprit sought to stave off the coming wrath. But, oddly enough, Miss Carry refrained from denunciations or any other stormy expression of her anger and scorn. She suddenly assumed a cold and critical air.

"I suppose," said she, "before you allowed Sir Keith Macleod to ask you to become his wife, you explained to him our circumstances."

"I don't understand you."

"You told him, of course, that you had a ne'er-do-well brother in Australia, who might at any moment appear and disgrace the whole family?"

"I told him nothing of the kind. I had no opportunity of going into family affairs. And if I had—what has Tom got to do with Sir Keith Macleod? I had forgotten his very existence—no wonder after eight years of absolute silence."

But Carry, having fired this shot, was off after other ammunition.

"You told him you have had several sweethearts before?"

"No, I did not," said Miss Gertrude White warmly, "because it isn't true."

"What?—Mr. Howson?"

"The orchestra-leader in a provincial theatre!"

"Oh yes, but you did not speak so contemptuously of him then. Why, you made him believe he was another Mendelssohn; and what is more, Gertrude White, you made him believe that you and he were engaged."

"You are talking nonsense," said the other, frowning, and with her head turned aside.

"And Mr. Brook—you no doubt told him that Mr. Brook called on papa, and asked him to go down to Doctors' Commons and see for himself what money he would have——"

"And what then? How can I prevent any idiotic boy, who chooses to turn me into a heroine, from making a fool of himself?"

"Oh, Gertrude White," said Carry solemnly. "Will you sit there and tell me you gave him no encouragement?"

"This is mere folly," the elder sister said petulantly, as she rose, and proceeded to put straight a few of the things about the room. "I had hoped better things of you, Carry. I tell you of an important step I have taken in my life; and you bring out a lot of tattle and nonsense. However, I can act for myself. It is true, I had imagined something different. When I marry, of course, we shall be separated. I had looked forward to the pleasure of showing you my new home——"

"Where is it to be?"

"Wherever my husband wishes it to be," she answered proudly; but there was a conscious flush of colour in her face as she uttered—for the first time—that word.

"In the Highlands, I suppose, for he is not rich enough to have two houses," said Carry, which showed that she had been pondering over this matter before. "And he has already got his mother and his old maid sister, or whatever she is, in the house—you will make a pretty family."

This was a cruel thrust. When Macleod had spoken of the far home overlooking the northern seas, what could be more beautiful than his picture of the noble and silver-haired dame and of the gentle and loving cousin who was the friend and counsellor of the poor people around? And when he had suggested that some day or other Mr. White might bring his daughter to these remote regions to see all the wonders and the splendours of them, he told her how the beautiful mother would take her to this place and to that place, and how that Janet Macleod would pet and befriend her, and perhaps teach her a few words of the Gaelic that she might have a kindly phrase for the passer-by. But this picture of Carry's——: a house-full of wrangling women!

If she had had her will just then, she would instantly have recalled Macleod, and placed his courage and careless confidence between her and this cruel criticism. She had never, in truth, thought of these things. His pertinacity would not allow her. He had kept insisting that the only point for her to consider was whether she had sufficient love for him to enable her to answer his great love for her with the one word "Yes." Thereafter, according to his showing, everything else was a mere trifle. Obstacles, troubles, delays?—he would hear of nothing of the sort. And although, while he was present, she had been inspired by something of this confident feeling, now when she was attacked in his absence she felt herself defenceless.

"You may be as disagreeable as you like, Carry," said she almost wearily. "I cannot help it. I never could understand your dislike to Sir Keith Macleod——"

"Cannot you understand," said the younger sister with some show of indignation, "that if you are to marry at all I should like to see you marry an Englishman, instead of a great Highland savage, who thinks about nothing but beasts' skins? And why should you marry at all, Gertrude White? I suppose he will make you leave the theatre; and instead of being a famous woman, whom everybody admires and talks about, you will be plain Mrs. Nobody, hidden away in some place, and no one will ever hear of you again! Do you know what you are doing? Did you ever hear of any woman making such a fool of herself before?"

So far from being annoyed by this strong language, the elder sister seemed quite pleased.

"Do you know, Carry, I like to hear you talk like that," she said with a smile. "You almost persuade me that I am not asking him for too great a sacrifice, after all——"

"A sacrifice! On his part!" exclaimed the younger sister, and then she added with decision. "But it shan't be, Gertrude White! I will go to papa!"

"Pardon me," said the elder sister, who was nearer the door, "you need not trouble yourself; I am going now."

She went into the small room which was called her father's study, but which was in reality a sort of museum. She closed the door behind her.

"I have just had the pleasure of an interview with Carry, papa," she said with a certain bitterness of tone, "and she has tried hard to make me as miserable as I can be."

If I am to have another dose of it from you, papa, I may as well have it at once. I have promised to marry Sir Keith Macleod."

She sank down in an easy-chair. There was a look on her face which plainly said, "Now do your worst; I cannot be more wretched than I am."

"You have promised to marry Sir Keith Macleod?" he repeated slowly, and fixing his eyes on her face.

He did not break into any rage, and accuse Macleod of treachery or her of filial disobedience. He knew that she was familiar with that kind of thing. What he had to deal with was the immediate future, not the past.

"Yes," she answered.

"Well," he said with the same deliberation of tone, "I suppose you have not come to me for advice, since you have acted so far for yourself. If I were to give you advice, however, it would be to break your promise as soon as you decently can, both for his sake and for your own."

"I thought you would say so," she said with a sort of desperate mirth. "I came to have all my wretchedness heaped on me at once. It is a very pleasing sensation. I wonder if I could express it on the stage—that would be making use of my new experiences—as you have taught me—"

But here she burst into tears; and then got up and walked impatiently about the room; and finally dried her eyes, with shame and mortification visible on her face.

"What have *you* to say to me, papa? I am a fool to mind what a school-girl says."

"I don't know that I have anything to say," he observed calmly. "You know your own feelings best."

And then he regarded her attentively.

"I suppose when you marry you will give up the stage?"

"I suppose so," she said in a low voice.

"I should doubt," he said with quite a dispassionate air, "your being able to play one part for a lifetime. You might get tired—and that would be awkward for your husband and yourself. I don't say anything about your giving up all your prospects, although I had great pride in you and a still greater hope. That is for your own consideration. If you think you will be happier—if you are sure you will have no regret—if, as I say, you think you can play the one part for a lifetime—well and good."

"And you are right," she said bitterly, "to speak of me as an actress, and not as a human being. I must be playing a part to

the end, I suppose? Perhaps so. Well, I hope I shall please my smaller audience as well as I seem to have pleased the bigger one."

Then she altered her tone.

"I told you, papa, the other day of my having seen that child run over and brought back to the woman who was standing on the pavement."

"Yes," said he; but wondering why this incident should be referred to at such a moment.

"I did not tell you the truth—at least, the whole truth. When I walked away, what was I thinking of? I caught myself trying to recall the way in which the woman threw her arms up when she saw the dead body of her child, and I was wondering whether I could repeat it. And then I began to wonder whether I was a devil—or a woman."

"Bah!" said he. "That is a craze you have at present. You have had fifty others before. What I am afraid of is that, at the instigation of some such temporary fad, you will take a step that you will find irrevocable. The weak point about you is that you can make yourself believe anything. Just think over it, Gerty. If you leave the stage, you will destroy many a hope I had formed; but that doesn't matter. Whatever is most for your happiness—that is the only point."

"And so you have given me your congratulations, papa," she said, rising. "I have been so thoroughly trained to be an actress that, when I marry, I shall only go from one stage to another."

"That was only a figure of speech," said he.

"At all events," she said, "I shall not be vexed by petty jealousies of other actresses, and I shall cease to be worried and humiliated by what they say about me in the provincial newspapers."

"As for the newspapers," he retorted, "you have little to complain of. They have treated *you* very well. And even if they annoyed you by a phrase here or there, surely the remedy is simple. You need not read them. You don't require any recommendation to the public now. As for your jealousy of other actresses—that was always an unreasonable vexation on your part—"

"Yes, and that only made it the more humiliating to myself," said she quickly.

"But think of this," said he. "You are married. You have been long away from the scene of your former triumphs. Some day you go to the theatre; and you find as

the favourite of the public a woman who, you can see, cannot come near to what you used to do. And I suppose you won't be jealous of her, and anxious to defeat her on the old ground?"

She winced a little; but she said—

"I can do with that as you suggested about the newspapers: I need not go to the theatre."

"Very well, Gerty. I hope all will be for the best. But do not be in a hurry; take time and consider."

She saw clearly enough that this calm acquiescence was all the congratulation or advice she was likely to get; and she went to the door.

"Papa," said she with a little hesitation, "Sir Keith Macleod is coming up to-morrow morning—to go to church with us."

"Yes?" said he indifferently.

"He may speak to you before we go."

"Very well. Of course, I have nothing to say in the matter. You are mistress of your own actions."

She went to her own room, and locked herself in, feeling very lonely, and disheartened, and miserable. There was more to alarm her in her father's faintly expressed doubts than in all Carry's vehement opposition and taunts. Why had Macleod left her alone?—if only she could see him laugh, her courage would be reassured.

Then she bethought her that this was not a fit mood for one who had promised to be the wife of a Macleod. She went to the mirror and regarded herself; and almost unconsciously an expression of pride and resolve appeared about the lines of her mouth. And she would show to herself that she had still a woman's feelings by going out and doing some actual work of charity: she would prove to herself that the constant simulation of noble emotions had not deadened them in her own nature. She put on her hat and shawl, and went down-stairs, and went out into the free air and the sunlight—without a word to either Carry or her father. She was trying to imagine herself as having already left the stage and all its fictitious allurements. She was now Lady Bountiful: having looked after the simple cares of her household she was now ready to cast her eyes abroad and relieve in so far as she might the distress around her. The first object of charity she encountered was an old crossing-sweeper. She addressed him in a matter-of-fact way which was intended to conceal her fluttering self-consciousness. She inquired whether he had a wife; whether

he had any children; whether they were not rather poor. And having been answered in the affirmative on all these points, she surprised the old man by giving him five shillings and telling him to go home and get a good warm dinner for his family. She passed on, and did not observe that, as soon as her back was turned, the old wretch made straight for the nearest public-house.

But her heart was happy and her courage rose. It was not for nothing, then, that she had entertained the bold resolve of casting aside for ever the one great ambition of her life—with all its intoxicating successes, and hopes, and struggles—for the homely and simple duties of an ordinary woman's existence. It was not in vain that she had read and dreamed of the far romantic land, and had ventured to think of herself as the proud wife of Macleod of Dare, Those fierce deeds of valour and vengeance that had terrified and thrilled her would now become part of her own inheritance; why, she could tell her friends, when they came to see her, of all the old legends and fairy stories that belonged to her own home. And the part of Lady Bountiful—surely, if she must play some part, that was the one she would most dearly like to play. And the years would go by; and she would grow silver-haired, too; and when she lay on her deathbed she would take her husband's hand and say, "Have I lived the life you wished me to live?" Her cheerfulness grew apace; and the walking, and the sunshine, and the fresh air brought a fine light and colour to her eyes and cheeks. There was a song singing through her head; and it was all about the brave Glenogie who rode up the king's ha'.

But as she turned the corner of a street her eye rested on a huge coloured placard—rested but for a moment, for she would not look on the great gaudy thing. Just at this time a noble lord had shown his interest in the British drama by spending an enormous amount of money in producing, at a theatre of his own building, a spectacular burlesque, the gorgeousness of which surpassed anything that had ever been done in that way. And the lady who appeared to be playing (in silence, mostly) the chief part in this hash of glaring colour and roaring music and clashing armour had gained a great celebrity by reason of her handsome figure, and the splendour of her costume, and the magnificence of the real diamonds that she wore. All London was talking of her; and the vast theatre—even in November—was

nightly crammed to overflowing. As Gertrude White walked back to her home her heart was filled with bitterness. She had caught sight of the ostentatious placard; and she knew that the photograph of the actress who was figuring there was in every stationer's shop in the Strand. And that which galled her was not that the theatre should be so taken and so used, but that the stage heroine of the hour should be a woman who could act no more than any baboon in the Zoological Gardens.

CHAPTER XXV.—IN SUSSEX.

BUT as for him, there was no moderation at all in the vehemence of his joy. In the surprise and bewilderment of it, the world around him underwent transfiguration: London in November was glorified into an earthly paradise. The very people in the streets seemed to have kindly faces; Bury Street, St. James's—which is usually a somewhat misty thoroughfare—was more beautiful than the rose-garden of an eastern king. And on this Saturday afternoon the blue skies did indeed continue to shine over the great city; and the air seemed sweet and clear enough, as it generally does to any one whose every heart-beat is only another throb of conscious gladness.

In this first intoxication of wonder, and pride, and gratitude, he had forgotten all about these ingenious theories which, in former days, he had constructed to prove to himself that Gertrude White should give up her present way of life. Was it true, then, that he had rescued the white slave? Was it once and for ever that Nature, encountering the subtle demon of Art, had closed and wrestled with the insidious thing, had seized it by the throat, and choked it, and flung it aside from the fair roadway of life? He had forgotten about these theories now. All that he was conscious of was this eager joy, with now and again a wild wonder that he should indeed have acquired so priceless a possession. Was it possible that she would really withdraw herself from the eyes of all the world and give herself to him alone?—that some day, in the beautiful and laughing future, the glory of her presence would light up the dull halls of Castle Dare?

Of course he poured all his pent-up confidences into the ear of the astonished Major, and again and again expressed his gratitude to his companion for having given him the opportunity of securing this transcendent happiness. The Major was somewhat frightened. He did not know in what measure he might

be regarded as an accomplice by the silver-haired lady of Castle Dare. And in any case he was alarmed by the vehemence of the young man.

"My dear Macleod," said he with an oracular air, "you never have any hold on yourself. You fling the reins on the horse's neck, and gallop down-hill: a very slight check would send you whirling to the bottom. Now, you should take the advice of a man of the world, who is older than you, and who—if I may say so—has kept his eyes open. I don't want to discourage you; but you should take it for granted that accidents may happen. I would feel the reins a little bit, if I were you. Once you've got her into the church—and see her with a white veil over her head—then you may be as perfervid as you like—"

And so the simple-minded Major prattled on; Macleod paying but little heed. There had been nothing about Major Stewart's courtship and marriage to shake the world: why, he said to himself, when the lady was pleased to lend a favouring ear, was there any reason for making such a fuss?

"Your happiness will all depend on one thing," said he to Macleod, with a complacent wisdom in the round and jovial face. "Take my word for it. I hear of people studying the character—the compatibilities and what not—of other people; but I never knew of a young man thinking of such things when he was in love. He plunges in, and finds out afterwards. Now, it all comes to this—is she likely, or not likely, to prove a sisher?"

"A what?" said Macleod, apparently awaking from a trance.

"A sisher. A woman who goes about the house all day sighing—whether over your sins or her own, she won't tell you."

"Indeed I cannot say," Macleod said, laughing. "I should hope not. I think she has excellent spirits."

"Ah!" said the Major thoughtfully; and he himself sighed; perhaps he was thinking of a certain house far away in Mull, to which he had shortly to return.

Macleod did not know how to show his gratitude towards this good-natured friend. He would have given him half-a-dozen banquets a day; and Major Stewart liked a London dinner. But what he did offer as a great reward was this: that Major Stewart should go up the next morning to a particular church, and take up a particular position in that church, and then—then he would get a glimpse of the most wonderful creature the world had seen. Oddly enough, the Major did not eagerly accept this munificent offer.

To another proposal—that he should go up to Mr. White's on the first day after their return from Sussex, and meet the young lady at luncheon—he seemed better inclined.

“But why shouldn't we go to the theatre to-night?” said he in his simple way.

Macleod looked embarrassed.

“Frankly, then, Stewart,” said he, “I don't want you to make her acquaintance as an actress.”

“Oh, very well,” said he, not greatly disappointed. “Perhaps it is better. You see, I may be questioned at Castle Dare. Have you considered that matter?”

“Oh no!” Macleod said lightly and cheerfully; “I have had time to consider nothing as yet. I can scarcely believe it to be all real. It takes a deal of hard thinking to convince myself that I am not dreaming.”

But the true fashion in which Macleod showed his gratitude to his friend was in concealing his great reluctance on going down with him into Sussex. It was like rending his heart-strings for him to leave London for a single hour at this time. What beautiful confidences, and tender timid looks, and sweet small words he was leaving behind him, in order to go and shoot a lot of miserable pheasants! He was rather gloomy when he met the Major at Victoria Station. They got into the train; and away through the darkness of the November afternoon they rattled to Three Bridges; but all the eager sportsman had gone out of him, and he had next to nothing to say in answer to the Major's excited questions. Occasionally he would rouse himself from this reverie, and he would talk in a perfunctory sort of fashion about the immediate business of the moment. He confessed that he had a certain theoretical repugnance to a *battue*, if it were at all like what people in the newspapers declared it to be. On the other hand, he could not well understand—judging by his experiences in the Highlands—how the shooting of driven birds could be so marvellously easy; and he was not quite sure that the writers he had referred to had had many opportunities of practising, or even observing, so very expensive an amusement. Major Stewart, for his part, freely admitted that he had no scruples whatever. Shooting birds, he roundly declared, was shooting birds, whether you shot two or two score. And he demurely hinted that, if he had his choice, he would rather shoot the two score.

“Mind you, Stewart,” Macleod said, “if we are posted anywhere near each other, mind you shoot at any bird that comes my

way. I should like you to make a big bag that you may talk about in Mull; and I don't really care about it.”

And this was the man whom Miss Carry had described as being nothing but a slayer of wild animals and a preserver of beasts' skins! Perhaps in that imaginary duel between Nature and Art the enemy was not so thoroughly beaten and thrown aside after all.

So they got to Three Bridges; and there they found the carriage awaiting them; and presently they were whirling away along the dark roads, with the lamps shining alternately on a line of hedge, or on a long stretch of ivied brick-wall. And at last they passed a lodge-gate; and drove through a great and silent park; and finally, rattling over the gravel, drew up in front of some grey steps and a blaze of light coming from the wide-open doors. Under Lord Beauregard's guidance, they went into the drawing-room, and found a number of people idly chatting there, or reading by the subdued light of the various lamps on the small tables. There was a good deal of talk about the weather. Macleod, vaguely conscious that these people were only strangers, and that the one heart that was thinking of him was now far away, paid but little heed; if he had been told that the barometer predicted fifteen thunder-storms for the morrow, he would have been neither startled nor dismayed.

But he managed to say to his host, aside—

“Beauregard, look here. I suppose in this sort of shooting you have some little understanding with your head-keeper about the posts—who is to be a bit favoured, you know? Well, I wish you would ask him to look after my friend Stewart. He can leave me out altogether, if he likes.”

“My dear fellow, there will be scarcely any difference; but I will look after your friend myself. I suppose you have no guns with you?”

“I have borrowed Ogilvie's. Stewart has none.”

“I will get one for him.”

By-and-by they went up-stairs to their respective rooms, and Macleod was left alone—that is to say, he was scarcely aware of the presence of the man who was opening his portmanteau and putting out his things. He lay back in the low easy-chair, and stared absently into the blazing fire. This was a beautiful but a lonely house. There were many strangers in it. But if she had been one of the people below—if he could at this moment look forward to meeting her at dinner—if

there was a chance of his sitting beside her and listening to the low and sweet voice—with what an eager joy he would have waited for the sound of the bell! As it was, his heart was in London. He had no sort of interest in this big house; or in the strangers whom he had met; or in the proceedings of the morrow, about which all the men were talking. It was a lonely house.

He was aroused by a tapping at the door.

"Come in," he said—and Major Stewart entered, blooming and roseate over his display of white linen.

"Good gracious!" said he, "aren't you dressed yet? It wants but ten minutes to dinner-time. What have you been doing?"

Macleod jumped up with some shamefacedness, and began to array himself quickly.

"Macleod," said the Major, subsiding into the big arm-chair very carefully, so as not to crease his shining shirt-front, "I must give you another piece of advice. It is serious. I have heard again and again that when a man thinks only of one thing—when he keeps brooding over it day and night—he is bound to become mad. They call it monomania. You are becoming a monomaniac."

"Yes, I think I am," Macleod said, laughing; "but it is a very pleasant sort of monomania, and I am not anxious to become sane. But you really must not be hard on me, Stewart. You know this is rather an important thing that has happened to me; and it wants a good deal of thinking over."

"Bah!" the Major cried, "why take it so much *au grand sérieux*? A girl likes you; says she'll marry you; probably, if she continues in the same mind, she will. Consider yourself a lucky dog; and don't break your heart if an accident occurs. Hope for the best; that you and she mayn't quarrel; and that she mayn't prove a sigher. Now what do you think of this house? I consider it an uncommon good dodge to put each person's name outside his bedroom-door; there can't be any confounded mistakes—and women squealing—if you come up late at night. Why, Macleod, you don't mean that this affair has destroyed all your interest in the shooting? Man, I have been down to the gun-room with your friend Beauregard; have seen the head-keeper; got a gun that suits me first-rate—a trifle long in the stock perhaps, but no matter. You won't tip any more than the head-keeper, eh? And the fellow who carries your cartridge-bag? I do think it uncommonly civil of a man, not only to ask you to

go shooting, but to find you in guns and cartridges as well; don't you?"

The Major chatted on with great cheerfulness. He clearly considered that he had got into excellent quarters. At dinner he told some of his most famous Indian stories to Lady Beauregard, near whom he was sitting; and at night, in the improvised smoking-room, he was great on deer-stalking. It was not necessary for Macleod, or anybody else, to talk. The Major was in full flow, though he stoutly refused to touch the spirits on the table. He wanted a clear head and a steady hand for the morning.

Alas! alas! The next morning presented a woful spectacle. Grey skies—heavy and rapidly drifting clouds—pouring rain—runnels of clear water by the side of every gravel-path—a rook or two battling with the squally south-wester high over the wide and desolate park—the wild duck at the margin of the ruffled lake flapping their wings as if the wet was too much even for them—nearer at hand the firs and evergreens all dripping. After breakfast the male guests wandered disconsolately into the cold billiard-room, and began knocking the balls about. All the loquacious cheerfulness of the Major had fled. He looked out on the wet park and the sombre woods; and sighed.

But about twelve o'clock there was a great hurry and confusion throughout the house; for all of a sudden the skies in the west cleared; there was a glimmer of blue; and then gleams of a pale wan light began to stream over the landscape. There was a rush to the gun-room, and an eager putting-on of shooting-boots and leggings; there was a rapid tying-up of small packages of sandwiches; presently the waggonette was at the door. And then away they went over the hard gravel, and out into the wet roads; with the sunlight now beginning to light up the beautiful woods about Crawley. The horses seemed to know there was no time to lose. A new spirit took possession of the party. The Major's face glowed as red as the hip that here and there among the almost leafless hedges shone in the sunlight on the ragged brier-stem.

And yet it was about one o'clock before the work of the day began, for the beaters had to be summoned from various parts, and the small boys with the white flags—the "stops"—had to be posted so as to check runners. And then the six guns went down over a ploughed field—half clay and half chalk, and ankle deep—to the margin of a rapidly running and coffee-coloured stream,

which three of them had to cross by means of a very shaky plank. Lord Beauregard, Major Stewart, and Macleod remained on this side, keeping a look-out for a straggler, but chiefly concerned with the gradually opening and brightening sky. Then far away they heard a slight tapping on the trees; and almost at the same moment another sound caused the hearts of the two novices to jump. It was a quick *cuck-cuck*, accompanied by a rapid and silken winnowing of the air. Then an object, which seemed like a cannon-ball with a long tail attached, came whizzing along. Major Stewart fired—a bad miss. Then he wheeled round, took good aim, and down came a mass of feathers, whirling, until it fell motionless on the ground.

"Well hit!" Macleod cried; but at the same moment he became conscious that he had better mind his own business, for there was another whirring sound, and then he saw this rapidly enlarging object coming straight at him. He fired, and shot the bird dead; but so rapid was its flight that he had to duck his head as the slain bird drove past his face and tumbled on to the ground behind him.

"This is rather like firing at bomb-shells," he called out to Lord Beauregard.

It was certainly a new experience for Macleod to figure as a novice in any matter connected with shooting; but both the Major and he speedily showed that they were not unfamiliar with the use of a gun. Whether the birds came at them like bomb-shells, or sprung like a sky-rocket through the leafless branches, they met with the same polite attention; though occasionally one would double back on the beaters and get clear away, sailing far into the silver-clear sky. Lord Beauregard scarcely shot at all, unless he was fairly challenged by a bird flying right past him; he seemed quite content to see his friends having plenty of work; while, in the interest of the beaters, he kept calling out in a high monotone, "Shoot high! shoot high!" Then there was some motion among the brushwood; here and there a man or boy appeared; and finally the under-keeper with his retriever came across the stream to pick up the dead birds. That bit was done with: *vorwärts!*

"Well, Stewart," Macleod said, "what do you think of it? I don't see anything murderous or unsportsmanlike in this kind of shooting. Of course shooting with dogs is much prettier; and you don't get any exercise standing in a wet field; but the man who

says that shooting those birds requires no skill at all—well, I should like to see him try."

"Macleod," said the Major gravely, as they plodded along, "you may think that I despise this kind of thing; but I don't. I give you my solemn word of honour that I don't. I will even go the length of saying that if Providence had blessed me with £20,000 a year I should be quite content to own a bit of country like this. I played the part of the wild mountaineer last night, you know; that was all very well—"

Here there was a loud call from Lord Beauregard, who was overtaking them—"Hare! hare! Mark hare!" The Major jumped round, put up his gun, and banged away—shooting far ahead in his eagerness. Macleod looked on; and did not even raise his gun.

"That comes of talking," the Major said gloomily. "And you—why didn't you shoot? I never saw you miss a hare in my life!"

"I was not thinking of it," Macleod said indifferently.

It was very soon apparent that he was thinking of something other than the shooting of pheasants or hares; for as they went from one wood to another during this beautiful brief November day he generally carried his gun over his shoulder—even when the whirring, bright-plumaged birds were starting from time to time from the hedge-rows—and devoted most of his attention to warning his friend when and where to shoot. However, an incident occurred which entirely changed the aspect of affairs. At one beat he was left quite alone—posted in an open space of low brushwood close by the corner of a wood. He rested the butt of his gun on his foot; he was thinking, not of any pheasant or hare, but of the beautiful picture Gertrude White would make if she were coming down one of these open glades, between the green stems of the trees, with the sunlight around her and the fair sky overhead. Idly he watched the slowly-drifting clouds; they were going away northward—by-and-by they would sail over London. The rifts of blue widened in the clear silver; surely the sunlight would now be shining over Regent's Park? Occasionally a pheasant came clattering along; he only regarded the shining colours of its head and neck brilliant in the sunlight. A hare trotted by him; he let it go. But while he was standing thus, and vaguely listening to the rattle of guns on the other side, he was suddenly startled by a quick cry of pain; and he thought he heard

some one call "Macleod! Macleod!" Instantly he put his gun against a bush; and ran. He found a hedge at the end of the wood; he drove through it, and got into the open field. There was the unlucky Major, with blood running down his face, a handkerchief in his hand, and two men beside him—one of them offering him some brandy from a flask. However, after the first fright was over it was seen that Major Stewart was but slightly hurt. The youngest member of the party had fired at a bird coming out of the wood; had missed it; had tried to wheel round to send the second barrel after it; but his feet, having sunk into the wet clay, had caught there, and in his stumbling fall, somehow or other the second barrel went off, one pellet just catching the Major under the eye. The surface wound caused a good shedding of blood, but that was all; and when the Major had got his face washed, he shouldered his gun again, and with indomitable pluck said he would see the thing out. It was nothing but a scratch, he declared. It might have been dangerous; but what was the good of considering what might have been? To the young man who had been the cause of the accident, and who was quite unable to express his profound sorrow and shame, he was generously considerate, saying that he had fined him in the sum of one penny when he took a postage-stamp to cover the wound.

"Lord Beauregard," said he, cheerfully, "I want you to show me a thorough-going hot corner. You know I am an ignoramus at this kind of thing."

"Well," said his host, "there is a good bit along here—if you would rather go on."

"Go on?" said he. "Of course!"

And it was a "hot corner." They came to it at the end of a long double hedge-row connected with the wood they had just beaten; and as there was no "stop" at the corner of the wood, the pheasants, in large numbers, had run into the channel between the double line of hedge. Here they were followed by the keepers and beaters, who kept gently driving them along. Occasionally one got up, and was instantly knocked over by one of the guns; but it was evident that the "hot corner" would be at the end of this hedge-row, where there was stationed a smock-frocked rustic who, down on his knees, was gently tapping with a bit of stick. The number of birds getting up increased, so that the six guns had pretty sharp work to reckon with them; and not a few of the wildly whirring objects got clean away into

the next wood—Lord Beauregard all the time calling out from the other side of the hedge, "Shoot high! shoot high!" But at the end of the hedge-row an extraordinary scene occurred. One after the other—then in twos and threes—the birds sprung high over the bushes; the rattle of musketry—all the guns being together now—was deafening; the air was filled with gunpowder-smoke; and every second or two another bird came tumbling down on to the young corn. Macleod, with a sort of derisive laugh, put his gun over his shoulder.

"This is downright stupidity," he said to Major Stewart, who was blazing away as hard as ever he could cram cartridges into the hot barrels of his gun. "You can't tell whether you are hitting the bird or not. There! Three men fired at that bird—and the other two were not touched."

The fusillade lasted for about eight or ten minutes; and then it was discovered that though certainly two or three hundred pheasants had got up at this corner, only twenty-two and a half brace were killed—to five guns.

"Well," said the Major, taking off his cap and wiping his forehead, "that was a bit of a scrimmage."

"Perhaps," said Macleod, who had been watching with some amusement his friend's fierce zeal, "but it was not shooting. I defy you to say how many birds you shot. Or I will do this with you—I will bet you a sovereign that, if you ask each man to tell you how many birds he has shot during the day, and add them all up, the total will be twice the number of birds the keepers will take home. But I am glad you seem to enjoy it, Stewart."

"To tell you the truth, Macleod," said the other, "I think I have had enough of it. I don't want to make a fuss; but I fancy I don't quite see clearly with this eye—it may be some slight inflammation—but I think I will go back to the house, and see if there's any surgeon in the neighbourhood."

"There you are right; and I will go back with you," Macleod said promptly.

When their host heard of this, he was for breaking up the party; but Major Stewart warmly remonstrated; and so one of the men was sent with the two friends to show them the way back to the house. When the surgeon came he examined the wound and pronounced it to be slight enough in itself, but possibly dangerous when so near so sensitive an organ as the eye. He advised the Major, if any symptoms of inflammation

declared themselves, to go at once to a skilful oculist in London, and not to leave for the north until he was quite assured.

"That sounds rather well, Macleod," said he ruefully.

"Oh, if you must remain in London—though I hope not—I will stay with you," Macleod said. It was a great sacrifice—his remaining in London, instead of going at once back to Castle Dare; but what will not one do for one's friend?

CHAPTER XXVI.—AN INTERVIEW.

ON the eventful morning on which Major Stewart was to be presented to the chosen bride of Macleod of Darc, the simple-hearted soldier—notwithstanding that he had a shade over one eye—made himself exceedingly smart. He would show the young lady that Macleod's friends in the north were not barbarians. The Major sent back his boots to be brushed a second time. A more smoothly fitting pair of gloves Bond Street never saw.

"But you have not the air," said he to Macleod, "of a young fellow going to see his sweetheart. What is the matter, man?"

Macleod hesitated for a moment.

"Well, I am anxious she should impress you favourably," said he frankly, "and it is an awkward position for her—and she will be embarrassed, no doubt—and I have some pity for her, and almost wish some other way had been taken—"

"Oh, nonsense," the Major said, cheerfully, "you need not be nervous on her account. Why, man, the silliest girl in the world could impose on an old fool like me. Once upon a time, perhaps, I may have considered myself a connoisseur—well, you know, Macleod, I once had a waist like the rest of you; but now, bless you, if a tolerably pretty girl only says a civil word or two to me I begin to regard her as if I were her guardian angel—in *loco parentis*, and that kind of thing—and I would sooner hang myself than scan her dress or say a word about her figure. Do you think she will be afraid of a critic with one eye? Have courage, man. I dare bet a sovereign she is quite capable of taking care of herself. It's her business."

Macleod flushed quickly; and the one eye of the Major caught that sudden confession of shame or resentment.

"What I meant was," he said instantly, "that nature had taught the simplest of virgins a certain trick of fence—oh yes, don't you be afraid. Embarrassment! If there is any one embarrassed, it will not be me, and it will not be she. Why, she'll begin to

wonder whether you are really one of the Macleods if you show yourself nervous, apprehensive, frightened like this."

"And indeed, Stewart," said he, rising as if to shake off some weight of gloomy feeling, "I scarcely know what is the matter with me. I ought to be the happiest man in the world; and sometimes this very happiness seems so great that it is like to suffocate me—I cannot breathe fast enough; and then again I get into such unreasoning fears and troubles—well, let us get out into the fresh air."

The Major carefully smoothed his hat once more, and took up his cane. He followed Macleod down-stairs—like Sancho Panza waiting on Don Quixote, as he himself expressed it; and then the two friends slowly sauntered away northward, on this fairly clear and pleasant December morning.

"Your nerves are not in a healthy state, that's the fact, Macleod," said the Major, as they walked along. "The climate of London is too exciting for you; a good, long, dull winter in Mull will restore your tone. But in the meantime don't cut my throat, or your own, or anybody else's."

"Am I likely to do that?" Macleod said, laughing.

"There was young Bouverie," the Major continued, not heeding the question—"what a handsome young fellow he was when he joined us at Gawulpoor—and he hadn't been in the place a week but he must needs go regular head over heels about our colonel's sister-in-law. An uncommon pretty woman she was too—an Irish girl, and fond of riding; and dash me if that fellow didn't fairly try to break his neck again and again just that she should admire his pluck. He was as mad as a hatter about her. Well, one day two or three of us had been riding for two or three hours on a blazing hot morning, and we came to one of the irrigation reservoirs—big wells, you know—and what does he do but offer to bet twenty pounds he would dive into the well and swim about for five minutes, till we hoisted him out at the end of the rope. I forgot who took the bet—for none of us thought he would do it: but I believe he would have done anything so that the story of his pluck would be carried to the girl, don't you know. Well, off went his clothes, and in he jumped into the ice-cold water. Nothing would stop him. But at the end of the five minutes when we hoisted up the rope, there was no Bouverie there. It appeared that on clinging on to the rope he had twisted it somehow, and suddenly found himself about to have his neck broken, so he had to shake

himself free and plunge into the water again. When at last we got him out, he had had a longer bath than he had bargained for; but there was apparently nothing the matter with him—and he had won the bet, and there would be a talk about him. However, two days afterwards, when he was at dinner, he suddenly felt as though he had got a blow on the back of his head—so he told us afterwards—and fell back insensible. That was the beginning of it. It took him five or six years to shake off the effects of that dip—”

“And did she marry him after all?” Macleod said eagerly.

“Oh, dear, no. I think he had been invalidated home not more than two or three months when she married Connolly, of the 71st Madras Infantry. Then she ran away from him with some civilian fellow; and Connolly blew his brains out. That,” said the Major honestly, “is always a puzzle to me. How a fellow can be such an ass as to blow his brains out when his wife runs away from him beats my comprehension altogether. Now what I would do would be this; I would thank goodness I was rid of such a piece of baggage; I would get all the good fellows I know, and give them a rattling fine dinner; and I would drink a bumper to her health and another bumper to her never coming back.”

“And I would send you our Donald, and he would play *Cha till mi tuilich* for you,” Macleod said.

“But as for blowing my brains out! Well,” the Major added, with a philosophic air, “when a man is mad he cares neither for his own life nor for anybody else’s. Look at those cases you continually see in the papers: a young man is in love with a young woman; they quarrel, or she prefers some one else; what does he do but lay hold of her some evening and cut her throat—to show his great love for her—and then he coolly gives himself up to the police and says he is quite content to be hanged.”

“Stewart,” said Macleod, laughing, “I don’t like this talk about hanging. You said a minute or two ago that I was mad.”

“More or less,” observed the Major, with absolute gravity,—“as the lawyer said when he mentioned the Fifteen-acres Park at Dublin.”

“Well, let us get into a hansom,” Macleod said. “When I am hanged you will ask them to write over my tombstone that I never kept anybody waiting for either luncheon or dinner.”

The trim maid-servant who opened the

door greeted Macleod with a pleasant smile; she was a sharp wench, and had discovered that lovers have lavish hands. She showed the two visitors into the drawing-room; Macleod silent and listening intently, the one-eyed Major observing everything, and perhaps curious to know whether the house of an actress differed from that of anybody else. He very speedily came to the conclusion that, in his small experience, he had never seen any house of its size so tastefully decorated and accurately managed as this simple home.

“But what’s this!” he cried, going to the mantelpiece and taking down a drawing that was somewhat ostentatiously placed there. “Well! if this is English hospitality! By Jove! an insult to me, and my father, and my father’s clan—that blood alone will wipe out! *The astonishment of Sandy MacAlister Muor on beholding a glimpse of sunlight: look!*”

He showed this rude drawing to Macleod—a sketch of a wild Highlander, with his hair on end, his eyes starting out of his head, and his hands uplifted in bewilderment. This work of art was the production of Miss Carry, who, on hearing the knock at the door, had whipped into the room, placed her bit of savage satire over the mantelpiece, and whipped out again. But her deadly malice so far failed of its purpose that, instead of inflicting any annoyance, it most effectually broke the embarrassment of Miss Gertrude’s entrance and introduction to the Major.

“Carry has no great love for the Highlands,” she said, laughing and slightly blushing at the same time, “but she need not have prepared so cruel a welcome for you. Won’t you sit down, Major Stewart? Papa will be here directly.”

“I think it is uncommonly clever,” the Major said, fixing his one eye on the paper as if he would give Miss White distinctly to understand that he had not come to stare at her. “Perhaps she will like us better when she knows more about us.”

“Do you think,” said Miss White demurely, “that it is possible for any one born in the south to learn to like the bagpipes?”

“No,” said Macleod quickly, and it was not usual for him to break in in this eager way about a usual matter of talk, “that is all a question of association. If you had been brought up to associate the sound of the pipes with every memorable thing—with the sadness of a funeral, and the welcome of friends come to see you, and the pride of going away to war, then you would under-

stand why the *Cogadh na Sìth*, or the *Faillte Phrionsa*, or that one that is called *I had a Kiss of the King's Hand*—why these bring the tears to a Highlander's eyes. The pibrochs preserve our legends for us," he went on to say, in rather an excited fashion—for he was obviously nervous, and perhaps a trifle paler than usual. "They remind us of what our families have done in all parts of the world; and there is not one you do not associate with some friend or relative who is gone away; or with some great merrymaking; or with the death of one who was dear to you. You never saw that—the boat taking the coffin across the loch, and the friends of the dead sitting with bent heads, and the piper at the bow playing the slow Lament to the time of the oars—if you had seen that you would know what the *Cumhadh Mhic an Toiseach* is to a Highlander. And if you have a friend come to see you, what is it first tells you of his coming? When you can hear nothing for the waves, you can hear the pipes! And if you were going into a battle, what would put madness into your head but to hear the march that you know your brothers and uncles and cousins last heard when they marched on with a cheer to take death as it happened to come to them? You might as well wonder at the Highlanders loving the heather. That is not a very handsome flower."

Miss White was sitting quite calm and collected. A covert glance or two had convinced the Major that she was entirely mistress of the situation. If there was any one nervous, embarrassed, excited through this interview, it was not Miss Gertrude White.

"The other morning," she said complacently—and she pulled down her dainty white cuffs another sixteenth of an inch—"I was going along Buckingham Palace Road, and I met a detachment—is a detachment right, Major Stewart?—of a Highland regiment. At least I supposed it was part of a Highland regiment, because they had eight pipers playing at their head; and I noticed that the cab-horses were far more frightened than they would have been at twice the noise coming from an ordinary band. I was wondering whether they might think it the roar of some strange animal—you know how a camel frightens a horse. But I envied the officer who was riding in front of the soldiers. He was a very handsome man; and I thought how proud he must feel to be at the head of those fine, stalwart fellows. In fact, I felt for a moment that I should like to have command of a regiment myself."

"Faith," said the Major gallantly, "I would exchange into that regiment if I had to serve as a drummer-boy."

Embarrassed by this broad compliment? Not a bit of it. She laughed lightly; and then rose to introduce the two visitors to her father, who had just entered the room.

It was not to be expected that Mr. White, knowing the errand of his guests, should give them an inordinately effusive welcome. But he was gravely polite. He prided himself on being a man of common sense; and he knew it was no use fighting against the inevitable. If his daughter would leave the stage, she would; and there was some small compensation in the fact that by her doing so she would become Lady Macleod. He would have less money to spend on trinkets two hundred years old; but he would gain something—a very little, no doubt—from the reflected lustre of her social position.

"We were talking about officers, papa," she said brightly, "and I was about to confess that I have always had a great liking for soldiers. I know if I had been a man I should have been a soldier. But do you know, Sir Keith, you were once very rude to me about your friend Lieutenant Ogilvie?"

Macleod started.

"I hope not," said he, gravely.

"Oh yes, you were. Don't you remember the Caledonian Ball? I only remarked that Lieutenant Ogilvie, who seemed to me a bonnie boy, did not look as if he were a very formidable warrior; and you answered with some dark saying—what was it?—that nobody could tell what sword was in a scabbard until it was drawn?"

"Oh," said he, laughing somewhat nervously, "you forget: I was talking to the Duchess of Devonshire."

"And I am sure her grace was much obliged to you for frightening her so," Miss White said, with a dainty smile.

Major Stewart was greatly pleased by the appearance and charming manner of this young lady. If Macleod, who was confessedly a handsome young fellow, had searched all over England, he could not have chosen a fitter mate. But he was also distinctly of opinion—judging by his one eye only—that nobody needed to be alarmed about this young lady's exceeding sensitiveness and embarrassment before strangers. He thought she would on all occasions be fairly capable of holding her own. And he was quite convinced too that the beautiful, clear eyes, under the long lashes, pretty accurately divined what was going forward. But what did this im-

pression of the honest soldier's amount to? Only, in other words, that Miss Gertrude White, though a pretty woman, was not a fool.

Luncheon was announced, and they went into the other room, accompanied by Miss Carry, who had suffered herself to be introduced to Major Stewart with a certain proud sedateness. And now the Major played the part of the accepted lover's friend to perfection. He sate next Miss White herself; and no matter what the talk was about, he managed to bring it round to something that redounded to Macleod's advantage. Macleod could do this, and Macleod could do that; it was all Macleod, and Macleod, and Macleod.

"And if you should ever come to our part of the world, Miss White," said the Major—not letting his glance meet hers—"you will be able to understand something of the old loyalty and affection and devotion the people in the Highlands showed to their chiefs; for I don't believe there is a man, woman, or child about the place who would not rather have a hand cut off than that Macleod should have a thorn scratch him. And it is all the more singular, you know, that they are not Macleods. Mull is the country of the Macleans; and the Macleans and the Macleods had their fights in former times. There is a cave they will show you round the point from *Ru na Gaul* lighthouse that is called *Uamh-na-Ceann*—that is, the Cavern of the Skulls—where the Macleods murdered fifty of the Macleans, though Alastair Crotach, the hump-backed son of Macleod, was himself killed."

"I beg your pardon, Major Stewart," said Miss Carry, with a grand stateliness in her tone, "but will you allow me to ask if this is true? It is a passage I saw quoted in a book the other day, and I copied it out. It says something about the character of the people you are talking about."

She handed him the bit of paper; and he read these words:—"Trew it is, that thir Ilandish men ar of nature verie proud, suspicious, avaricious, full of decept and evill inventioun each aganis his nychtbour, be what way soever he may circumvin him. Besydis all this, they ar sa crewall in taking of revenge that rather have they regard to person, eage, tyme, or caus; sa ar they generallie all sa far addictit to thair awin tyrannicall opinions that, in all respects, they exceed in creweltie the maist barbarous people that ever hes bene sen the begynning of the world."

"Upon my word," said the honest Major, "it is a most formidable indictment. You had better ask Sir Keith about it."

He handed the paper across the table; Macleod read it, and burst out laughing.

"It is too true, Carry," said he. "We are a dreadful lot of people up there among the hills. Nothing but murder and rapine from morning till night."

"I was telling him this morning he would probably be hanged," observed the Major, gravely.

"For what?" Miss White asked.

"Oh," said the Major carelessly, "I did not specify the offence. Cattle-lifting, probably."

Miss Carry's fierce onslaught was thus laughed away, and they proceeded to other matters; the Major meanwhile not failing to remark that this luncheon differed considerably from the bread and cheese and glass of whisky of a shooting-day in Mull. Then they returned to the drawing-room, and had tea there, and some further talk. The Major had by this time quite abandoned his critical and observant attitude. He had succumbed to the enchantress. He was ready to declare that Gertrude White was the most fascinating woman he had ever met, while, as a matter of fact, she had been rather timidly making suggestions and asking his opinion all the time. And when they rose to leave she said—

"I am very sorry, Major Stewart, that this unfortunate accident should have altered your plans; but since you must remain in London, I hope we shall see you often before you go."

"You are very kind," said he.

"We cannot ask you to dine with us," she said, quite simply and frankly, "because of my engagements in the evening; but we are always at home at lunch-time, and Sir Keith knows the way."

"Thank you very much," said the Major, as he warmly pressed her hand.

The two friends passed out into the street.

"My dear fellow," said the Major, "you have been lucky—don't imagine I am humbugging you—a really handsome lass, and a thorough woman of the world, too—trained and fitted at every point—none of your farmyard beauties. But I say, Macleod, I say," he continued solemnly, "won't she find it a trifle dull at Castle Dare?—the change, you know."

"It is not necessary that she should live at Dare," Macleod said.

"Oh, of course, you know your own plans best."

"I have none. All that is in the air as yet. And so you do not think I have made a mistake."

"I wish I was five-and-twenty, and could make a mistake like that," said the Major, with a sigh.

Meanwhile Miss Carry had confronted her sister.

"So you have been inspected, Gerty. Do you think you passed muster?"

"Go away, and don't be impertinent, you silly girl," said the other, good-naturedly.

Carry pulled a folded piece of paper from her pocket, and, advancing, placed it on the table.

"There," said she, "put that in your purse, and don't tell me you have not been warned, Gertrude White."

The elder sister did as she was bid; but indeed she was not thinking at that moment of the cruel and revengeful character of the Western Highlanders, which Miss Carry's quotation set forth in such plain terms. She was thinking that she had never before seen Glenogie look so soldier-like and handsome.

CHAPTER XXVII.—AT A RAILWAY STATION.

THE few days of grace obtained by the accident that happened to Major Stewart fled too quickly away; and the time came for saying farewell. With a dismal apprehension Macleod looked forward to this moment. He had seen her on the stage bid a pathetic good-bye to her lover; and there it was beautiful enough—with her shy coquetries, and her winning ways, and the timid, reluctant confession of her love. But there was nothing at all beautiful about this ordeal through which he must pass. It was harsh and horrible. He trembled even as he thought of it.

The last day of his stay in London arrived; he rose with a sense of some awful doom hanging over him that he could in no wise shake off. It was a strange day, too—the world of London vaguely shining through a pale fog, the sun a globe of red fire. There was hoar-frost on the window-ledges; at last the winter seemed about to begin.

And then, as ill-luck would have it, Miss White had some important business at the theatre to attend to, so that she could not see him till the afternoon; and he had to pass the empty morning somehow.

"You look like a man going to be hanged," said the Major, about noon; "come, shall we stroll down to the river now? We can have a chat with your friend before lunch, and a look over his boat."

Colonel Ross, being by chance at Erith, had heard of Macleod's being in town, and had immediately come up in his little steam

yacht, the *Iris*, which now lay at anchor close to Westminster Bridge, on the Lambeth side. He had proposed, merely for the oddity of the thing, that Macleod and his friend the Major should lunch on board, and young Ogilvie had promised to run up from Alder-shot.

"Macleod," said the gallant soldier, as the two friends walked leisurely down towards the Thames, "if you let this monomania get such a hold of you, do you know how it will end? You will begin to show signs of having a conscience."

"What do you mean?" said he absently.

"Your nervous system will break down, and you will begin to have a conscience. That is a sure sign, in either a man or a nation. Man, don't I see it all around us now in this way of looking at India and the colonies? We had no conscience—we were in robust health as a nation—when we thrashed the French out of Canada; and seized India; and stole land just wherever we could put our fingers on it all over the globe; but now it is quite different—we are only educating these countries up to self-government—it is all in the interest of morality that we protect them—as soon as they wish to go we will give them our blessing—in short, we have got a conscience, because the national health is feeble and nervous. You look out, or you will get into the same condition. You will begin to ask whether it is right to shoot pretty little birds in order to eat them; you will become a vegetarian; and you will take to goloshes."

"Good gracious!" said Macleod, waking up, "what is all this about?"

"Rob Roy," observed the Major, oracularly, "was a healthy man. I will make you a bet he was not much troubled by chilblains."

"Stewart," Macleod cried, "do you want to drive me mad? What on earth are you talking about?"

"Anything," the Major confessed frankly, "to rouse you out of your monomania, because I don't want to have my throat cut by a lunatic some night up at Castle Dare."

"Castle Dare," repeated Macleod gloomily. "I think I shall scarcely know the place again; and we have been away about a fortnight!"

No sooner had they got down to the landing-steps on the Lambeth side of the river than they were descried from the deck of the beautiful little steamer, and a boat was sent ashore for them. Colonel Ross was standing by the tiny gangway to receive

them; they got on board, and passed into the glass-surrounded saloon. There certainly was something odd in the notion of being anchored in the middle of the great city; absolutely cut off from it and enclosed in a miniature floating world; the very sound of it hushed and remote. And, indeed, on this strange morning the big town looked more dream-like than usual as they regarded it from the windows of this saloon:—the buildings opal-like in the pale fog; a dusky glitter on the high towers of the Houses of Parliament; and some touches of rose-red on the ripples of the yellow water around them.

Right over there was the very spot to which he had idly wandered in the clear dawn, to have a look at the peacefully flowing stream. How long ago? It seemed to him, looking back, somehow the morning of life—shining clear and beautiful, before any sombre anxieties, and joys scarcely less painful, had come to cloud the fair sky. He thought of himself at that time with a sort of wonder. He saw himself standing there, glad to watch the pale and growing glory of the dawn, careless as to what the day might bring forth; and he knew that it was another and an irrecoverable Macleod he was mentally regarding.

Well, when his friend Ogilvie arrived, he endeavoured to assume some greater spirit and cheerfulness, and they had a pleasant enough luncheon-party in the gently-moving saloon. Thereafter Colonel Ross was for getting up steam and taking them for a run somewhere; but at this point Macleod begged to be excused for running away; and so having consigned Major Stewart to the care of his host for the moment, and having bade good-bye to Ogilvie, he went ashore. He made his way up to the cottage in South Bank. He entered the drawing-room and sate down, alone.

When she came in, she said, with a quick anxiety—

“You are not ill?”

“No, no,” he said, rising—and his face was haggard somewhat, “but—but it is not pleasant to come to say good-bye—”

“You must not take it so seriously as that,” she said, with a friendly smile.

“My going away is like going into a grave,” he said slowly; “it is dark.”

And then he took her two hands in his, and regarded her with such an intensity of look that she almost drew back, afraid.

“Sometimes,” he said, watching her eyes,

“I think I shall never see you again.”

“Oh, Keith,” said she, drawing her hands

away and speaking half playfully, “you really frighten me. And even if you were never to see me again, wouldn’t it be a very good thing for you? You would have got rid of a bad bargain.”

“It would not be a very good thing for me,” he said, still regarding her.

“Oh, well, don’t speak of it,” said she, lightly; “let us speak of all that is to be done in the long time that must pass before we meet—”

“But why ‘*must*’?” he said eagerly. “Why ‘*must*’? If you knew how I look forward to the blackness of this winter away up there—so far away from you that I shall forget the sound of your voice—oh! you cannot know what it is to me!”

He had sat down again; his eyes, with a sort of pained and hunted look in them, bent on the floor.

“But there is a ‘*must*,’ you know,” she said cheerfully, “and we should be sensible folk and recognise it. You know I ought to have a probationary period, as it were—like a nun, you know, just to see if she is fit to—”

Here Miss White paused, with a little embarrassment; but presently she charged the difficulty, and said with a slight laugh—

“To take the veil, in fact. You must give me time to become accustomed to a whole heap of things: if we were to do anything suddenly now, we might blunder into some great mistake, perhaps irretrievable. I must train myself by degrees for another kind of life altogether; and I am going to surprise you, Keith—I am indeed. If papa takes me to the Highlands next year, you won’t recognise me at all. I am going to read up all about the Highlands, and learn the tartans, and the names of fishes and birds; and I will walk in the rain and try to think nothing about it; and perhaps I may learn a little Gaelic: indeed, Keith, when you see me in the Highlands, you will find me a thorough Highland-woman.”

“You will never become a Highland-woman,” he said, with a grave kindness. “Is it needful? I would rather see you as you are than playing a part.”

Her eyes expressed some quick wonder, for he had almost quoted her father’s words to her.

“You would rather see me as I am?” she said demurely. “But what am I? I don’t know myself.”

“You are a beautiful and gentle-hearted Englishwoman,” he said, with honest admiration—“a daughter of the south. Why should you wish to be anything else? When you

come to us, I will show you a true Highland-woman—that is, my cousin Janet."

"Now you have spoiled all my ambition," she said somewhat petulantly. "I had intended spending all the winter in training myself to forget the habits and feelings of an actress; and I was going to educate myself for another kind of life; and now I find that when I go to the Highlands you will compare me with your cousin Janet!"

"That is impossible," said he absently, for he was thinking of the time when the summer seas would be blue again, and the winds soft, and the sky clear; and then he saw the white boat of the *Umpire* going merrily out to the great steamer to bring the beautiful stranger from the south to Castle Dare!

"Ah, well, I am not going to quarrel with you on this our last day together," she said, and she gently placed her soft white hand on the clenched fist that rested on the table. "I see you are in great trouble—I wish I could lessen it. And yet how could I wish that you should think of me less, even during the long winter evenings, when it will be so much more lonely for you than for me? But you must leave me my hobby all the same; and you must think of me always as preparing myself and looking forward; for at least, you know you will expect me to be able to sing a Highland ballad to your friends!"

"Yes, yes," he said hastily, "if it is all true—if it is all possible—what you speak of. Sometimes I think it is madness of me to fling away my only chance; to have everything I care for in the world near me, and to go away and perhaps never return; sometimes I know in my heart that I shall never see you again—never after this day."

"Ah, now," said she brightly—for she feared this black demon getting possession of him again, "I will kill that superstition right off. You *shall* see me after to-day; for, as sure as my name is Gertrude White, I will go up to the railway-station to-morrow morning, and see you off. There!"

"You will?" he said, with a flush of joy on his face.

"But I don't want any one else to see me," she said, looking down.

"Oh, I will manage that," he said eagerly. "I will get Major Stewart into the carriage ten minutes before the train starts."

"Colonel Ross?"

"He goes back to Erith to-night."

"And I will bring to the station," said she, with some shy colour in her face, "a little present—if you should speak of me to your

mother you might give her this from me—it belonged to my mother."

Could anything have been more delicately devised than this tender and timid message?

"You have a woman's heart," he said.

And then in the same low voice, she began to explain that she would like him to go to the theatre that evening; and that perhaps he would go alone; and would he do her the favour to be in a particular box? She took a piece of paper from her purse, and shyly handed it to him. How could he refuse?—though he flushed slightly. It was a favour she asked. "I will know where you are," she said.

And so he was not to bid good-bye to her on this occasion after all. But he bade good-bye to Mr. White, and to Miss Carry, who was quite civil to him now that he was going away; and then he went out into the cold and grey December afternoon. They were lighting the lamps. But gaslight throws no cheerfulness on a grave.

He went to the theatre later on; and the talisman she had given him took him into a box almost level with the stage, and so near to it that the glare of the footlights bewildered his eyes until he retired into the corner. And once more he saw the puppets come and go; with the one live woman among them, whose every tone of voice made his heart leap. And then this drawing-room scene, in which she comes in alone, and talking to herself? She sits down to the piano, carelessly. Some one enters, unperceived, and stands silent there, to listen to the singing. And this air that she sings, waywardly, like a light-hearted school-girl:—

"Hi-ri-libhin o, Brae MacIntyre,
Hi-ri-libhin o, Costly thy wooing!
Thou'st slain the maid.
Hug-o-rin-o, 'Tis thy undoing!

"Hi-ri-libhin o, Friends of my love,
Hi-ri-libhin o, Do not upbraid him;
He was leal.
Hug-o-rin-o, Chance betrayed him."

Macleod's breathing came quick and hard. She had not sung this ballad of the brave MacIntyre when formerly he had seen the piece. Did she merely wish him to know—by this arch rendering of the gloomy song—that she was pursuing her Highland studies? And then the last verse she sang in the Gaelic! He was so near that he could hear this adjuration to the unhappy lover to seek his boat and fly, steering wide of Jura, and avoiding Mull:—

"Hi-ri-libhin o, Ruin Bàta,
Hi-ri-libhin o, Fàg an dùthaich,
Seachain Mùle,
Hug-o-rin-o: Sna taobh Jura!"

Was she laughing, then, at her pronunciation of the Gaelic when she carelessly rose from the piano—and, in doing so, directed one glance towards him which made him quail? The foolish piece went on. She was more bright, vivacious, coquettish than ever: how could she have such spirits in view of the long separation that lay on his heart like lead? Then, at the end of the piece, there was a tapping at the door, and an envelope was handed in to him. It only contained a card, with the message "Good night!" scrawled in pencil. It was the last time he ever was in any theatre.

Then that next morning,—cold, and raw, and damp, with a blustering north-west wind that seemed to bring an angry summons from the far seas. At the station, his hand was trembling like the hand of a drunken man; his eyes wild and troubled; his face haggard. And as the moment arrived for the train to start, he became more and more excited.

"Come and take your place, Macleod," the Major said. "There is no use worrying about leaving. We have eaten our cake. The frolic is at an end. All we can do is to sing, 'Then fare you well, my Mary Blane,' and put up with whatever is ahead. If I could only have a drop of real, genuine Talisker to steady my nerves——"

But here the Major, who had been incidentally leaning out of the window, caught sight of a figure; and instantly he withdrew his head. Macleod disappeared.

That great, gaunt room—with the hollow footfalls of strangers, and the cries outside. His face was quite white when he took her hand.

"I am very late," she said, with a smile.

He could not speak at all. He fixed his eyes on hers with a strange intensity, as if he would read her very soul; and what could one find there but a great gentleness and

sincerity, and the frank confidence of one who had nothing to conceal?

"Gertrude," said he at last, "whatever happens to us two, you will never forget that I loved you."

"I think I may be sure of that," she said, looking down.

They rang a bell outside.

"Good-bye then."

He tightly grasped the hand he held; once more he gazed into those clear and confiding eyes—with an almost piteously-anxious look: then he kissed her, and hurried away. But she was bold enough to follow. Her eyes were moist. Her heart was beating fast. If Glenogie had there and then challenged her, and said, "*Come, then, sweetheart; will you fly with me? And the proud mother will meet you. And the gentle cousin will attend on you. And Castle Dare will welcome the young bride!*"—what would she have said? The moment was over. She only saw the train go gently away from the station; and she saw the piteous eyes fixed on hers; and while he was in sight she waved her handkerchief. When the train had disappeared, she turned away with a sigh.

"Poor fellow," she was thinking, "he is very much in earnest—far more in earnest than even poor Howson. It would break my heart if I were to bring him any trouble."

By the time she had got to the end of the platform, her thoughts had taken a more cheerful turn.

"Dear me," she was saying to herself, "I quite forgot to ask him whether my Gaelic was good."

When she had got into the street outside, the day was brightening.

"I wonder," she was asking herself, "whether Carry would come and look at that exhibition of water-colours; and what would the cab fare be?"

HINDOO MEDICINE.

IN order that the reader may form anything like a just estimate of the extraordinary ability of the Hindoo for the practice of medicine, it will first be necessary to put before him a rapid sketch of the state of that science among the natives of India at the commencement of the present century. It was not till the year 1807 that the British Government appear to have taken any interest in the matter. They then commissioned a certain Dr. Francis Buchanan,

a physician of eminence, who had lived many years in India and was well acquainted with the natives, to make a report on the subject, and he appears to have fulfilled his task in a most able manner. Surgery he found to be confined to two classes, the Bards and the Hakims, the former being Hindoos, the latter Mohammedans. The practice of both appears to have been of the most crude and elementary description. They were totally ignorant of anatomy, and

their pathology was exceedingly defective. Their practice was also largely tinged with superstitious beliefs and observances; and charms and incantations appear to have played an important part especially in their practice of medicine. In fact the cure of diseases by charms and incantations was a speciality in many parts of India, and the practitioners in this branch of medical science appear to have made use of no other remedies. Doctor Buchanan, speaking of those in Bengal, says, "The low people called Ajtias pretend to cast out devils, cure bites of serpents, and oppose witchcraft by incantation. They are not so numerous in proportion with some parts of India, but still there are a vast number, and in general each confines himself to one branch of the profession. About two thousand five hundred pretend to cure bites of serpents, and two thousand three hundred pretend to oppose the devil and witches. . . . In the Gorruckpore district, fourteen hundred and fifty men pretend to cure the bites of serpents, and to cast out devils dependent on them by means of incantations." Doctor Buchanan further stated that the only part of their medical practice which in any way approached to the science in the modern acceptance of the term, was to be found among their surgeons, but that in a most imperfect and ignorant way; they could occasionally operate for cataract with success, and perform in a sort of way some simple operative processes, such as bleeding, cupping, and drawing teeth.

The result of Doctor Buchanan's report was that the Bengal government instituted a sort of apprenticeship for native doctors, in which they were taught the arts of compounding medicines and dressing wounds; in both of which they in time began to display much skill and intelligence, but beyond these they made little or no progress. Things remained in this condition till the year 1822, when the Government began to entertain seriously the question of establishing in Calcutta a school or college for the scientific training of native doctors; as, notwithstanding the intelligence the apprentices had displayed in the simpler mechanical duties of the profession, they still remained lamentably deficient in its more important duties. "Perhaps," the Government Medical Board remark in their report on the subject, "the case now under consideration cannot be placed in a stronger light, than by stating the fact that the only native doctors now procurable are so inexperienced and so ill-qualified as to make it a matter of doubt

whether it would not be better to leave the sick to nature alone, than to trust their lives to men so little capable of rightly treating them." The Medical Board concluded their report by advising that a thoroughly organized medical school should be at once established for the instruction of native doctors. Their proposal was highly approved by the Government, and the Board were requested to draw up a detailed scheme for its management. This was done, and the rules having been adopted by Government in every particular, a general order to carry out the plan was published dated 21st June, 1822.

The rules and regulations for the management and course of studies to be followed in the schools occupied so much time in their consideration that it was not fairly opened till the middle of October, 1824, the number of pupils who were received numbering only twenty-four, nor could these be obtained without paying them salaries for their attendance. They had, it appears, an intense dislike to the study of anatomy, as they considered that thereby they should lose caste. Some idea of their intense aversion to this most necessary element in the education of medical men, may be judged from the fact that in the list of expenses of the school in the second year of its existence, we find the sum of 709 rupees paid to Messrs. Bathgate & Co. for two skeletons imported from London. Anatomical models had also to be brought from England for the pupils. Notwithstanding the salaries they received to induce them to follow their studies, they frequently refused even to be present in the lecture theatre when any demonstrations were performed by their teacher on the dead body. A good idea of the difficulties the teachers of anatomy had to surmount may be judged from the following short abstract from the report of Professor Tytler, in the year 1828, four years after the opening of the school. "The fourth class (anatomical) begins," he says, "with the reading of all the treatises on anatomical subjects, and these I must confess are very inadequate. It is necessary, however, to give the pupils a general idea of their contents, and also to exercise them in reading, in which the Committee will have observed so many are sadly deficient. I then commence the reading of the anatomical tracts which I have myself compiled, which are still in manuscript, but of which I got transcripts made by slow and laborious degrees. In doing this I demonstrate osteology on the human skeleton. I then show the thoracic, abdominal, and pelvic viscera,

with the principal blood vessels and nerves, and as many of the large muscles as can be done on the bodies of sheep, explaining the physiology as we go on."

For four years longer the attempt to induce the Hindoos to study medicine lingered on, the only subject worthy of commendation in the whole affair being the indomitable courage and energy of the professors, who still laboured, despite the terrible difficulties they had to encounter. But at last another obstacle was placed in their way, far more difficult to surmount than the objection of the Hindoos to the study of anatomy and all other causes put together. In London the Court of Directors of the East India Company forwarded to Calcutta a dispatch disapproving of the attempt to educate the natives in the study of medicine, and ordering the existing school to be suppressed. The objections the directors took to the scheme, apart from the expense, were (1) that the native youths were *incapable of profitably receiving instruction* in a science whose terms and ideas were so foreign to them; (2) that the office of superintendent was costly, and likely to come into collision with the hospital authorities; and (3) that they considered the plan sanctioned in Madras in 1812, of educating half-caste youths in the general hospitals, far more economical and promising.

Notwithstanding several other attempts to carry out the original intention of these schools, they gradually faded away till hardly any vestige of them remained; but in the year 1833 a vast change for the better took place. On the 13th October, in that year, a committee was appointed by Lord William Bentinck for the purpose of "improving and extending the benefits of the native medical education and digesting a scheme of management and instruction calculated to give effect, in both of these respects, to the wishes of the Government." An efficient committee was now appointed, with instruction to take into consideration the whole subject, and after making all necessary inquiries, to report on the "admission of pupils, their education, examination, and future employment."

The report of the committee was presented to the Government on the 24th October, 1834. It was an elaborate document founded on most careful inquiry and full discussion. While candidly recognising the capability of the native mind for the study of medicine, they attributed the failures of the medical schools which had been established in India to the want of good organization on the part

of the governing bodies. They particularly pointed out (1) the absence of a proper qualifying standard of admission; (2) scantness of the means of tuition; (3) the entire omission of practical human anatomy in the course of instruction; (4) the want of regularity in the time of admitting students as well as the want of due stimulus throughout, and the mode of conducting examinations. There were also several other points connected with the organization of the schools, but which would be without interest to the reader. On one point, and one point only, the committee were divided in opinion, namely, whether instruction should be imparted in the Indian vernaculars or in English. The Orientalists were headed by Dr. Tytler, the superintendent of the late Native Medical Institution, and the Anglicists by the late much-lamented Dr. Duff, of the Free Church of Scotland Institution. The latter party gained the day by a considerable majority, and their decision, which was drawn up by Dr. Duff, was thus expressed:—"A knowledge of the English language we consider as a *sine qua non*, because that language combines within itself the circle of all the sciences, and incalculable wealth of printed works and illustrations; circumstances which give it obvious advantages over the Oriental languages, in which are only to be found the crudest elements of science or the most irrational substitutes for it."

The new school was opened in Calcutta in 1835 with no fewer than fifty pupils. For some short time it hardly promised to be a success, owing to the apparently insuperable objection the Hindoos still entertained to the study of anatomy, notwithstanding that the senior professor of that branch, Dr. Goodeve, was a great favourite with the whole of the pupils. At length a sudden change for the better took place, and one which has led to the present high reputation of the Calcutta College. A certain Hindoo student, Madusudun Guptu, and a few others, rising superior to the prejudices of their earlier education, boldly flung open the gates of medical science to their countrymen by dissecting, with their own hands, a human body which had been prepared for demonstration. This act, so vital to the success of the school and the cause of medical education in India, was commemorated by a portrait of Madusudun (presented to the school by Mr. Drinkwater Bethune, a member of the Supreme Council of India) which now hangs in the large lecture theatre of the

school. "Unless the difficulty connected with anatomy," Dr. Harrison, one of the principal professors, remarked, "had been thus happily got over, the whole scheme of the College must have been a failure." The experiment was by many considered a very doubtful one, and great credit is due to those who had the tact and skill to conduct it to a successful termination at so early a stage of the proceedings. A secure foundation for a sound professional education being laid, the other steps became comparatively easy. Since that period the council of the College remarked, in a report dated 4th February, 1839, "This most necessary part of medical education (anatomy) has been pursued with unremitting zeal by the students, and the dissecting rooms of the Medical College of Bengal are not surpassed by similar establishments in any part of the world. One of the strongest prejudices of the Hindoos has thus been overcome, and the first and most important step to a rational system of medicine in the East has been accomplished."

A course of study for the medical education of the Hindoo pupils had now to be drawn up. The subjects selected were materia medica, pharmacy and medical botany, practice of medicine and surgery, clinical medicine, and especially anatomy, and teachers of eminence were attached to each department. That encouragement should not be wanting, a number of valuable prizes, varying from one hundred rupees each to two hundred, were offered to the most efficient pupils, besides many others of smaller value. As a proof how much the institution of the Medical College was esteemed by the higher class of natives, it may be added that the most liberal contributors to these prizes were to be found among the Hindoo merchants.

In consequence of the great want of native doctors in different parts of Bengal, three years after the foundation of the College, it was proposed that some of the pupils should be allowed to pass their examinations for their diplomas, especially as the Government had offered four important appointments, with liberal salaries, to native surgeons for the dispensaries of Dacca, Moorsshedabad, Patna, and Chittagong. The secretary replied that although the students had made the most surprising progress in their studies, they were yet too deficient in practical and clinical knowledge to be entrusted with the management of hospitals. Six months were asked for, in which to complete their education, which was granted, and the first public examination for a licence to practise, as well as

competition, was held in October of the year 1838, the Court of Examiners being composed of the principal surgeons and physicians then in Calcutta. The examination was of a most searching description. Eleven candidates presented themselves for the appointments offered by Government, and four were chosen. Each candidate had attended "three courses of anatomy, two of actual dissection, three of chemistry, one of natural philosophy, two of materia medica, and two of general and medical botany, two of the practice of physic, two of the practice of surgery, and one of operative surgery." Midwifery and medical jurisprudence were alone wanting to form a complete course. The examination was both theoretical and practical. The committee acknowledged the soundness and thoroughness of the education which these youths had received, especially in anatomy, chemistry, and elementary physiology. They recommended, however, that in future the course of instruction should not be less than four years.

The college continued to prosper, and its sphere of usefulness was a year after the first examination enlarged by (through the agency, it is said, of the Rev. Dr. Duff) the admission of ten Christian students, who were sent by the Ceylon government for education. Several young men, Europeans and Armenians, belonging to Calcutta, were also admitted as free students. A capacious hospital, constructed for the accommodation of one hundred sick, with suitable out offices, was provided wherein the students could more conveniently receive clinical instruction, as well as an out-door dispensary, where some two hundred patients daily received medical and surgical relief. How satisfactorily the whole scheme worked may be judged from the following short abstract from the report of the college council, issued in 1840. "A few short years since," they say, "it was considered a vain chimera to suppose that Hindoos of good caste could ever be brought to pursue the study of anatomy in the dissecting-room, and by many they were considered incapable of mastering the difficulties of science, or in obtaining proficiency in a profession so complicated as that of medicine; but time has shown that these assertions are unfounded. The spread of European intelligence in India, the study of English science and literature, and association with the inhabitants of a civilised nation, have expanded the native mind, and dispelled its prejudices to a degree hitherto considered as impossible."

Satisfactory as this state of things indisputably was, still better was to follow. In 1845, in consequence of the great aptitude the Hindoo students exhibited for the medical sciences, the chairs of the college were re-arranged, so as to increase still further the efficiency of the pupils by augmenting the severity of their examinations. To accomplish this, as well as to put the Hindoo doctors on a footing of equality with their European brethren, the studies were arranged precisely the same as those insisted on by the London University and College of Surgeons, so as to enable the Calcutta native students to qualify for examination at either of those celebrated corporations. Without hesitation the London College of Surgeons, as well as the London University, re-organized the chairs of the Calcutta College, and the following year (1846) Dr. H. Goodeve, on returning to England, brought with him four Hindoo students, who all passed through the prescribed examination in a highly satisfactory manner.

So great had the success in private practice of the Hindoo practitioners now become, and so frequently were their services called for, that at last the high reputation they were held in began to occasion some slight inconvenience to the Government, who had in great part encouraged the college for the purpose of obtaining native surgeons for the army. Finding, however, private practice far more remunerative, comparatively few of those who had obtained diplomas joined the service, and the college had to look around for some means to supply the void. In the end the college authorities determined to impart a college education to members of the subordinate medical service, who serve as apothecaries and stewards in the hospitals of European troops. For this class the council of the college, in June, 1850, drew up a regular scheme for their tuition. After defining the conditions of admission to the service, this order proceeded to state that apprentices who had served, with approval, for two years in a regimental or general hospital, were eligible for studentship in the Medical College, the selection resting with the Medical Board. The course of study was to extend over two years, and to comprise anatomy, dissection, *materia medica*, pharmaceutical chemistry, the practice of medicine and surgery, and more especially clinical instruction with respect to the last two branches. How far the attempt to instruct the Hindoo pupils in the new and

advanced curriculum of studies was a success may be estimated from the fact that from 1846 to 1849 inclusive, the rise was from 427 to 567 native doctors; in 1850 the number was 586; and in 1851 it had risen to 640.

From that time till the present the college in Calcutta has continued to progress in a most satisfactory manner, notwithstanding the severity of the examinations, which appear to have become more rigid almost year by year, so that at length the educational test reached a point stricter even than that of the Royal College of Surgeons of London; and that not only with respect to the scientific studies, but in the general educational tests as well. The Calcutta University educational test, which is required of every student prior to his first scientific examination for a licence to practise medicine, is in every respect as severe as that of the Matriculation Examination of the London University—probably more so, as the language (English) in which the candidate has to pass his examination is not his own. He is examined in English literature, especially on some well-known author, Thackeray, Dickens, Gibbon, or any other selected from a dozen or more authors, all of which it is expected he is acquainted with; then either in French, German, Arabic, Hebrew, or Persian, at his own choice; then in Euclid, arithmetic, algebra, history, and geography—in fact, on all subjects connected with the education of a scholar.

At the *first* examination for a licentiate in medicine and surgery, the candidate must first prove that he has completed his nineteenth year, that he has followed three completed sessions of medical study. He must also have attended two courses of seventy lectures on anatomy, chemistry, *materia medica*, and physiology; one course of forty lectures on botany; one course of practical chemistry, one of pharmacy; dissected during three years, and have himself performed twelve dissections in each term. On the above subjects the examination is written, oral, and practical.

For the *second* licentiate examination the conditions are: having passed the first examination two years previously, and having subsequently attended two courses of seventy lectures on medicine—including hygiene and general pathology—surgery, and midwifery; two courses of fifty lectures on medical jurisprudence; and one course of twenty lectures on diseases of the eye; the dissection of the surgical regions, and having during two sessions performed surgical opera-

tions; fifteen months' attendance on the surgical, and as many on the medical, practice of a hospital; three months' attendance at an eye infirmary, and many other subjects too numerous to mention.

Then follow the examinations for the degrees of Bachelor in Medicine, which are also two, almost all on the subjects mentioned above, but of greater severity. After five years' practice the Bachelor of Medicine may present himself for the degree of Doctor of Medicine; but prior to this he must have passed his examination for Bachelor of Arts—a test of educational excellence quite as severe as that of any University in England.

One subject more remains to be noticed—the comparative amount of ability exhibited by the Hindoo students at Calcutta, and the other Indian schools of Delhi, Agra, and Bombay, and that of the students in our London schools. The result of such a contrast we fear will be found but little flattering to our insular pride. Notwithstanding the greater severity of the Calcutta examinations, the number of the candidates rejected is far less than those recorded in the examinations of the London College of Surgeons. From an account of the London examinations published in the *Lancet*, 17th January, 1876, it appears that in 1875, of 727 candidates who presented themselves for the

primary examination, 223, or 30 per cent., were rejected; and of 518 who presented themselves for the pass examination, 126 were rejected. A marked difference in the efficiency of the different schools proved that the results originated in no lack of natural ability. In the pass examination, University College school had only 10 per cent. rejected; St. Bartholomew's, 17 per cent.; St. George's, 30 per cent.; Charing Cross, 44, and St. Thomas's, 56 per cent. The average rejections at the Calcutta College appear to range a fraction higher than University College. There are at present about 1,100 Hindoo medical pupils in the College at Calcutta.

One word in conclusion. By drawing a contrast between the state of medical science in India at the commencement of the present century and what it is in the present day, it would be difficult to name a greater advantage that populous empire has obtained from English rule, than the result of the teaching of our English professors of the two arts of medicine and surgery; nor should it be forgotten that even they might not have succeeded in the admirable manner they have done, had they not at the commencement been assisted by the valuable co-operation of that much-respected minister of religion, the Rev. Alexander Duff.

WM. GILBERT.

A NOCTURNE OF CHOPIN'S.

○ SOUND that breaks with tremulous waves

The spirit's sleep,

Like noise of washing waters where

Moans low the moonless deep,

Or fluttering wings when thro' dim twilight glooms

Homeward the plovers sweep—

Breathe low, break soft, breathe low,

Thought, life, and love, in subtle music steep!

Like silver waves upon a moonlit sea

Falling on silver sands,

Thy wandering echoes are like strains

From far sweet lands:

○ tremulous sound! that binds my spirit now

With luscious bands

Of something sweet, too sweet,

Where guidest thou my soul with unseen hands?

And now like waves when an unquiet wind

Makes them moan low,

And fret in glistening foam, while they

Athwart the dark seas go,

Thy sound stirs depths within me, until waves

Of possible woe

Break, break, break,

And o'er my soul in haste tumultuous flow.

Like melancholy pipings of some bird

In night-dark brake,

Or like the wail of some lost wandering wind

Where aspens shake,

Sharp, sudden sounds break out upon the ear—

And wild chords quake

Within the troubled soul,

Like fiery breaths in some sulphureous lake.

Hush! now like some most sweet unearthly singing,

Or noise of distant sea,—

Like breaths of summer faintly blowing,

To die soon silently,—

Low, solemn notes float up, and fall, and fall,

Until they seem to be

Not sounds, but echoes from

Some soul which 'mid its singing is made free.

WILLIAM SHARP.

SKETCHES ON THE PRAIRIES.

BY ALBERT HASTINGS MARKHAM, CAPTAIN, R.N.

III.

A FEW days after leaving Fort Sill we passed through an extensive range of sand-hills; these have the appearance of being formed by the wind, and are covered with long rank grass and wild plum-trees. They are favourite resorts of the red deer, several of which we succeeded in shooting. Between these elevations are numerous ponds of water, in which the wild fowl congregate in large numbers, affording us capital sport and delicious meals. Soon after we crossed the North Fork of the Red River; but this was not accomplished without a great deal of difficulty and a slight amount of danger, owing to the quicksand nature of its bed. The waggons had to be taken over with half loads only, and great care was necessary that they should be kept in constant motion whilst fording the river. Had the mules been allowed to stop, even for an instant, the waggons would have sunk up to their axles, even if they had not disappeared altogether in the soft and treacherous quicksand. By stationing men on each side, in order to assist when necessary, we succeeded in reaching the opposite bank in safety. From this time until within a day or two of our return, we were unable to indulge in the luxury of good water; the alkaline beds of the rivers and numerous streams that we crossed imparting a bitter and disagreeable taste, which increased our thirst, and occasionally produced nausea. Sometimes we were fortunate enough to find holes in which the rain had accumulated, from which we were able to supply ourselves with water—of rather a muddy description, it is true, but even this was infinitely preferable to that impregnated with alkali. The horses and mules were generally given the latter—which they seemed, indeed, to prefer to the rain water, and on which they thrive wonderfully.

The geological formation of the land also underwent a change, being composed of gypsum or decomposed limestone, the surface in many places being covered with a snow-white layer of this mineral.

Springs of water would sometimes be found issuing through the gypsum formation; but the liquid always had a strong acrid taste, rendering it unpleasant to drink. This scarcity of good water was one of the very few hardships we were called upon to endure for any length of time, and it is a hardship that is

often very seriously felt by scouting expeditions, for few things are more refreshing after a hard and long ride on a hot dusty day than a draught of cold pure water, and the inability to obtain it is undoubtedly a great privation.

After crossing the North Fork we might truly be said to have arrived on "the plains." Not a tree, not a hill that could conscientiously be called one, was to be seen in any direction, nothing but an interminable arid desert, rolling away in the far distance in smooth and regular undulations—such a scene as must have been imagined by the poet Bryant, who described it in the following words:—

"These are the gardens of the desert, those
The unshorn fields, boundless and beautiful.

So they
In airy undulations, far away;
As if the ocean in his greatest swell
Stood still, with all his rounded billows fixed
And motionless for ever. Motionless?
No, they are all unchained again. The clouds
Sweep over with their shadows, and beneath,
The surface rolls and fluctuates to the eye;
Dark hollows seem to glide along, and chase
The sunny ridges."

Although the general contour and evenness of the prairie is such as I have described, it is in many cases cut up by narrow ravines, water-courses, and sloughs—the latter word pronounced as if it was spelt "slues"—which are hardly ever seen until actually close to. Apropos of this rough kind of country through which we were travelling, whilst crossing a piece of land broken up with small gorges caused by the gradual disintegration of the soil, one of my companions observed that "it was a very *ravenous* country." To this remark I at once assented, saying, "I have never had a better appetite in any part of the world!" "Oh, I don't mean that," was the reply, "I mean that there are plenty of ravines!" The Americans have a very great facility for coining words!

We had now reached a country abounding with game: our first buffalo had been seen and killed; antelopes bounded past us at all hours of the day; deer were occasionally seen near the rivers and creeks, endeavouring to conceal themselves in the timber and brush on the banks; wild turkeys were numerous, and as tame as their domesticated brethren; whilst the wild fowl in large flocks circled over our heads and literally swarmed in the fresh-water ponds that lay along our

route. We were, indeed, in the land of plenty; but, although the game was in such abundance, it was, with the exception of the wild turkeys, by no means easy to realise a good bag without a certain amount of skill, combined with patience and perseverance, was expended.

The antelope is a remarkably shy animal, and can only be approached with great circumspection. They are invariably found in herds, numbering from a dozen to perhaps fifty, browsing on the open plains, far from any cover or shelter, whence they can plainly perceive the approach of any danger. Though extremely shy, the antelope is at the same time of a very inquisitive disposition, and this is imposed upon by the Indians in order to effect their capture. Their method is to display something unusual, such as a handkerchief or piece of coloured cloth tied on a ramrod and stuck into the ground, to attract their attention; this effected, the animal must needs gratify its curiosity by a close inspection, and so falls a victim to the rifle in the hands of a hunter concealed in the vicinity. I saw this plan attempted on several occasions, but, I must honestly confess, without even the slightest shadow of success; but then, perhaps, we were not such adepts as the Indians in the arts of strategy. On one occasion, having stalked a herd of antelopes until within about a hundred and twenty yards, I succeeded in shooting *two* fine bucks with one shot, the bullet passing through the necks of both! This was, of course, a wonderfully lucky shot, for they both dropped, as the saying is, "in their tracks." An antelope has been known to run five miles with its heart split in two by a bullet! It is considered to be the fleetest, as well as the most graceful, animal on the plains. Our greyhounds were never able to run one down, although several attempts were made.

Hunting the buffalo is very different sport from stalking either the antelope or red deer, and is intensely exciting. They are seldom, except by those who make their livelihood by selling the skins, shot with a rifle, the usual method being to ride at full gallop into a herd, select the most promising animal, and then shoot it with a revolver. A good deal of practice, and I might add nerve, is required before a man can expect to become an accomplished buffalo hunter; a well-trained horse is also necessary to insure success.

The first precautions to be observed after sighting a herd which it is proposed "to

run," are to lighten yourself and horse of all superfluous gear, which we always handed over to our orderlies, tighten up the saddle-girths, unbutton your holster, and see your revolver handy and ready for instant use.

When everything is ready, advance towards the herd at a brisk trot or canter. As a rule they will allow you to approach to within about two hundred yards, when, being alarmed, the whole herd will scamper off. This is the time to make the running, for, after having retreated about one hundred yards, they will invariably stop and look round to see whether they are being pursued or not. Before they can make up their minds to be off again the hunter ought to be in their midst, splitting the herd in two, and scattering them in all directions ahead of him. Singling out a particular animal—if only the skin is required, a six or seven-year old cow is selected; if food is wanted a three-year old is chosen—the hunter dashes up alongside, and when within about two or three yards discharges his revolver rapidly into his victim, sticking close to the poor animal until it falls.

The buffalo is wonderfully tenacious of life; I have myself chased an old bull, whose head I was desirous of possessing as a trophy, for a distance of eight miles, and he only succumbed after twenty-five bullets had actually taken effect, the majority of which had entered a vital part! When wounded they are naturally very savage, and, maddened by the pain, will charge furiously, but are easily evaded by a well-mounted horseman. When they see their efforts are futile, they will stop short, stamp their fore-feet viciously, snort, and shake their heads and shaggy manes with impotent fury. An infuriated buffalo bull is a very ugly customer at close quarters, but is really harmless if the hunter is mounted on a tractable horse. The rapidity with which these clumsy, awkward-looking animals get over the ground is perfectly marvellous; apparently shuffling along like a drove of cows, they are in reality travelling at great speed, and a man must be well mounted indeed who expects to overtake them if they have the advantage of a good start, or even to keep up with them after he has once ranged alongside.

An inexperienced hunter is apt to think after a short chase that his victim must soon succumb, from the fact that its head is hanging down and its tongue protruding, but these are not indications of exhaustion, and a buffalo, unless made "to bite the dust," will tire out the very best horse carrying a rider on its back.

Being now in the buffalo country, we sighted every day enormous herds numbering many thousands; the plains for some distance around being dotted with black living objects, in some places massed together by hundreds:

"Far as the sickening eye can sweep around,
'Tis all one desert, desolate and grey,
Grazed by the sullen buffalo alone."

For twenty days we were never out of sight of these "monarchs of the plains," who were travelling slowly in a south-westerly direction into the state of Texas.

It was necessary, on all occasions when we were forced to camp upon the open prairie, to place our sentries at some distance from the tents, in order to give warning of

the advance of a herd of buffaloes, and, if possible, turn them from the direction of the camp. Nothing is more dangerous than being in the direct course that a stampeded herd of buffaloes is pursuing. If the men are on the alert and seize the opportunity quickly, they may succeed in splitting the herd and thus saving the camp; but if not, the wild and frightened animals will rush on, crashing over everything and trampling to death those who, too late, attempt to arrest their career.

It takes very little to cause a stampede amongst a number of animals, however domesticated they may be, and great care has to be taken on all occasions to prevent such a calamity from occurring in one's own



"Running ye buffalo."

camp. It is the favourite method of the Indians for inflicting annoyance on their enemies when they are in too small a force to make an attack upon them.

Dressed up with long feathered streamers flying from their heads and bodies, they gallop into the camp of their foes in the dead of night, uttering the most hideous yells it is possible to imagine; the horses and other animals, mad with fright, break their tethers and gallop off, the Indians being all ready to drive them in the direction of their own camp, leaving their enemies horseless, and consequently comparatively helpless.

One evening, shortly after dark, our camp was thrown into a great state of excitement, nearly causing our horses and mules to stampede; indeed, this would have actually

taken place if they had not been well secured; and all this commotion was caused by a drove of wild turkeys coming down to the creek to roost! So large did they loom, in the dim and uncertain light, that they were mistaken for a herd of buffaloes approaching at full swing, and it was some little time before order could be re-established in the camp.

The number of wild turkeys that we saw at one of our encampments on the banks of a creek, very appropriately called Turkey Creek, was incredible. Attracted by the corn with which our horses were fed, they used to swarm into our camp in such numbers that we actually had to set the dogs at them to drive them away! This may appear like exaggeration, but it was nevertheless the

case. So plentiful were these birds, and so appreciated was their flesh by the whole party, that no less than one hundred and fifty birds were shot in about the space of ten days. More could undoubtedly have been obtained had they been wanted. They were magnificent birds, and would frequently weigh from 25 to 30 lbs. each. So epicurean did we get in our tastes that we seldom condescended to eat any part but the breast of the wild turkey.

As a rule the time to shoot them is just after dark, when the poor unsuspecting birds are roosting in the branches of the trees; but shooting them thus by moonlight or dusk is, in my opinion, very poor sport—if, indeed, it can be called sport at all. There is also a difficulty in hitting them when the light is dim and obscure. I know one officer who fired fifteen times before he bagged a bird; yet in the daytime he was accounted a very fair shot. And I have also known the same gentleman shoot at the *same* bird eight times without even frightening it away! at the eighth shot the bird considered it getting monotonous, with the fun all on one side, so flew away! In the daytime, hunting these birds is by no means bad sport, for the wild turkey is usually very shy, and will lie closely concealed in the long prairie grass until actually kicked up, when they fly off with such a whirring and flapping of wings as would be sufficient to startle any young and inexperienced sportsman. On one occasion I succeeded in bagging no less than five turkeys with one discharge from my gun, without even taking the trouble of dismounting from my horse; alarmed at my approach the birds raised their heads above the grass, craning their long necks round to discover the intruder, and so close together were they that they all fell victims to their curiosity. When found on the open prairie at some distance from their roosts they can be run down on horseback, for after the first two, or at the most three flights, none of which are beyond one hundred yards, they get so exhausted as to be unable to fly any more, and are then easily overtaken and killed. They invariably go about in flocks, or droves, numbering from ten to as many as forty and fifty birds.

The most objectionable, and at the same time dangerous, inhabitants of the Western Prairies are the rattlesnakes, which are found in great numbers in the region that we visited. During the summer they are almost intolerable, and great care has to be taken to avoid them whilst hunting or scouting on the

plains. Although they were not so plentiful during the time I was in the Indian Territory, owing to the late season of the year, still on fine days they would emerge from their holes in order to bask in the warm rays of the sun, and several were killed by us. Once whilst crawling up to a duck-pond on my hands and knees to obtain a shot at a flock of ducks I had marked down, I narrowly escaped putting my hand upon one of these reptiles, who, fortunately for me, was as much alarmed at my approach as I was at its proximity, and therefore sounded its rattle in time! It is needless to add that the ducks were disregarded, and the contents of one of my barrels put an end to any mischievous intentions the reptile might have had concerning me. On another occasion, whilst quietly riding along with T—, my horse was only saved from one of these venomous reptiles by an agonized exclamation from my companion, that caused me to dig spurs into the side of my steed, and thus clear a large rattlesnake that lay curled up directly in my path. Had the horse been bitten, our only course would have been to throw him down and by means of gunpowder cauterize the wound. Horses have frequently died from the effects of a rattlesnake's bite; but, as a rule, if they are attended to in time they will recover.

The rattlesnake is very fond of warmth and comfort, and has been frequently known to crawl into a tent during the night, where the next morning it has been discovered curled up on a blanket or buffalo-robe. As they are not pleasant bed-fellows, I always took the precaution to search for them in the morning, besides turning up my boots before putting them on. The possession of the rattle is indeed a wise provision of Providence, for with it the rattlesnake invariably gives notice of its presence, and generally in ample time to be avoided.

On the same afternoon on which the latter incident occurred we experienced another alarm, which might have resulted in far more serious consequences. As we were quietly riding home after the fatigues of a long day's hunting, we suddenly observed a horseman on the opposite side of the creek to that along which we were travelling, and then—another was seen. The question arose, "Could they be some of our own men, or were they Indians?" The answer to this was speedily set at rest by observing some lodges partially concealed in the timber near the creek, and on the same side as we were. They were undoubtedly Indians. The next

question to be answered was "whether they were hostile or friendly?" We knew that there was a band of about fifty warriors belonging to the Apache tribe, who were not only hostile to the United States Government, but who were actually on the war-path, but they were supposed to be somewhere in the vicinity of Llano Estacado, or the Staked Plains, some sixty miles from the camp we then occupied.

As we were seen by them at the same time that we became aware of their presence, we determined to approach in the hope that they would prove of a friendly disposition. Acting upon this decision, and unslinging our rifles and unbuttoning our holsters, followed by our two orderlies we rode towards them, when, to our great relief and no small satisfaction, we found that they were a small portion of the Wichita tribe out on their autumn buffalo hunt.

Riding into their camp, we found it to consist of five lodges containing about eleven men, with nine or ten squaws, besides papposes. They belonged to a perfectly friendly tribe, who had a reservation allotted to them, and lived under the superintendence of an agency. These Indians did not appear to me to be so fine or so intelligent-looking as those of the Comanche and Kiowa tribes. Considering the small number composing this camp, they seemed to possess horses out of all proportion, for they had at least one hundred and twenty, besides pack mules. This large number is accounted for by the fact that, when buffalo-hunting, each Indian will ride from six to ten horses every day. This will give some idea of the severe work of a "buffalo run."

The two Indians who accompanied us were both fine specimens of the "noble savage." As they were totally unacquainted with the English language, our conversations with them were necessarily very limited, and were principally carried on by the use of the "sign" language. In this the Indians are remarkably expert, and are able by its means to communicate with other tribes speaking different languages. To such perfection have they brought this symbolic tongue, if it may be so termed, that they have frequently been known to make long and eloquent speeches with the aid only of their hands and fingers.

One of our Indians, whom we nicknamed Tippitiwitchit, of which appellation he appeared very proud, was a most ridiculous-looking object, for he was invariably dressed in a uniform coat and pantaloons of a cavalry

officer, which had been given to him at Fort Sill, whilst his feet were encased in moccasins, and on his head he wore a gorgeous Indian head-dress composed of wild-cat and fox skins, decorated with ribbons of every colour of the rainbow. Yet his calm, stolid look was unchanged, and he was as perfectly at his ease as if he was habited in the ordinary costume of civilised life. Tip, as he was called for brevity's sake, was of a happy disposition, and always amused himself after dark by singing, if such a discordant guttural noise as proceeded from his throat could be so called.

The Indians are very particular in never allowing any hair to grow upon their faces, and those who have been able to obtain a pair of tweezers invariably carry them about, and are constantly, with them, hunting for refractory hairs on their eyebrows and upper lips. The Cheyennes and Tonkewas carry this fashion to such a height that they go so far as to pluck out their eyelashes: this custom is followed by both sexes.

Our poor squaw was continually at work the whole time we were away, cutting up the buffalo meat in long thin strips for winter use. These strips are spread out on the grass, bushes, or trees, until completely dried by the sun. This forms their chief staple of food, and can be eaten either cooked or not. In this shape it is called "jerked" meat. When chopped up into small portions like mincemeat, and mixed with suet, it is called "pemmican." An Indian's summer residence consists of branches of trees, generally the willow, stuck into the ground and bent over towards each other to form an arch. Skins are then thrown over, which afford a very good protection from either the rain or the heat of the sun. It is seldom they put themselves to the trouble of carrying their lodges about during the summer hunting campaign.

One of the most obnoxious creatures to be found on the prairies is the skunk. It is a small animal, not larger than a domestic cat, of a black and white colour, and has a large bushy tail. It is carnivorous, and supposed to be nocturnal in its habits. It has frequently been known to enter a tent in which men are sleeping, and deliberately set to work to satisfy its appetite by making a feast off one of the sleepers, who will only wake up to the horror of his situation after having been severely bitten. The bite would perhaps be unimportant in itself, but unfortunately that terrible disease, hydrophobia, is almost sure to result. Colonel

Dodge, in his interesting account of "Camp Life," states that in one year, whilst stationed at Fort Dodge, sixteen cases of skunk-bite were reported to him, all of which terminated fatally! The only case, happening at another time, from which the patient recovered, is so graphically described by him that I have taken the liberty of copying it, thinking it may interest those who perhaps have never even heard of this dreadful little animal. During a scouting expedition in 1872, two men were sleeping in an ordinary "A" tent. One "dreamed that he was being eaten up by some animal, but a sort of nightmare prevented his moving. After some time, however, the pain and horror together woke him up to find a skunk eating his hand. With a cry and sudden effort he threw the animal from him. It struck the other side of the tent and fell upon the other man, who waked up, and, recognising the intruder, rushed out of the tent. The bitten man, who had heard of the surely fatal result of skunk-bite, was so paralyzed with fear and horror that he made no effort to get up, and, seeing the skunk come towards him again, buried himself in the blankets. The skunk walked all over him, apparently seeking for an opening, and, finding none, began to scratch the blankets as if trying to dig out his victim. The mental position of this poor fellow can be better imagined than described. In the meantime the other man had loosened the tent-pins and lifted up one side of the tent, letting in the moonlight; then pelting the animal with sticks from a distance, at last frightened it so that it ran off into the deep dark bank of the river."

This terrible little animal is, so far as anything serious is concerned, only to be dreaded at night time after the wearied hunter or soldier has retired to rest. It, however, also possesses another very formidable weapon of both offence and defence, with which it can reach its foe at a distance of fully ten yards. This is its power to emit the most horrible odour, so offensive as to drive away almost any enemy, especially those possessing sensitive and acute olfactory organs. This scent proceeds from a liquid secretion which the animal is able to eject, with some force, with its tail. The odour is so strong and so penetrating that it taints everything on which it may fall. It is even asserted that if it touches the eye it will deprive it of sight! On several evenings, whilst talking over the events of the day round our camp fire, were we compelled to seek the refuge of our tent, and then, after

securing the entrance in such a way as to prevent the entry of such a disagreeable nocturnal visitor, roll ourselves, noses and all, in our buffalo robes, and endeavour to escape from the disgusting effluvia.

The wolves were also, at night-time, a source of great annoyance, in consequence of the almost ceaseless howling with which they favoured us. From the noise coming from all quarters of our camp, we appeared to be surrounded by an immense pack of these cowardly prowling brutes. They invariably commenced their concert at dusk, when one would utter a long melancholy wail, which would be immediately taken up by others, until their howling resounded on all sides. Midnight and daybreak were also favourite times for these beasts to tune up; but they were seldom heard the whole night through. The amount of fresh meat hanging up in camp was, in all probability, the cause of their making night hideous by their unearthly noise. Sometimes, during the day, we would have an exciting and successful chase after one of these animals with our greyhounds; they were rarely brought to bay until they had furnished us with a good long run. They were excessively wary, and would seldom allow us to approach within two or three hundred yards. There are two kinds of wolves to be found on the prairies—the large grey wolf, and the smaller one more generally known as the coyote.

A very short time ago it was discovered that a good market could be obtained for the skins of these animals, the former fetching as high a price as \$3 each, whilst \$1½ was given for a skin of the latter. To procure them the buffalo hunters resorted to a very ingenious method, for, as I have before said, they are excessively shy and difficult to capture.

Their plan was to kill a buffalo—wolves are always to be found following the herds in great numbers; they would then cut open the carcass, and, taking out the entrails, would place small portions on little wooden pegs driven into the ground in a circle round the dead buffalo. On the underneath part of these morsels strychnine had been smeared. The wolves, attracted by the blood and the smell of the dead animal, would quickly approach, and on reaching the dainty bits would devour them greedily, and almost instantly expire. I was informed that as many as twenty-five and thirty dead wolves had been found in the morning in a circle round a trap baited as I have described. It is a curious fact that the same carcass will not do for a second day,

but a fresh buffalo must be killed to insure success.

There is rather an amusing story told of the Comanche Indians, who, before surrendering to the United States Government, used to inhabit the western plains of Texas. Some few years ago they made a raid into Mexico on one of their usual thieving and pillaging expeditions. Whilst travelling through a rather extensive cane-brake they caught sight of what they supposed was one of the inhabitants. But, although he was very diminutive, he exhibited great nimbleness and activity, and for a long time eluded all their attempts to seize him, occasionally running up trees and escaping at the very moment when capture was considered inevitable. At length one of the warriors succeeded in lassoing this native, when, much to the surprise of the Comanches, they found he was covered with hair! On being brought before the chief he was questioned as to where horses could be obtained, and other interrogatories of the like description were put to him; but he did nothing but grin and chatter in a senseless manner, which so enraged the chief that he ordered him to be put to death, and, I presume, scalped! The unfortunate "native" proved to be a large monkey indigenous to Mexico!—not very flattering to the Mexican nation!

On our return journey we recrossed the North Fork of the Red River in the immediate vicinity of the Wichita Mountains, and pitched our camp at the base of Mount Webster, a "very prominent and symmetrical mountain, which can be seen at a distance of twenty miles." The waters of the Red Fork had, in consequence of two days' rainfall, risen to such an extent that we were compelled to swim our horses across, but fortunately succeeded, after a time, in finding a less deep place where the waggons could be brought over.

Our tents were pitched in a most picturesque and romantic-looking glade, at the

mouth of a narrow defile through the mountains, the latter rising to a height of several hundred feet on either side of us. Here, again, we were able to indulge in the luxury of good water, a delicious pure stream of which, issuing from the granite rocks of the mountains, played and sparkled down the gorge until the pure pellucid element, murmuring past our camp, lost itself in the muddy turbid waters of the North Fork.

It was here we saw our first and only bear; but, although we had a tremendously hard climb and scramble over the huge rough boulders which form such a prominent feature in the formation of the Wichita Mountains, Master Bruin never even gave us the chance of a shot, skedaddling over the hills as fast as his legs could carry him.

As the month of December approached we experienced, especially during the nights, excessively cold weather. The prairie over which we journeyed was frozen as hard as a macadamized road, and the ice, on many of the ponds, was sufficiently strong to bear the weight of ourselves and horses as we rode over. During the day, also, we felt the cold intensely; for on the western plains a breeze invariably springs up shortly after sunrise, generally from the southward, and continues until sunset, rising and subsiding with the greatest regularity; this made the cold all the more appreciable, and compelled us several times during the day to dismount and walk by the side of our horses, in order to restore the impeded circulation of our blood. When the work of the day was over, which with us meant about ten hours in the saddle, it was a very delightful feeling to get off our horses, and, stretching our wearied forms at full length before a blazing wood fire, watch the cook completing his culinary operations, with a pleasing conviction that when he had finished we were perfectly prepared to do justice to his labours, and that the quicker he was the better we should be pleased.

(To be continued.)

THE WHITBY CONFERENCE.

Rome or Iona?

ONE day in the summer or autumn of the year 664, there was much coming and going about the great monastery on the cliffs which, shining white amidst the sombre ramparts of the Yorkshire coast, mark the *embouchure* of the Esk. The place got its name of Whitby, "white dwelling," from the

Danes; but in those earlier days was called Streaneschalch, the Isle of the Beacon, from the lighthouse which the abbess had erected on the stormy coast. The abbess was Saint Hilda, of the royal family of Deira, who after a girlhood spent in exile, and amid the perils and convulsions that abounded in the Eng-

land of the seventh century, had dedicated herself to God as a nun, and had ultimately founded this monastery in 658. It soon became frequented and famous under her wise and winning rule.

According to the common Celtic usage the monastery afforded religious shelter to both monk and nun, dwelling in houses adjacent yet apart, but owning the one common authority of the abbess. She had governed her twofold community for about six years, when King Oswy of Northumbria proposed to hold under her roof the conference which, he hoped, might adjust the differences between the rules and usages of Rome and those of Iona. Hilda acquiesced; and the king arrived at Whitby to preside in the assembly, accompanied by Alchfrid his son, followed by Bishop Colman from Lindisfarne, and a great company of the Celtic clergy; while the Roman party were led by Agilbert, formerly Bishop of Wessex, but now the friend and companion of Alchfrid, by the young Wilfrid, and by two aged priests, in one of whom the spectators recognised James the deacon, who alone of all the Christian clergy had stood fast by his post at York, when Paulinus the bishop and all the rest fled southward before the heathen Penda, who had slain King Edwin and embroiled his kingdom, some thirty years before.

What then were the questions which the conference was to settle?

The chief question was about the time for keeping the festival of Easter.

There was a minor one about the tonsure, which was not seriously discussed at all. But more was at issue than was involved in any dispute about Easter or the tonsure.

In describing the causes that led up to the Crimean War, Mr. Kinglake says, in his picturesque fashion, "a crowd of monks, with bare foreheads, stood quarrelling for a key at the sunny gates of a church in Palestine; but beyond and above, towering high in the misty north, men saw the ambition of the Czars." So too, behind whatever question might be mooted in Hilda's hall at Whitby, lurked the Roman ambition of absolute power and Catholic uniformity, and the Celtic narrowness of view and fidelity to its own tradition.

In order to understand the position of affairs, we must cast our eye back to an earlier stage of British history. That Christianity was introduced into Britain, and obtained a wide sway during the Roman domination, is beyond doubt. British bishops sat in the councils of Arles, of Sardica, and

of Rimini, in the fourth century. After the withdrawal of the Roman legions, however, by Constantine, in the beginning of the fifth century, darkness fell upon the British Church, and the land was given over to violence and disorder—

"When the Roman left us, and their law
Relaxed its hold upon us, and the ways
Were filled with rapine."

The invasions of the heathen Saxons followed; and by the time that Gregory the Great saw the captive "Angli" in the slave-market at Rome, all traces of the early Christianity of Britain had disappeared, except where a few still lingered among the fastnesses of Cornwall and Wales. Everybody knows the often-repeated story of Gregory's pious pun, "Non Angli, sed Angeli," and of the resolve he formed to send a mission to the native island of these comely pagans. The mission was dispatched from Rome with Augustine at its head, and landed in the Isle of Thanet in the autumn of the year 596. Bertha, daughter of Charibert, King of Paris, and wife of Ethelbert, King of Kent, was a Christian, and through her influences the missionaries obtained a settlement and a church at Canterbury, and finally gained over to the true faith the King and his people. From Kent the message of the Cross was borne into the neighbouring kingdom of Essex, and ultimately penetrated to Northumbria, the northernmost of the Saxon kingdoms. A daughter of Ethelbert married Edwin, the Northumbrian king, and was accompanied to her new home by the bishop Paulinus, who founded and filled the see of York. It was at the council called by Edwin to hear the bishop's exposition of his faith that an aged thane contributed to the debate a short and touching apologue, which, often as it has been quoted, is too beautiful and characteristic to be passed by. "When, O King! you and your ministers and warriors are seated at table, in the winter, and the fire burns brightly on the hearth, perchance a sparrow, chased by the wind and snow, enters at one door of the hall and escapes by the other. Whilst it is within, it enjoys the warmth and light; but immediately vanishes from your sight, returning from one winter to another. So does this life of ours appear for a little while; but of what went before or what is to follow we know nothing. If, therefore, the new religion offers us here any certain knowledge, it deserves that we should follow it." "Such-like discourses," says the Venerable Bede, "the other elders and king's counsellors, by

Divine inspiration, advanced ;" and the result was that Northumbria too became, in name at least, one of the kingdoms of the Lord and of His Christ. But the triumph of the gospel, founded, as such triumphs in England then generally were, not so much on the convictions of the people as on the will of the king, was short-lived. In October, 633, Edwin went out to battle against Caedwalla, King of the Britons, and Penda, King of Mercia, the latter the fiercest and most powerful of the heathen Saxons. Edwin was slain, and his widow with her children, along with Paulinus, fled to her father's kingdom of Kent. The nascent Christianity of Northumbria disappeared, and the tide of evangelization rolled backwards towards the south.

During the seventeen years of Edwin's reign, his nephew Oswald, who was the rightful heir of the Northumbrian dynasty, had lived in exile among the Scots. He resolved now to strike a blow for the recovery of his rights. With a small but chosen band, of whom only a few were Christians like himself, he encountered, near Hexham, the hosts of the Britons who had overrun Northumbria, and utterly defeated them. Their leader fell; and they, quitting all their positions, fled westward, till they had placed the Severn, like a moat, between them and the possibility of pursuit. Northumbria welcomed Oswald to its throne; and the realm, consolidated under his sway, became the head of the whole Heptarchy.

During his Scottish exile, Oswald had been admitted to the Church by the monks of Iona; and on the eve of his decisive battle the great Columba had appeared to him, in a vision, and promised him the victory. It was not unnatural that, seeking ministers of the Word who should anew plant the Church in Northumbria, he should appeal to those who were his own spiritual fathers, the successors of the great Abbot of Iona. The appeal was heard, and the Celtic Church prepared itself to occupy the new field opened to its missionary enterprise by the military success of its royal disciple. But "the first effort of their zeal," says Montalembert, "was not fortunate. Their first representative seems to have been animated by that spirit of pedantic rigour, by that stubborn and intolerant austerity, which have often shown themselves in the national character of the Scots, along with Christian devotion and self-denial, and which culminated in the too-celebrated Puritans."

His name was Cormac; and after a futile attempt to gain an influence over the Angles,

he returned to Iona to report his failure. As he recounted to the assembled fraternity his experiences and disappointment, a voice from among them exclaimed, "Brother, the fault was yours. You exacted from the barbarians more than their weakness could bear. You should first have stooped to their ignorance, and then have raised their minds to the Divine maxims of the gospel." The voice was Aidan's. His brethren recognised in him the man for the emergency. He was at once consecrated as missionary bishop of Northumbria, and dispatched to the south, along with a company of assistant monks. With a touching remembrance of his island-home in the Hebrides, he established his dwelling, his Church, his monastic discipline and order, on the Isle of Lindisfarne, which, under his apostolic ministry, became "the Iona of the Anglo-Saxons."

From this centre the evangelical fervour of the Celtic bishop and his monks, aided by the influential zeal of the king, carried the doctrines and rites of Christianity far and wide over the north of England. But Oswald was soon cut off. The terrible old pagan, Penda, again waged war against Northumbria; and on the 5th of August, 642, Oswald fell in battle, crying, as he fell, "Deus, miserere animabus," "My God, save their souls." Disaster, divided succession, war, and confusion followed; but still the Cross made way.

Aidan too died; but a new bishop from Iona replaced him, St. Finan; and again on his death, after a ten years' episcopate, that nursery of apostles sent forth Colman to fill his vacant place. By this time Oswy, the brother of Oswald, was on the throne; and the kingdoms of Northumbria, of Essex, and of Mercia had been evangelized by the Celtic monks of the Columban order. The Roman mission, which had won Kent, had since that first conquest been comparatively ineffective. The Celtic mission, of which Iona was the birthplace, Lindisfarne the head-quarters, and Aidan the leading spirit, had for years been the really active and aggressive Christian influence in almost every region of England, except Kent and the distant south and west.

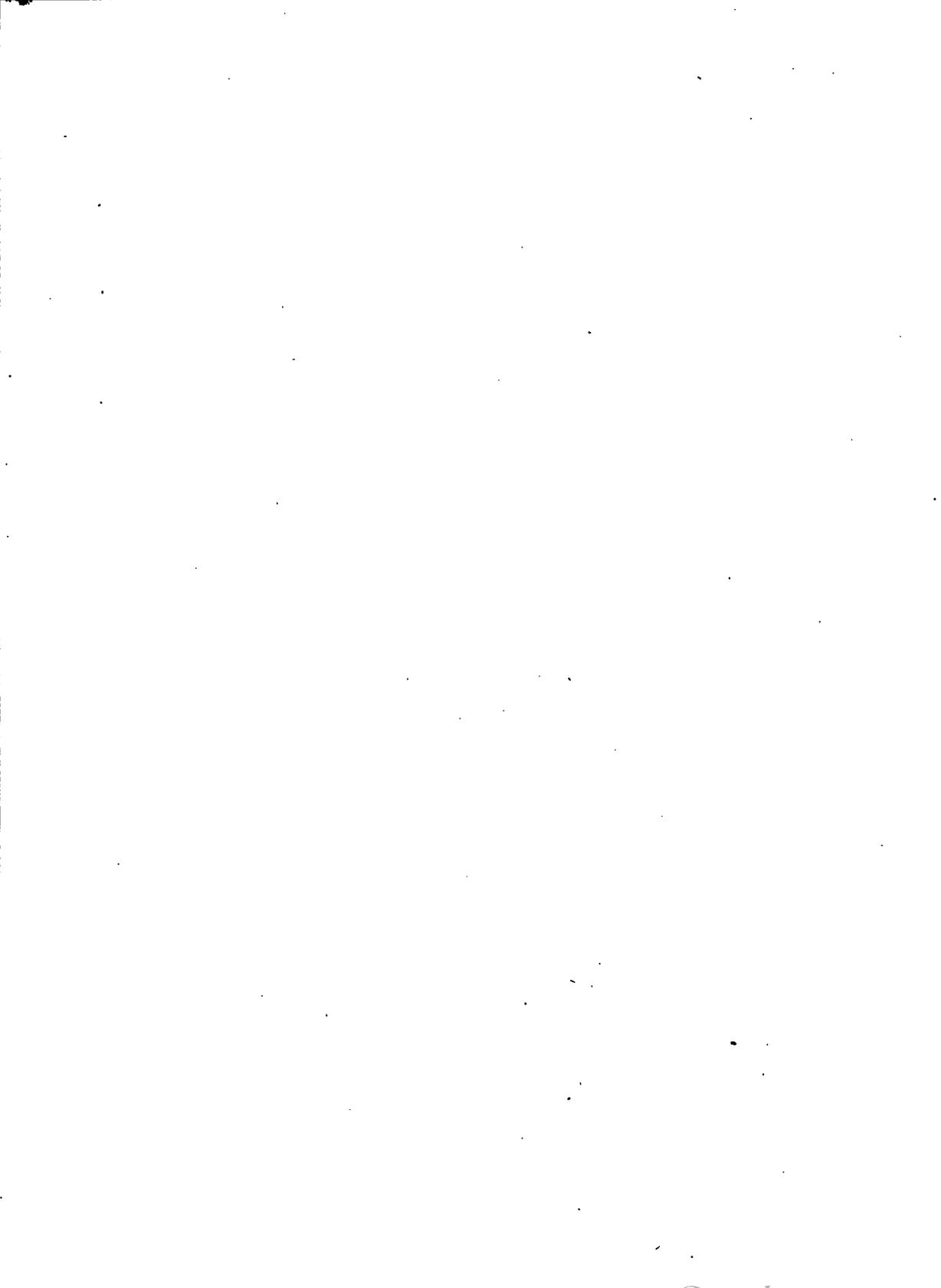
The time of Roman revival and renewed organization had now, however, arrived, and the man who was to rule the movement had appeared. He was a young Northumbrian noble of the name of Wilfrid. When yet in his teens he had chosen the monastic life, and had entered Aidan's monastery at Lindisfarne. While learning there the discipline

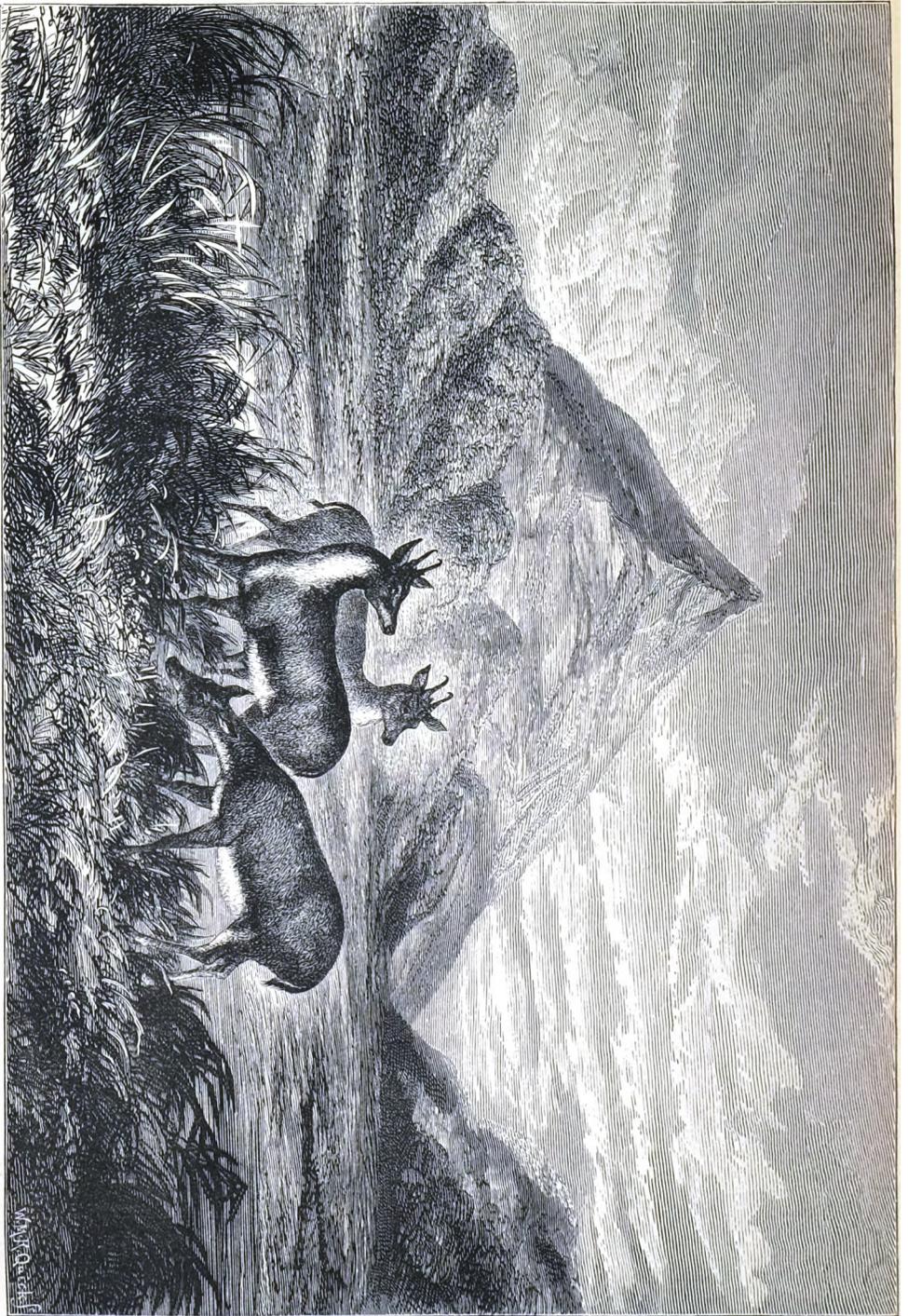
of the order and the rites of the Church, according to the usages of the Columban brotherhood, it dawned upon him that there was an older centre of ecclesiastical authority than Iona, and that, in some respects, the traditions of Rome differed from those which Columba had brought with him from Ireland to his island sanctuary. He quitted Lindisfarne and made his way to the eternal city, where he acquired a full knowledge of the usages from which the Celtic Church diverged, obtained the blessing of the Pope, and returned to England, bearing in the Roman tonsure, which he had adopted, the visible badge of his conviction of the just supremacy of the Papal See. Alchfrid, son of Oswy, had, in the year 658, been associated with his father in the government of his kingdom. On hearing of Wilfrid's return from abroad, he sent for him. Alchfrid's father, Oswy, had been instructed by the Scottish monks; but his mother, Eanfleda, daughter of Edwin, had been trained by Paulinus the Roman, and the young prince, as was to be expected, was more inclined to the religious observances and beliefs of his mother than to those of his sire. He lent a willing ear to Wilfrid's teaching, and turning the Celtic monks out of the monastery which he had founded at Ripon, he installed his tutor in their room. In this place of power, Wilfrid began openly and eagerly to urge the rules of Rome and to preach the duty of Catholic uniformity.

The conflict between Rome and Iona, Ripon and Lindisfarne, soon became general and violent, and at last, at the summons of King Oswy, the representatives of the two great parties came to Whitby to fight it out. The question of the tonsure was not mooted, though it had stirred keen enough feeling. The tonsure had originated with the first cenobites of the East, who had shaved their heads in token, according to Oriental custom, of humiliation and affliction. When monasticism spread, and monks came to fill the highest offices in the Church, the practice of shaving the head continued, though its origin was lost sight of; and as clerical garb and usage acquired individuality, the tonsure became one of the marks of the sacerdotal order. But the Oriental "clean shave" was not observed in the West. The priests of Rome shaved only the crown of the head; those of the Celtic Church shaved the forehead in a wide circle from ear to ear. The Romans said their practice came down to them from Simon Peter, and that the practice of the Celts had come down from Simon

Magus. But bitter and personal as was the feeling upon this knotty point, the attention of the Conference was concentrated upon the more urgent difficulty of the Easter celebration, and it seems to have been understood that the decision upon it would rule that upon any other matter in dispute.

The early Eastern Christians used to celebrate Easter on the day of the Hebrew Passover, which was held on the fourteenth of the first Jewish month. The Western Churches celebrated it on the Sunday following the day of the Passover. The Council of Nice decided in favour of this usage; and those who, in spite of the decision, still adhered to the fourteenth were considered heretical, and went by the name of "Quartodecimans," or *Fourteenthers*. It was not upon this point, however, that the dispute at Whitby turned. The Celts were not Quartodecimans. They simply were, like the Russians at the present day, wedded to the "Old Style," and prejudiced against the New. The New Style had been adopted by the Roman Church about the middle of the sixth century, at a time when the Christians of Britain were almost wholly cut off, through their local and domestic troubles, from intercourse with the Churches of the Continent. Isolated communities, whether ecclesiastical or social, become bound to their own forms and traditions; and when that intercourse began to be renewed, the Celts were not disposed to give in to what they considered a Roman novelty. It had been determined by the Council of Nice that the astronomers of Alexandria should make the necessary computation for fixing the date on which, in each year, the Easter festival should occur, and should intimate the result to the Roman pontiff, who, in turn, should notify it to the remoter Churches. This plan, however, did not work well. The Romans questioned the accuracy of the Egyptian calculations, and frequently departed from them; and it was not until after nearly two hundred years of divergency and dispute that the uniform method of reckoning was adopted which is still in force, and which restricts the paschal celebration to the interval between the 22nd of March and the 25th of April. To this method the Celts did not conform; and as a consequence their Easter, from time to time, fell on another day than that on which the Roman churches were celebrating it. A variety in practice is often felt to be more intolerable than a divergence in doctrine, and King Oswy, no doubt, was irritated and annoyed when, in the midst of the festivity





MOUNT WEBSTER—YE GRACEFUL ANTELOPE.

and gladness of his Celtic Easter, he saw his queen, with all her court, still practising the fasts and austerities of her Roman Lent. Personal feeling, family unity, social order, as well as religious prejudice, were involved in this Easter question, which was now to be decided.

King Oswy presided in the conference. In those days there were no troublesome theories of Church and State. The Church strove to imbue the whole people with Christian faith and order, and accepted, without scruple, whatever help in this work "the secular arm" could bring. So King Oswy "took the chair," as of right, and called on his bishop, Colman, to open the debate. Cedd, bishop of the East Saxons, was to act as interpreter for the Celts, who did not understand Latin or the Anglo-Saxon tongue; and Wilfrid was to speak on behalf of the Anglo-Saxons, as Bishop Agilbert possessed their language but indifferently,—having, indeed, lost his diocese of Wessex because King Cenwalch, to whom he preached, could not understand his Latin, and the bishop could not deliver a sermon in Saxon. "We all," said Oswy, "serve one God, and should observe one rule of life; and as we all expect one kingdom of heaven, we ought not to differ in the celebration of the Divine mysteries, but rather to inquire which is the truest tradition, that we all may follow it." The debate then proceeded between Colman and Wilfrid; the one founding his argument on the personal usage of his predecessors, and the peculiar tradition of the Celtic Church, derived, as he maintained, from St. John; the other on the Catholic practice of all other churches, and the authority of St. Peter, the prince of the apostles, and of St. Paul, the Apostle of the Gentiles. The argument was not on either side very logical or cogent; but on Colman's it scarcely moved from the austere and tenacious assertion of the obligation of the example of St. John and the holy abbot Columba. In the true spirit of ecclesiastical conservatism and Celtic clansmanship, his key-note was, "We cannot change the customs of our fathers." "Can we admit," he demanded, "that our most venerable father Columba and his successors, men beloved of God, have acted contrary to the Divine word?" "Beloved of God, I doubt not," replied Wilfrid, "and serving Him in their rustic simplicity, with pious hearts; and because knowing no better, sinning not in keeping Easter on a wrong day. But as little do I doubt that if a Catholic calculator had come to them, they would have followed his

admonitions as readily as they are known to have kept those commandments of God which they believed to have come to them from Him. But you, who now know the decrees of the Apostolic See—nay, of the Catholic Church—sin inasmuch as you refuse to obey." "And as to Columba, holy as he was," said Wilfrid, perhaps unwittingly clinching the argument, "is he to be preferred to the most blessed prince of the apostles, to whom our Lord said, 'Thou art Peter; and upon this rock I will build my Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it; and to thee I will give the keys of the Kingdom of Heaven?'" "Colman," said Oswy, turning to the Celtic bishop, "is it true that these words were spoken to Peter by our Lord?" "It is true, O king!" confessed Colman. "Can you show any such power given to your Columba?" was the next question. "No," said Colman. "Do you both agree then," pursued Oswy, "that these words were addressed specially to Peter, and that the keys of heaven were given to him by our Lord?" "We do," was the answer of both. "Then," said the king, "I too say he is the doorkeeper, whom I will in nowise contradict, but in all things, so far as I know and am able, will obey; lest when I come to the door of the heavenly kingdom, there should be none to open it for me, he being my adversary who is proved to have the keys."

"The whole assembly," says Bede, "assented to the royal decision." The clergy and the laity, nobles and commoners, with uplifted hands accepted and confirmed the sentence.

The Celtic Easter was doomed. On this quaint notion of King Oswy's, suggested by the most unspiritual interpretation of our Lord's language, hinged the future of the British Church. The great wave of Celtic influence, which, rolling down from Iona to Lindisfarne, and swelled by another current spreading outward from Bangor on the Dee, had well-nigh submerged all England, was stemmed at Whitby. It was long ere it wholly receded; but the retrocession began here. Cedd conformed to the Roman order, and returned to his bishopric at London; but Colman, true to the traditions of Columba, and too proud to change, quitted Lindisfarne for ever, and taking with him the bones of Aidan, went back disconsolate and defeated to Iona. With him the Celtic independence and individuality, that had broadly stamped the religion of England with its own character, retired towards the North, henceforth destined to recede ever,

farther and farther before the Anglo-Roman advance, until every vestige of the early Scottish peculiarities had vanished and the Culdees had become but a memory and a name.

While Colman shrank away into obscurity, Wilfrid withdrew from the conference to enter on a conspicuous but stormy career of forty years, in which he was to be the champion of the Papal See, and through many apostolic labours, ecclesiastical strifes, civil discords, and personal vicissitudes, to extend and consolidate the Anglo-Saxon Church, under the broad uniformity and discipline of Rome. "England owed it to him," says Montalembert in the noble eulogy he has pronounced on one whom he evidently held in highest honour among his heroes of the Church, "that she was not only Christian, but Catholic, Apostolic, and Roman. No other Anglo-Saxon exercised a more decisive

and more sovereign influence on the destinies of his race."

That Wilfrid's work deserves our grateful memory is undeniable. Great as were the later corruptions of the Church of Rome, and injurious as were the tendencies of the Papal dominion, the union of the mediæval Anglo-Saxon Church with Rome aided the development of the national character and power of England, as the predominance of the Celtic Church, with its tribal peculiarities, its narrowness, and intensity, its lack of central authority and unifying influence, could never have done. Among the forces that have moulded Anglo-Saxon life and character, St. Wilfrid claims a foremost place. The ruins of the Norman Abbey, which occupy the site of Hilda's monastery, and crown the cliff above the gay and busy town of Whitby, form one of the most noteworthy landmarks in the history of England.

R. H. STORY.

WAR.

A Sermon by the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Rochester.

"And he that hath no sword, let him sell his garment, and buy one."—LUKE xxii. 36.

THE air has been thick with war. For months past there have come across the Alps to our quiet island the confused noise of the warrior, and the sharp battle cry, and the dull moan of the wounded, and the voice of Rachel weeping for her children. One day the sky clears, only for it to be overcast the next. Hope strangely oscillates with fear. The wisest man is he who predicts nothing. Worst of all, a slow match has all this time been burning in Europe, and any day an explosion may shake the air, and set half the world in flames. We hope, but that is, as yet, all.

And this being an age when nations make war as well as princes, when even for their own interests it behoves those who are as yet but bystanders and spectators in a great conflict to meditate on the ways of God with men, and to see that He is always a God who judgeth the earth, be the people never so unquiet, it cannot be quite inopportune for a minister of the gospel of peace to offer to his brethren some reflections on a subject that comes right home to every thoughtful and patriotic heart, to try to find a reply to some of the blunt questions, impatiently, nay, sometimes bitterly asked, as to why the world has war at all.

Which questions chiefly resolve themselves into these two:—

How is it that Christianity has failed in preventing war? How is it that the Church is so often silent about it—when she speaks, speaks wrong?

For surely (men reason) if there is one thing more than another that the Prince of Peace might have been expected to do, it is that of making war to cease throughout the world, of breaking the bow and burning the chariot in the fire. If there is one thing more than another that He pressed on men's consciences till they were weary of hearing it, it was, "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself."

And yet in the end of the days, so far from wars being fewer or smaller, our own corner of this redeemed earth is steadily becoming a sort of armed camp; and the man who can invent a new gun or war-ship is decorated and rewarded, just as if he had discovered a new remedy for some incurable disease or had made life easier for the poor.

As for the Church (men go on to say), her silence might be thought but a coward's baseness, if it was *only* silence; but it is too often *her* voice that stirs the passion of war, *her* prayers that encourage men to presume

that the God of battles is on their side, when guided by the banners which she blesses, and aided by the funds which she compels. Ever since the splendid mistake of the Crusades she has been given up to a reprobate mind about it. Sometimes she has made war on her own account, as if she was but a kingdom of this world. On other occasions, while affecting to be neutral, and to belong to neither side, she is practically on both sides, without any consciousness of hollow-ness or treachery; and instead of sternly excommunicating both sets of combatants alike for committing murder in the name of the Lord, she blesses both and sanctifies their bloodshed.

Now, I pray you not to say that this bitter and passionate invective can have no sort of reason in it. The human heart has always some logic behind it, and very terrible logic too. We ought to hate war. We none of us hate it or fear it half enough. It *is* an anomaly. It *is* a disappointment. It *is* a reproach that the kingdom of love and peace should be no nearer than before Christ was born. If you and I were suffering from war at our own doors, instead of reading about it in the newspapers under the trees, probably our hearts would kindle with a fiercer indignation than now. The boys who cry out for war are usually those who don't know the thing they cry for. Old soldiers know better; for when once they have seen war, and ridden across a single battle-field, though war is their trade and their life, they shudder at it, and go sadly and slowly to it as to a mournful necessity. I repeat it: if you and I could spend but one short week in one of those Bulgarian valleys, it would give us the heart-ache till we die. Nevertheless, to think is quite as much our duty as to feel; to think calmly and steadily and clearly, as to feel strongly and passionately and indignantly. If it is the heart that makes the first rush into action, it is the reason that steadies and controls it afterwards. Men cannot live long at fever-heat, and the reaction of mere impulse is sure to be full of shame.

Let us now briefly examine two fairly sufficient sources of practical guidance in this matter: the *mind of God*, and the *voice of reason*.

The mind of God is sufficiently to be discovered from His ACTS and His WORDS. As to His ACTS. War is indisputably a main instrument of His Providence: nay, one of His own inspired servants does not scruple to say of Him, that "He is a man of war, and the Lord of Hosts is His name." By

war He planted His chosen people in the land of Canaan; by war He alternately humbled and strengthened them, sent them into captivity, and finally crushed them under the iron heel of Rome. In the Old Testament, whenever the cloud of war darkens the sky, the fingers of the Divine Hand interpret its meaning. Darius the Mede is but His servant when Babylon is taken. Pharaoh and his host are buried in the depths of the sea, when the Lord gets Him honour upon his chariots and horsemen.

Nor is there any sort of divergence between His acts and His words. It is perfectly true, that nowhere in Holy Scripture is war forbidden by God. It is quite as true that it is constantly anticipated as a mournful necessity, threatened as a Divine chastisement, pressed as an inevitable evil, commanded as a stern duty. Here and there, no doubt, in some of the glowing visions of the millennial time, the enraptured bard sings of a coming kingdom, when wars shall cease through all the world, when the leopard shall lie down with the kid, and the lion eat straw like the ox. But it is all in the far-off distance, a commingling of earth and heaven, in the happy time, not come as yet, when the Church and the world shall be a united family. Prophecy, on its other side, rings into our startled ears, "Prepare for war, wake up the mighty men; beat your ploughshares into swords: let the weak say, I am strong." How, once more, does Isaiah close his grand pæan of Messiah's kingdom? "For by fire and by His sword will the Lord plead with all flesh, and the slain of the Lord shall be many."

But *Christ!* Surely, "if a man be in Christ, he is a new creature; old things are passed away, and all things are become new;" and among the old things passed away, may we not with reason expect to see the bitter wrongs of war?

No doubt He told men not to resist evil; no doubt the entire and uniform tendencies of His lofty and tender morality are to make war detestable and impossible *for the hearts that receive it*; no doubt for Him, the one end of whose incarnation was and is to make the race one in Himself, war is still an unspeakable and ever fresh anguish; no doubt, not only in His own words, but in those of His servants, what makes and perpetuates war is solemnly and indignantly denounced. "Whence come wars and fightings among you; come they not hence, even of your lusts that war in your members? Ye lust and have not; ye kill and desire to

have, and cannot obtain ; ye fight and war, yet ye have not." But here we must stop. The awful mystery that meets us everywhere, both in Scripture and in daily life, about everything, meets us here, too, about war. That the will of man can resist the righteousness of God ! What Christ desired and what He commanded, and what His servants in His name desired and commanded, is one thing ; what He expected to see and obtain is another. And His own heart was not too hopeful about it. To His disciples He said, as the inevitable result of His own teaching, "I came not to send peace upon the earth, but a sword." As He sat on Olivet, the week of His passion, no august hopes of a kingdom of peace soothed his redeeming sorrow. "Nation shall rise against nation, and kingdom against kingdom. Ye shall hear of wars and rumours of wars ; see that ye be not troubled ; all these are the beginning of sorrows." In the text, so far from forbidding war under all circumstances, He sanctions the needful preparation for it ; nay, He makes a sword of more moment than a garment. Though, to be sure, at the prompt reply that they had two swords, it struck Him how uselessly one was presently to be used in His defence, and how many more swords there were then in the world, and always would be, than were needed. "Lord, here are two swords ; and He said, It is enough." The final revelation immediately before the last judgment lifts up the curtain of the future on a doomed world—and what is the picture ? Of happy families, sitting every one under his vine and under his fig-tree, with no one to make them afraid ? No, not yet. "I saw heaven opened, and behold a white horse ; and He that sat upon him was called Faithful and True : and in righteousness He doth judge and make war. And He was clothed with a vesture dipped in blood ; and His name is called the Word of God."

Hooker has said (and the quotation has often been made before) that where Scripture is silent on any special point of conduct or morals, it is not therefore to be inferred that the question is one of no moment, or a question about which, as incapable to consider it, we are forbidden to judge for ourselves. Rather, that God has left it for us to decide in our own way ; and that way is the light of Reason.

What has Reason to say about War ? Among other things these :

That war, looking at it abstractedly, and quite apart from its immediate motives, is

(as Professor Mozley has put it) the only possible final court of appeal for nations, the only quite sufficient way in which one people in relation to another people can protect its rights, avenge its injuries, and assert its dignity. It is in point of fact a court of law, and the only possible one, unless the world is to go back to the condition of the Roman Empire, and become a congeries of dependent states under one supreme master, who shall settle all disputes as they arise by the fiat of his own will. Individuals cannot be permitted to settle their difficulties by the sword. A court of justice is their battlefield, and it is better for both of them, and for society, that it should be so. But who is to compel one nation to accept another nation's opinion of the rights of its cause, however attractive the doctrine may be, that it ought to do so ? Claiming to understand its own case better than a stranger, it claims also the right of protecting its rights in the best way it can ; and, alas ! no Peace Society has ever yet succeeded in convincing mankind at large that arbitration is more satisfactory than war.

It comes, roughly, to this. Christianity accepts as a fact the distribution of the world into nations, accepts with the fact the other circumstances of the case, and the laws out of which the circumstances spring. It also makes the best of what it finds, and instead of refusing to do anything because it can do nothing, and without for one moment surrendering the grand hope of some day being able to extinguish selfishness by love, tries what is immediately practicable ; and, in the considerable mitigation of the horrors of war, in the gradual elevation of public opinion about it, has not, we dare to say, utterly failed. When we come further to consider the objects of war, Reason invited to hold the balances, and to give judgment, consents, but diffidently, and hardly expecting to be heard.

There is war in *self-defence* ; a kind of war that instantly recommends itself both to the heart and conscience of mankind. The burning of Moscow has not yet ceased to strike the imagination of the world as a nation's grandest protest against an insolent tyranny ; and, what is still more to the purpose, a successful one. Even here, however, the rule is not absolute. In the time of Zedekiah it was Israel's duty not to draw the sword in defence of Zion, but to sheathe it. When Titus encamped on Scopus, and surrounded the city over which Jesus had wept in vain, God was on the side of the invaders

and against the invaded. Jerusalem was to be trodden down by the Gentiles until the times of the Gentiles should be fulfilled.

There are wars of *independence*, when a nation strikes a quick and hard and noble blow for her liberties; wars about which it is usually hard to know at the moment if they are justifiable, since only success can justify them: made too soon, or with inadequate provision, they provoke a terrible revenge; retard, it may be for a generation, the cause at heart, and sometimes set the houses of neighbours on fire. That great republic on the other side of the Atlantic fought out her freedom; who in England grudges it her now?

There are wars for *civil and religious liberty*. All the world knows of those wars; England has felt the keen agony of them, today enjoys the happy result of them. They are grand objects to fight for; if anything deserves blood, and pain, and life, liberty does. Here, too, selfishness sometimes flings up the soiled cap of liberty to get a share of the spoils in the general scramble. If by waiting a few years you can secure liberty in the end without fighting for it, pause before you make wives widows and children orphans before the time.

Wars of *conquest* are sometimes utterly unprincipled, sometimes the inevitable result of circumstances which no one can control, and which simply prevent greater evils that would otherwise be sure to happen. The great wars of Napoleon were, as most men now admit, the unprincipled efforts of an indisputable but perverted genius, blinded by what he called glory, to take from other nations what properly belonged to them, simply to make an empire for himself. Our own Indian empire, stained as it has been in the past by crime, and by a policy so shamelessly of this world that few of the natives consent to credit us with the belief in a God at all, has been very much forced on us by the power of circumstances; and were we to resign India to-morrow, the result might be a hideous anarchy that would make a kind of hell.

Once more, there are wars, such as we have seen a good deal of in the last ten years, the object and end of which is *the resettlement and consolidating of kingdoms*, matters which it is the interest of society at large to get settled, though individual interests for the moment suffer; wars which, in the felicitous thought of a great theologian (already named), are the action of a secret spring in the machinery of nations, and which,

when once over and done with, leave the stirred elements of strife slowly to settle down into a permanent, because equitable, repose.

As to wars for the future, let us have a little common sense in the matter, and not build a house of cards, which a child's foot can overthrow. To suppose that education, or civilisation, or what is euphemistically called progress, will put an end to war, is simply to ignore the incontestable fact, that human nature is precisely what it was three thousand years ago, and to substitute the work of the understanding for the power of the Holy Ghost. To dream that even self-interest or the extension of commerce will prevent it, is to commit the folly of forgetting that every motive of prudence and reason collapses in the sudden fury of passion, just as the strongest cordage snaps in an Atlantic gale. To explain away war as merely the dynastic method of personal ambition, and thus to infer that political changes in a popular direction may soon steer the world into a blessed Pacific Sea, is to be utterly blind to the hard facts of both ancient and modern history. It was the Athenian democracy that finally ruined itself as well as its neighbours by incessant and aggressive fighting. Cleon loves war as much as Philip of Macedon. In the memory of men still living, the Government of the first French Republic let loose their rabble but victorious armies on Europe for a war of ideas.

The result is this (and we had best make up our minds to it): War has been, is, and will be, till sin is utterly destroyed in the human heart, and until He who has died to atone for it, and lives to overcome it in the hearts of His people, comes back in His glory to make all things new.

But war has its compensations, and its alleviations, and its lessons.

It has its *compensations*. In a time of war, class is brought nearer to class, sect bows the knee with sect before the one Peacemaker, all make some kind of sacrifice, whether they like it or not, and are the better for it. Some of us learn that there are other duties than those of making money, and other pleasures than that of hoarding it. As the soldiers march out to the fight, each of them a ready, a possible, and perhaps a noble sacrifice of self for God and fatherland, the thrill of a grand sentiment stirs the entire nation to the heart. We are rich through what we give, as well as through what we keep; if death saddens, it purifies and dignifies as well.

"Let it flame or fade, and the war roll down like a wind,
We have proved we have heart in a cause, we are noble
still,
And myself have awaked, as it seems, to the better mind :
It is better to fight for the good than to rail at the ill.
I have felt with my native land, I am one with my kind ;
I embrace the purpose of God, and the doom assigned."

It has its *alleviations*, and to a kindly tender heart they are neither slight nor few. To give a free and generous sympathy, to aid the wounded and the dying, the widow and the fatherless; not only to denounce injustice, but to try to remedy it; not to shed cheap tears, nor declaim with heroics that cost us nothing, but to translate emotion into sacrifice, and to turn sighs into gifts: this makes war become a kind of humaniser to the world, in helping it to test its motives, and to seed its principles with life. It has also its *lessons*. That we are all in the hand of God; that what comes to our neighbour to-day may in some shape or other come to us to-morrow, and that we who escape may be in no wise better than they on whom the storm falls. Also, that there are some things we cannot do, and we had best not attempt

them; there are some we can, let us see them and do them at once. We can be at peace with each other at home while we are at constant deadly war with the pride, and meanness, and self-love, and resentment, in our own nature. We can be much in humble, earnest prayer, that the big dark clouds now for so long settling over us may be made speedily and finally to disperse. We can do not a little, by resolute and united and patriotic action, to strengthen the hands of rulers who have as hard and complicated a task before them, as English statesmen have ever had to face in their darkest hour. Most of all by loving righteousness and doing it, shall we not only be showing but proving faith in that great Lord above us, who from His High Sanctuary looks down in calm, strong pity on the sobbings and tossings of this restless earth, well assured that whatever happens, He remaineth a king for ever, and that in His own time He will give strength to His people, in an unending to-morrow He will bless His people with peace.

JOHN EADIE, D.D., LL.D.

THE date of Dr. Eadie's birth does not carry us very far back (1810), yet the contrast is striking between the beginning and the end of his life. The progress of our country during these sixty years in material prosperity and in matters of religion has been extraordinary; but we are more arrested by this advancement when we see it illustrated in a single life such as this. For example, in 1870 Dr. Eadie joined most willingly with the other revisers of the Bible in receiving the Lord's Supper in Westminster Abbey; during the last month of his life he was getting letters of hearty congratulation about a learned work of his from the foremost representatives of English scholarship; and when he died sincere acknowledgments of his worth as a scholar and as a man came from those with whom he had sat for six years in the Jerusalem Chamber. But when we go back fifty years we find John Eadie a peasant-lad, eking his mother's scanty income by gleaning in the fields at the foot of the Ochils, and worshipping with her in a church where "occasional hearing" was reckoned clear matter for discipline. His biography—a piece of work well and lovingly done—records an uneventful history; but it has much interest as showing us how such a man grew—how a full, good, fruitful life was rooted and sustained.

Dr. Eadie lived three lives, and bore the

burden of all the three for more than forty years without being oppressed by it. At the age of twenty-five he became pastor of a new congregation at Glasgow; and there he remained to the last, preaching, organizing, visiting, building up first one large congregation and then another. A few years later he was appointed a Professor of Theology for the branch of Scottish Presbyterianism to which he belonged, then the Secession, afterwards the United Presbyterian; and in this office he flourished for the remainder of his life, training the greater number of those who are now the ministers of that vigorous Church in a critical knowledge of the New Testament, and imparting to them wholesome enthusiasm for truth and goodness. Even before entering on the ministry he had acquired the habits of a thorough student and inured himself to the toils of literature; and year after year he produced books of permanent value, helps in the study and interpretation of Scripture, which have carried his name far and wide over the New World as well as the Old, and which secured for him the place he held among the company of revisers. These three strands were closely intertwined, and the cord of his life was the stronger for each of them. It is by no means certain that if he had devoted himself wholly to one of the three pursuits he would have accomplished more even

in that one; in literature he might, but the combination of the pastorate with the professorship was, we think, in his case a gain to both.

Fulness and strength were more characteristic of Dr. Eadie than any single outstanding quality of greatness. The Arabs who helped him to the top of the pyramid displayed considerable insight on brief acquaintance. Having received liberal backsheesh, they followed him for a mile on his way back to Cairo, shouting, "Big man! strong man! good man! Soon at the top! Hurrah! hurrah!"* He was above six feet in height and robust, with the ruddy cheek and blond complexion of a Norse king, although the eye kindled but rarely, and the gait did not indicate either a consciousness of much social authority or a desire to wield it. Everybody saw that he was big and strong. His flock and his students knew well the goodness which even the Arabs felt. He was soon at the top of every eminence he set himself to climb. He became a city minister when he was but a lad, Professor of Theology at thirty-three, LL.D. at thirty-four, D.D. at forty, Moderator at forty-seven; and before he received these degrees he had taken an honourable place among critical expositors. And all his distinctions were so fairly earned and so modestly borne that no man envied—all men cheered him. In his case the proverb was not verified: though soon ripe, every year added to his fruitfulness.

The natural gifts that enabled Dr. Eadie to do so much good work were vigorous health, a strong brain, and a superior memory. To these gifts he did full justice by devoting them to the noblest uses, and by unwearied diligence. The key is to be found in the record of his life from fifteen to five-and-twenty. Not that he was by any means a prodigy of goodness or learning in boyhood; rather it was the other way. He had a full share of the mischief proper to a boy, and acquired a thorough knowledge of the songs, and nests, and habits of all the birds in the beautiful glens surrounding his village home at Alva. But he was blessed with an excellent schoolmaster, learned, enthusiastic, strict, eager to help all who would learn, who drew out and directed his talents, and remained his thoughtful friend after school-days were past. Besides, Providence early placed him under the training of what the elder McCrie calls "the stern nurse, Adversity." The only surviving child of a quarrier who was an old man before

his son's birth, young Eadie was, from the age of sixteen, when he entered the University of Glasgow, to the age of twenty-five, when he began to receive a stipend of £200, very familiar with the *res angusta domi*. All the while, however, he was acquiring considerable knowledge of languages, philosophy, and theology, and a great knowledge of books of all sorts, mastering their contents with the same enviable ease which distinguished Lord Macaulay. At the same time he was unconsciously earning the blessing of the fifth commandment by faithfulness towards his widowed mother, to whose death-bed he hastened back after preaching his first sermon. The great spiritual decision of his life is thus described:—

"The Alva villagers speak of a time, which seems to correspond to the close of his arts curriculum, when there was some misunderstanding between him and Mr. Browning (his teacher and friend), when he was moody and of uncertain purpose, 'tried the loom for a few months,' 'spoke of learning to be a wright,' 'threatened to enlist and go away as a soldier.' Altogether it is evident that there was then a crisis in his history. . . . Eadie passed through the crisis unscathed, and the clouds which had for a time obscured 'the unfeigned faith' which dwelt 'in his mother Eunice and in him also,' cleared away, and left him with that largeness of heart, that tolerance of views divergent from his own, and that sympathy with the intellectual perplexities and spiritual trials of young men, which to those who knew him best seemed to grow with his advancing years." (P. 32.)

To these words of Dr. Brown we venture to add a sentence of Dr. Eadie's own, obviously experimental, in his description of the conversion of Saul of Tarsus.

"There may be meditations and resolves and deep searchings of spirit—a succession of those terrible pangs which make the heart stand still, or of those perilous balancings of probable destiny when the soul sends itself forward to the judgment and strives to realise it; there may be those anxious flutterings about the boundary, but still on this side of it—till in a moment the line is crossed, and old things are passed away: behold all things are become new."*

Thus fixed in his religious convictions, Eadie gave himself, body and soul, to the work of helping others to understand, and preach, and apply the Word of Christ; and continued to do this one thing without parade, but very earnestly, until death came at the age of sixty-six.

When a single remark is added the whole secret of a life successful in the best sense is told. Dr. Eadie was a diligent man. His enthusiasm proved itself, not in gushing utterances, but in self-denying labour to do as much work as possible, and to do it well. The student's snare of midnight oil was soon

* "Life of John Eadie, D.D., LL.D." By James Brown, D.D. London: Macmillan & Co. P. 257.

* "Paul the Preacher," p. 3.

abandoned in favour of early rising, method (so that people in the streets along which he passed daily set their clocks by him), and that steady application which becomes in time not merely a habit, but a joy. He used to say to his students, "The cherubic symbol had in it the ox that labours, as well as the eagle that soars." "Genius shows itself not in waiting for opportunities, but in creating them, and in making the most of them too." "When tempted to be careless of time and its fragments, when you are pressed by seduction to idleness and listless vacuity, say with the good Nehemiah, 'I am doing a great work, so that I cannot come down.' By some care, by a wise and holy frugality, leisure may be secured and turned to good advantage. Be not discouraged by difficulties; prayer and painstaking are omnipotent." And within a week of his death, when urged not to think of working for some time to come, his reply was, "Man, do you know what it is to like your work and to weary to do it?"

Let it not be thought, however, that Dr. Eadie was only a great working machine, cold and perhaps creaking. He bore the weight of toil with a giant's ease; his life was beautified by simple tastes and warm good-will. The relation between him and his students was sympathetic and human in an unusual degree. When meeting with them out of the class room "he was the centre of the company, frank, homely, unrestrained, and hearty, chatting with every student in the most off-hand way, fond of a joke, without any distance or hauteur, making himself, as was his wont in after years and in far other scenes, one of ourselves. And yet, with all the familiarity, we never forgot that he was our professor. There was no lessening of that profound respect with which his grand, massive, kingly character inspired us." (P. 153.) When in Chicago, in 1873, he astonished a family in humble circumstances, who had left his congregation many years before, by looking them up, asking for each of the family by name, as if he had seen them only a month before, and closing "the interview with a prayer in

which he gathered up all the family interests and left them before the throne."

"Bairns, books, and birds" were his three pleasures. Books, with a witness! Over his first humble shelves he set up an old horse-shoe to keep the devil away; and when his library became a great thing, overflowing two rooms, the horse-shoe retained its place. One of the windows opened on an aviary, that the student might refresh himself by watching the movements, and listening to the songs of the favourites of his boyhood. After his death a generous friend came forward and acquired his books for the use of the United Presbyterian Hall, and their fair price was £2,000.

Boys were his friends to the last. A very short time before his death, when it would have been prudent to remain indoors, "a little boy, whose death-bed he had attended, and whose heart he had won by showing great interest in a pet bird, was to be buried, and he would not be hindered from going to the funeral. He went dragging his feet so wearily, like an old, old man, and came home quite worn out."

His biographer—another big, strong man—was permitted to minister to his teacher and friend in the last hours. He tells us how he expressed his perfect willingness to go if it should please God to take him, and how emphatically he assured those about him that he was "trusting in the Saviour—resting all on Him." His last words were, "Ay, I'm very weary: I'll try to sleep now;" reminding one of Byron's "*δει με νυν καθευδειν*," and bringing a strange rush of contrasts into the mind.

It was a good full course, well run, well finished, teaching us how, without extraordinary gifts and opportunities, men may attain the best kind of greatness. Dr. Eadie's "truest memorial is in the human hearts which he helped by God's grace to mould to the image of Christ, and in the works by which he has enabled multitudes to understand more clearly the revelation of God in the Holy Scriptures."

ALEXANDER MACLEOD SYMINGTON.



BORN AT JERUSALEM.

(Gladys Mulock Holman Hunt, born Sept. 20, 1876.)

ENGLISH child of Eastern birth,
 Welcome to our wondrous earth ;
 Welcome, innocent blue eyes,
 Opening upon Syrian skies ;
 Welcome, feet that soon will stand
 On Judea's sacred land ;
 Bud from honourable stem,
 Babe, born at Jerusalem.

Were I of that faith of old
 Christians held 'gainst Paynims bold,
 I should say, the Virgin mild
 Specially on thee had smiled,
 That the Mother of all mothers
 Had loved thine beyond the others,
 Sending such a priceless gem
 To her, in Jerusalem.



Or, if of still older creed,
 Ere the world of Christ had need,
 I should think of Rachel fair,
 Hannah, who child Samuel bare ;
 Hebrew women, grand and calm,
 Whose pure lives roll like a psalm
 Down the centuries. Who like them,
 Mothers of Jerusalem ?

Little sweet god-daughter mine !
 Thy fair unknown face will shine
 Like the stars which shepherds see
 Still, o'er plains of Galilee ;

And thy unheard voice will fill
 Silence, like Siloam's rill,
 Where the hills in purple hem,
 Stand about Jerusalem.

Babe, thy future who can see ?
 But we bless thee, full and free.
 Walk, where walked Christ's stainless feet,
 In the Temple and the street :
 "Holy, harmless, undefiled,"
 Yet to parents human child ;
 Till thou walk with Him—and them—
 In the New Jerusalem.

THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX,
 GENTLEMAN."

THE STORY OF THE RHONDDA VALLEY.

By B. T. WILLIAMS, Q.C., M.P.

THE acquittal of Mr. James Thomas at the last Glamorganshire Assizes upon the charge of manslaughter, caused by his negligence in the discharge of his duties as manager at the Tynewydd Colliery, where the inundation took place, was the final scene in the history of an event which has awakened much attention. The newspapers have been full of paragraphs and letters relating to it; but now that excitement and discussion have subsided, and all the facts of the gallant rescue have been clearly ascertained, it were well to sum up the evidence and repeat with precision and accuracy the story once again. It is a story that does honour to humanity, and it is one that ought not readily to be forgotten.

When Taliesin prophesied of the British race that they should "lose all their lands except wild Wales," he little knew that Fortune gave them in the fair county of Glamorgan one of the richest jewels in her possession. For many centuries after the days of this bard, Glamorganshire was known only for the wild beauty of its valleys and mountains, and the solitude of its unenclosed lands. In process of time its hidden mineral wealth was discovered, and valley after valley became filled with busy industries. The iron-works of Merthyr-Tydfil, Dowlais, and Aberdare, and the collieries of the Aberdare, Taff, and other valleys, soon raised this county into prominence. But the Rhondda Valley remained unnoticed, and retained its wild grandeur. Its lofty mountains rising abruptly from the level ground were sometimes called the "Alps of Glamorganshire," and its river and mountain scenery formed a great attraction to the tourist who could venture over its impassable roads. "The scenery," says an explorer who wrote in 1847, "is wooded and pleasing. Wild river scenes succeed lanes of deep still water, lofty banks half undermined by floods, fantastic rocks. Then the mountains begin to open abruptly. You approach the foot of a hill near which the greater Rhondda is joined by the lesser, which flows along another beautiful valley almost parallel to that of its sister stream. The people of this solitudinous and happy valley are famed for hospitality; a pastoral race almost entirely dependent on their flocks and herds for their support. The country now becomes untamably wild." The Rhondda Valley, thus spoken of in 1847,

remained for some years after that as peaceful and as still as if its hills were for all time to resound only to the shepherd's reed and to the sweet and plaintive songs of the daughters of Glamorgan!

Early in the century Mr. Walter Coffin had opened the well-known Dinas Pit, and had worked from it with success seams of bituminous coal, one of which became famous as the "No. 3 Rhondda." But the working of those "upper measures" did not destroy the solitude of the valley. The difficulties of transit were great; and it was for many years supposed that the "lower measures" were so deep in that district as not to be attainable with a profit. As Mr. Coffin was passing away, the light of a great future burst upon the lonely hills among which he had been the first pioneer of progress. Mr. Coffin was well guided in his enterprise by the profound geological research of a very remarkable man, the late Dean Conybeare of Llandaff. This distinguished ecclesiastic was one of the founders of English geology. He, riding alone over these mountains, silent and eccentric, but with a heart full of mirth, won from them the secret that they contained. He thought, however, little of fame or of himself, and was content to point out to others new paths to inexhaustible wealth.

About the year 1849, in consequence of the great development of the steam-coal trade in the Aberdare Valley, the owners of property in the Rhondda Valley became alive to the importance of ascertaining whether they also could strike the lower measures with advantage in their own land. The trustees of the Marquis of Bute sank pits in the Cwmsaerbren estate, and proved the existence of the steam-coals at a depth of one hundred and twenty-five yards. From that time the whole history of this desolate valley changed. The Taff Vale Railway Company extended through it a branch line of railway; and on December 10th, 1855, the first train of steam-coal was sent from the Rhondda Valley for shipment at Cardiff. Then colliery upon colliery was opened. For the year ending on December 31st, 1876, the output of coal from the valleys of the greater and lesser Rhondda amounted to two millions and seven hundred thousands of tons. The number of steam-coal collieries at present in the valley is twenty-four; and there are six sets of new

pits being sunk and opened out at depths varying from three hundred to four hundred yards, which will increase the output of the coal of the district another million tons per annum. "The population," says Mr. W. T. Lewis, the Mineral Agent of the Marquis of Bute, "is now very great; and you may take it that for every ton of coal raised each day there is one man engaged at the colliery, and if you assume that a certain proportion of these men are married and have families, you may get a fair estimate of the number of people who now inhabit the Rhondda Valley." Making a calculation upon this basis, it is estimated that the present population cannot be less than thirty-two thousand. The air of the mountains is still fresh and exhilarating, and although the wild prospect is marred by tall chimneys and coal-heaps, and the echoes are awakened by the shrill whistle of the steam-engine, the place still retains its grandeur, and the student of nature—if he is also a student of man—would go to few places where there is more to admire or more to awaken thought and reflection.

The Tynewydd Pit is a part of the Troedyrhiw Colliery at Porth, in the Rhondda Valley. The pit is used for working only the upper measures of bituminous coal, and not more than about one hundred and fifty men are employed in connection with it. It is worked, not as the other pits are, by steam power, but by water power; and the old-fashioned balance system is still in use there. The shaft is ninety-two yards in depth. From the bottom of this pit a long level has been driven; and from this level an engine plane falling six inches to the yard lead to the deep workings. Near the Tynewydd Pit there is a disused pit called the Old Cymmer Pit, or Hinde's Pit. This pit is one hundred and ten yards deep, and after the accident it was found to contain ninety feet of water. The Cymmer Pit is associated with disaster to the collier. In the year 1856, there was an explosion of fire-damp in its workings, by which one hundred and fourteen men were killed. There are provisions in the Mines Regulations Acts which are intended to guard against danger of inundation from old disused workings. For these the country is indebted to Lord Aberdare, who in the course of his career has done much for the protection and advantage of the working collier and his children. To these provisions, however, it is now unnecessary to refer, as, after the finding of the jury at the last Glamorganshire Assizes—which was

heartily approved of by Mr. Justice Mellor, the learned judge who presided at the trial of Mr. James Thomas—it must be taken that the inundation happened through the neglect of none of these, and that it was an unavoidable accident.

On Wednesday afternoon, the 11th of April, 1877, the colliers in the Tynewydd Pit were stopped in their working by the sensation of something unusual. The confined air in the headings of a colliery is sensitive to influences of sound and compression, and the men learn to watch it. "We were drilling a hole in the rock," says George Jenkins, one of the rescued men, "for the purpose of blasting. I was hammering the drill, and Moses Powell was turning it in the hole after each blow, when we suddenly felt a great rush of air. Then arose the cry, 'Something has happened!'" The alarmed colliers at first conjectured that an explosion had taken place, and hurried to effect their escape; but they were met by the rush of water along the headings. It was pouring in from the old disused Cymmer Pit, and all the lower workings of the Tynewydd Colliery soon became flooded to the top. This occurred between four and five in the afternoon, when the men were leaving their work. All except fourteen had actually gone to the top before the inundation took place. Exploring parties at once descended the shaft, and going along the main roadway level, they heard knockings coming from the flooded portions of the colliery, indicating the presence of men still alive calling for help. It appears that Thomas Morgan, with his son William Morgan and another person, were leaving their work in George Jenkins's heading, when they were met by a great body of water rushing against them. They ran back and up an old stall and into a windway, hoping to escape to the main roadway level; but they found the water had got there before them. They had in the meantime been joined by two other men. Retaining their presence of mind, they again went back and up another windway. Going to the top of this windway, they found the water had not yet come up. It was in fact kept back by the compressed air. The men had carefully preserved their light; and when they observed the water approach them, with nothing that they could see to keep it back, and with every means of escape closed to them, they prepared to die. And the story that is told of them in that dark moment discloses the affectionate nature and deep religious feeling of the Welsh collier. They quietly shook

hands, father with son, and friend with friend, and said good-bye to each other. They then sang together, in the Welsh language, a grand old hymn of the Puritan faith which has brought hope and consolation to many a death-bed and to many a sorrowing heart in Wales. The flow of words and the depth of sentiment of the original are not to be found in the English version. The burden of the hymn is that in the deep and mighty waters of Jordan, there is no one to hold up the head of the fainting sinner save Jesus Christ; but that when the waters overwhelm in the river of death, He, the best and only friend, will be there to save! They sang this, believing in it, and then they prayed for deliverance. And lo! the water did not approach, and they thought that God had answered their prayers and had preserved them! They then began to knock, and they were soon answered from outside. They were called again to life, and they set to work to make an opening through. They knew that parties of men outside were working to meet them. Twelve yards of coal had to be cut through; and this was done by five o'clock on Thursday morning. Then William Morgan, working from inside, struck a hole through. Immediately the compressed air rushed out with terrific violence, and the water rapidly approached. The anxiety of William Morgan to complete the means of escape hurried him to his death. In endeavouring to make the hole larger, the hurricane seized him, crushed him in the opening, and he was killed upon the spot. Afterwards the father and the three others with him were enabled to get through; and they came out of the workings with the mangled body of William Morgan on the morning of Thursday.

But far off, down in the deep, there were other knockings heard, faintly appealing for deliverance. But these knockings came from a place so remote, and so separated by water and solid masses of coal, that the heart could encourage no hope. The colliers knew that these sounds came from Thomas Morgan's stall in the third heading. That heading was full of water, and so also was the second heading above it. In order to enable the men to cut through the coal, the water in the second heading must be cleared away; and when this was done, they would then have thirty-five yards of solid coal to cut through before they could approach the men. Those who were knocking had neither food nor sufficient clothing, and as days must elapse before they could be approached, it was de-

bated how long they could last. Some supposed the effort vain from the first. Even if the water were reduced in reasonable time, so as to permit the colliers to begin cutting the coal, still there were the dangers of access to the men which would in the end make deliverance impossible. These men also were only saved from the water by the compressed air. It was calculated that the air pressure in the stall in which they were confined was thirty-two pounds per square inch. Granted that by superhuman efforts you could approach the men while there yet remained a hope of life, who would venture to break the opening and meet the hurricane and water-flood that would then rush out to destroy the rescuers and those whom they were attempting to save? The prospect was gloomy and uncertain. But it was not in the heart of these people to listen to these knockings, sounding faintly and weirdly through the dark headings like appeals for pity from the grave, and to do nothing. The banks of the colliery were crowded with people anxiously waiting for news. Among them were the wives and mothers and brothers and sisters and children of the men entombed below, tearless and silent. And the universal resolve was made to work and fail not, to spare no effort and no expense, to shrink not from toil or danger, to do all that man could do to save these men from death, and to go on as long as there was hope. Nobly was this resolve kept by all there, by working colliers and colliery proprietors and managers, mining engineers and government inspectors and medical men. They vied with each other in the cause of humanity, and struggled on like heroes, with hearts stirred by the noblest feelings.

The first thing to do was to pump the water out. This was the only way to clear the heading, so as to enable the men to begin their work at the pillar of coal. Pumping alone could reduce the air pressure, and make the rescue possible even after the pillar of coal had been cut. Extra efforts were made and increased appliances for pumping were put on. But the water remained unaffected; and to hundreds of anxious inquirers at the pit's mouth, little hope could be given. The knockings were still heard, and thus Saturday was reached, the fourth day since the entombed men had tasted food. Then divers came, and tried to reach the men along the flooded headings, but the distance they had to travel through the water, and the obstacles that they met, rendered their attempt fruitless. To the

universal joy, however, of the people gathered around the pit on Sunday, the news was spread that the water had perceptibly lowered, and that the colliers would shortly be able to commence digging through the pillar of coal. About twelve o'clock on Sunday night they began their task. Three gangs, four men being in each gang, were formed. Each gang worked four hours in turn, and the labour went on without ceasing. It will be convenient here to note particularly where these men are working. The shaft of the colliery, as already explained, is ninety-two yards deep. The main roadway level is about one thousand four hundred yards long. The men have gone over a thousand yards of it, and at this distance have branched off from it into an opening six feet wide by fifteen inches in height, and about thirty yards long. There they are working in a hole in the pillar of coal, the size of the hole being six feet by three, and the estimated thickness of the pillar through which they must cut being thirty-five yards. At the end of the pillar the men are tapping. A suggestion was made during the day that the knockings of the entombed men were fainter, and some, more sceptical than others, expressed the doubt whether they were real knockings after all, and whether these noises were but the echoes of themselves or noises caused otherwise than by living men. But these doubts were tested. The raps from the working-side were varied, and in reply there were distinctly heard raps which followed the system of signals in use at the Tynewydd Pit. It was remembered with satisfaction that there were left three pounds of candles in Thomas Morgan's stall, and these, it was said, would help them to live until deliverance came. In this hope the colliers worked. They cut at the coal, drilled it, blasted it with powder, and the sound of that blasting brought joy to the hearts of entombed men, for it told them of the efforts that were being made to save them. On Tuesday fourteen yards of solid coal had been cut through. Mr. Wales, her Majesty's Inspector of Mines, was present, bringing to bear upon the efforts made his scientific skill; and his heart was in the work. He planned a most elaborate system of pumping the water up, and the successful working out of his system made a rescue possible. From ten to two on Tuesday three yards and ten inches of solid coal were cut through. But Wednesday came and the men had been without food for a week. By the afternoon of that day thirty-two yards had been cut, and then the

workers heard distinctly voices inside. This gave new encouragement to the men, and they shouted words of cheer and hope to their imprisoned comrades. But all knew that the nearer they got to an opening, the nearer they approached a terrific danger. The level of the water was still above the entombed men, and it was also above the place where the colliers were working. If the compressed air were let out by the making of an opening, water would rush on the entombed men and overwhelm, not only them, but also those who were attempting their rescue, without any chance of escape. So that all this work was done with a sad feeling at the heart that it was useless and hopeless, and that in the end a dreadful catastrophe must follow. Mr. Wales designed doors to be fixed in the hole in which the men were working. Air was then to be pumped into the hole, so as to make the pressure of air within the doors equal with the pressure of the air in the stall in which the entombed men were. But the doors were not air-tight, and the experiment was not successful. A voice is heard! It is known to be that of George Jenkins. He bids the men work a little more to the right. The muffled voice of their friend speaking from what they still fear must be his grave awakened in the hearers feelings of unspeakable sadness. The work went on through Wednesday, but on Thursday morning the men were still not delivered. At length a hole was bored through the pillar of coal, and a tube was passed through it with the object of conveying food to the famishing men. The air rushed out through the tube with terrific noise, and the entombed men felt the water approach. George Jenkins inside appreciated the danger and plugged up the hole with his cap and some small coal. The food sent through the tube never reached them. Conversations were carried on between George Jenkins and the colliers working outside. He begged of them not to drill any more holes or they would drown, but to do what they could to pump the water out. He told them that there were four men and a boy in the stall, and that the rest had perished in the flood. Then there occurred an incident which crushed the hopes of thousands. The hole in which the men were working filled with gas—the terrible fire-damp (carburetted hydrogen), the colliers' direst enemy. It flickered in their Davy-lamps, and they knew their danger. There was a power around them that at any moment might explode and hurl them to inevitable death. The colliers were like men tossing

fire about in a powder magazine, and their peril was imminent. A retreat was made, and George Jenkins and the other entombed men heard their retiring footsteps, and felt that all hope was gone. Volunteers again resumed the work, but they in their turn were driven back by the gas. David Jenkins and John Thomas, two of the men inside, were reported to be dying, and though the pillar of coal was at last nearly cut through, to give them succour was impossible. Friday came, the tenth day since the men had tasted food. Gas still filled the hole of thirty-five yards long, in which the rescuing party had to work. Any opening made in the coal wall that separated the men would have brought water upon them. The doors within which the brave band had been working could not be made airtight. At any moment an explosion might take place which would destroy the life of every man there. Some advised that all further efforts should be given up. But a new band of volunteers came forward and avowed their determination to rescue the men at all hazards to themselves. In this resolve they took all these chances of danger against their own lives; and each man of these volunteers went to the work again with the resolve to die rather than give up the last chance of saving his fellows. These colliers went, at all hazards to themselves, to cut down the barrier that separated them from the imprisoned men. On the banks outside, ere the rescuers descended, might be witnessed scenes that would touch the heart. Amid the anxious crowd there were old colliers with words of advice and encouragement, there were relatives of the entombed men following the band of rescuers with tears and silent prayers, and there were also there the wives of the men who were about to descend to this danger embracing them perhaps for the last time. Hector parting with Andromache before he went to battle went not into such danger as this; and if there were now a Homer he would have a new scene to celebrate in immortal song. The brave band of heroes advanced and proceeded to cut down the thin barrier of coal that remained. "We were working," says Abraham Dodd, "with the gas flaring about our Davy-lamps. There seemed to be as much as nine inches of gas above us; but we went on and did not mind it." At length the hole was driven through, and the final moment came. The imprisoned air rushed out with the noise of artillery, blowing everything before it. Would more gas come out with it and explode? The water was advancing upon the men in-

side. Would it come on and advance upon the rescuers? And these colliers stood in this terrific noise, braving these dangers in the darkness, not knowing what became of themselves, and caring only to do their duty. George Jenkins cried inside that as the air went out the water advanced upon them. "We are up to the middle in water," he exclaimed; "it is almost over with us." "Where's the lad?" asked Isaac Pride. "He is in my arms," replied George Jenkins, who had looked after the boy with care and affection all these days. Then the hole was made large enough to pass through. Isaac Pride tried to go in, but it was not large enough for him. He turned to Abraham Dodd, and said, "You are a smaller man than I am. Go in." Abraham Dodd went in, and there was silence all round. "George, George," he said, "I am coming to you. Do not be afraid." He felt a rough hand seize him and arms thrown around his neck; and he heard weak voices give thanks to him for their deliverance. The pumping preparations, devised with consummate skill by Mr. Wales, had reduced the level of the water; the pressure of air was less than was feared, and they were enabled to carry out with success the rescue. Isaac Pride followed Abraham Dodd into the hole where the men were, and Gwilyn Thomas was outside to receive them. They were at once attended to by able and kind medical men; and at last the anxious and breathless crowd watched them brought to the bank, and carried all covered to the hospital. From Wednesday afternoon, on April 11, until Friday afternoon, April 20, these men had been entombed below. But those who had been waiting on the banks of the colliery for ten days, and who now saw the successful result of this struggle, did not cheer. They were awestricken as the men seized from the jaws of death were carried silently along. Suppressed weeping was heard, and there were silent tears; but the heart was too full for expressions of joy, and the religious habits of these people directed their thoughts to prayer. Then, as the last man was being conveyed into the hospital, the assembled people were invited to hear a telegram which had just arrived. They crowded around, and were told it was a telegram from the Queen. Her gracious Majesty had been reading of the brave deeds of these Welsh colliers in the remote Rhondda Valley, and she evinced, as she ever does, her sympathy with noble efforts and distress. "The Queen," so read the telegram, "is very anxious for the last accounts

of the poor men in the mine. Are they saved?" "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin;" and this message from the Queen thrilled through the hearts of this silent throng. It moved their pent-up feelings and gave them voice. A cheer loud and deep rang through the valley, and the old hills resounded with the name of Queen Victoria!

Her gracious Majesty afterwards conferred

Albert medals of the first and second class upon some of the principal actors in this brave rescue; and these are now worn by them with pride and honour. Money contributed by a generous public was divided among them. The heroism of the deed lives in the memory of the people of Wales; and long may it live, for it is one that reflects honour upon their nationality and upon humanity!

THE EARTH'S PLACE IN NATURE.

A Sketch of a Branch of Physiography.

From Notes of Lectures given for the Gilchrist Trustees in the years 1874 and 1875.

By J. NORMAN LOCKYER, F.R.S., CORRESPONDENT OF THE INSTITUTE, FRANCE.

NO. III.

I CONCLUDED my first paper by summarising certain attributes of the earth which enable us to compare it with other celestial bodies, and which guide us in our search after those hidden influences upon which so many of our terrestrial phenomena depend. In my second paper I enlarged upon some of these points, and then passed on to give a sketch of that new branch of knowledge which enables us to add comparisons of chemical structure to those which depend merely upon size, form, density, and telescopic appearance. I attempted to show that the study of the minutest bodies in the cosmos was rich in teachings, almost all of which could be directly applied to the purpose we have in view; that the rich knowledge we can now cull from every star that shines in the vault of heaven comes not, however, from the stars as a whole, but reaches us quivering from the minutest atoms of the various chemical elements of which we now know, and know in this way, its atmosphere is built up.

The telescope is too old an instrument to have the principles on which its use depends set out in these pages; with the spectroscope it is different—its horizon is expanding from day to day, the laws of the phenomena which it reveals are day by day becoming more obvious to us, and hence it is that I have considered it essential to lay down the principles upon which the use of the spectroscope is now understood to depend.

We are now in a position, then, to take another step forward.

I have next to refer to the revelations of the telescope and the spectroscope in the celestial spaces; and I hope that, although I shall try to deal with the subject so

simply as to make myself understood by those unfamiliar with it, those who possess fuller knowledge will be able to gather what a much firmer grip, so to speak, we have of the facts outside our earth, now that we can add the results obtained by the spectroscope.

But before I begin to catalogue the revelations of either the telescope or the spectroscope, I will try to make things simpler yet, by discussing, as briefly as I can, what we on the Earth see with the eye alone.

The first question is, what celestial bodies do we see? And the next is, how can we group them? because, in order to get on in science at all, we have to begin by grouping like things together.

Well, then, I will first call attention to two bodies which are familiar to all of us, namely, the sun and the moon; and I will consider the moon as a full moon. When we have the sun and the full moon as we ordinarily see them, that is, when they are not undergoing "dire eclipse," we have two large round bodies, and they appear to be both about the same size; so that they stand out to the eye from all the other bodies in the heavens because they look larger; and their size is always about the same. Their brightness, too, does not change very much. Of course it is apt to change with the freaks of our atmosphere, but, so far as the bodies themselves are concerned, their brightness does not vary very much. We have, then, the sun, and the moon when full, grouped together to start with, on account of their similar shape and size.

The stars form another large group. The great difference to the eye between the sun and moon on one hand, and the stars on

the other, is that, whereas the sun and moon appear to us as big things, the stars appear to us as very little things. They are always small, as compared with the sun, and, as a rule, do not vary in brightness. And, more than this, those who are in the habit of looking at the heavens, from year to year, find that, as the various months come round, the same stars are seen shining above us.

Here again another distinction must be drawn. Some of the bodies in the heavens which look very like stars, have this difference instantly made manifest to those who look around them with a little more power of observation than others: *some of the apparent stars change their places, and as they change their places they change the quantity of light which they send to us.*

These stars, because they change their place, may very fairly be called Wanderers, as the Greeks called them (*πλανητης*).

We have then, so far, the sun and the moon separated both from the stars that move and the stars that do not, and we have the stars again separated into two groups, namely, the stars which do not change their relative positions and those which do.

Then, again, those of us who may have seen in the course of our lives a large comet, will at once appreciate the very great difference in kind between a comet and a star, or planet, and the larger heavenly bodies (sun or moon). Among the naked-eye objects in the heavens there is nothing so striking as a comet, and their uncanny appearance has, as we know, rendered them the terror of mankind in earlier times.

But even comets have not exhausted our list, there are other objects dimly visible—objects which we can see with the naked eye, but not very clearly. These are neither stars nor comets, but are, as it were, masses of cloud, or fire dust, in the very depths of the heavens. These, from their shape, are obviously not stars; and, again, from their fixity, they are obviously not comets.

Last of the things which are visible to us without the aid of any instrument whatever, I may mention those celestial messengers which come to us from time to time, which we can touch and which we can handle—I mean meteorites, which appear to us as falling stars or aërolites; bright, beautiful objects, like rockets, which, fortunately for science, come down from the heavens, where they are visible as “falling stars,” to the solid crust of the earth, where they cool and where we may subsequently examine them.

Let us then take this as the list of bodies our unaided eye enables us to watch in the vault of heaven.

We have next to see if we can get out another grouping of these various bodies by asking a very simple question.

Do all these things shine by their own light, or do they not?

I should like to dwell a little on this question. Why should we ask it? If we appeal for a moment to our own experience we shall at once acknowledge that here a much more fundamental distinction is drawn than might in the first instance appear. It is night; I am in a room—a dark room; I see nothing. Why? Not because there are no bodies to reflect light, but because there is no light to be reflected; for since it is dark no body can be giving out light.

If I wish for a light I light a match, and then I light a candle or a piece of paper, or a lamp. All these bodies will give out light of their own; and the room, which before was dark, is now illuminated, because all the things in it, which were dark and, as it were, dead before because no light was falling upon them, now reflect the light from the light source which I have produced by the kindling of the match in the first instance.

One difference, and the most important difference which we have to consider in this case, is that the bodies which we have supposed to give out light—the match, the candle, and so on—have been burning or glowing, due to chemical action, while the dark bodies have been in a state of chemical rest. I might have illuminated the room by other means; an electric lamp, for instance, would have lit it up at night almost as brilliantly as the sun can do in the summer noontide. In this case the light source would be glowing as before, but this time, owing to molecular and not to chemical action, at least, in the ordinary sense. I insert this proviso, because the future may show that, although molecular action need not be chemical, chemical action must be molecular.

We have here examples of bodies all in a state of molecular motion; some of them, the light sources agitated enough to affect our eye, *to give us light of their own*, as we say; others vibrating more slowly, which we should not see but for other light falling upon them.

This being premised, then, how are we, in order to investigate the question under consideration, to pass from the room about which we have been thinking to the depth of

space? Can we experimentally determine what will happen on the supposition that one celestial body is lighted up by another?

Let us take an electric lamp to represent a body shining by its own light, and a round globe to represent a celestial body lighted up by it. It is a fair thing to take a round globe because the sun, the moon, and the planets we know to be round, or nearly so. The accompanying woodcuts show how I once performed this experiment before a large audience, with a result which was beyond my

expectation. An electric lamp was mounted on a stand which permitted easy rotation; in front of the lens and in the parallel beam was placed a little globe some four inches in diameter, which I had whitened with whiting and water, taking care to lay the whiting on so that the surface might be pretty rough in places. In this way, on the assumption that there was a heavenly body giving light falling on another spherical heavenly body which otherwise would be dark, the condition under which that light would be visible could

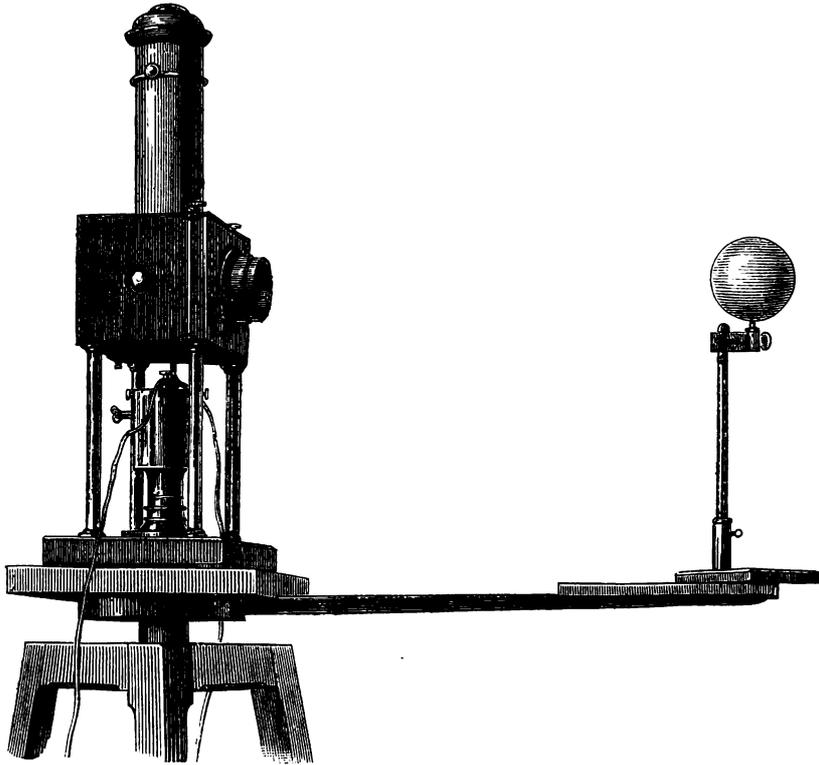


Fig. 1.—Electric lamp and globe, arranged so that a parallel beam of strong light falls upon the globe, which can be made to revolve round the lamp. Study of the conditions of illumination of a round body by a distant light source.

be experimentally investigated. Let us at first suppose the experiment to be performed in the middle of a large room, the observer being free to place himself in any part of it; he will find that while the light pours out of the lamp with perfect constancy, the illuminated globe will only appear round from one point; will be non-luminous, and, in fact, eclipse the light of the lamp from another; and from all other points will appear of a different shape altogether from the round globe which he knows to be there.

Next, instead of supposing the lamp and

the globe to be at rest, now let the observer remain in one part of the hall, and let him get an assistant to cause the upper part of the stand carrying the lamp and globe to be turned round. All the appearances with which the moon has rendered him or her familiar from early infancy will now be reproduced in a truly striking way; the most delicate crescent will be seen with its exquisitely elliptic contour, and this will pass gradually into a half-moon with its rounded outline nearly smooth, while the other boundary of the illuminated half will be rugged and full of

shadows, with brilliant points of light standing out over the dark half, an appearance due, I need hardly say, to the roughened surface.

I was so struck with the reality of these appearances myself, that I photographed the globe illuminated under the two conditions

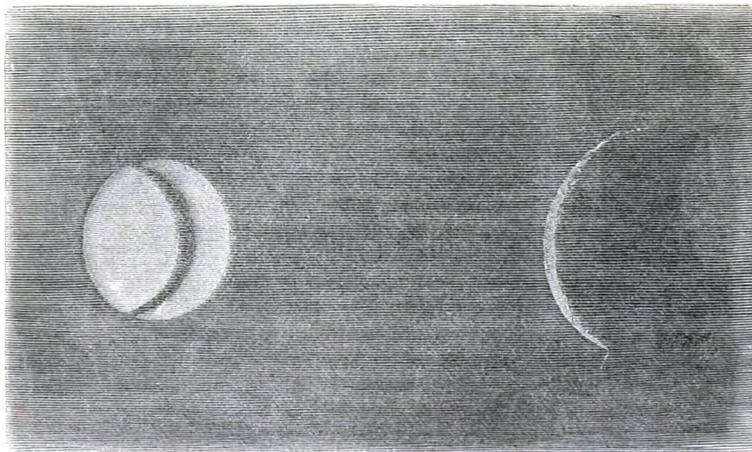


Fig. 2.—Artificial crescent moon. Copy of a photograph of the nozzle of the electric lamp and the globe. Taken when the globe was nearly between the lamp and the camera.

to which I have referred, and I append copies of these photographs.

In one we see the nozzle of the lamp and the delicate crescent of light on the little globe, all the rest of it being in absolute darkness. In the other, which represents

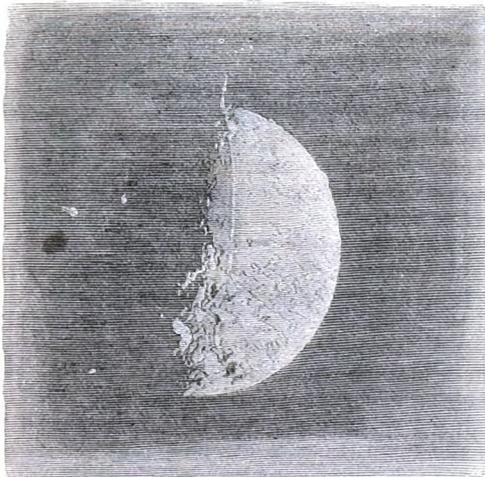


Fig. 3.—Artificial half-moon. Photograph of the half-illuminated side of the little globe.

the half moon, the roughness of the so-called "terminator" is well shown, and those who have seen the half moon with even a small telescope will at once perceive how faithfully the conditions which regulate the illumination of her surface have been reproduced in the experiment.

We see, then, that if we suppose that there are in space bodies which give light, and bodies which receive light, and that those bodies are round, the bodies will receive the light on the parts of them which are turned towards the source of light, which common sense would have told us, and that what parts of the illuminated body we shall see will depend upon our position with reference to the illuminating and illuminated bodies.

This method of experimentation is so well adapted for giving us concrete notions, that it is important in other ways; one of these I shall refer to, though it is not in the direct line of the present part of my subject. We have not at present considered the position of the axis of the illuminated body; we have not, in fact, considered it as having any axis at all. Let us mount it on an axis so that it is free to rotate, and incline the axis a little out of the vertical. We can now go a step further, and instead of considering the illuminated surface as viewed from without, we can study how the change of illumination will affect the people who inhabit a globe lighted up in this way. By means of wafers we may represent communities living on different parts of it. Let us consider the case of a colony near one of the poles inclined towards the lamp. If we rotate the globe while the beam from the lamp falls upon it, we find that this colony is really never out of the light; however the globe

turns, they are always in the illuminated half. If we incline the axis of the globe the other way, that is, with the opposite pole towards the lamp, we shall see equally that a colony living near the other pole of the supposed planet would not be able to get out of the light either, while the colony first considered would not be able to get into it.

If we plant another wafer-colony near the equator of the planet, whatever be the inclination of the globe—except taking a very extreme case—we shall find that during each rotation the colony will be partly in and partly out of the light.

Finally, planting another wafer half way between the equator and either pole, it will be easy and interesting to observe the conditions essential for producing those phenomena which are represented by the long summer days and the short winter ones in those regions of our own earth which we ourselves inhabit.

By means of such an experiment as this, then, knowledge of the most concrete kind can be obtained regarding the conditions under which—first, an observer, away from a round globe, can see that round globe and how it looks, if we assume that it is dark, and that there is another body lighting it up; and, secondly, how the people inhabiting that globe will find themselves exposed to the light; how they will observe the light source for a certain time, and then lose it; and how these times will change according to their position on the planet.

With the axis inclined, our wafer colonies at the pole of our little globe bring home to us the six months day and six months night, which together form the year in the inhospitable polar regions of our own earth; and my experience goes to show that this experiment will make the matter clear, while other less direct ones leave the mind a blank. Indeed, if space permitted, it would be easy to indicate how a slight variation of this experiment will explain the seasonal changes on our planet and on all others; and this is a matter of no slight importance, for there is no use in disguising the fact that on this subject the general ignorance is almost astounding.

We are now in a position to recognise that if any of the bodies in the sky, round like our earth and the sun, do not shine by their own light, but shine and are visible to us because they reflect to us, like so many looking-glasses, light which they get from another body, that those bodies ought to put

on appearances very much like those to which I have drawn attention. Further, if a body shines by its own light there is no reason why it should change its apparent shape at all; because, having light to give out from all its points, from whatever region of space we observe it we shall get light from all the points belonging to it.

This premised, we are in a position to discuss the revelations of the telescope, and I shall include just as much of the knowledge we have acquired by means of the spectroscope as will enable us to show that we have now two lines of evidence, instead of one as formerly.

We will begin with the sun. If we examine a photograph of the sun, a picture of the sun absolutely untouched by any human hand, we at once see that the sun must shine by its own light, because there are parts here and there which apparently do not give us any light at all. These are what are called the spots on the sun. If we watch the sun carefully from day to day we find that these spots change, but that, however the spots may change, we always get a beautiful full globe gradually dimming towards the edge. The sun, in fact, from this point of view is absolutely changeless, using the word change in the way in which we apply it to the moon. There are times which enable us to learn very much more about the sun than this, and what we learn is, that the sun which we see is really only a very small part of the true sun, and that outside this sun which we see always round, always a full globe because it gives out its own light, there are really millions and millions of cubic miles of luminous gas.

I next pass from the shape of the sun—not to the moon, as some of you may think. However, we shall find that when we discuss the question as to whether bodies give out light of their own, or whether they simply give out light from other bodies at second-hand, we must leave our old grouping altogether. I have now to call attention to the spectrum of the sun. The black lines, the so-called Fraunhofer lines, are black because that particular kind of light which otherwise would give us a bright portion of the spectrum has been stopped in the atmosphere of the sun; and we can find out without any very great difficulty, although still with great need of patience, what particular chemical elements are stopping the light. In this way we find out two things: first the chemical elements in the atmosphere of the sun; and next, whether the light which comes from the

sun is the same as the light which comes to us from the other stars of the heavens. That is the first point; another one is this: *Is the light which is sent to us by the bodies which obviously are reflecting light to us, and not giving it to us of their own accord, really light which originally came to them from the sun?*

If we study the spectra of some of the stars we at once see a very great difference in the kind of light which we get from the sun and the other stars. The point that I want to make is this: if the light is different, then it is perfectly clear that each star which gives us a different spectrum is really shining by its own light, and is not reflecting light to us. When we pass from the sun spectrum to the spectrum of the brightest of all the stars in our heavens except the sun—the beautiful Sirius, we find that we get a spectrum very different in this respect, that while the solar spectrum contains a great number of lines the spectrum of Sirius contains very few. If we pass from Sirius and stars like Sirius to another class, we get a spectrum which is not like the spectrum of Sirius, and not like the spectrum of the Sun; and therefore we say that all those stars shine with different lights, and therefore that each star, like our sun, shines by its own.

In the sun and stars then we are dealing with inherent light. On the other point more presently.

Let us now pass to another class of celestial bodies to which I have already referred; I mean the *nebulae*. Some may ask why we at this stage discuss the *nebulae*? Let me again remind you that the question, What bodies shine by their own light? has entirely altered our naked-eye grouping of the heavenly bodies.

Let us take as an instance the nebula in Orion, the brightest one visible in the northern hemisphere. Though cloudy in structure, part of it looks like a fish's mouth, and there is no other nebula in the heavens exactly like it. We can divide *nebulae* into groups, but the chief ones have a tremendous individuality in their irregularity. In the *nebulae* we can see in a moment that we have nothing like the sun, and nothing like the moon, and we also see that we have nothing like a star.

Side by side with the *nebulae* we must refer to another class of heavenly bodies, which we have to group with the fixed stars and the *nebulae*, when we ask the question, What bodies shine by their own light? I refer to the comets. These form a very special

class of bodies indeed. One part of a comet is called the head, another the tail. I mention this, not because I am going to take up much space in describing the various phenomena of comets, but because I wish to indicate the fact that the comets are just as different from bodies like the sun and moon as are the *nebulae*. In the head visible changes are perpetually going on, while the following part of the body, called the tail, also shifts its place in the sky and often changes its shape.

Now, do those bodies shine by their own light? As I proved, I hope in a satisfactory way, that the light which we got from Sirius was not light reflected by Sirius, not light that was originally got from the sun, because the two lights are quite different, so also the spectroscope makes it quite clear that not only are the *nebulae* and the comets quite different from the sun and stars, and do not get their light from them, but that they are even different amongst themselves, and each as it were gives out a light not only of its own generally but specially. By this is meant that *nebulae* and the heads of comets, which are the most important part of these bodies, have spectra special to them as groups, while there are minute differences in the spectra. Further, we here deal with bright lines in the spectra, instead of dark ones, as in the case of the sun and stars.

Both those classes of bodies must consist of gas to a certain extent, because their spectra are spectra of bright lines. So far as we know, the *nebulae* give us certain indications of hydrogen gas, and the comets, as a rule—I say as a rule, because there are different comets, and some of the comets appear to have different spectra—indications that we are in presence of a compound of carbon and hydrogen, and perhaps other compound vapours. It does not follow necessarily that the *nebulae* are masses of hydrogen gas. If they merely consist of an innumerable multitude of stones banging together in a hydrogen atmosphere, then we should get the spectrum of hydrogen as if there were no stones at all, but simply a very rare hydrogen gas giving us the appearance in the sky which we call a *nebulae*. However this may be, we know this, that whereas we are dealing somehow or other with hydrogen in the *nebulae*, we are certainly not dealing with hydrogen in the same form in the comets.

There is another important point. In the spectra of the sun and stars we have a large number of dark lines, which means that the substances of which we have learned the

existence in the various stars, exist as cool vapours in their atmospheres. Since, in the case of the nebulae and the comets, we are not dealing with dark lines at all, but with bright lines, we are dealing with bodies which have not an atmosphere with a central hotter nucleus, as the sun has. This is a very important distinction to draw. It shows that those bodies which shine by their own light need not all necessarily be in the same physical condition.

That is as much as I need say in this connection about the bodies in the heavens which shine by their own light.

So far as we know, the bodies other than the sun, the fixed stars, the comets, and the nebulae, are bodies which, instead of shining by their own light, and instead of having, so to speak, a seal and signature of their own, can and do shine only by reflected light; and I shall have to show that this reflected light comes from a common source, and most of you already know what that common source is.

I have been anxious to demonstrate and refer to the various phases presented by one round body illuminated by another, because the moment we begin to search among the heavenly bodies for those which do not shine by their own light, we find that all the planets or wandering stars, to which I have already referred, are of this class. None of these stars which appear to move irregularly across the face of the sky from year to year are seen, when thoroughly examined with the telescope, to have any light of their own; two of these, indeed—Mercury and Venus—put on all the appearances presented by our own moon.

Mercury is a planet which is only seen occasionally, and just after sunset; but in the telescope it is observed to go through changes indicating that it borrows its light from the sun. It also changes its size, as if it were now nearer to us, now farther away.

We next come to Venus, another wandering star. As in the former case, we get exactly the same sort of appearances as we get in the case of the moon. But here begins to come out a very important difference. You will recollect that the moon, as I told you, is almost always the same size, although we do not always see the whole of it. I have just said that Mercury changes in size somewhat; but here you have this fact, that in the case of Venus, the change in the apparent diameter of the planet is very considerable; and further, when we see the least of

Venus, so far as the total figure of it goes, it is very much bigger than when we apparently see the whole of it—when we see it as a round disc. The more delicate the crescent, the bigger appears to be the body of which it represents the illuminated portion. Now, how is that? That is a thing which you will understand, I hope, by-and-by.

In Mars we do not get all the lunar appearances, but only some of them. We get enough, however, to show us that it shines by borrowed light, that it is not shining by its own light any more than Venus and Mercury, and the moon. In the case of this planet we only see a very little part of the edge cut off, but, as I said before, that is quite enough for our purpose.

We come next to Jupiter. We get at the fact of its not shining by its own light in a different way. It so happens, for a reason which I will state by-and-by, that we cannot see the cutting off of light at the edge as in the case of Mars, but still we can find out that it does not shine by its own light.

When we employ a telescope we find that this is a body which has four moons. *Now we see the shadows of these moons thrown on the planet.* It is perfectly clear, therefore, that if that part of the planet is dark on which the shadow falls, it is because the part on which the shadow does not fall has not light of its own, but is really getting its light from something else.

This state of things is made clearer still if possible in Saturn, which has a marvellous ring-system in addition to its moons. What I have to call your attention to is this, that when we see Saturn with its wonderful rings with the telescope, the shadow of the planet itself is sometimes thrown on the ring, and the shadow of the ring, as well as those of some of its moons, is thrown on to the planet, so that neither planet nor ring can shine by its own light.

Now what is the meaning of all this? It means that we have certain bodies in the heavens which shine by their own light, and certain bodies in the heavens which do not shine by their own light; and the variability of the brightness and the position which they occupy in the sky is somehow or other connected with those bodies which do not shine by their own light.

Our first question then is this: What is the relation of the earth to all those bodies? having reference, not to the earth's place in nature, but to the earth's place in space. What are our neighbours? Here I own that

I must state facts instead of demonstrating them.

The progress of our knowledge in this direction has been in this wise:—As man has grown older the earth on which we dwell has dwindled down. It began as the centre of the universe; it has ended as a small mass of matter revolving round what probably is a small star—I mean the sun. But although the progress of science has been thus in a way to degrade the earth, I am sure you will think with me that man's intellect has been a distinct gainer by the process; for it is not too much to say that as the earth's place in nature has dwindled down, so has man's mental horizon been extended. That is very well shown by two fundamental considerations which I must bring before you in the first instance. In the year 1610, or thereabouts, that is to say, about two centuries and a half ago, thanks to the labours of men in Holland and in Italy, but chiefly to the genius of the immortal Galileo, the telescope was invented, and we got an untold addition to our mental wealth. The skies were peopled by means of the telescope, and the earth, which up to that time had been supposed the centre of everything, was put in its right place; bodies were observed shining millions and millions of miles away—bodies which up to that time had bathed the earth with light without any response from the human eye; and what was the result? Philosophers were enabled to class all the shining orbs of heaven into two great divisions—those bodies, namely, which shone like the sun with a light of their own, and those which shone by borrowed light. *The bodies which were found to shine by borrowed light and not by any light of their own were bodies which eventually were classed together and termed the solar system—a family of planets which go round the sun, each in its proper path, each in its proper time; which*

are lighted up by the sun; which are warmed by the sun, and to the inhabitants of which the sun is the fountain of every kind of energy. We have from this classification the first great grouping of celestial bodies into those which shine by their own light, which, with the exception of the sun, are outside the solar system; and into those which shine by reflected light, which classification includes all the bodies of the solar system except the sun. We have, as representing the bodies of the solar system, first of all in the centre the Sun, which shines by its own light; and next, in the order of distance from it, Mercury, Venus, the Earth, Mars, a group of small planets called the Asteroids; then after them, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, and Neptune: Neptune being the last member of the solar family, so far as our knowledge at present goes.

The moon, which goes round us as we go round the sun, is nearest to us of all the dark bodies. The moon, in fact, is our nearest neighbour—the moon is a satellite of the earth. The reason that the moon is always apparently, or nearly apparently, the same size is, because the moon is always, or nearly always, the same distance from us. The sun is farther away from us than the moon is; but still, like the moon, the sun keeps generally about the same distance from us, and therefore the sun always appears to us to be about the same size.

So far as we have gone, then, we have found the Earth's place in Nature from one point of view to be this: *It is a cool body travelling round a hot one.* That hot body we call the Sun, and the whole planetary family, from Mercury to Neptune, resemble the earth in this respect, that instead of being hot, like the sun, they are cool bodies, which receive the sun's light and shed it forth again.

THE PRAYER OF ST. CHRYSOSTOM.

BY ONE OF THE AUTHORS OF "CHILD WORLD."

ALMIGHTY God, who gives us grace,
With lifted heart and bended knee,
In one accord of time and place
To make our common prayer to Thee,

And promises to grant the prayer
That lips and heart united frame,
When two or three are kneeling there,
Gather'd together in Thy name,

Fulfil, O God, their wishes now,
Grant their petitions upward sent;
But only in the way that Thou
Knowest to be expedient.

Give us the knowledge of Thy truth,
As much as in this world may be;
And in the next undying youth
And everlasting life with Thee.

SPEAKING MACHINES.

BY PROFESSOR W. F. BARRETT.

IN that remarkable book, the "Connexion of the Physical Sciences," Mrs. Somerville wrote as follows some forty years ago: "It may be presumed that ultimately the utterance or pronunciation of modern languages will be conveyed, not only to the eye, but also to the ear of posterity. Had the ancients possessed the means of transmitting such definite sounds, the civilised world might have responded in sympathetic notes at the distance of many ages." Sir Charles Wheatstone and Sir David Brewster also joined in the expectation "that before this century is completed, a talking and singing machine will be numbered among the conquests of science." To record the fleeting sounds of the voice, and from this record audibly to reproduce the words that have been uttered in the living accents of the speaker, has indeed often been the conjecture of the philosopher, as well as the dream of the poet and the hope of the enthusiast.

As every one knows, a speech-reproducing machine is now a reality. Mrs. Somerville's presumption, both as regards conveying the image of words to the eye and the sound of words to the ear, has been fulfilled, at an earlier date and, in the latter case, a more perfect manner than those best informed of the difficulties of the problem had ever dared to expect. We say to the eye as well as to the ear, for in the instrument called the Logograph the words of a speaker can to a large extent be made indelibly to record themselves, leaving characteristic and plainly visible tracings; whilst in the still more wonderful instrument the Phonograph, the complex vibrations that constitute speech leave their impressions on a surface of tinfoil in a myriad of minute markings, and the foil so embossed can at any future time be made to repeat in audible tones the words once addressed to it. Hence future generations, by merely setting some simple machinery in motion, may listen to a speech by Mr. Gladstone, delivered in its original language and pronunciation, and to some extent with the individual accent of that distinguished speaker.

Such an achievement as this last truly marks an era in scientific progress. It is the product of the fertile and original genius of a young American, Mr. Edison, whose numerous and daring conceptions have been justified by their successful accomplishment,

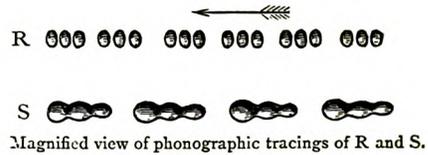
often through unexpectedly simple means. Upon the practical applications of the Phonograph that are sure to arise it is needless to dwell; unquestionably it will have a unique interest in philological researches and an important value in future linguistic records. It may therefore be of interest to give our readers not only a fuller account of this instrument than is to be found in the fugitive fragments in newspapers, but at the same time a brief description of the earlier efforts that have been made to imitate and to record speech.

The mechanism by which speech is produced in our own bodies naturally suggested the first method of making a speaking-machine. Let us consider for a moment how the human voice originates. If we place our finger on the lower part of our throat we shall feel the cartilaginous hoops of the *trachea*, or wind-pipe; passing upwards we reach a gristly V-shaped projection, the point of the V being in front, constituting what is commonly called Adam's apple, and known to physiologists as the *thyroid cartilage*. This is the front portion of the chamber called the *larynx*, which forms the summit of the wind-pipe, and within which chamber is the seat of our voice. The larynx opens into the mouth immediately behind the tongue by an aperture called the *glottis*, capable of being closed by a sort of lid, the *epiglottis*, or by the shutting together of two elastic cushions attached to the larynx immediately below the epiglottis. These cushions are the so-called *vocal chords*, which when at rest assume a V-shape, but can be drawn parallel, and more or less stretched by appropriate muscles. When in this state of tension a current of air, forced from the lungs, will cause the vocal chords to quiver with a rapidity great enough to generate sonorous vibrations; the range of a person's voice depending, in fact, on the difference of tension which can be given to the vocal chords. The greater the tension the more swiftly they vibrate, and the higher the pitch of the voice. The mere vibration of the chords cannot, however, produce speech, which is effected by the modulation of the voice through the agency of the tongue, lips, and cavity of the mouth.

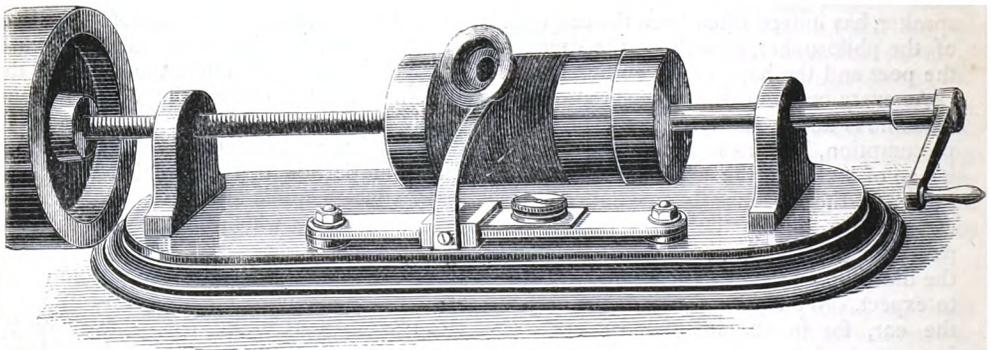
Articulate sounds we all know can be separated into two elements, vowels and consonants, the former being the ground-

work of the latter, or, as Max Müller remarks, "consonants fall under the category of noises" due to the working of the mechanism producing them. The pure vowels are produced by a continuous expiration, the mouth being kept open, but the size of its cavity varied by altering the position of the lips and palate. The vibrations of the vocal chords yield an indiscriminate mixture of sounds—a compound tone; the mouth forms a resonant chamber, like a cave; and by adjusting the size of this chamber certain elements of the compound tone are strengthened to the exclusion of the rest; just as the sound of a Jew's-harp, when held between the teeth, is intensified by the resonance of the mouth, and modified by the size we permit our tongue to give to the cavity. These changes can be recognised if we pronounce successively *e* (as in *he*), *a* (as in *hay*), *o* (as in *oh*), *oo* (as in *cool*).^{*} Certain consonants, as *h*, *s*, *l*, *r*, &c.,

may also be produced by continuous currents of air modified by the tongue and lips. Other consonants, such as *m* and *n*, or *b* and *p*, &c., can only be produced by momentarily stopping the current of air, and commencing or finishing the vowels by a kind of explosion, thus, *ba*, *at*, *me*, &c.



It is possible to make a rough imitation of the larynx by simply rolling a sheet of foolscap into a narrow tube, and over one end tying side by side a couple of strips of thin india-rubber; on blowing through the tube a musical note is obtained, which can



General view of the Phonograph.

be varied in pitch by squeezing the tube, and so altering the tension of the india-rubber vocal chords. Nay, more, when speech has been lost by disease or removal of the natural vocal chords, artificial ones, formed of a vibrating tongue or "reed" of metal or ivory, have been made, and inserted in the larynx of the sufferer, restoring to him at once the power of speech! In fact, so successful is this artificial substitute, that the only difference noticeable appears to be the peculiar monotone of the speaker; who, however, has the advantage of having a variety of voices at command, for by selecting a grave "reed" to-day he can roar like

Bottom the weaver, and by using a high pitch to-morrow speak with the shrillness of a shrew.

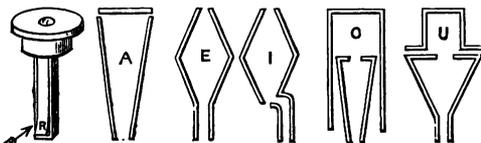
We are now in a position to understand the attempts that have hitherto been made to construct a speaking machine. It is well known that, in the Middle Ages, Pope Sylvester II., Friar Bacon, Albertus Magnus, and others, professed to have made "talking heads," the mechanism of which was kept a profound secret; but these attempts to imitate the sound of the voice were probably only contrivances for the transmission of speech by means of ingeniously concealed speaking tubes. Such was the case with the speaking head which excited the wonder of Charles II. and his court. It answered in several languages to questions whispered in its ear; but ultimately the trick was discovered—a priest, concealed in an adjoining room, replied to the questions through a pipe.

^{*} The theory of vowel sounds was first enunciated by Wheatstone and confirmed by the experiments of Donders, whilst the classical researches of Helmholtz leave but little doubt as to the origin of these sounds. Helmholtz in fact has not only dissected the vowel sounds, and discovered their constituent elementary tones, but he has put together these elementary tones, yielded by different tuning forks, and so built up the entire series of vowels by mechanical means.

So, too, in the last century, a figure of Bacchus, seated on a barrel, was exhibited in Paris, and the astonished crowds heard it pronounce, in a loud and intelligible voice, the days of the week, and wish the company "good day." Organ pipes, wheels, and cylinders seemed to form the interior of the figure; but at last the secret came out—a dwarf, concealed in the figure, was the real spokesman. Again, in our own time, the "invisible girl," which for some months aroused public curiosity in London, was an ingenious device of a similar kind.

The first genuine attempts to imitate the voice by mechanical means originated during the latter part of the last century; and, curiously enough, three attempts were independently and almost simultaneously made in Russia, in Austria, and in France. In the last-named country two colossal brazen heads, which, it was asserted, could pronounce entire sentences by means of mechanism, were submitted to the Paris Academy of Sciences by their constructor, the Abbé Mical. Disappointed at not receiving the government reward he expected, the abbé, in a fit of rage, destroyed his handiwork, and refused to reveal the details of its construction, so that his labours, whatever their merit, were thrown away.

In 1779 a prize, offered by the St. Petersburg Academy of Sciences, induced a Russian professor, named Kratzenstein, to make the first scientific attempt at an artificial production of speech. Kratzenstein, who gained the prize, employed organ pipes of grotesque and complicated shapes, the source of sound being the fluttering of a flexible tongue to and fro through an aperture which, when at rest, it nearly closed. This is technically known as a "reed," and to Kratzenstein is due the invention of the "free reed," an arrangement capable of yielding a far smoother and more voice-like sound than the common organ reed. Fig. 1



Figs. 1 and 2.—Free reed, used by Kratzenstein, and afterwards by Willis, to yield the vowel sounds, with attached pipes.

represents the reed, and Fig. 2 some of the tubes employed by Kratzenstein to produce the vowels named on each; for the utterance of vowel sounds seems to have been the limit of success he attained.

With greater success and more originality the problem of artificial speech was attacked about the same period by an Hungarian nobleman, M. de Kempelen. Kempelen made use of a "reed" at the smaller end of a funnel-shaped cavity, the larger opening of which could be more or less closed by the hand or a sliding-board. Fig. 3 shows a slight improvement on Kempelen's arrangement, made by the late Professor Willis. T

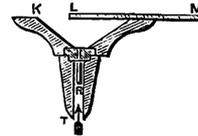


Fig. 3.—Reed and funnel-shaped cavity, used by Kempelen to produce the vowel sounds when the orifice was more or less closed by the lid.

is the mouthpiece, through which air is urged, causing the reed R to vibrate; a flat lid, L M, slides over the top of the funnel and enables the entrance to the cavity, K L, to be enlarged at pleasure. By this means, when the cover was gradually withdrawn, the series of vowels, U, O, A, E, I, could readily be obtained, in the order of succession named. Kempelen's machine could, however, do more than this, and the following description of its mechanism, taken from an article by Sir Charles Wheatstone in the *Westminster Review* for October, 1837, is so little known that it may be of general interest to reproduce it here:—

"De Kempelen's machine consisted externally of a square box and a bellows, of the ordinary construction, placed on a board. The bellows was pressed down by the right hand, and it expanded itself by means of a weight or spring, when the pressure was removed. There were two openings in the box, for the purpose of introducing the hands to act on the keys, &c., within, and numerous small round apertures concealed by silk, to prevent stifling the sound. When the cover was removed, a small box or wind-chest was seen communicating with the pipe of the bellows at one end, and with an india-rubber bell or funnel, from which the sound ultimately issued, at the other; on this wind-chest were various keys, to be touched by the fingers of the right hand, for the sounds S, Sh, R, &c. The sound was produced by an ivory or brass reed, covered, on the side which vibrated against the edges of the aperture, with very thin leather; this reed, representing the larynx of the vocal organs, was placed within, between the wind-chest and the narrow part of the india-rubber funnel or mouth. The sound P was produced by suddenly removing the left hand from the front of the mouth, which it had previously completely stopped; the sound B by the same action, but, instead of closing the mouth completely, a very minute aperture was left, so that the sound of the reed might not be entirely stifled; M was heard on opening two small tubes, representing the nostrils, placed between the wind-chest and the mouth, while the front of the mouth was stopped, as for P. A few vowel modifi-

cations, and the sounds F and V were produced by modifying the form and size of the aperture of the mouth by the left hand; the continuous consonants, S and Sh, were obtained by causing the wind to pass through small tubes of particular forms, the passage of the wind being governed by keys; and R was imitated by occasioning a vibration or trembling of the reed when an appropriate lever was depressed."

"In the space of three weeks," writes De Kempelen, "any one may acquire wonderful skilfulness in performing on the speaking machine. I can pronounce immediately every French or Italian word I am asked, but a long German word, on the contrary, costs me much trouble. As to entire phrases I can produce but few, and these must be short, because the bellows is not sufficiently large to furnish the necessary quantity of wind. For example, the machine can be made to say, '*Vous êtes mon ami; je vous aime de tout mon cœur;*' or, in Latin, '*Leopoldus secundus; Romanorum imperator, semper Augustus, &c.*'"

One of these machines, with some improvements, was made by Sir Charles Wheatstone, and it still exists in the museum at King's College, London. Its performance can hardly be said to corroborate all that Kempelen asserts, albeit Wheatstone, with his extraordinary mechanical skill, superintended its construction. No doubt skilful manipulation plays an important part, for a machine probably similar, exhibited in Dublin some years ago, spoke several words, notably Canada, with remarkable distinctness.

Kempelen's aim, it will be seen, was to imitate the form and actions of the organs of speech; but such imitation is by no means essential, for the vowels, as Professor Willis has remarked, "are mere affections of sound, which are not at all beyond the reach of human imitation in many ways, and not inseparably connected with the human organs, although they are most perfectly produced by them, just as musical notes are; but no one ever dreamed of seeking in the larynx an explanation of the laws by which musical notes are governed." It was these considerations which led Professor Willis, in 1829, to seek for a reproduction of the vowel sounds by ordinary acoustic instruments, entirely regardless of the shape of the organ of speech. A cylindrical tube, A B C D, Fig. 4, about 1½ inch in diameter, and 1½ feet long, was furnished with a "free reed" fitted to an air-tight piston, R, that could be moved to and fro at pleasure. By sliding other tubes over B D, the whole could be lengthened to several feet. When the reed is sounded

by a current of air from the usual acoustic bellows, and the pipe gradually lengthened by withdrawing the piston, the vowels are heard succeeding each other in the order here named.

I E A	O U	U O A E I	I E, &c.
\bar{a}	\bar{b}	\bar{c}	



Fig. 4.—Reed pipe, used by Willis to produce the vowel sounds by adjusting the length of the pipe by means of the movable piston R.

The reed being placed at a , the length $a b$, or $b c$, corresponds to the length of the pipe in unison with the reed employed, that is, half the length of the sonorous wave occasioned by the reed; it will be noticed that when b is passed the series makes its appearance in inverse order, and then in direct order again, and so on in cycles. In fact, the distance of any given vowel from its respective centre-points a or c , &c., is the same throughout. This explains the fact noticed by Professor Willis, that when the pitch of the reed was high some of the vowels could not be reproduced, for when half $a c$ is less than the length necessary to yield U, this vowel obviously could not appear, and, with higher notes still, O, A, &c. would disappear in succession. This is exactly analogous to what occurs in the human voice, female singers being unable to pronounce U and O in the high notes.

The pronunciation of the vowels adopted by Professor Willis was that employed on the Continent, so that I = ee, E = a or eh, &c. Here, in fact, at the outset, we meet with an important linguistic application of these experiments. Inasmuch as any of these sounds can be reproduced at pleasure, at any time and in any place, by merely adjusting the pipe to its proper length, the pronunciation of any particular vowel can be denoted by stating its equivalent length of pipe. The following table, given by Professor Willis, was the first attempt at this desirable end. The first column gives the vowel, the second how it is to be sounded, the third the length of the tube in inches, the fourth the actual note on the musical scale corresponding to a stopped pipe of the length given in the preceding column, and the fifth the pitch according to Helmholtz:—

Vowel.	Pronunciation.	Pipe in inches.	Pitch. Willis.	Pitch. Helmholtz.
O	as in No.	4·7	c''	c''
A°	„ Nought.	3·8	e'' flat	e'' flat
A	„ Paw.	3·05	g''	g''
	„ Part.	2·2	d'' flat	d'' flat
E	„ Pad.	1·8	f'''	f'''
	„ Pay.	1·0	div	b'' flat
I	„ Pet.	0·6	c ^v	c ^v
	„ See.	0·38	g ^v	d ^v *

We must now deal with the attempts that have been made automatically to record speech. The first effort of this kind seems to be due to M. E. Léon Scott, aided by the manipulative skill of that altogether unrivalled maker of acoustic apparatus, M. Kœnig, of Paris. M. Scott, early in 1857, placed in the hands of the Paris Academy of Sciences a sealed description of an instrument which he termed the *Phonautograph*. Though this description was subsequently read before that body, no complete account of the instrument appears ever to have been published.† The phonautograph is simply a large barrel-shaped mouthpiece, closed at its lower and smaller end by a thin stretched membrane, that readily enters into vibration when a sound is uttered in its neighbourhood. Near the centre of the membrane is fixed, by a speck of sealing-wax, a bristle or other slender style, which, therefore, shares the movements of the membrane. In order to record these movements, the style is made to trace its way over a smoked glass, or, as is better, lightly to press against a cylinder covered with lampblack, which can be rotated by a handle. As soon as a sound is uttered in the mouthpiece of the apparatus, the membrane trembles, and the style, partaking of its motion, brushes aside the lampblack on the cylinder. Turning the handle whilst the sound is continued, straightway a sinuous line is depicted by the style on the rotating cylinder; maintaining the rotation, but allowing the sound to die away, the sinuosity gradually vanishes into a simple spiral line, traced by the now motionless style. When the sinuous figures are examined, they are found to reveal the rate, the amplitude, and, to some extent, the quality of the vibrations. For example, when a note and its octave are simultaneously sung, an undulating curve is obtained, with every second undulation of greater height

* The reader who wishes for further information on this part of our subject should consult the English edition of Helmholtz's "Sensations of Tone," edited with so much love and learning by Mr. A. J. Ellis, whose valuable contributions to the subject of speech are beyond the scope of the present paper. We are unaware whether organ builders have yet taken advantage of Professor Willis's researches in the construction of the *Vox Humana* stop.

† The best description, with a drawing, is given in Ganot's "Physics," edited by Dr. Atkinson.

than its fellow. Articulate sounds are only in some cases distinguishable from each other; the rolling sound of R, for example, is conspicuous, whilst the fraction of time required to produce any letter may readily be estimated from these tracings. But, beyond being an interesting addition to scientific apparatus, the phonautograph has not become generally known or used, doubtless owing to the needlessly cumbersome and costly form in which it is made.

Another step in advance was taken by M. Kœnig, who, adapting a novel principle of his own, caused the trembling membrane to agitate a small flame of gas instead of a style. This is accomplished by allowing the gas to enter a small receptacle, one side of which is formed of the membrane and the other side permits the gas to issue from a tiny metal orifice, where it is ignited. The vibrations of the flame are rendered visible by twisting a looking-glass rapidly to and fro in front of the flame. Viewing the image of the flame in the moving mirror, it is seen as a continuous band of light when uninfluenced by sound; but as soon as a note is sung the continuity is at once destroyed and a series of images of the flame make their appearance. The sustained sound of the vowel E, as in "he," gives the simplest mode of vibration, and a row of flames of uniform size are seen in the mirror. The sound of O, as in "hoe," gives a double flame, one image being smaller than the other, as if a note and its octave had been sounded.

A rough and simple method of indicating some of the vibrations produced by the voice can readily be constructed, as follows:—A box, some six or eight inches square, has a lid formed of tightly stretched paper. An orifice on one side, furnished with a mouthpiece, serves to transmit the vibrations to the interior of the box. Sprinkling coloured sand on the paper membrane, and sounding a whistle or singing a sustained note into the mouthpiece, the sand instantly arranges itself in an intricate figure, more or less geometrical, which varies in pattern on changing the note.

But the most perfect instrument that has yet been made for the purpose of visibly recording speech is the so-called logograph of Mr. W. H. Barlow, F.R.S. A description of this instrument was first published in 1874, though at that time its performance did not excite the interest it has since evoked. More recently Mr. Barlow has extended his experiments, an account of which, now in course of publication, may be of interest to

the reader. The logograph records, not so much the effect of sonorous vibrations as the pneumatic action which accompanies the production of articulate sounds. In the act of speaking, we expel varying quantities of air from the lungs—on an average about one and a half cubic inches for each syllable. It is obvious that if the egress of air be in part prevented, variations in pressure will be produced.

These variations in pressure communicate motion to a membrane, and thence to a delicate lever, which pencils its movements on a travelling band of paper. The accompanying sketch, Fig. 5, will make the arrangement clear. A small speaking trumpet about four inches long is fastened in some convenient support, one end of the trumpet being widened and covered with a thin india-rubber membrane, *aa*. A light

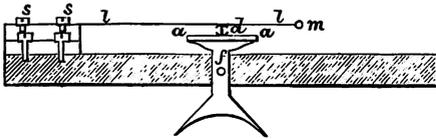


Fig. 5.

aluminium arm, *ll*, fixed at one end by screws, *s s*, carries at the other end a marker, *m*, which consists of a small and very fine sable brush. A point *d*, attached to the arm, presses lightly on the membrane, the motion of which is thus transferred to and magnified by the lever, *ll*. The brush, wetted with Indian ink, traces a straight line on a narrow strip of paper, moved by clockwork below its point. As soon, however, as the mouth is applied to the open end of the trumpet and a word spoken or whispered therein, the line changes into a peculiar figure which is characteristic of the word uttered. A small orifice, *f*, in the trumpet, permits some air to escape when speaking into the trumpet.

As might be anticipated, the instrument reveals the difference between consonantal sounds much more clearly than the vowel sounds, which produce a vibratory action or ripple on the curve drawn, that gives us but little clue to those differences which we

have seen characterize the vowels. The case is very different with the explosive consonants. Every stage in their utterance is shown. Thus *be* writes itself down as follows, Fig. 6:—

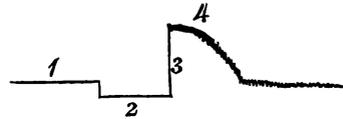


Fig. 6.

In this diagram, 1 shows the preparatory action of closing the lips; 2 is a pause during which pneumatic pressure accumulates within the mouth; 3 is the consonant action made by opening the lips suddenly; 4 is the discharge of air accompanied by the vowel sound, and the remainder of the figure shows the manner in which the pneumatic pressure subsides to zero. If the syllable *be* reversed, as *eb*, the diagram becomes laterally inverted also. The next figure shows the curve given when the word *battle* is said distinctly, Fig. 7. It is repeated three times to show the simi-

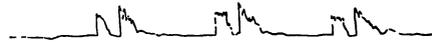


Fig. 7.—Logograph tracings of the word "battle," with the "t" clearly sounded in second syllable.

ilarity of the curve in each case. Passing from words to sentences, the logograph enables the process of articulation to be examined in considerable detail, and affords an insight into the vocal actions which give rise to vowels, consonants, and accentuation. Further researches will doubtless complete what is wanting in this instrument, and, at the same time, exhibit, more particularly, the laws of muscular action which control the articulation of various languages, and furnish to future generations a faithful record of the dialects of the present day.

Here we must break off, as our space is exhausted, but in the next article we shall describe more in detail that crowning achievement, the mechanical reproduction of speech and intonation by means of Mr. Edison's phonograph.

(To be continued.)



A WATER ARRIVAL IN INDIA.

By A COMMISSIONER.

"The bridegroom cometh."

I.

AN Indian Famine: the heavens as brass, the earth as brick; men, women, and children, as well as cattle, perishing for want of water and food; strength ebbing away; people living, or rather dying, on weeds, on jungle produce perhaps.

A Royal Progress: like an epic poem: the hero-lover meets his people and his lady-love; he has delivered his country from the destroyer; the bride's and the people's rejoicings, "with noise of weeping loud," as they go forth to hail the arrival in triumph of their victorious hero, bringing peace and plenty to his stricken land; the very hour of each meeting is noted.

Such are the contents of this official paper, reporting the opening of some engineering works—opening of the Kana Nuddee (Blind River)—in the Hooghly district, one of Government's relief measures for a famine not yet here, but hanging over us.

With spade and shovel, and at a cost of not more than £1200, the waters of the Damoodah are let into their old channel—which had silted up and become "kana," or blind, before the present century—the Kana Nuddee, fifty-seven miles long, joining the Damoodah with the Hooghly.

"It is easy to imagine," says the Commissioner, "the joy and satisfaction of the people in one of the most densely populated parts of Hooghly, at seeing a river, five or six feet in depth and from forty to eighty feet in width, suddenly flowing through their villages, especially in such a season as this, when their water-supply was in the greatest jeopardy, and they were watching anxiously the few dwindling pools of water that used to lie in the old bed of the river. I venture to say that no such great and appreciable benefit has been so suddenly and so cheaply conferred on such a large number of anxious people during the present century, and this work alone will suffice to make the Lieutenant-Governor's administration memorable in the district of Hooghly."

Compare this whole account with the fears often expressed in the highest quarters that the people could not be induced "to use the water" without "compelling" them.

Drinking water collected out of filthy puddles—one must have known a hot coun-

try in a time of drought to know what a depth of misery that means—among a people, too, whose only drink is water. But could they afford milk, the milch-cattle are dying too for want of water.

"See the conquering hero comes,
Sound the trumpet, beat the drums."

It is a Government report which gives the account:—

"The works were ready on December 27; the officials were present,—

"When the waters of the Damoodah were admitted into the bed of the Kana Nuddee, amidst the acclamations of the people who had flocked to the spot."

The water arrives eight miles farther. "Great excitement prevails." Again the Commissioner's report:—

"The villagers taking the greatest interest in its arrival." They turn "to watch its progress, and to facilitate its advance cut the bunds (dams) that held it back.

"On the evening of the 3rd, the water arrives at Kamulpore.

"At Kooloot the water arrives during the night of the 4th.

"At Radhanagore the water arrived at 6 A.M. on the 4th.

"The greater portion of these and adjoining villages are uncultivated for want of water.

"At Nundanbatty the water arrived on the 5th, at 6 A.M."

Does it not read like a triumphal progress? "The admiration and gratitude" "of the people within reach of the use of the water—" "In the villages of Nundanbatty" "there are no tanks, and the people express great satisfaction at the arrival of the Damoodah water."

So comes the conquering hero on, till "at Dukhinkool" the water arrives "on the 6th, at 7 A.M." "The people are enthusiastic." (Still the Commissioner's report.) "Their tanks were nearly exhausted, and would have been quite dry in a month" (think what that means!); "the few tanks they have are extremely foul, and the clean water now brought to them is of immense benefit."

And so on, and so on, till "at Bhola the water arrives at 1 P.M. on the 8th." "The people are loud in their gratitude;" "it has saved their lives." It has indeed.

They irrigate "eagerly;" they "com-

mence preparing the land for onions and sugar-cane, it being too late for other crops."

(These are the "people" who have been accused of immovable want of enterprise.)

Sugar-cane is the crop which requires most labour and care, and is also the most valuable. It takes eleven or twelve months' water to grow sugar.)

"At Anundopore, thirty-four miles down," "the water has just arrived" (8th, at 9 A.M.). "At this place was a pool of water," "used for steeping jute," "in a filthy condition;" "but the people were using it for drinking and all other purposes."

(Does it not seem miraculous that they are alive at all?)

The police, January 9th, 1874, report that "the inhabitants are overjoyed," "praising and thanking the English Government." "It is a gift from God." "They were 'badly off' (badly indeed) for water, but now they have full and plenty."*

Normal state of the Burdwan people.—This is not a famine year, though it might easily be mistaken for such. 8s., or 10s., or 12s. a month, to maintain themselves and wife and children, and to clothe them against the winter cold. Again it is a Medical Commissioner who speaks. Daily food, usually one meal a day only. (This is not a district where the people are very particular about cooking for caste reasons, and consequently cannot spare the time to do it more than once a day.) A little rice, with what is called vegetable curry (oil and potherbs) for the whole family, and this the ordinary daily food; extreme poverty; a permanent state of half-starvation; no proper clothing; a whole population of "poor helpless creatures, so impoverished and so enfeebled in constitution," that when epidemics come they lie down to die without power to rally. "Dhall (peas) cost too much," they say, "and milk we can never look at."

In 1869, 1870, and 1871, was the fatal, too-notorious Burdwan fever. Of its excessive mortality we have no idea whatever. It is again the Government Medical Commissioner who speaks:—

"Unless prompt food and careful nursing be given, one-half die in the first year, and with the rest it is only a question of time.

"And the only effectual method of meeting the difficulty is almost impossible as long as the well-to-do people keep aloof and give no help to us."

What is this but a famine fever, assisted by bad or no water-supply, bad or no drainage? Yet this is not *called* a famine!

In good times, two or three cooked meals a day of rice (about a pound of rice a day) and dhall (peas). In the best of times they have fish, cured—imperfectly cured, on account of the salt-tax making salt too dear—or vegetables.

To sum up: We must "consider the regulation of the water with regard to health. For several years past a great extent of country round Calcutta" (the Burdwan fever is not extinct, it reappears in other places) "has been desolated by fever of such a nature that numbers of villages have been almost emptied by it, tens of thousands having died of it." Its predisposing cause is semi-starvation. Among its immediate causes are—want of drainage in the monsoon; want of good water to drink in the dry season.

This is the state of villages in those dead, alluvial plains: in the monsoon without a foot of dry ground, and surrounded by pools of water; in the dry season, not a drop of wholesome water to drink—nothing but the remains of these pools a few inches deep, in which filth has been accumulating for months.

Compare this with an irrigated tract completely pervaded by drainage-channels to carry off the waters in the monsoon, and canals of running water, fresh from the river, flowing through every village.

Irrigation means: First, water for irrigating land, but also all drainage and other works for complete regulation of water; navigation, and a good water-supply for drinking and cooking.

II.—LIFE OR DEATH ON THE GODAVERY.

Death on the Godavery.—*Before* the irrigation works were begun, from eye-witnesses in tents and rough sheds on the bank of the river, or rather on the side of the river-bed:—

A narrow thread of water down the middle of that bed, on each side of that thread a mile and a half, at least, of hot, deep sand. Want, and filth, and need of every kind around: weary women toiling through the dry river-bed with their water-pots, creeping out of their huts after the exhausting heat of the day to bring the family supply of water between one or two miles, their naked feet sinking at every step in burning sand. How insufficient the supply, after all that labour, need scarcely be told.

Food: in the dry season any kind of vegetable matter that they could get from the

* See report from Mr. Buckland, Commissioner of Burdwan Division, to Bengal Government, No. 177, dated Burdwan, 23 Jan., 1874. Is not Mr. Buckland an epic poet, without knowing it?

jungle to keep themselves alive; cattle reduced to such a state of starvation that when the rains began they were totally unfit for work.

The Superintendent of Madras Government Farms says that we have no idea of the statistics of "annual loss by disease amongst Indian live-stock," "from being kept during two-thirds of the year just above starvation point."

"At the commencement of our rule,"—it is a Government official, a civilian, who speaks—"it" (the Godavery district) "formed a portion of a neglected province, and at one time it was brought to a state of extreme impoverishment and distress. It was desolated by famine and misgoverned by the numerous landlords (under the zemindarry system) and their advisers."

Happily the ruin was so complete that the Government were left free to restore the land in many cases to its real owners or their descendants, some of whom had been robbed in order to transfer the land to people who had no right in it whatever.

If "honesty is the best policy," unjust proceedings are the worst—ruinous to all parties.

Irrigation now could take full effect in every way in this district.

Life on the Godavery.—Eighteen years later, after the irrigation works were in full action, from the same eye-witnesses:—

Instead of dry sand, river-bed covered full with abundant water. Instead of parched, perishing attempts at cultivation, rich crops of many kinds, trees which seemed to have sprung up as if by magic; instead of the wilderness, a garden; instead of filthy waterless villages, channels, well-filled, flowing everywhere; instead of weary, overworked women, all, or almost all, well-fed, well-washed, and comfortable; time and strength of mind and body no longer solely taken up with daily drudgery, which before absorbed every power; religious civilisation possible.

Cattle strong and healthy, and doing their work.

And, best of all, the people are now very generally free from the money-lender.

Now for the official civilian report:—

"Since the introduction of the admirable system of irrigation" (Sir Arthur Cotton's), "it" (the Godavery district) "has brightened and revived. Famine is unknown; the people are prosperous and contented; it is the garden of the great Northern Province. The revenue, instead of being reduced, as it once was, to the verge of bankruptcy, is more

elastic than it has ever been. Its population has more than doubled; the material prosperity is proved by their being better fed, clothed, and educated than formerly; its commerce has flourished and its trade has developed in a marvellous degree; and it may be confidently asserted that it is in as peaceful, happy, and prosperous condition as any portion of her Imperial Majesty's dominions."

Besides water or no water being a question of life or death, of health or disease, of civilisation, comfort, and cleanliness, or of dirt and barbarism and misery, it is a question of revenue. The Godavery district used to export £60,000 a year; it now exports, by sea only, £800,000 to £900,000 a year. The whole population is well-clothed, well-housed; home consumption doubled. The 560,000 acres, irrigated by an expenditure of about £600,000, yield about £1,100,000 a year more in grain, besides straw, besides navigation. And they can export food to the famine districts, instead of being a famine district—terrible word, but more terrible thing—themselves.

A similar change may be seen in the Kistnah and Tanjore districts.

In the last Madras Famine, not yet over, where among twenty millions three millions have died—where in some places we have lost one-fourth of the population—two large districts are exempt—Kistnah and Tanjore. Not only this, but their populations have increased, and increased beyond the *estimated* increase of population, while all around have been dying. Why? Because of their irrigation works they have been saved.

No wonder that the Ryots of Trichinopoly lately, in November, 1877, addressed the Governor of Madras, praying that the same benefits might be extended to them. In their memorial they relate how Sir Arthur Cotton "controlled the Colleroon" (in Tanjore) "by means of a gigantic masonry dam, so as to arrest the drying-up of the Cauvery;" how "that great engineer bridled the Godavery, a river five miles broad at the point chosen, in a similar way, and with still more magnificent results;" how other such works have been applied to other rivers, "all which works have converted the tracts affected into scenes of matchless fertility and wealth, and have for ever protected them and neighbouring provinces from the disaster of recurring droughts."

The poor Ryots of Trichinopoly then mention six particular projects in their own district which they earnestly demand should

be executed ; amongst these, " a large reservoir at the meeting of the Patchamalai and Kollimatai ranges, the projected Uengar Channel, for part cost of which the Ryots have years ago subscribed and paid money."

And with picturesque and pathetic simplicity, they pray for these to be carried out.

This is paper and words to us ; to them life instead of death.

Such are two or three instances of bringing life out of death to our neighbour in India.

"Go and do ye likewise."

NOTE.—Even while this is being written,

new and bad accounts come in from India. In Madras, drought has been followed by locusts, famine is not over, and the Government is preparing to re-open relief works. In part of the Punjab and in extensive tracts in the North-west Provinces there is severe suffering, if not actual famine ; prices *very* high everywhere. Actual distress anticipated in Shahabad and Patna. In Eastern Bengal complaints that no ploughing can be done for want of rain. The Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal is gallantly giving himself to necessary works : to "good works" in every sense of the word, as understood by GOOD WORDS.

F. N.

THE ARGUMENT WITH UNBELIEVERS.

An Address by the Archbishop of Canterbury, delivered at St. Peter's, Belsize Park, on Sunday, May 5, 1878.

I HAVE been requested to commence in this church a series of addresses dealing with the state of opinion as to religion amongst us, with special reference to that prevailing infidelity which at present distresses many minds. I know not, of course, what may be the nature of the addresses which will be delivered by others, and it appears to me that what I can best do in commencing this series, will be to sketch out one or two principles which I think it is well for all persons to bear in mind in reading discussions which are common amongst us in the present day. I will ask you, therefore, to consider some very simple and well-known words of the apostle St. Paul, with which I would begin, taken from the eighteenth verse of the fourth chapter of the Epistle to the Corinthians :—"The things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal." The general impression is that, in the present day, there is a great deal of materialistic philosophy prevalent among us, and that the teaching of such philosophy is, that the things which are seen are, indeed, very valuable and most important for all of us to dwell on, but that the things which are not seen are of no importance. Now St. Paul, as you see by these words, took a very different view of the matter. He thought that the outward forms which we see around us—the things which we can see and touch and handle, the common objects of sense—are comparatively of little importance, and that the things which are most truly valuable and truly lasting, are those which are not cognisable by the outward senses.

Was the apostle singular in the view which he took of what is truly lasting and truly valuable? The most impassioned bursts of eloquence, affecting man's highest interests, appealing to his noblest instincts, and especially to his feeling of duty—these do not treat of the material interests of his body, they turn to the higher things which have to do with his soul and with the recognition of his immortality, and his relations to a thousand things unseen. Is there not a testimony from those highest specimens of human intellect, that the orators who thus spoke agreed with the apostle, that there was something far higher for man than his material interests—something that could be appealed to in man which, not being seen, was more lasting and more valuable than any object of sense? The most elevating strains of poetry in all ages, do they not speak the same language? That may be beautiful and stirring poetry which describes the scenes of outward nature, but the highest of all poetry has to do with the things unseen, appeals to the higher instincts in man, to that in him which has little to do with the corporeal frame in which he finds himself. In all ages of the world, long before Christianity was born, the highest philosophy also surely was that which dealt with the things unseen. And not only have we this testimony of all the greatest human writers and thinkers of all ages before Christianity testifying that the unseen is higher and more lasting than the seen, but it is the same when we look around us and judge of things as they are to-day. This life of ours, with all its outward opulence and conveniences and all the

thousand material enjoyments which do so much to promote the welfare of society, is there not written on it everywhere, that it is to come to an end? For each of us as individuals these outward things must soon end. Death is certainly waiting for every human being; and shall not each human being ask himself whether death is really the end? And if it be not the end, and there is something which lasts beyond death, that surely is of the nature of the things unseen; and the apostle was right when, looking forward to the end, he said all that is valuable in that which is around you must soon elude your grasp, and if there is anything beyond, that will be more lasting and must be a thousand times more valuable.

Again, even while we are here, things beyond and above us—things which we have never tested by the organs of sense, and with which we have no acquaintance except by report—how often are they far more interesting for our life and well-being than the things we have tested by our narrow experience.

Again, in ourselves and others, what is it that commands? Not the power of the body; not the material strength which for a time is given to us in the days of youth and health, but the commanding will—the will which no man ever saw, or can ever judge of except by believing that there is something that controls his actions and the forces of nature—the will, an energy of the unseen soul. It is the WILL which is the motive power in human nature.

Again, what are the most real and enduring pains which man can suffer? Not those of the body. Conscience—the unseen conscience—what pain is like the pain of an uneasy conscience?

Thus, then, even when thinking of ourselves as we are now, we must agree with the apostle, that that which is unseen, which we cannot grasp by sense, is more enduring and more powerful than that which is seen, and that the temporal, compared with the eternal, is of little value.

If we wish to move the human race, what is it that we appeal to? Their sentiments, their affections, those things which the eye never saw. What is that enthusiasm which stirs men's hearts to great and noble action but something which eludes the senses—something which has to do with the will, the spiritual, the immortal, the unseen? All these are testimonies to the truth of the apostle's axiom that the things which are unseen, both in ourselves and in the uni-

verse around us, are far more worthy of our thoughts, far more enduring and valuable, than even the best and most highly esteemed of the things which are seen.

Now, bear this thought with you into all the speculations of these days—that, valuable as is material prosperity, important as are the material forces which are at work around us, there is something higher. The apostle, we say, knew it; all the great orators knew it; the poets knew it; all the philosophers knew it; all the greatest spirits of the human race testify to the same truth.

But, we are told that these things—our oratory, our poetry, our philosophy, metaphysical or moral—were all very well for the early ages of the world, but that we have outlived them;—poetry for the world in its infancy, metaphysics for the world in its youth, but practical common sense and material improvement, the grand developments of positive philosophy, for the world in its maturity. Are they right who say this? What if, instead of maturity, it be the commencement of decay? What if the bright light which shone around the world in its infancy be growing dim? What if the clouds of glory which man trailed with him in his early days be fading away, and the shadows of the prison-house be closing around him, darkening instead of enlightening, enervating instead of giving strength? Give me the simplicity of childhood; give me the vigour of youth and of early manhood; give me the poetry, the eloquence, the philosophy, of the earlier ages of the world, and I can well spare that which, indeed, boasts itself to be the world's maturity, but may be, after all, the world's decay. Give me the time of strength and thrilling life; give me the spring-time, which, if well used, will be crowned with the fruits of autumn, and with stores which shall cheer and sustain even amidst the chilling frosts of winter, making those frosts harmless, and even useful, when they come to individuals or to nations, as come they must. Those who tell us that we have outgrown the things in which the early ages of the world rejoiced, may but be telling us that they themselves have reached the period of decay. Let us, for our part, rather cherish the vigorous life which is the gracious gift of God; let us rejoice that the voices of the noblest spirits of former ages re-echo the words of the apostle; and let us feel certain that the things unseen are more lasting and more valuable than the material things around us.

Again they tell us that, of course, they can-

not deny that there may be a world meta-physical and spiritual as well as a world material; but that the wisdom of the age in which we live has found out that all which has to do with these higher matters is so regulated by laws—that cause and effect are so immutably connected together—that all phenomena, call them spiritual or call them metaphysical, are only developments of the same laws which we find in the world material—that all things roll on by these fixed laws, and no power can stop or prevent these laws from producing certain effects. They will that, therefore, all these distinctions which we try to draw between the sovereign will of the Creator and Governor of the world and the material world itself, and all we say of a great distinction between things material and things spiritual or meta-physical must be abandoned, because all things are linked together; cause and effect cannot be separated, and all things revolve alike, fixed and immutable. This perhaps is true in one sense, but yet not true practically. Even as to physical changes, do all things for us roll on so clearly in this fixed course? Look at your past lives. Sickness came; can you tell me how? Unexpected: no doubt it was the result of some fixed cause; yet, as that cause was quite unknown to you, it seemed to you, and justly, to speak with a voice very different from that voice which prates only of the way in which material cause and effect are linked together. Sickness came, and you, not unwisely, thought it spoke to you with a voice from above. Your common nature revolts from the idea that when you were laid aside and all your ordinary occupations interrupted, there was not some design in this so-called mischance which had such power to mould your whole life and character, and that it was intended to make you think and feel as you had never thought and felt before. Again, how comes it that in a certain year of a certain century an infant is born, and grows up, say, to become Lord Bacon? Physical causes no doubt produced the result, but who shall trace them? What caused the world to change its whole system of philosophy? The fact that a framed infant was born in a certain year, framed and trained like other infants, and grew up to be a great man and a great philosopher. Truly, some atheist has said, if it be possible that there can be an interference by God Almighty in the concerns of the world, this would be manifested by the way in which our destinies are affected by the rise of great men without any possibility of our

accounting for how they grow into what they are in their supremacy over the races amongst whom they live. Surely the way in which the world's history is affected by circumstances which cannot be explained, practically shatters the vain theory, that we can trace each minute event to the causes which produced it—an idea which would reduce all history and all the destinies of man to the mere arrangements of complicated machinery. Look, for example, to the East, even the unchangeable East. As to the darker parts of Eastern history we know very little, but the greatest events of that history with which we are familiar, relate to the conquests and designs of Alexander the Great. How came it that a man on whom so much seemed to depend should have a fever at Babylon which put an end to his life almost before he had entered upon his maturity? Tell me, if you can, the connection between the cause and effect which stopped his great career, and reduced the empire which he had formed into the state in which we find it a few years after his death. Tell me, if you can, why the horse of William III. stumbled over a mole-hill, and the destinies of England were greatly affected thereby. Tell me, if you can, why, in our own time, the horse of a great and wise man, at a moment when he seemed to be much wanted by his country, stumbled on Constitution Hill, and left England bereft of Sir Robert Peel. These things are in no practical sense reducible to the immutable connection of physical cause and effect. No doubt in one sense it is quite true that cause and effect do thus work together, but he who wisely looks on the strange events which affect his own life and the world's life, must, I think, be convinced that there is some governing power unseen, which regulates all things and produces from them results which could never be expected. Truly, the Lord sitteth above the water-flood.

Now then we have come to this, that the unseen and spiritual is above the material, and that it is a vain attempt which would so explain the connection of all things with immutable laws, as to remove a governor unseen from the world in which we live.

Perhaps, however, it may be said, After all, though this may be true, is it worth while to waste our time upon it? Though there may be these higher things, what can we know of them? Is it not the better wisdom to confess our ignorance, and to be content to labour in the lower field, in which we have

some certainty, and to leave alone the higher things, if they do indeed exist?

Nay, God has not so made us. We do not so exist as not to have faculties whereby we can rise to some knowledge of the things which are above. Is there truth, or is there no truth? If there be a truth there is something without ourselves, and we ourselves in our conceptions of truth may be approaching indefinitely near to the knowledge of the real truth. Think of two words very common and familiar to all who talk on these matters, and common in all books—often used but not much thought of in this aspect—*subjective* and *objective*. Is all truth subjective, or is there objective truth? What time of day is it now? Look at your watches; they are all different, some nearer the true time, and some farther off. These give subjective conceptions of the true time; but there is a true time, although none of your watches may have reached it. Our conceptions of truth may vary, but you are approaching to some knowledge of the real truth; and if there is a real truth, and you have this sort of indefinitely near approach to it, God has given us some sort of faculty by which, if you cannot grasp, you can, at least, approach indefinitely near to, the real truth.

There is such a thing as truth. But how to know it? We require proof of everything which we believe, and God has given us the means of ascertaining the reality of what we believe. He has stamped upon us certain great principles which we cannot doubt without the risk of being consigned to a madhouse. Our own existence—how are we to prove that? We accept it, and the belief of it is one of the principles stamped upon human nature. Again, our senses give us a faithful account of what we see around us—how can we prove that? We cannot; but God has stamped upon us, in virtue of our existence, a belief in the evidence of our senses. So also God has provided us with a conscience, as well as with consciousness. He has provided us with certain principles which we cannot shake off, and these are the helps, the means, the instruments whereby we rise to what we understand of the real truth. So, then, we have come to this: the things spiritual are the highest and the most valuable; and the world is not, thank God, too old for the contemplation of the spiritual. Things spiritual are not indeed to be tested, like common things, by materialistic experiment, but God has given us certain powers by which we may rise to the contemplation of the spiritual; we know that these powers are

worthy of Him who has thus created us, and we shall use them to learn more and more of that truth which is our inheritance.

And now, lastly, a few words as to the sort of evidence with which it is desirable that, resting on undoubted principles as our major premisses, we should seek to establish our belief in the things spiritual. That evidence must be probable evidence. It is said by some that there is no truly reliable proof but the abstract proof of mathematics. But probable evidence is the guide of life, and probable evidence has this essential feature, that it is liable to objection. Something may always be said on the other side. A man produces certain objections, some of which you cannot answer by reason of ignorance, it may be; but you may be convinced, notwithstanding, that there is an overwhelming burden of probable evidence in favour of the truth which he would overthrow. Now, the commonest of all modes of attacking Christianity is by gathering together a number of plausible objections and saying, "We cannot believe till these objections are all answered." There is an answer, though you may not have found it; perchance it may be a long time before it is found. But, notwithstanding the objections, if there be an overwhelming amount of evidence on the other side, that ought to convince you. Our arguments, moreover, on these subjects are cumulative; that is, there are a great many arguments all converging to the same conclusion; and these cumulative arguments are not to be overthrown by one or two objections. I will illustrate what I mean. You will hear carpings at this or that passage of Holy Writ which presents difficulties. No doubt there are difficulties; and the question always is, whether the positive argument is so overwhelming that you must give your assent even before you can answer the objection. A man lays hold of one passage in the New Testament and objects to it. He forgets that there are twenty-seven books in the New Testament, and each perfectly distinct as evidence by itself. Nothing he can say as to single passages in one of those twenty-seven books will do anything to invalidate the testimony of all the other passages which all the other books may contain.

Then again, consider another source of difficulty which you will do well to bear in mind with regard to the speculations forced upon us at the present day. Almost the whole art of many objectors consists in misrepresenting a doctrine, and then abusing the doctrine so

m'srepresented. To exaggerate, for instance, the statements made with respect to inspiration, until you have before you a view of inspiration which no wise writer on the subject ever propounded; to exaggerate the difficulties which all persons know to exist in the doctrine of the atonement, and then to say, "How can you adopt a view of the atonement so strange as this is?"—a view which probably no sound theologian ever calmly advocated; again, to exaggerate the statements to be found in Holy Writ as to eternal punishment after death, and then to suppose that these exaggerations are the doctrine itself;—this, it seems to me, is the art of controversy in the present day. The Church of Christ is not responsible for the exaggerated statements of individuals; even the best and holiest of her sons have made exaggerated statements, for which neither the Bible nor the Church of Christ is responsible. As to the Bible, how continually do our opponents give an untrue view of what the Bible says, and then, because we cannot maintain that untrue view, they think they have upset the Bible itself. All this art of exaggeration is the drawing of an absurd picture of something the Church has never adopted, and then saying, "This is given up, and therefore Christianity must be given up." Thus Romanism is a perverted and exaggerated type of Christianity, and much may be said against it; therefore, (shall we say), we must give up Christianity altogether. Such attacks have no real value or weight.

Again, if you ever find it difficult in argument to meet objections, it is not a bad plan to carry the war into the enemy's country. You may ask the objector what is his theory, and if he gives it, you may find that it is liable to objections fifty times more potent than any he has made against yours. Ask him who denies the truth of the Divine origin of Christianity, to explain to you how it is that the Christian Church has grown into

its present state; how it has spread itself over all the most civilised nations of the world. Tell him to explain this, and you will find he is in a great difficulty; and whatever theory he may set up, the objections to it will be far greater than he can make against your theory that Christianity is Divine. And when you are trying to build up your own faith and not answering another, take the Bible and think what it is. Think of the part it has played in the history of the world through so many generations, in all that is good and glorious in the progress of mankind. Think how the condition of human society has been moulded by it, and how this is inexplicable on any theory except that it is a Divine message to mankind. Give me this Book, and let philosophy apply to it any treatment to which any other book is fairly subjected, and the result will show that the secret of its power is, that it is essential truth.

And at last, be not ashamed to go beyond these outward helps to the light within. Recognise, and be not ashamed to recognise, that from this system which is assailed there is truth and light so bright that it dazzles your eyes; be not ashamed to own that in the conscience within there is a voice that answers to this Word of God without. He who knew what was in man, He who has governed man's destiny, fashioned the religion which, thank God, we profess; and within our hearts and souls there is an answer to the question whether this religion comes from God or no. There may be times of thoughtlessness or of hard worldliness, there may be times of dissipation, and times when the higher light from some unexplained cause seems to fade away within us; but when man is at his best, and when things appear most in their real form, when he is brought face to face with the unseen realities, thank God, the voice within answers to the voice without, and proclaims that the religion of Jesus Christ is indeed from God.

GEORGE MOORE.

IT has sometimes been made matter for surprise that a strong instinct for accumulation and an eye for small details should go along with a diffusive and even lavish charity. Opposed as the two tendencies may seem at first view, the surprise might have been moderated a little if past examples had been more carefully considered. Howard was most orderly and exact, scrupulously careful in

business details; and he found that his philanthropy was vastly aided by his carrying into it the same conscientious care and scrupulous attention to small things as had distinguished him in trade. Samuel Budgett, the Bristol philanthropist, was another instance; and Walter Powell was a third. Biography abounds in them; and, indeed, the union of the two tendencies may be regarded

as illustrating a great law. It has been well said that to "work a miracle of beneficence and to gather up the fragments are but different sides of the same Divine order." Where the sense of duty is strong the smallest thing is always regarded, although it may be but half-consciously, in relation to the highest, which is opposed to all that is wasteful and disorderly. When, therefore, we listen to expressions of astonishment that George Moore, a millionaire, who had in the course of his life given away for charitable purposes a large fortune, would throw all the clerks in the great establishment in Bow Churchyard into excitement, because a 'bus fare of three pence had been charged for which no voucher could be found, the grotesque aspect of the isolated case may be regarded as having hid the significant illustration of a general principle in his very characteristic exactitude and determination. These qualities it was that made him what he was; and if we look at him for a moment as a man whose character was developed, and who attained to his high position mainly through the cultivation of these almost commonplace qualities, we shall find that his life is interesting through the lesson that it teaches. Mr. Smiles has skillfully traced out, in his latest work, the gradual growth of George Moore's character, and an epitome of the chief points will, we think, be found interesting to many who may not read the life.

George Moore was born on the 9th of April, 1806, at Mealsgate, a farm of about sixty acres between Wigton and Cocker-mouth, in Cumberland. The family had been settled in that district for several centuries, and belonged to the class of "statesmen," or yeomen, who hold their land in consideration of some special service. They are full of character, shrewd and kindly, and disinclined to changes. Under a somewhat rough and prosaic exterior, great elevation of character and true kindness are often hidden: they are hospitable and in some respects clannish. The sons followed the fathers in their simple and healthy ways of life, seldom dreaming of anything beyond. Nowadays the class is dying out; but in the beginning of the century many fine specimens were still to be found; and it is clear that George Moore's father was one of these. His one weakness, we are told, was willingness to help his neighbours; and he had thus reduced the family means. "My father," says George Moore, "was one of the most straightforward of men. He had as great moral courage as any man I ever knew. I can well

remember his ordering a man out of his house who had come in drunk, and reprimanding others who had done some bad deed." He had lost his first wife about six years after the birth of his son George; and for five years remained a widower, when he married a well-meaning woman of some education, who, however, does not seem to have exercised much influence over the strong and healthy natures of her stepsons. The lack of a discreet and loving mother's care may perhaps account for a good deal in the boyish days of George Moore.

At the age of eight he was sent to school. But, unfortunately, the schools in Cumberland in those times were not much to boast of. That to which he was sent was kept by a man who was both morally and intellectually disqualified for the post he held, and would certainly not have satisfied any school-inspector of our day. Yet he had some accomplishments which boys are apt to admire; amongst others he could imitate the song of almost any bird, and could whistle so like a blackbird that he had got the name of "Blackbird" Wilson. He drank deeply, and the scholars were sent out for the drink three or four times a day. George Moore says: "He used to drive the learning into us with a thick ruler, which he brought down sharply upon our backs. He often sent the ruler flying amongst our heads. He never attempted to make learning attractive. He did not cultivate the understanding, or endeavour to teach us the good of knowledge."

As he so completely failed to inspire love of learning, it is not unreasonable to suppose that he was not very vigorous in his efforts to defeat the scholars in such customs as that of the "barring out," by which, on the first beginning of harvest work, they barricaded the teacher out of his school till he declared himself defeated, and granted them a holiday. George Moore was more proud of evading his lessons than of mastering them. He thought that if he had had a better teacher it would have been otherwise. He was fond of play, often went bird-nesting, soon became a good wrestler, and knew the art of "takin' hod" as well as any one of his age, passionately loved horses, and while yet a school-boy cherished the ambition of following the hounds, which it was easy even for a boy to do then in Cumberland. One day he got hold of his father's half-blind mare, and mounted her bare-backed. He could not take the saddle, for that might be missed. But away he went in search of John Peel and his hounds, and found them and had his run

with the rest. For a few months before leaving home he attended a better school, and there learned for the first time to feel how ignorant he was.

His father was at first averse to allowing his son to go into a shop, but one of his best friends strongly urged him to take advantage of a fair offer that had been made him, and George Moore accordingly became the apprentice of a draper at Wigton in his fourteenth year. There the boy's virtue was severely tried. His master became very dissipated; he was left often in sole charge, he was lodged at an inn, amid the drinking and the excitement inseparable from such a place, and had no proper restraining influence. He did fall under a temptation to gambling, and might have completely yielded himself to it; but under the power of what he regarded as a special warning, he resolved to abandon the bad habit, which he did. He now found lodgings away from the inn, and tried hard to improve himself.

When about nineteen he came up to London to seek a situation. His sole capital was a sound constitution, a good character, and decided capacity for work. Though he was by no means a lad of great intellectual quickness, he had a look of character about him; but this was overbalanced by his roughness, his home-made clothes, and his broad Cumberland speech, which were much against him. For a whole week he wandered from one end of London to the other, calling at every place where there was the least hope of a draper's assistant being wanted; but only to meet with rebuff and disappointment, and sometimes even with gratuitous taunts. "The keenest cut of all I got," he says, "was from Charles Meeking, of Holborn. He asked me if I wanted a *porter's* situation. This almost broke my heart." He began to think himself a very "unmarketable commodity" indeed. At length, however, he got a situation in the house of Messrs. Flint, Ray & Co., which before long he nearly sacrificed through an innocent error of £1 in a bill. Mr. Ray was a Cumberland man, who knew his father and took some interest in him. Whilst here there came tripping into the shop one day a bright fair-haired little girl, whose look and presence brought a peculiar charm to George Moore; for, though only a young shopman, he was bold enough to say that if he ever married, he would marry that girl—that girl being his master's daughter. This somewhat remote possibility, as most people would have thought it, brought a further impulse to

self-improvement; for George Moore had begun to feel that he was far behind the young men he met here in education and in refinement, and it was certainly a good thing for him that he was thus spurred on to make exertions. Besides, he fancied that he would suit the wholesale trade better than the retail, and was resolved to try it. Mainly through the recommendation of Mr. Ray he found a situation in the house of Messrs. Fisher, Stroud, and Robinson, of Watling Street, then the first lace-house in the City. George Moore entered it in the beginning of 1826, at a salary of £40 a year, and wrote home to his father that he felt himself to be "a made man."

Here his energy and his determination to master all the details of the business soon made themselves felt. He was more and more impressed with the need for education, and went to an evening school; often sitting up half the night to read and to prepare for it.

Under George's advice, his brother William had been educated with more care than he had been, and had come up to London to serve in the house of Mr. Ray. He did not have George's practical mind and energy, and was in great difficulties at first. He almost broke down, mainly through his want of knowledge of the streets of London. George believed in his brother, and was not slow with his help. After his own work was over—the hours in the wholesale houses being shorter than those of retail houses at the West-end—he would put on an old coat, and go West to help in delivering his brother's parcels. "Many a winter night," says Mr. Smiles, "did he walk through wind and rain with heavy parcels on his shoulders, to deliver them to the customers—thus literally bearing his brother's burdens."

By-and-by George Moore was made town traveller for his employers, and showed such capacity and indefatigable industry that he was, in about eighteen months, transferred to the Liverpool and Manchester circuit. This district had been badly worked, but George Moore soon pulled it together again. "He worked early in the morning and late at night. Sometimes he worked a town before breakfast, making early appointments with the drapers beforehand. After breakfast he packed up his goods, drove off to another place (for there were no railways in those days), and finished his work at a third town within the day." His fellow-travellers on the road could not but admire his power and dispatch, and would say in surprise to any

one who didn't know him, "Don't you know the NAPOLEON of WATLING STREET? Let me introduce you."

Then, in the course of a year or two, he had Ireland given him to work, in much the same circumstances, along with his old circuit. His energy and his ability to outdo very active and somewhat unscrupulous competition approved themselves in this new field. Overtures were made to him by other houses, with a great increase of salary; his answer was, "For no other house than Fisher's will I travel." Of course it was only natural that he should begin to think that as he could be so influential in building up the business of others, he might be justified in trying to build up a business of his own. At length he entered into partnership with two acquaintances—one of them, Mr. Groucock, who had been a "foeman worthy of his steel" on the Irish journey; and thus was formed the firm of Groucock, Cope-stake, and Moore.

George Moore now travelled for his own firm, doing for it what he had done for Fisher's. Things prospered greatly with him, and this in spite of the fact that during the first year trade was bad, owing to the great distress and reform agitation, and the returns hardly what was expected. His rule was to work sixteen hours a day. The thought of resting to take a few hours' pleasure never entered his mind. The means he took of finding his way to the good-will of customers often showed great discernment and knowledge of human nature, as well as a good deal of humorous suggestion. At the end of three years he was placed on an equal footing with the other partners, taking his third share of the profits. He continued to go over the old ground, regarding his journey to Ireland as his *rest* for the month. In the midst of all his activity and hard work he never forgot the little fair-haired girl whom he had said he would marry if he ever married. As he expressed it, "he had served for her with an aching heart longer than Jacob served for Rachel." And at length his patience and perseverance were rewarded. On the 12th of August, 1840, he led her to the altar.

For a time after his marriage he continued "on the road," but by-and-by he dropped it, contented himself with drilling the new men, and later, confined himself to the work of the counting-house. Whether it were that the manner in which, when travelling, he had overworked himself, had left the seeds of weakness in his constitution, or that the

change told upon his health, he at all events fell into ill-health, and had to consult a physician. He was told "you are working your brain too much and your body too little. Your medicine must be the open air. If you ride, you should go to Brighton and ride over the Downs, or join a hunt, but you must take care not to break your neck in taking fences." He did join a hunt, soon enjoyed the exercise and the excitement, and he visited America, and derived great profit and pleasure from the journey. Before the year was out he confessed that Dr. Lawrence had been right: "nothing could have done so much to restore my health as out-door exercise."

But the spare time now thrown on George Moore's hands was not filled up by hunting; nor could it fully satisfy his mind and heart. He began more and more to be interested in his young people at Bow Churchyard, and was eager on schemes to improve their condition. This was his first concern. Then gradually extending his interests, he devoted himself to increasing the influence of the Cumberland Benevolent Institution, and improving the schools of Cumberland, and found another work that awaited him in setting on a broader basis the Commercial Travellers' Schools. As the class were specially exposed to perils, and were often cut off early, it struck him that an orphanage was specially needed, in which to place the children so often left behind but poorly provided for. He put his heart into the work, called on friends and City men, collecting subscriptions, and soon saw the fruit of his toils in the erection of a handsome building, which before two years were over sheltered some sixty children, and was soon to receive some twelve more. He travelled to some of the chief towns on behalf of it, as formerly he had done to solicit orders, and was indefatigable in his efforts to make the institution a worthy one for its purpose. He told the commercial travellers that, no matter what their salary, whether it might be £100 or £150, they ought to subscribe to the school; if not, they were very poor-hearted creatures indeed. He told their employers that they did not pay their travellers with sufficient liberality, for the calling of a commercial traveller was a very bad one, especially when they travelled on commission. Of the good works in which George Moore by-and-by engaged, it would be difficult to give even a list here. He was treasurer to the Cumberland Benevolent Society, treasurer to the Commercial Travellers' Schools, trustee to

the Warehousemen and Clerks' Schools, trustee to Nicholson's Charity, governor and almoner of Christ's Hospital, trustee to the Penny Bank in Milton Street, chairman and trustee of the Young Men's Christian Association in Marlborough Street, chairman of the general committee of the Royal Free Hospital, trustee of the Metropolitan Commercial Travellers and Warehousemen's Association, member of the board of management of the Royal Hospital for Incurables; and later, one of the chief promoters of the Cabmen's Mission, and the builder of one of the Houses at the Home for Little Boys. In fact, there was hardly a genuine and earnest movement for the good of others that he did not willingly aid, and in most cases his help was not money merely, but genuine interest taken in their success. He spent a little fortune quite secretly, through the City missionaries, in marrying couples who were living in a disreputable social position, their children growing up illegitimate. The Ragged School and Reformatory movements found in him an earnest and wise supporter, and will greatly miss him. He took a deep interest in the cabmen, and was often surprised to find his fares or his excess fares returned by those whom he had benefited; "You have paid me more than the fare, and you are George Moore," was the answer in one case when the excess fare was returned to him. One of the funniest meetings must have been that muster of cabmen, invited and uninvited, amounting to over four hundred, who took supper at his house in Kensington Palace Gardens, and listened to speeches and songs and recitations of original poems from himself, Sir Wilfrid Lawson, Colonel Henderson, and others. And we should not omit to remark that the first guests in that house were his own young people in the City; for he said, "As our young men and women at Bow Churchyard had been instrumental in helping to gain the wealth for building such a house, I determined they should be the first to visit us."

Among the many visitors in the later years of his life to Whitehall, the house which he had bought in Cumberland, his young people were always included; a point which suggests the remark that George Moore's kindly interest in young men in search of situations and the trouble he took on their behalf

is another of his beautiful and kindly traits of character. Though he was a member of the Church of England, he was most liberal in religious feeling; and nothing pleased him better than to bring the ministers or missionaries of the different evangelical churches together. He was often urged to enter public life, but invariably declined. When "pricked" for sheriff of London, he paid the fine of £400 to relieve him from serving. He was asked repeatedly to stand for parliament for the City, for Middlesex, for Nottingham, and for other places, but would not consent—in one instance thus frankly giving his reasons:—

1. That my education is not equal to the position, and I have a great dislike to public speaking.
2. That I can do much more good in other directions than by representing Nottingham in Parliament.
3. That it would keep me more and more from serving God and reading my Bible.

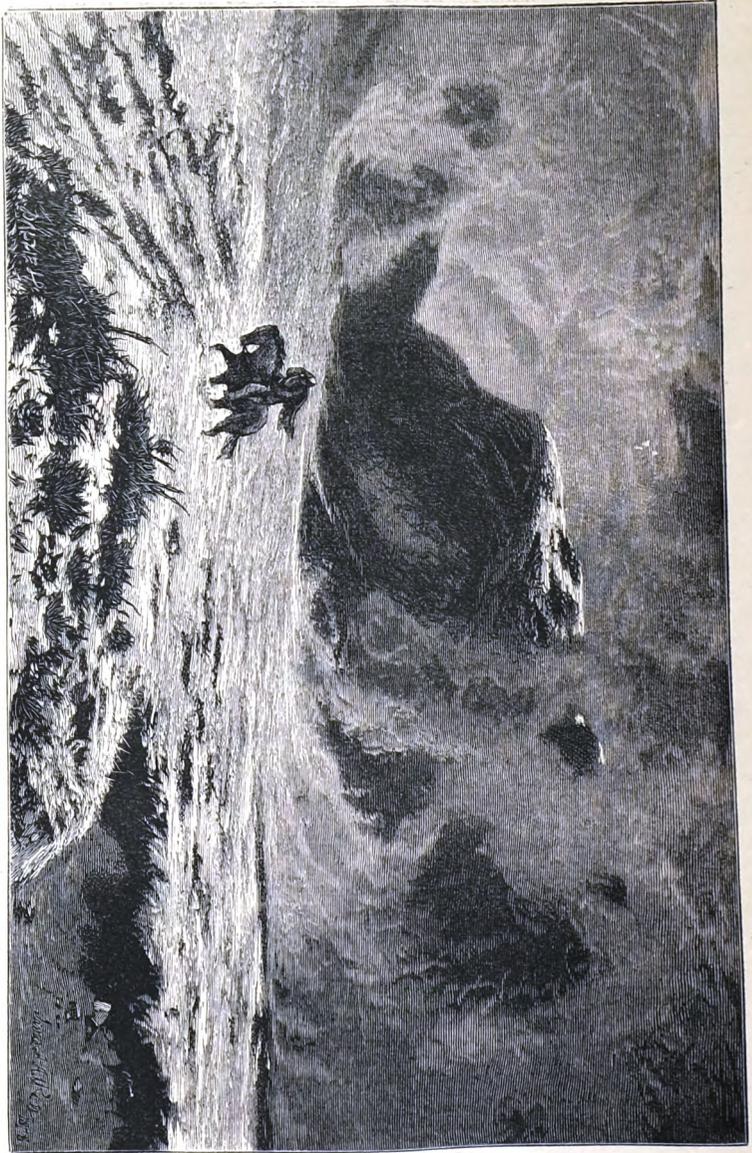
He devoted more labour to philanthropic work than Parliament need have involved; but he loved this work in and for itself, and not a little of Parliamentary work he would not have loved; and his decision no doubt was wise. His great organizing capacity and his loving zeal were seen in nothing more than in the part he took in the relief of Paris after the siege was raised. At once he set out with some others, carrying money and food supplies to the famished city, working unweariedly night and day in the distribution of it, and earning the eternal remembrance and gratitude of the French people.

George Moore died suddenly at Carlisle, in 1876, from the effects of an accident. Genuine sorrow was felt amongst all classes at the news of his death. Lord Lytton uttered the general feeling with respect to his character and work when, referring especially to his labours in connection with the Commercial Travellers' Schools, he said that George Moore threw himself heart and soul into movements of that nature with as much ardour as if he were building up a fortune for his own children. And we shall fail to do him justice if, when we contemplate him so zealous in his business, we for a moment forget that later even after his health was broken, he was as energetic and indefatigable in good causes as he had ever been in his business, willing to spend and to be spent in aiding and elevating others.

H. A. PAGE.







“MACLEOD OF DARE.”

MACLEOD OF DARE.*

BY WILLIAM BLACK, AUTHOR OF "MADCAP VIOLET," "A PRINCESS OF THULE," ETC.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—A DISCLOSURE.

AND now he was all eagerness to brave the first dragon in his way—the certain opposition of this proud old lady at Castle Dare. No doubt she would stand aghast at the mere mention of such a thing; perhaps in her sudden indignation she might utter sharp words that would rankle afterwards in the memory. In any case he knew the struggle would be long, and bitter, and harassing; and he had not the skill of speech to persuasively bend a woman's will. There was another way—impossible, alas!—he had thought of. If only he could have taken Gertrude White by the hand—if only he could have led her up the hall, and presented her to his mother, and said, "Mother, this is your daughter: is she not fit to be the daughter of so proud a mother?"—the fight would have been over. How could any one withstand the appeal of those fearless and tender clear eyes?

Impatiently he waited for the end of dinner on the evening of his arrival; impatiently he heard Donald, the piper lad, play the brave Salute—the wild shrill yell overcoming the low thunder of the Atlantic outside; and he paid but little attention to the old and familiar *Cumhadh na Cloinne*. Then Hamish put the whisky and the claret on the table; and withdrew. They were left alone.

"And now, Keith," said his cousin Janet, with the wise grey eyes grown cheerful and kind, "you will tell us about all the people you saw in London; and was there much gaiety going on—and did you see the Queen at all—and did you give any fine dinners?"

"How can I answer you all at once, Janet?" said he, laughing in a somewhat nervous way. "I did not see the Queen, for she was at Windsor; and I did not give any fine dinners, for it is not the time of year in London to give fine dinners; and indeed I spent enough money in that way when I was in London before. But I saw several of the friends who were very kind to me when I was in London in the summer. And do you remember, Janet, my speaking to you about the beautiful young lady—the actress—I met at the house of Colonel Ross of Duntormie?"

"Oh yes, I remember very well."

"Because," said he—and his fingers were

rather nervous as he took out a package from his breast-pocket—"I have got some photographs of her for the mother and you to see. But it is little of any one that you can understand from photographs. You would have to hear her talk, and see her manner, before you could understand why every one speaks so well of her, and why she is a friend with every one——"

He had handed the packet to his mother, and the old lady had adjusted her eye-glasses, and was turning over the various photographs.

"She is very good-looking," said Lady Macleod. "Oh yes, she is very good-looking. And that is her sister?"

"Yes."

Janet was looking over them too.

"But where did you get all the photographs of her, Keith?" she said. "They are from all sorts of places—Scarborough, Newcastle, Brighton——"

"I got them from herself," said he.

"Oh, do you know her so well?"

"I know her very well. She was the most intimate friend of the people whose acquaintance I first made in London," he said simply; and then he turned to his mother: "I wish photographs could speak, mother, for then you might make her acquaintance, and as she is coming to the Highlands next year——"

"We have no theatre in Mull, Keith," Lady Macleod said, with a smile.

"But by that time she will not be an actress at all: did I not tell you that before?" he said eagerly. "Did I not tell you that? She is going to leave the stage—perhaps sooner or later, but certainly by that time; and when she comes to the Highlands next year with her father, she will be travelling just like any one else. And I hope, mother, you won't let them think that we Highlanders are less hospitable than the people of London."

He made the suggestion in an apparently careless fashion; but there was a painfully anxious look in his eyes. Janet noticed that.

"It would be strange if they were to come to so unfrequented a place as the west of Mull," said Lady Macleod somewhat coldly, as she put the photographs aside.

"But I have told them all about the place, and what they will see; and they are eagerly looking forward to it; and you surely would

not have them put up at the inn at Buessan, mother?"

"Really, Keith, I think you have been imprudent. It was little matter our receiving a bachelor friend like Norman Ogilvie; but I don't think we are quite in a condition to entertain strangers at Dare."

"No one objected to me as a stranger when I went to London," said he proudly.

"If they are anywhere in the neighbourhood," said Lady Macleod, "I should be pleased to show them all the attention in my power, as you say they were friendly with you in London; but really, Keith, I don't think you can ask me to invite two strangers to Dare——"

"Then it is to the inn at Buessan they must go?" he asked.

"Now, auntie," said Janet Macleod, with her gentle voice, "you are not going to put poor Keith into a fix; I know you won't do that. I see the whole thing; it is all because Keith was so thorough a Highlander. They were talking about Scotland; and no doubt he said there was nothing in the country to be compared with our islands, and caves, and cliffs. And then they spoke of coming; and of course he threw open the doors of the house to them. He would not have been a Highlander if he had done anything else, auntie; and I know you won't be the one to make him break off an invitation. And if we cannot give them grand entertainments at Dare, we can give them a Highland welcome anyway."

This appeal to the Highland pride of the mother was not to be withstood.

"Very well, Keith," said she. "We shall do what we can for your friends; though it isn't much in this old place."

"She will not look at it that way," he said eagerly, "I know that. She will be proud to meet you, mother; and to shake hands with you; and to go about with you, and do just whatever you are doing——"

Lady Macleod started.

"How long do you propose this visit should last?" she said.

"Oh, I don't know," said he hastily. "But you know, mother, you would not hurry your guests; for I am sure you would be as proud as any one to show them that we have things worth seeing. We should take her to the cathedral at Iona on some moonlight night; and then some day we could go out to the Dubh Artach lighthouse—and you know how the men are delighted to see a new face——"

"You would never think of that, Keith," his cousin said. "Do you think a London

young lady would have the courage to be swung on to the rocks and to climb up all those steps outside?"

"She has the courage for that or for anything," said he. "And then, you know, she would be greatly interested in the clouds of puffins and the skarts behind Staffa; and we would take her to the great caves in the cliffs at Gribun; and I have no doubt she would like to go out to one of the uninhabited islands."

Lady Macleod had preserved a stern silence. When she had so far yielded as to promise to ask those two strangers to come to Castle Dare on their round of the western islands, she had taken it for granted that their visit would necessarily be of the briefest; but the projects of which Keith Macleod now spoke seemed to suggest something like a summer passed at Dare. And he went on talking in this strain, nervously delighted with the pictures that each promised excursion called up. Miss White would be charmed with this, and delighted with that. Janet would find her so pleasant a companion; the mother would be inclined to pet her at first sight.

"She is already anxious to make your acquaintance, mother," said he to the proud old dame who sat there ominously silent. "And she could think of no other message to send you than this—it belonged to her mother."

He opened the little package—of old lace, or something of that kind—and handed it to his mother; and at the same time, his impetuosity carrying him on, he said that perhaps the mother would write now and propose the visit in the summer.

At this Lady Macleod's surprise overcame her reserve.

"You must be mad, Keith! To write in the middle of winter and send an invitation for the summer! And really the whole thing is so extraordinary—a present coming to me from an absolute stranger—and that stranger an actress who is quite unknown to any one I know——"

"Mother, mother," he cried, "don't say any more. She has promised to be my wife."

Lady Macleod stared at him, as if to see whether he had really gone mad; and rose, and pushed back her chair.

"Keith," she said slowly, and with a cold dignity, "when you choose a wife, I hope I shall be the first to welcome her; and I shall be proud to see you with a wife worthy of the name that you bear; but, in the meantime, I do not think that such a subject

should be made the occasion of a foolish jest."

And with that she left the apartment; and Keith Macleod turned in a bewildered sort of fashion to his cousin. Janet Macleod had risen too; she was regarding him with anxious and troubled and tender eyes.

"Janet," said he, "it is no jest at all!"

"I know that," said she in a low voice, and her face was somewhat pale. "I have known that. I knew it before you went away to England this last time."

And suddenly she went over to him, and bravely held out her hand; and there were quick tears in the beautiful grey eyes.

"Keith," said she, "there is no one will be more proud to see you happy than I; and I will do what I can for you now, if you will let me; for I see your whole heart is set on it; and how can I doubt that you have chosen a good wife?"

"Oh, Janet, if you could only see her and know her!"

She turned aside for a moment—only for a moment. When he next saw her face she was quite gay.

"You must know, Keith," said she, with a smile shining through the tears of the friendly eyes, "that women-folk are very jealous; and all of a sudden you come to auntie and me, and tell us that a stranger has taken away your heart from us and from Dare; and you must expect us to be angry and resentful just a little bit at first."

"I never could expect that from you, Janet," said he. "I knew that was always impossible from you."

"As for auntie, then," she said warmly, "is it not natural that she should be surprised and perhaps offended—"

"But she says she does not believe it—that I am making a joke of it—"

"That is only her way of protesting, you know," said the wise cousin. "And you must expect her to be angry and obdurate; because women have their prejudices, you know, Keith; and this young lady—well, it is a pity she is not known to some one auntie knows."

"She is known to Norman Ogilvie, and to dozens of Norman Ogilvie's friends, and Major Stewart has seen her," said he quickly; and then he drew back. "But that is nothing. I do not choose to have any one to vouch for her."

"I know that; I understand that, Keith," Janet Macleod said gently. "It is enough for me that you have chosen her to be your wife; I know you would choose a

good woman to be your wife; and it will be enough for your mother when she comes to reflect. But you must be patient."

"Patient I would be, if it concerned myself alone," said he, "but the reflection—the insult of the doubt—"

"Now, now, Keith," said she, "don't let the hot blood of the Macleods get the better of you. You must be patient, and considerate. If you will sit down now quietly, and tell me all about the young lady, I will be your ambassador, if you like; and I think I shall be able to persuade auntie."

"I wonder if there ever was any woman as kind as you are, Janet?" said he, looking at her with a sort of wondering admiration.

"You must not say that any more now," she said, with a smile. "You must consider the young lady you have chosen as perfection in all things. And this is a small matter. If auntie is difficult to persuade, and should protest and so forth, what she says will not hurt me, whereas it might hurt you very sorely. And now you will tell me all about the young lady; for I must have my hands full of arguments when I go to your mother."

And so this Court of Inquiry was formed; with one witness not altogether unprejudiced in giving his evidence; and with a judge ready to become the accomplice of the witness at any point. Somehow Macleod avoided speaking of Gertrude White's appearance. Janet was rather a plain woman—despite those tender Celtic eyes. He spoke rather of her filial duty and her sisterly affection; he minutely described her qualities as a house-mistress; and he was enthusiastic about the heroism she had shown in determining to throw aside the glittering triumphs of her calling to live a simpler and wholesomer life. That passage in the career of Miss Gertrude White somewhat puzzled Janet Macleod. If it were the case that the ambitions and jealousies and simulated emotions of a life devoted to art had a demoralising and degrading effect on the character, why had not the young lady made the discovery a little earlier? What was the reason of her very sudden conversion? It was no doubt very noble on her part, if she really were convinced that this continual stirring up of sentiment without leading to practical issues had an unwholesome influence on her woman's nature, to voluntarily surrender all the intoxication of success, with its praises and flatteries. But why was the change in her opinions so sudden? According to Macleod's own account, Miss Gertrude White,

when he first went up to London, was wholly given over to the ambition of succeeding in her profession. She was then the "white slave." She made no protest against the repeatedly-announced theories of her father to the effect that an artist ceased to live for himself or herself, and became merely a medium for the expression of the emotions of others. Perhaps the gentle cousin Janet would have had a clearer view of the whole case if she had known that Miss Gertrude White's awakening doubts as to the wholesomeness of simulated emotions on the human soul were strictly coincident in point of time with her conviction that at any moment she pleased she might call herself Lady Macleod.

With all the art he knew he described the beautiful small courtesies and tender ways of the little household at Rose Cottage; and he made it appear that this young lady, brought up amid the sweet observances of the south, was making an enormous sacrifice in offering to brave, for his sake, the transference to the harder and harsher ways of the north.

"And, you know, Keith, she speaks a good deal for herself," Janet Macleod said, turning over the photographs, and looking at them perhaps a little wistfully. "It is a pretty face. It must make many friends for her. If she were here herself now, I don't think auntie would hold out for a moment."

"That is what I know," said he eagerly. "That is why I am anxious she should come here. And if it were only possible to bring her now, there would be no more trouble; and I think we could get her to leave the stage—at least I would try. But how could we ask her to Dare in the winter-time? The sea and the rain would frighten her, and she would never consent to live here. And perhaps she needs time to quite make up her mind; she said she would educate herself all the winter through, and that, when I saw her again, she would be a thorough Highland-woman. That shows you how willing she is to make any sacrifice, if she thinks it right."

"But if she is so convinced," said Janet doubtfully, "that she ought to leave the stage, why does she not do so at once? You say her father has enough money to support the family?"

"Oh yes, he has," said Macleod, and then he added, with some hesitation, "Well, Janet, I did not like to press that. She has already granted so much. But I might ask her."

At this moment Lady Macleod's maid

came into the hall and said that her mistress wished to see Miss Macleod.

"Perhaps auntie thinks I am conspiring with you, Keith," she said, laughing, when the girl had gone. "Well, you will leave the whole thing in my hands; and I will do what I can. And be patient and reasonable, Keith, even if your mother won't hear of it for a day or two. We women are very prejudiced against each other, you know; and we have quick tempers, and we want a little coaxing and persuasion—that is all."

"You have always been a good friend to me, Janet," he said.

"And I hope it will all turn out for your happiness, Keith," she said gently, as she left.

But as for Lady Macleod, when Janet reached her room the haughty old dame was "neither to hold nor to bind." There was nothing she would not have done for this favourite son of hers but this one thing. Give her consent to such a marriage? The ghosts of all the Macleods of Dare would call shame on her!

"Oh, auntie," said the patient Janet, "he has been a good son to you. And you must have known he would marry some day."

"Marry?" said the old lady, and she turned a quick eye on Janet herself. "I was anxious to see him married. And when he was choosing a wife I think he might have looked nearer home, Janet."

"What a wild night it is!" said Janet Macleod quickly—and she went for a moment to the window. "The *Dunara* will be coming round the Mull of Cantire just about now. And where is the present, auntie, that the young lady sent you? You must write and thank her for that, at all events; and shall I write the letter for you in the morning?"

CHAPTER XXIX.—FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

LADY MACLEOD remained obdurate; Janet went about the house with a sad look on her face; and Macleod, tired of the formal courtesy that governed the relations between his mother and himself, spent most of his time in snipe and duck shooting about the islands—braving the wild winds and wilder seas in a great open lug-sailed boat, the *Umpire* having long ago been sent to her winter quarters. But the harsh, rough life had its compensations. Letters came from the south—treasures to be pored over night after night with an increasing wonder and admiration. Miss Gertrude White was a charming letter-writer; and now there was no restraint at all over her frank confessions and playful

humours. Her letters were a prolonged chat—bright, rambling, merry, thoughtful, just as the mood occurred. She told him of her small adventures and the incidents of her every-day life, so that he could delight himself with vivid pictures of herself and her surroundings. And again and again she hinted rather than said that she was continually thinking of the Highlands, and of the great change in store for her.

"Yesterday morning," she wrote, "I was going down the Edgware Road, and whom should I see but two small boys, dressed as young Highlanders, staring into the window of a toy-shop. Stalwart young fellows they were, with ruddy complexions and brown legs, and their Glengarries coquettishly placed on the side of their head; and I could see at once that their plain kilt was no holiday dress. How could I help speaking to them?—I thought perhaps they had come from Mull. And so I went up to them and asked if they would let me buy a toy for each of them. 'We dot money,' says the younger, with a bold stare at my impertinence. 'But you can't refuse to accept a present from a lady?' I said. 'Oh no, ma'am,' said the elder boy, and he politely raised his cap; and the accent of his speech—well, it made my heart jump. But I was very nearly disappointed when I got them into the shop; for I asked what their name was, and they answered 'Lavender.' 'Why, surely that is not a Highland name,' I said. 'No, ma'am,' said the elder lad; 'but my mamma is from the Highlands, and we are from the Highlands, and we are going back to spend the New Year at home.' 'And where is your home?' I asked; but I have forgotten the name of the place—I understood it was somewhere away in the north. And then I asked them if they had ever been to Mull. 'We have passed it in the *Clansman*,' said the elder boy. 'And do you know one Sir Keith Macleod there?' I asked. 'Oh no, ma'am,' said he, staring at me with his clear blue eyes as if I was a very stupid person, 'the Macleods are from Skye.' 'But surely one of them may live in Mull,' I suggested. 'The Macleods are from Skye,' he maintained, 'and my papa was at Dunvegan last year.' Then came the business of choosing the toys; and the smaller child would have a boat, though his elder brother laughed at him, and said something about a former boat of his having been blown out into Loch Rogue—which seemed to me a strange name for even a Highland loch. But the elder lad, he must needs have a sword; and

when I asked him what he wanted that for, he said quite proudly, 'To kill the Frenchmen with.' 'To kill Frenchmen with!' I said—for this young fire-eater seemed to mean what he said. 'Yes, ma'am,' said he, 'for they shoot the sheep out on the Flannan Islands when no one sees them; but we will catch them some day.' I was afraid to ask him where the Flannan Islands were, for I could see he was already regarding me as a very ignorant person; so I had their toys tied up for them and packed them off home. 'And when you get home,' I said to them, 'you will give my compliments to your mamma, and say that you got the ship and the sword from a lady who has a great liking for the Highland people.' 'Yes, ma'am,' says the elder boy, touching his cap again with a proud politeness; and then they went their ways, and I saw them no more."

Then the Christmas-time came, with all its mystery, and friendly observances, and associations; and she described to him how Carry and she were engaged in decorating certain schools in which they were interested; and how a young curate had paid her a great deal of attention until some one went and told him, as a cruel joke, that Miss White was a celebrated dancer at a music-hall.

Then, on Christmas morning, behold the very first snow of the year! She got up early; she went out alone; the holiday world of London was not yet awake.

"I never in my life saw anything more beautiful," she wrote to him, "than Regent's Park this morning, in a pale fog, with just a sprinkling of snow on the green of the grass, and one great yellow mansion shining through the mist—the sunlight on it—like some magnificent distant palace. And I said to myself, if I were a poet or a painter I would take the common things, and show people the wonder and the beauty of them; for I believe the sense of wonder is a sort of light that shines in the soul of the artist; and the least bit of the 'denying spirit'—the utterance of the word *connu*—snuffs it out at once. But then, dear Keith, I caught myself asking what I had to do with all these dreams, and these theories that papa would like to have talked about. What had I to do with art? And then I grew miserable; perhaps the loneliness of the park—with only those robust hurrying strangers crossing, blowing their fingers and pulling their cravats closer—had affected me; or perhaps it was that I suddenly found how helpless I am by myself. I want a sustaining hand, Keith; and that is now far away from me. I can do anything with my-

self of set purpose ; but it doesn't last. If you remind me that one ought generously to overlook the faults of others, I generously overlook the faults of others—for five minutes. If you remind me that to harbour jealousy and envy is mean and contemptible, I make an effort and throw out all jealous and envious thoughts—for five minutes. And so you see I got discontented with myself ; and I hated two men who were calling loud jokes at each other as they parted different ways ; and I marched home through the fog, feeling rather inclined to quarrel with somebody. By the way, did you ever notice that you often can detect the relationship between people by their similar mode of walking, and that more easily than by any likeness of face ? As I strolled home I could tell which of the couples of men walking before me were brothers by the similar bending of the knee and the similar gait, even when their features were quite unlike. There was one man whose fashion of walking was really very droll ; his right knee gave a sort of preliminary shake as if it was uncertain which way the foot wanted to go. For the life of me I could not help imitating him ; and then I wondered what his face would be like if he were suddenly to turn round and catch me."

That still dream of Regent's park in sunlight and snow he carried about with him as a vision—a picture—even amid these blustering westerly winds and the riven seas that sprung over the rocks, and swelled and roared away into the caves of Gribun and Bourg. There was no snow as yet up here at Dare ; but wild tempests shaking the house to its foundations ; and brief gleams of stormy sunlight lighting up the grey spindrift as it was whirled shorewards from the breaking seas ; and then days of slow and mournful rain, with Staffa, and Lunga, and the Dutchman become mere dull patches of blurred purple—when they were visible at all—on the leaden-hued and coldly-rushing Atlantic.

"I have passed through the gates of the Palace of Art," she wrote two days later, from the calmer and sunnier south, "and I have entered its mysterious halls ; and I have breathed for a time the hushed atmosphere of wonderland. Do you remember meeting a Mr. Lemuel at any time at Mrs. Ross's ?—a man with a strange, grey, tired face, and large, wan, blue eyes, and an air as if he were walking in a dream ? Perhaps not ; but, at all events, he is a great painter, who never exhibits to the vulgar crowd, but who is worshipped by a select circle of devotees ; and his house is a temple dedicated to high

art, and only profound believers are allowed to cross the threshold. Oh, dear me ! I am not a believer ; but how can I help that ? Mr. Lemuel is a friend of papa's, however—they have mysterious talks over milk-jugs of coloured stone, and small pictures with gilt skies and angels in red and blue. Well, yesterday he called on papa, and requested his permission to ask me to sit—or rather stand—for the heroine of his next great work, which is to be an allegorical one taken from the *Faery Queen*, or the *Morte d'Arthur*, or some such book. I protested ; it was no use. 'Good gracious, papa,' I said, 'do you know what he will make of me ?' He will give me a dirty brown face ; and I shall wear a dirty green dress ; and no doubt I shall be standing beside a pool of dirty blue water—with a purple sky overhead, and a white moon in it. The chances are he will make my hair a dull red ; and give me gaunt cheeks like a corpse ; with a serpent under my foot, or a flaming dragon stretching his jaws behind my back.' Papa was deeply shocked at my levity. Was it for me, an artist (bless the mark !), to baulk the high aims of art ? Besides, it was vaguely hinted that, to reward me, certain afternoon-parties were to be got up ; and then, when I had come out of Merlinland, and assured myself I was human by eating lunch, I was to meet a goodly company of distinguished folk—great poets, and one or two more mystic painters, a dilettante Duke, and the nameless crowd of worshippers who would come to sit at the feet of all these, and sigh adoringly, and shake their heads over the Philistinism of English society. I don't care for sickly mediæval maidens myself, nor for allegorical serpents, nor for bloodless men with hollow cheeks, supposed to represent soldierly valour ; if I were an artist I would rather show people the beauty of a common brick wall when the red winter sunset shines along it. But perhaps that is only my ignorance, and I may learn better before Mr. Lemuel has done with me."

When Macleod first read this passage, a dark expression came over his face. He did not like this new project.

"And so, yesterday afternoon," the letter continued, "papa and I went to Mr. Lemuel's house, which is only a short way from here ; and we entered, and found ourselves in a large circular and domed hall, pretty nearly dark, and with a number of closed doors. It was all hushed and mysterious and dim ; but there was a little more light when the man opened one of these doors and showed us into a chamber—or rather, one of a series of

chambers—that seemed to me at first like a big child's toy-house, all painted and gilded with red and gold. It was bewilderingly full of objects that had no ostensible purpose—you could not tell whether any one of these rooms was dining-room, or drawing-room, or anything else; it was all a museum of wonderful cabinets filled with different sorts of ware, and trays of uncut precious stones, and Eastern jewellery, and what not; and then you discovered that in the panels of the cabinets were painted series of allegorical heads on a gold background; and then perhaps you stumbled on a painted glass window where no window should be. It was a splendid blaze of colour, no doubt; one began to dream of Byzantine emperors, and Moorish conquerors, and Constantinople gilt domes. And then—mark the dramatic effect!—away in the blaze of the further chamber appears a solemn, slim, bowed figure, dressed all in black—the black velvet coat seemed even blacker than black; and the mournful-eyed man approached, and he gazed upon us a grave welcome from the pleading, affected, tired eyes. He had a slight cough, too, which I rather fancied was assumed for the occasion. Then we all sat down, and he talked to us in a low, sad, monotonous voice; and there was a smell of frankincense about—no doubt a band of worshippers had lately been visiting at the shrine; and, at papa's request, he showed me some of his trays of jewels, with a wearied air. And some drawings of Mantegna's that papa had been speaking about; would he look at them now? Oh, dear Keith, the wickedness of the human imagination! As he went about in this limp and languid fashion, in the hushed room, with the old-fashioned scent in the air, I wished I was a street-boy. I wished I could get close behind him and give a sudden yell! Would he fly into bits? Would he be so startled into naturalness as to swear? And all the time that papa and he talked, I dared scarcely lift my eyes; for I could not but think of the effect of that wild 'Hi!' And what if I had burst into a fit of laughter without any apparent cause?"

Apparently Miss White had not been much impressed by her visit to Mr. Lemuel's Palace of Art, and she made thereafter but slight mention of it, though she had been prevailed upon to let the artist borrow the expression of her face for his forthcoming picture. She had other things to think about now, when she wrote to Castle Dare.

For one day Lady Macleod went into her

son's room and said to him, "Here is a letter, Keith, which I have written to Miss White. I wish you to read it."

He jumped to his feet and hastily ran his eye over the letter. It was a trifle formal, it is true; but it was kind, and it expressed the hope that Miss White and her father would next summer visit Castle Dare. The young man threw his arms round his mother's neck and kissed her. "That is like a good mother," said he. "Do you know how happy she will be when she receives this message from you?"

Lady Macleod left him the letter to address. He read it over carefully; and though he saw that the handwriting was the handwriting of his mother, he knew that the spirit that had prompted these words was that of the gentle cousin Janet.

This concession had almost been forced from the old lady by the patience and mild persistence of Janet Macleod; but if anything could have assured her that she had acted properly in yielding, it was the answer which Miss Gertrude White sent in return. Miss White wrote that letter several times over before sending it off, and it was a clever piece of composition: the timid expressions of gratitude; the hints of the writer's sympathy with the romance of the Highlands and the Highland character; the deference shown by youth to age; and here and there just the smallest glimpse of humour, to show that Miss White, though very humble and respectful and all that, was not a mere fool. Lady Macleod was pleased by this letter. She showed it to her son one night at dinner. "It is a pretty hand," she remarked critically.

Keith Macleod read it with a proud heart. "Can you not gather what kind of woman she is from that letter alone?" he said eagerly. "I can almost hear her talk in it. Janet, will you read it too?"

Janet Macleod took the small sheet of perfumed paper and read it calmly, and handed it back to her aunt. "It is a nice letter," said she. "We must try to make Dare as bright as may be when she comes to see us, that she will not go back to England with a bad account of the Highland people."

That was all that was said at the time about the promised visit of Miss Gertrude White to Castle Dare. It was only as a visitor that Lady Macleod had consented to receive her. There was no word mentioned on either side of anything further than that. Mr. White and his daughter were to be in

the Highlands next summer ; they would be in the neighbourhood of Castle Dare ; Lady Macleod would be glad to entertain them for a time, and make the acquaintance of two of her son's friends. At all events the proud old lady would be able to see what sort of woman this was whom Keith Macleod had chosen to be his wife.

And so the winter days and nights and weeks dragged slowly by ; but always, from time to time, came those merry and tender and playful letters from the south, which he listened to rather than read. It was her very voice that was speaking to him, and in imagination he went about with her. He strolled with her over the crisp grass, whitened with hoar frost, of the Regent's Park ; he hurried home with her in the chill grey afternoons—the yellow gas-lamps being lit—to the little tea-table. When she visited a picture-gallery she sent him a full report of that even.

"Why is it," she asked, "that one is so delighted to look a long distance, even when the view is quite uninteresting? I wonder if that is why I greatly prefer landscape to figure subjects. The latter always seem to me to be painted from models just come from the Hampstead Road. There was scarcely a sea-piece in the exhibition that was not spoiled by figures, put in for the sake of picturesqueness, I suppose. Why, when you are by the sea you want to be alone, surely! Ah, if I could only have a look at those winter seas you speak of!"

He did not echo that wish at all. Even as he read he could hear the thunderous booming of the breakers into the giant caves. Was it for a pale rose-leaf to brave that fell wind that tore the waves into spindrift and howled through the lonely chasms of Ben-an-Sloich?

To one of these precious documents, written in the small neat hand on pink-toned and perfumed paper, a postscript was added: "If you keep my letters," she wrote, and he laughed when he saw that *if*, "I wish you would go back to the one in which I told you of papa and me calling at Mr. Lemuel's house, and I wish, dear Keith, you would burn it. I am sure it was very cruel and unjust. One often makes the mistake of thinking people affected when there is no affectation of any sort about them. And if a man has injured his health and made an invalid of himself, through his intense and constant devotion to his work, surely that is not anything to be laughed at? Whatever Mr. Lemuel may be, he is at all events despe-

rately in earnest. The passion that he has for his art, and his patience and concentration and self-sacrifice, seem to me to be nothing less than noble. And so, dear Keith, will you please to burn that impertinent letter?"

Macleod sought out the letter and carefully read it over. He came to the conclusion that he could see no just reason for complying with her demand. Frequently first impressions were best.

CHAPTER XXX.—A GRAVE.

IN the bygone days this eager, active, stout-limbed young fellow had met the hardest winter with a glad heart. He rejoiced in its thousand various pursuits ; he set his teeth against the driving hail ; he laughed at the drenching spray that sprung high over the bows of his boat ; and what harm ever came to him if he took the short-cut across the upper reaches of Loch Scridain—wading waist-deep through a mile of sea-water on a bitter January day? And where was the loneliness of his life when always, wherever he went by sea or shore, he had these old friends around him—the red-beaked sea-pyots whirring along the rocks ; and the startled curlews, whistling their warning note across the sea ; and the shy duck, swimming far out on the smooth lochs ; to say nothing of the black game that would scarcely move from their perch on the larch-trees as he approached, and the deer that were more distinctly visible on the far heights of Ben-an-Sloich when a slight sprinkling of snow had fallen?

But now all this was changed. The awfulness of the dark winter-time amid those northern seas overshadowed him. "It is like going into a grave," he had said to her. And, with all his passionate longing to see her and have speech of her once more, how could he dare to ask her to approach these dismal solitudes? Sometimes he tried to picture her coming, and to read in imagination the look on her face. See now! how she clings terrified to the side of the big open packet-boat that crosses the Firth of Lorn ; and she dares not look abroad on the howling waste of waves. The mountains of Mull rise sad and cold and distant before her ; there is no bright glint of sunshine to herald her approach. This small dog-cart now—it is a frail thing with which to plunge into the wild valleys, for surely a gust of wind might whirl it into the chasm of roaring waters below? Glen-More : who that has ever seen Glen-More on a lowering January day

will ever forget it—its silence, its loneliness, its vast and lifeless gloom? Her face is pale now; she sits speechless and awe-stricken; for the mountain-walls that overhang this sombre ravine seem ready to fall on her, and there is an awful darkness spreading along their summits under the heavy swathes of cloud. And then those black lakes far down in the lone hollows, more death-like and terrible than any tourist-haunted Loch Coruisk: would she not turn to him and with trembling hands implore him to take her back and away to the more familiar and bearable south? He began to see all these things with her eyes. He began to fear the awful things of the winter-time and the seas. The glad heart had gone out of him.

Even the beautiful aspects of the Highland winter had something about them—an isolation, a terrible silence—that he grew almost to dread. What was this strange thing, for example? Early in the morning he looked from the windows of his room; and he could have imagined he was not at Dare at all. All the familiar objects of sea and shore had disappeared; this was a new world—a world of fantastic shapes, all moving and unknown—a world of vague masses of grey, though here and there a gleam of lemon-colour shining through the fog showed that the dawn was reflected on a glassy sea. Then he began to make out the things around him. That great range of purple mountains was Ulva—Ulva transfigured and become Alpine! Then those wan gleams of yellow light on the sea?—he went to the other window, and behold! the heavy bands of cloud that lay across the unseen peaks of Ben-an-Sloich had parted, and there was a blaze of clear, metallic, green sky; and the clouds bordering on that gleam of light were touched with a smoky and stormy saffron-hue that flashed and changed amid the seething and twisting shapes of the fog and the mist. And now he turns to the sea again—what phantom ship is this that appears in mid-air, and apparently moving when there is no wind? He hears the sound of oars; the huge vessel turns out to be only the boat of the Gometra men going out to the lobster traps. The yellow light on the glassy plain waxes stronger; new objects appear through the shifting fog; until at last a sudden opening shows him a wonderful thing far away—apparently at the very confines of the world—and awful in its solitary splendour. For that is the distant island of Staffa; and it has caught the colours of the

dawn; and amid the cold greys of the sea it shines a pale transparent rose.

He would like to have sent her, if he had got any skill of the brush, some brief memorandum of that beautiful thing; but indeed, and in any case, that was not the sort of painting she seemed to care for just then. Mr. Lemuel, and his Palace of Art, and his mediæval saints, and what not, which had all for a time disappeared from Miss White's letters, began now to monopolize a good deal of space there; and there was no longer any impertinent playfulness in her references, but on the contrary a respect and admiration that occasionally almost touched enthusiasm. From hints more than statements Macleod gathered that Miss White had been made much of by the people frequenting Mr. Lemuel's house. She had there met one or two gentlemen who had written very fine things about her in the papers; and certain highly distinguished people had been good enough to send her cards of invitation; and she had once or twice been persuaded to read some piece of dramatic poetry at Mr. Lemuel's afternoon parties; and she even suggested that Mr. Lemuel had almost as much as said that he would like to paint her portrait. Mr. Lemuel had also offered her—but she had refused to accept—a small but marvellous study by Pinturicchio, which most people considered the gem of his collection.

Macleod, reading and re-reading these letters many a time in the solitudes of western Mull, came to the opinion that there must be a good deal of amusement going on in London. And was it not natural that a young girl should like to be petted, and flattered, and made much of? Why should he complain when she wrote to say how she enjoyed this, and was charmed by that? Could he ask her to exchange that gay and pleasant life for this hybernation in Mull? Sometimes for days together the inhabitants of Castle Dare literally lived in the clouds. Dense bands of white mist lay all along the cliffs; and they lived in a semi-darkness, with the mournful dripping of the rain on the wet garden, and the mournful wash of the sea all around the shores. He was glad, then, that Gertrude White was not at Castle Dare.

But sometimes, when he could not forbear opening his heart to her, and pressing her for some more definite assurance as to the future, the ordinary playful banter in which she generally evaded his urgency gave place to a tone of coldness that astonished and alarmed him. Why should she so cruelly

resent this piteous longing of his? Was she no longer, then, so anxious to escape from the thralldom that had seemed so hateful to her?

"Hamish," said Macleod abruptly, after reading one of these letters, "come now, we will go and overhaul the *Umpire*, for you know she is to be made very smart this summer; for we have people coming all the way from London to Dare, and they must not think we do not know in Mull how to keep a yacht in ship-shape."

"Ay, sir," said Hamish; "and if we do not know that in Mull, where will they be likely to know that?"

"And you will get the cushions in the saloon covered again; and we will have a new mirror for the ladies' cabin, and Miss Macleod, if you ask her, will put a piece of lace round the top of that, to make it look like a lady's room. And then, you know, Hamish, you can show the little boy Johnny Wickes how to polish the brass; and he will polish the brass in the ladies' cabin until it is as white as silver. Because, you know, Hamish, they have very fine yachts in the south. They are like hotels on the water. We must try to be as smart as we can."

"I do not know about the hotels," said Hamish scornfully. "And perhaps it is a fine thing to hef a hotel; and Mr. M'Arthur they say he is a ferry rich man, and he has ferry fine pictures too; but I was thinking that if I will be off the Barra Head on a bad night—between the Sgriobh Bhan and the Barra Head on a bad night—it is not any hotel I will be wishing that I was in, but a good boat. And the *Umpire* she is a good boat; and I hef no fear of going anywhere in the world with her—to London or to Inverary, ay, or the Queen's own castle on the island—and she will go there safe, and she will come back safe; and if she is not a hotel, well, perhaps she will not be a hotel, but she is a fine good boat, and she has swinging-lamps whatever."

But even the presence of the swinging-lamps which Hamish regarded as the highest conceivable point of luxury, did little to lessen the dolorousness of the appearance of the poor old *Umpire*. As Macleod, seated in the stern of the gig, approached her, she looked like some dingy old hulk relegated to the duty of keeping stores. Her topmast and bowsprit removed; not a stitch of cord on her; only the black iron shrouds remaining of all her rigging; her skylights and companion-hatch covered with waterproof—it was a sorry spectacle. And then when they went

below, even the swinging-lamps were blue-moulded and stiff. There was an odour of damp straw throughout. All the cushions and carpets had been removed; there was nothing but the bare wood of the floor and the couches and the table; with a match-box saturated with wet; an empty wine bottle; a newspaper five months old; a rusty corkscrew; a patch of dirty water—the leakage from the skylight overhead.

That was what Hamish saw.

What Macleod saw—as he stood there absently staring at the bare wood—was very different. It was a beautiful, comfortable saloon that he saw, all brightly furnished and gilded, and there was a dish of flowers—heather and rowan-berries intermixed—on the soft red cover of the table. And who is this that is sitting there—clad in sailor-like blue and white—and laughing as she talks in her soft English speech? He is telling her that, if she means to be a sailor's bride, she must give up the wearing of gloves on board ship, although, to be sure, those gloved small hands look pretty enough as they rest on the table and play with a bit of bell-heather. How bright her smile is; she is in a mood for teasing people; the laughing face—but for the gentleness of the eyes—would be audacious. They say that the width between those long-lashed eyes is a common peculiarity of the artist's face; but she is no longer an artist; she is only the brave young yachts-woman who lives at Castle Dare. The shepherds know her, and answer her in the Gaelic when she speaks to them in passing; the sailors know her, and would adventure their lives to gratify her slightest wish; and the bearded fellows who live their solitary life far out at Dubh-Artach lighthouse, when she goes out to them with a new parcel of books and magazines, do not know how to show their gladness at the very sight of her bonnie face. There was once an actress of the same name; but this is quite a different woman. And to-morrow—do you know what she is going to do to-morrow?—to-morrow she is going away in this very yacht to a loch in the distant island of Lewis; and she is going to bring back with her some friends of hers who live there; and there will be high holiday at Castle Dare. An actress? Her cheeks are too sun-browned for the cheeks of any actress.

"Well, sir?" Hamish said at length; and Macleod started.

"Very well, then," he said impatiently, "why don't you go on deck, and find out where the leakage of the skylight is?"

Hamish was not used to being addressed in this fashion ; and he walked away with a proud and hurt air. As he ascended the companion-way, he was muttering to himself in his native tongue—

“Yes, I am going on deck to find out where the leakage is, but perhaps it would be easier to find out below where the leakage is. If there is something the matter with the keel, is it the cross-trees you will go to look for it? But I do not know what has come to the young master of late.”

When Keith Macleod was alone, he sat down on the wooden bench, and took out a letter, and tried to find there some assurance that this beautiful vision of his would some day be realised. He read it, and re-read it ; but his anxious scrutiny only left him the more disheartened. He went up on deck. He talked to Hamish in a perfunctory manner about the smartening up of the *Umpire*. He appeared to have lost interest in that already.

And then again he would seek relief in hard work, and try to forget altogether this hated time of enforced absence. One night word was brought by some one that the typhoid fever had broken out in the ill-drained cottages of Iona ; and he said at once that next morning he would go round to Bunessan and ask the sanitary inspector there to be so kind as to inquire into this matter, and see whether something could not be done to improve these hovels.

“I am sure the Duke does not know of it, Keith,” his cousin Janet said, “or he would have a great alteration made.”

“It is easy to make alterations,” said he, “but it is not easy to make the poor people take advantage of them. They have such good health from the sea air that they will not pay attention to ordinary cleanliness. But now that two or three of the young girls and children are ill, perhaps it is a good time to have something done.”

Next morning, when he rose before it was daybreak, there was every promise of a fine day. The full moon was setting behind the western seas, lighting up the clouds there with a dusky yellow ; in the east there was a wilder glare of steely blue high up over the intense blackness on the peaks of Ben-an-Sloich ; and the morning was still, for he heard, suddenly piercing the silence, the whistle of a curlew, and that became more and more remote as the unseen bird winged its flight far over the sea. He lit the candles, and made the necessary preparations for his journey ; for he had some message to leave

at Kinloch at the head of Loch Scridain, and he was going to ride round that way. By-and-by the morning light had increased so much that he blew out the candles.

No sooner had he done this than his eye caught sight of something outside that startled him. It seemed as though great clouds of golden-white, all ablaze in sunshine, rested on the dark bosom of the deep. Instantly he went to the window ; and then he saw that these clouds were not clouds at all, but the islands around glittering in the “white wonder of the snow” and catching here and there the shafts of the early sunlight that now streamed through the valleys of Mull. The sudden marvel of it ! There was Ulva, shining beautiful as in a sparkling bridal veil ; and Gometra a paler blue-white in shadow ; and Colonsay and Erisgeir also a cold white ; and Staffa a pale grey—and then the sea that the gleaming islands rested on was a mirror of pale green and rose-purple hues reflected from the morning sky. It was all dream-like, it was so still, and beautiful, and silent. But he now saw that that fine morning would not last. Behind the house, clouds of a suffused yellow began to blot out the sparkling peaks of Ben-an-Sloich. The opal colours of the sea were troubled with gusts of wind until they disappeared altogether. The sky in the north grew an ominous black ; until the snow-clad shores of Loch Tua were dazzling white against that bank of angry cloud. But to Bunessan he would go.

Janet Macleod was not much afraid of the weather at any time, but she said to him at breakfast, in a laughing way—

“And if you are lost in a snow-drift in Glen Finichen, Keith, what are we to do for you?”

“What are you to do for me?—why, Donald will make a fine Lament ; and what more than that?”

“Cannot you send one of the Camerons with a message, Keith?” his mother said.

“Well, mother,” said he, “I think I will go on to Fhion Fort and cross over to Iona myself, if Mr. Mackinnon will go with me. For it is very bad the cottages are there, I know ; and if I must write to the Duke, it is better that I should have made the inquiries myself.”

And indeed, when Macleod set out on his stout young cob, paying but little heed to the cold driftings of sleet that the sharp east wind was sending across, it seemed as though he were destined to perform several charitable deeds all on the one errand. For, firstly, about a mile from the house, he met

Duncan the policeman, who was making his weekly round in the interests of morality and law and order; and who had to have his book signed by the heritor of Castle Dare as sure witness that his peregrinations had extended so far. And Duncan was not at all sorry to be saved that trudge of a mile in the face of those bitter blasts of sleet; and he was greatly obliged to Sir Keith Macleod for stopping his cob, and getting out his pencil with his benumbed fingers, and putting his initials to the sheet. And then, again, Macleod had got into Glen Finichen, and he was talking to the cob and saying—"Well, Jack, I don't wonder you want to stop, for the way this sleet gets down one's throat is rather choking; or are you afraid of the sheep loosening the rocks away up there, and sending two or three hundred-weight on our head?"—when he happened to look up the steep sides of the great ravine, and there, quite brown against the snow, he saw a sheep that had toppled over some rock, and was now lying with her legs in the air. He jumped off his pony, and left Jack standing in the middle of the road. It was a stiff climb up that steep precipice, with the loose stones slippery with the sleet and snow; but at last he got a good grip of the sheep by the back of her neck, and hauled her out of the hole into which she had fallen, and put her, somewhat dazed but apparently unhurt, on her legs again. Then he half slid and half ran down the slope again; and got into the saddle.

But what was this now? The sky in the east had grown quite black; and suddenly this blackness began to fall as if torn down by invisible hands. It came nearer and nearer, until it resembled the dishevelled hair of a woman. And then there was a rattle and roar of wind and snow and hail combined; so that the cob was nearly thrown from its feet, and Macleod was so blinded that at first he knew not what to do. Then he saw some rocks ahead; and he urged the bewildered and staggering beast forward through the darkness of the storm. Night seemed to have returned. There was a flash of lightning overhead; and a crackle of thunder rolled down the valley, heard louder than all the howling of the hurricane across the mountain sides. And then, when they had reached this place of shelter, Macleod dismounted, and crept as close as he could into the lee of the rocks.

He was startled by a voice—it was only that of old John Macintyre the postman,

who was glad enough to get into this place of refuge too.

"It's a bad day for you to be out this day, Sir Keith," said he, in the Gaelic, "and you have no cause to be out; and why will you not go back to Castle Dare?"

"Have you any letter for me, John?" said he eagerly.

Oh, yes, there was a letter; and the old man was astonished to see how quickly Sir Keith Macleod took that letter, and how anxiously he read it, as though the awfulness of the storm had no concern for him at all. And what was it all about—this wet sleet that he had to hold tight between his hands, or the gusts that swept round the rock would have whirled it up and away over the giant ramparts of Bourg? It was a very pretty letter; and rather merry; for it was all about a fancy-dress ball which was to take place at Mr. Lemuel's house; and the people were to wear a Spanish costume of the time of Philip IV.; and there were to be very grand doings indeed. And as Keith Macleod had nothing to do in the dull winter-time but devote himself to books, would he be so kind as to read up about that period, and advise her as to which historical character she ought to assume?

Macleod burst out laughing—in a strange sort of way; and put the wet letter in his pocket; and led Jack out into the road again.

"Sir Keith, Sir Keith," cried the old man, "you will not go on now!"—and as he spoke another blast of snow tore across the glen, and there was a rumble of thunder among the hills.

"Why, John," Macleod called back again, from the grey gloom of the whirling snow and sleet, "would you have me go home and read books too? Do you know what a fancy-dress ball is, John? And do you know what they think of us in the south, John—that we have nothing to do here in the winter time—nothing to do here but read books?"—

The old man heard him laughing to himself, in that odd way, as he rode off and disappeared into the driving snow; and his heart was heavy within him, and his mind filled with strange forebodings. It was a dark and an awful glen—this great ravine that led down to the solitary shores of Loch Scridain.

CHAPTER XXXI.—OVER THE SEAS.

BUT no harm at all came of that reckless ride through the storm; and in a day or two's time Macleod had almost

argued himself into the belief that it was but natural for a young girl to be fascinated by those new friends. And how could he protest against a fancy-dress ball when he himself had gone to one on his brief visit to London? And it was a proof of her confidence in him that she wished to take his advice about her costume.

Then he turned to other matters; for, as the slow weeks went by, one eagerly disposed to look for the signs of the coming spring might occasionally detect a new freshness in the morning air, or even find a little bit of the whitlow-grass in flower among the moss of an old wall. And Major Stewart had come over to Dare once or twice; and had privately given Lady Macleod and her niece such enthusiastic accounts of Miss Gertrude White that the references to her forthcoming visit ceased to be formal and became friendly and matter-of-course. It was rarely, however, that Keith Macleod mentioned her name. He did not seem to wish for any confidant. Perhaps her letters were enough.

But on one occasion Janet Macleod said to him with a shy smile—

"I think you must be a very patient lover, Keith, to spend all the winter here. Another young man would have wished to go to London."

"And I would go to London, too!" he said suddenly, and then he stopped. He was somewhat embarrassed. "Well, I will tell you, Janet. I do not wish to see her any more as an actress; and she says it is better that I do not go to London; and—and, you know, she will soon cease to be an actress."

"But why not now," said Janet Macleod, with some wonder, "if she has such a great dislike for it?"

"That I do not know," said he somewhat gloomily.

But he wrote to Gertrude White, and pressed the point once more—with great respect, it is true, but still with an earnestness of pleading that showed how near the matter lay to his heart. It was a letter that would have touched most women; and even Miss Gertrude White was pleased to see how anxiously interested he was in her.

"But you know, my dear Keith," she wrote back, "when people are going to take a great plunge into the sea, they are warned to wet their head first. And don't you think I should accustom myself to the change you have in store for me by degrees? In any case, my leaving the stage at the present moment could make no difference to us—

you in the Highlands, I in London. And do you know, sir, that your request is particularly ill-timed; for as it happens I am about to enter into a new dramatic project of which I should probably never have heard but for you. Does that astonish you? Well, here is the story. It appears that you told the Duchess of Wexford that I would give her a performance for the new training-ship she is getting up; and, being challenged, could I break a promise made by you? And only fancy what these clever people have arranged—to flatter their own vanity in the name of charity. They have taken St. George's Hall; and the distinguished amateurs have chosen the play; and the play—don't laugh, dear Keith—is *Romeo and Juliet!* And I am to play *Juliet* to the *Romeo* of the Honble. Captain Brierley, who is a very good-looking man, but who is so solemn and stiff a *Romeo* that I know I shall burst out laughing on the dreaded night. He is as nervous now at a morning rehearsal as if it were his *début* at Drury Lane; and he never even takes my hand without an air of apology, as if he were saying, 'Really, Miss White, you must pardon me; I am compelled by my part to take your hand; otherwise I would die rather than be guilty of such a liberty.' And when he addresses me in the balcony scene, he *will not* look at me; he makes his protestations of love to the flies; and when I make my fine speeches to him, he blushes if his eyes should by chance meet mine, just as if he had been guilty of some awful indiscretion. I know, dear Keith, you don't like to see me act; but you might come up for this occasion only. Friar Lawrence is the funniest thing I have seen for ages. The nurse, however—Lady Bletherin—is not at all bad. I hear there is to be a grand supper afterwards somewhere; and I have no doubt I shall be presented to a number of ladies who will speak for the first time to an actress and be possessed with a wild fear; only, if they have daughters, I suppose they will keep the fluttering-hearted young things out of the way, lest I should suddenly break out into blue flame, and then disappear through the floor. I am quite convinced that Captain Brierley considers me a bold person because I look at him when I have to say—

"O gentle Romeo,
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully!"

Macleod crushed this letter together, and thrust it into his pocket. He strode out of the room and called for Hamish.

"Send Donald down to the quay," said

he, "and tell them to get the boat ready. And he will take down my gun too."

Old Hamish, noticing the expression of his master's eyes, went off quickly enough, and soon got hold of Donald the piper-lad.

"Donald," said he, in the Gaelic, "you will run down to the quay as fast as your legs can carry you, and you will tell them to get the boat ready, and not to lose any time in getting the boat ready, and to have the seats dry, and let there be no talking when Sir Keith gets on board. And here is the gun, too; and the bag; and you will tell them to have no talking among themselves this day."

When Macleod got down to the small stone pier, the two men were in the boat. Johnny Wickes was standing at the door of the store-house.

"Would you like to go for a sail, Johnny?" Macleod said abruptly—but there was no longer that dangerous light in his eyes.

"Oh yes, sir," said the boy eagerly; for he had long ago lost his dread of the sea.

"Get in, then, and get up to the bow."

So Johnny Wickes went cautiously down the few slippery stone steps, half tumbled into the bottom of the great open boat, and then scrambled up to the bow.

"Where will you be for going, sir?" said one of the men, when Macleod had jumped into the stern and taken the tiller.

"Anywhere—right out!" he answered carelessly.

But it was all very well to say "right out!" when there was a stiff breeze blowing right in. Scarcely had the boat put her nose out beyond the pier—and while as yet there was but little way on her—when a big sea caught her, springing high over her bows and coming rattling down on her with a noise as of pistol-shots. The chief victim of this deluge was the luckless Johnny Wickes, who tumbled down into the bottom of the boat, vehemently blowing the salt water out of his mouth, and rubbing his knuckles into his eyes. Macleod burst out laughing.

"What's the good of you as a look-out?" he cried. "Didn't you see the water coming?"

"Yes, sir," said Johnny, ruefully laughing too. But he would not be beaten; he scrambled up again to his post and clung there, despite the fierce wind and the clouds of spray.

"Keep her close up, sir," said the man who had the sheet of the huge lug-sail in both his hands, as he cast a glance out at the darkening sea.

But this great boat, rude and rough and dirty as she appeared, was a splendid specimen of her class; and they know how to build such boats up about that part of the world. No matter with how staggering a plunge she went down into the yawning green gulf—the white foam hissing away from her sides—before the next wave, high, awful, threatening, had come down on her with a crash as of mountains falling, she had glided buoyantly upwards, and the heavy blow only made her bows spring the higher, as though she would shake herself free, like a bird, from the wet. But it was a wild day to be out. So heavy and black was the sky in the west that the surface of the sea, out to the horizon, seemed to be a moving mass of white foam with only streaks of green and purple in it. The various islands changed every minute as the wild clouds whirled past. Already the great cliffs about Dare had grown distant and faint as seen through the spray; and here were the rocks of Colonsay black as jet as they reappeared through the successive deluges of white foam; and far over there, a still gloomier mass against the gloomy sky told where the huge Atlantic breakers were rolling in their awful thunder into the Staffa caves.

"I would keep her away a bit," said the sailor next Macleod. He did not like the look of the heavy breakers that were crashing on to the Colonsay rocks.

Macleod, with his teeth set hard against the wind, was not thinking of the Colonsay rocks more than was necessary to give them a respectful berth.

"Were you ever in a theatre, Duncan?" he said—or rather bawled—to the brown-visaged and black-haired young fellow who had now got the sheet of the lug-sail under his foot as well as in the firm grip of his hands.

"Oh yes, Sir Keith," said he, as he shook the salt water away from his short beard. "It was at Greenock I will be at the theatre; and more than three times or two times."

"How would you like to have a parcel of actors and actresses with us now?" he said, with a laugh.

"Deed, I would not like it at all," said Duncan seriously; and he twisted the sheet of the sail twice round his right wrist, so that his relieved left hand could convey a bit of wet tobacco to his mouth. "The women they would chump apout, and then you do not know what will happen at all."

"A little bit away yet, sir!" cried out the other sailor, who was looking out to windward, with his head close to the gunwale. "There is a bad rock off the point."

"Why, it is half a mile north of our course as we are going now!" Macleod said.

"Oh yes, half a mile!" the man said to himself; "but I do not like half miles, and half miles, and half miles on a day like this!"

And so they went plunging and staggering and bounding onwards, with the roar of the water all around them, and the foam at her bows, as it sprang high into the air, showing quite white against the black sky ahead. The younger lad Duncan was clearly of opinion that his master was running too near the shores of Colonsay; but he would say no more, for he knew that Macleod had a better knowledge of the currents and rocks of this wild coast than any man on the mainland of Mull. John Cameron, forward, kept his head down to the gunwale, his eyes looking far over that howling waste of sea; Duncan, his younger brother, had his gaze fixed mostly on the brown breadth of the sail, hammered at by the gusts of wind; while as for the boy at the bow, that enterprising youth had got a rope's end, and was endeavouring to strike at the crest of each huge wave as it came ploughing along in its resistless strength.

But at one moment the boat gave a heavier lurch than usual, and the succeeding wave struck her badly. In the great rush of water that then ran by her side, Macleod's startled eye seemed to catch a glimpse of something red—something blazing and burning red in the waste of green, and almost the same glance showed him there was no boy at the bow! Instantly, with just one cry to arrest the attention of the men, he had slipped over the side of the boat, just as an otter slips off a rock. The two men were bewildered but for a second. One sprang to the halyards, and down came the great lug-sail; the other got out one of the long oars, and the mighty blade of it fell into the bulk of the next wave as if he would with one sweep tear her head round. Like two madmen the men pulled; and the wind was with them, and the tide also; but, nevertheless, when they caught sight—just for a moment—of some object behind them, that was a terrible way away. Yet there was no time, they thought, or seemed to think, to hoist the sail again; and the small dingy attached to the boat would have been swamped in a second; and so there was nothing for it but the deadly struggle with those immense blades against the heavy resisting mass of the boat. John Cameron looked round again; then, with an oath, he pulled his oar across the boat.

"Up with the sail, lad!" he shouted; and again he sprang to the halyards.

The seconds, few as they were, that were necessary for this operation, seemed ages; but no sooner had the wind got a purchase on the breadth of the sail than the boat flew through the water, for she was now running free.

"He has got him! I can see the two!" shouted the elder Cameron.

And as for the younger? At this mad speed the boat would be close to Macleod in another second or two; but in that brief space of time the younger Cameron had flung his clothes off, and stood there stark-naked in the cutting March wind.

"That is foolishness!" his brother shouted in the Gaelic. "You will have to take an oar!"

"I will not take an oar!" the other cried, with both hands ready to let go the halyards. "And if it is foolishness, this is the foolishness of it: I will not let you or any man say that Sir Keith Macleod was in the water and Duncan Cameron went home with a dry skin!"

And Duncan Cameron was as good as his word; for as the boat went plunging forward to the neighbourhood in which they occasionally saw the head of Macleod appear on the side of a wave and then disappear again as soon as the wave broke—and as soon as the lug sail had been rattled down—he sprang clear from the side of the boat. For a second or two, John Cameron, left by himself in the boat, could not see any one of the three; but at last he saw the black head of his brother, and then some few yards beyond, just as a wave happened to roll by, he saw his master and the boy. The boat had almost enough way on her to carry her the length; he had but to pull at the huge oar to bring her head round a bit. And he pulled, madly and blindly, until he was startled by a cry close by. He sprang to the side of the boat. There was his brother drifting by, holding the boy with one arm. John Cameron rushed to the stern to fling a rope; but Duncan Cameron had been drifting by with a purpose; for, as soon as he got clear of the bigger boat, he struck for the rope of the dingy, and got hold of that, and was safe. And here was the master too, clinging to the side of the dingy, so as to recover his breath; but not attempting to board the cockle-shell in these plunging waters. There were tears running down John Cameron's rugged face as he drew the three up and over the side of the big boat.

"And if you wass drowned, Sir Keith, it wass not me would have carried the story to Castle Dare. I would just as soon have been drowned too."

"Have you any whisky, John?" Macleod said, pushing his hair out of his eyes, and trying to get his moustache out of his mouth.

In ordinary circumstances John Cameron would have told a lie; but on this occasion he hurriedly bade the still undressed Duncan to take the tiller, and he went forward to a locker at the bows which was usually kept for bait, and from thence he got a black bottle which was half-full.

"Now, Johnny Wickes," Macleod said to the boy, who was quite blinded and bewildered, but otherwise apparently not much the worse, "swallow a mouthful of this, you young rascal; and if I catch you imitating a dolphin again, it is a rope's end you'll have, and not good Highland whisky."

Johnny Wickes did not understand; but he swallowed the whisky, and then he began to look about him a bit.

"Will I put my clothes round him, Sir Keith?" Duncan Cameron said.

"And go home that way to Dare?" Macleod said with a loud laugh. "Get on your clothes, Duncan, lad; and get up the sail again; and we will see if there is a dram left for us in the bottle. John Cameron, confound you, where are you putting her head to?"

John Cameron, who had again taken the tiller, seemed as one demented. He was talking to himself rapidly, in Gaelic; and his brows were frowning; and he did not seem to notice that he was putting the head of the boat—which had now some little way on her, by reason of the wind and tide, though she had no sail up—a good deal too near the southernmost point of Colonsay.

Roused from this angry reverie, he shifted her course a bit; and then, when his brother had got his clothes on, he helped to hoist the sail, and again they flew onwards and shorewards, along with the waves that seemed to be racing them; but all the same he kept muttering and growling to himself in the Gaelic. Meanwhile Macleod had got a huge tarpaulin over-coat, and wrapped Johnny Wickes in it, and put him in the bottom of the boat.

"You will soon be warm enough in that, Master Wickes," said he; "the chances are you will come out boiled red, like a lobster. And I would strongly advise you, if we can slip into the house and get dry clothes on,

not to say a word of your escapade to Hamish."

"Ay, Sir Keith," said John Cameron eagerly, in his native tongue, "that is what I will be saying to myself. If the story is told, and Hamish will hear that you will nearly drown yourself, what is it he will not do to that boy? It is for killing him he will be."

"Not as bad as that, John," Macleod said good-naturedly. "Come, there is a glass for each of us; and you may give me the tiller now."

"I will take no whisky, Sir Keith; with thanks to you," said John Cameron; "I was not in the water."

"There is plenty for all, man!"

"I was not in the water."

"I tell you there is plenty for all of us!"

"There is the more for you, Sir Keith," said he stubbornly.

And then, as great good luck would have it, it was found, when they got ashore, that Hamish had gone away as far as Salen on business of some sort or other; and the story told by the two Camerons was that Johnny Wickes, whose clothes were sent into the kitchen to be dried, and who was himself put to bed, had fallen into the water down by the quay; and nothing at all was said about Keith Macleod having had to leap into the sea off the coast of Colonsay. Macleod got into Castle Dare by a back way, and changed his clothes in his own room. Then he went away up-stairs to the small chamber in which Johnny Wickes lay in bed.

"You have had the soup, then? You look pretty comfortable."

"Yes, sir," said the boy, whose face was now flushed red with the reaction after the cold. "I beg your pardon, sir."

"For tumbling into the water?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, look here, Master Wickes. You chose a good time. If I had had trousers on, and waterproof leggings over them, do you know where you would be at the present moment? You would be having an interesting conversation with a number of lobsters at the bottom of the sea, off the Colonsay shores. And so you thought because I had my kilt on, that I could fish you out of the water?"

"No, sir," said Johnny Wickes. "I beg your pardon, sir."

"Well, you will remember that it was owing to the Highland kilt that you were picked out of the water; and that it was

Highland whisky put life into your blood again; you will remember that well; and if any strange lady should come here from England and ask you how you like the Highlands, you will not forget?"

"No, sir."

"And you can have Oscar up here in the room with you, if you like, until they let you out of bed again; or you can have Donald to play the pipes to you until dinner-time."

Master Wickes chose the less heroic remedy; but, indeed, the companionship of Oscar was not needed; for Janet Macleod—who might just as well have tried to keep her heart from beating as to keep herself away from any one who was ill or supposed to be ill—herself came up to this little room, and was very attentive to Master Wickes, not because he was suffering very much from the effects of his ducking, but because he was a child, and alone, and a stranger. And to her Johnny Wickes told the whole story; despite the warnings he had received that, if Hamish came to learn of the peril in which Macleod had been placed by the carelessness of the English lad, the latter would have a bad time of it at Castle Dare. Then Janet hastened away again; and, finding her cousin's bedroom empty, entered; and there discovered that he had, with his customary recklessness, hung up his wet clothes in his wardrobe. She had them at once conveyed away to the lower regions; and she went with earnest remonstrances to her cousin, and would have him drink some hot whisky-and-water; and when Hamish arrived, went straight to him too, and told him the story in such a considerate way that he said—

"Ay, ay, it wass the poor little lad! And he will mek a good sailor yet. And it was not much dancher for him when Sir Keith wass in the boat; for there is no one in the whole of the islands will sweem in the water as he can sweem; and it is like a fish in the water that he is."

That was about the only incident of note—and little was made of it—that disturbed the monotony of life at Castle Dare at this time. But by-and-by, as the days passed, and as eager eyes looked abroad, signs showed that the beautiful summer-time was

drawing near. The deep blue came into the skies and the seas again; the yellow mornings broke earlier; far into the evening they could still make out the Dutchman's Cap, and Lunga, and the low-lying Coll and Tisee amid the glow at the horizon after the blood-red sunset had gone down. The white stars of the saxifrage appeared in the woods; the white daisies were in the grass; as you walked along the lower slopes of Ben-an-Sloich the grouse that rose were in pairs. What a fresh green this was that shimmered over the young larches! He sent her a basket of the first trout he caught in the loch.

The wonderful glad time came nearer and nearer. And every clear and beautiful day that shone over the white sands of Iona and the green shores of Ulva, with the blue seas all breaking joyfully along the rocks, was but a day thrown away that should have been reserved for her. And whether she came by the *Dunara* from Greenock, or by the *Pioneer* from Oban, would they hang the vessel in white roses in her honour; and have velvet carpetings on the gangways for the dainty small feet to tread on; and would the bountiful heavens grant but one shining blue day for her first glimpse of the far and lonely Castle Dare? Janet the kind-hearted was busy from morning till night—she herself would place the scant flowers that could be got in the guests' rooms. The steward of the *Pioneer* had undertaken to bring any number of things from Oban; Donald the piper-lad had a brand-new suit of tartan, and was determined that, short of the very cracking of his lungs, the English lady would have a good Salute played for her that day. The *Umpire*, all smartened up now, had been put in a safe anchorage in Loch-na-Keal; the men wore their new jerseys; the long gig, painted white with a band of gold, was brought along to Dare, so that it might, if the weather were favourable, go out to bring the Fair Stranger to her Highland home. And then the heart of her lover cried—"O winds and seas—if only for one day—be gentle now!—so that her first thoughts of us shall be all of peace and loveliness, and of a glad welcome, and the delight of clear summer days!"

THE PRINCESS MARY'S VILLAGE HOMES.

THE number of admirable philanthropic institutions which have from time to time been brought under the notice of the readers of GOOD WORDS is so great, that it might

almost be considered a work of supererogation to add another. Plausible, however, as such a conclusion at first sight may appear, it would hardly be a correct one. There

are in fact many others, all of a different stamp, which yet remain undescribed, and all offering different praiseworthy peculiarities equally worthy of the respect of the public,—and of these we will select one in proof that our assertion is not without foundation.

The case we have selected is that of the Princess Mary's Village Homes for little girls at Addlestone, in Surrey, as it not only, if rightly considered, is worthy of the admiration of the benevolent, but there are certain attributes about it which might claim the attention of the physiologist and economist as well—particularly that unsympathetic and ordinarily selfish individual, the rate-payer. Before, however, touching on these subjects, it would be better to place before the reader a short sketch of the rise and progress of the institution in question.

The Village Homes are an offshoot from the Refuge for female ticket-of-leave convicts at Vauxhall. They were founded in the year 1871 for the reception of the infant daughters of persons convicted of crime, and for the class of children who are met with in the criminal haunts of the Metropolis, and are thus exposed to the dangers of evil associations. Although many of the lady workers in the Vauxhall institution, women "who do good by stealth, yet blush to find it fame," were active in the work of organizing the Homes, we will name but three—Mrs. Meredith, the Lady Superintendent of the Refuge at Vauxhall, the originator of the scheme, and two other principal workers in its organization, Miss Cavandish, and Miss Lloyd. At the same time it must be borne in mind that the names of these ladies are solely mentioned in preference to the others to identify more clearly the working of the institution in question.

Having determined on the place of operation, Mrs. Meredith had now to seek for some patroness, whose name would add further interest to the good work in hand; resolving, however, that the lady selected should not be one who would lend her name alone, but who would be likely to take a personal, possibly active, interest in the welfare of the little ones who were to be admitted into the Homes. Mrs. Meredith had little difficulty in finding the patroness the institution required, who was no other than the Princess Mary of Teck. To her Royal Highness Mrs. Meredith applied, and she not only willingly accepted the office of patroness, but has from its commencement to the present time taken a strong personal interest in its welfare.

All being now ready for the commencement of the good work they had in hand, Mrs. Meredith and her fellow-workers had to decide upon some settled plan of organization, and they at length fixed on one which contained an element not always to be found in our charitable institutions—that of a combination of the purest philanthropy with the soundest common sense. Calculating that a considerable amount of contamination had already taken root in the minds of many of the children they were about to receive, they rightly judged that the best method of eradicating an evil of the kind would be to bring the children up, not in flocks, but in families. To carry out this idea as far as possible they determined to build a number of cottages, each of which should contain ten children under the superintendence of an intelligent woman of unblemished reputation; the juniors such as infants born in prison and children under seven years of age—were to be under the management of respectable widows, whose official name in the Home was to be that of "Mother." From the age of seven years till they were old enough to be placed out in service they were to be under the control of ladies who were willing to dedicate themselves to the work. All this being determined on, a convenient piece of ground was purchased at Addlestone, in Surrey. The foundation-stone of the first cottage was laid by the Princess Mary, and the building which was to contain ten children was soon afterwards finished.

From that time to the present the Homes have proved a marked success, and that, notwithstanding the opposition at first shown by the inhabitants of Addlestone, who, excusably enough, dreaded the demoralization which might possibly arise from a number of the children of convicts and outcasts being domiciled in their midst. No sooner was the first cottage opened, at the cost of a thousand pounds, and its family of ten children placed in it, than, through the liberality of an amiable lady, funds were placed in the hands of the managers for the erection of a second; and before even this was completed, Sir Richard Wallace contributed sufficient for a third. The following year Mr. Brassey, W. R. Mitchel, Esq., Sir James Tyler, Prince Adolphus of Teck, and some friends supplied sufficient funds for the erection of four others. Indeed, so liberally were funds placed in the hands of the managers, that they were obliged to halt in the building of other cottages in order that they might obtain money for the erection of storerooms, as well as the dwellings

of the junior lady superintendents, as well as domestic offices.

A lapse of two years now seems to have taken place in the erection of more cottage homes; and then, all being in readiness again to commence their construction, application was again made for funds for that purpose. The readiness which the appeal met with proved in what high estimation the good work was held. Four ladies and gentlemen each gave sufficient for the erection of a cottage, and shortly afterwards three anonymous contributors gave sufficient for the erection of three others; and the cottage which was erected in 1871 has now near it a number of others, each containing ten female children, who have thus been snatched from certain degradation or death, and are being trained up to become good and virtuous members of society.

A visit to this institution would repay a thousand-fold to the reader the time and trouble the short and easy journey would occasion him. He would find at the Homes ample food for reflection. They would prove to him, as before stated, that a strong affinity may exist between philanthropy and common sense. Although the children are brought up in strict habits of thrift and tidiness, there is not a trace of parsimony to be detected in the whole institution. The furniture and accessories are simple in the extreme, but all excellent in quality, and exquisitely clean. The food of the children is wholesome and abundant, as well as appetising and well cooked. The buildings, without any florid architectural (so-called) embellishments about them, are good, solid, and even elegant structures, simple as they may be; and the clothing of the children, though without any of the "charity badge" about it, is of good quality, ample in quantity, and neat in appearance.

As the children are brought up on what is called the cottage principle, let us now turn to the family arrangements. The term "Mother," as applied to the superintendents of the younger children, is not solely an honorary title. Before they are appointed they must be able to prove that they have brought up children of their own respectably and carefully. They are also, as part of their compensation, allowed to have a child of their own to live with them. And here again may be detected the common-sense element which characterizes the whole proceedings of the managers. Apart from their wish to please the Mothers, they at the same time insure her careful vigilance over the moral training of the other children, as the care she

would take to preserve her own child from contamination would necessitate her to keep a strict watch on the moral training of the other children under her charge. By this system the Mothers also obtain other advantages, as the excellent characters they acquire in the Homes enable them to accept offices of greater emolument—such, for example, as the managers of infant schools. Many, after remaining two years in the Village Homes, have from the excellent characters they have acquired been promoted to offices of trust in public institutions.

The training of the children is exceedingly careful, very homely, and very real. "The necessities of health, comfort, and pleasure," says the chief lady superintendent, Mrs. Meredith, in her last annual report, "are pursued as earnestly as in society anywhere. Ordinary occupations, such as cooking, washing, and sewing, are the duties of the day; and the performance is done so well, that it is only necessary to maintain their position in the standard of merit they have obtained in our little colony."

No better proof can be given of the admirable care and attention bestowed on these poor children, than the highly satisfactory sanitary condition which since the foundation of the Homes has been maintained among them. In fact, the health of the inmates of the Village Homes has been most remarkable. Since their foundation in 1871 no zymotic diseases have visited them. There are occasionally two or three children in the infirmary, but this on very rare occasions; and even these stay but a short time in it, possibly from its admirable construction, tender nursing, and the skill of the medical attendant. A good idea of the health of the children may be formed from the fact that the mortality among them, from the foundation of the Homes to the present time, has been proportionately less than one-half that of the metropolitan pauper district schools. But another fact remains to be mentioned which renders still more surprising this highly satisfactory condition. Not only are the children of convicts and women of that description naturally of exceedingly delicate constitution, but a considerable number of those in the Homes, possibly ten per cent., might almost be termed children in arms, and all of these not only the offspring of convicts, but born in prison. Altogether a happier or more healthy community of children than those to be seen in the Village Homes it would be difficult to find in the three kingdoms.

Admirable as the bodily training of these children indisputably is, it sinks into comparative insignificance when contrasted with the extraordinary results of their moral education. The reader should first remember that by far the greater portion of these children are the offspring of drunken mothers, and a very large proportion of our female convicts owe their fall to their habits of intemperance. Although the fact is occasionally disputed by our legists, it can be shown, from reliable statistics both in France and England, that the children of female drunkards inherit from their mothers what may be termed a moral insanity, and from which the children of sober women are to a great extent comparatively free.* They require, therefore, a far greater amount of careful moral training than the children of sober, respectable women; and yet in the Village Homes this training has been so admirably carried out, that during the whole eight years the institution has been in existence, out of the many girls they have found with situations in private families, two only have turned out morally unsatisfactory; and even of these two it is more than doubtful whether of one an infirmity of temper was

* On the suppression of the Commune in Paris, among the prisoners taken were five hundred boys of ages averaging from nine to fifteen. Of the many atrocities committed during the time the Communists held Paris, the most mischievous were those perpetrated by these lads. While the murders and incendiarisms were perpetrated by men during an attack of political fury, the assassinations committed by these boys were done solely out of a spirit of cruelty and mischief. The Government not liking to treat these lads as political criminals, sent them to the reformatory at Rouen, and shortly afterwards two eminent physicians were requested to visit them, and report on their mental and physical condition. They found that out of the five hundred youths, three hundred and thirty-seven were of very delicate physical form and stunted growth. They were among the most mischievous of the whole, and all the children of drunken mothers.

not really the cause of her deserting the situation which had been found for her. It would be difficult indeed to find similar satisfactory results attending the career of the poor girls brought up even in the best of our pauper schools.

And now with respect to the economic portion of the question—that interesting to that so-called, though frequently unjustly, selfish individual, the ratepayer. On taking the cost of children in the metropolitan district pauper schools, we find that the average expenditure each incurs, comprising housing, food, clothing, and establishment charges, &c., is annually about £30 per head. In the Village Homes, where the children are fully as well cared for, and that, as already mentioned, under greater difficulties, both mental and physical, than the children in the workhouse schools, the average cost per child does not exceed £20 per year. Were the district schools organized on the same principle, the saving alone to the ratepayer, in the cost of the two thousand orphan children alone which they contain, would not be less than £20,000 a year.

That much has already been done in the Village Homes for the benefit of these poor children the reader will not dispute, but the good work is not yet completed. Although the school-house, the infirmary, and the laundry are certainly in working order, the former requires a wing, and the latter an additional room and machinery; but, greater than all, a church and parsonage are required. Let us hope that the liberality of the public will not fall off till these are erected and reasonably endowed.

WILLIAM GILBERT.

THE FOUR SISTERS.

(TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF THEODOR KÖRNER.)

THERE was once a mother whose daughters three

Were fair as the fairest maids could be;
But, alas! when the little youngest came
It was but its poor mother's grief and shame,
And to look on it almost her heart was broken:
It was lame from its birth, it had never spoken,
It had scarcely moved. When there came a day
That the mother was called from this world away,
Then charged she the sisters by One above
To watch o'er that helpless child in love;
And blessing her God for His kind release,
The mother gave up her soul in peace.
And still to their word were the sisters true;
They made of the little one much ado.
She was nourished and cherished, tended and loved;
Yet never spoke she, and never moved,

Till there dawned on the sisters a day of pride,
When the eldest went forth as a happy bride—
For once was forgotten the little sister,
In the joyous bustle had no one missed her!

When late to her room the sisters sped,
She was sitting upright in her little bed.
She beckoned unto them, and spoke out clear:
"Mother's been with me, and I've been fed.
Mother's been with me, our mother dear!
She has left for you sisters her blessing true,
And her love she has bid me give to you."
Then the child fell back, as if wearied sore,
And lifted her eye-lids never more.

DORA GREENWELL.

SKETCHES ON THE PRAIRIES.

By ALBERT HASTINGS MARKHAM, CAPTAIN, R.N.

IV.

ON one occasion whilst hunting in the neighbourhood of the Salt Fork of the Red River, when near its banks, I accidentally came upon the remains of an old but very large Indian encampment that had been used by the Kiowas as a medicine camp. These camps are formed in different localities every year, and certain ceremonies are here conducted by the "medicine man" of the tribe in order to ascertain whether the buffalo hunt, which they contemplate, will prove a prosperous one or not. The cunning "medicine man," as the head priest, doctor, and magician is invariably termed, having in all probability carefully ascertained beforehand whether buffaloes have been seen in great numbers in the locality which it is proposed to hunt, predicts accordingly.

The camp I visited consisted of one large building in the centre of an amphitheatre composed of the remains of wigwams, for they were all in a more or less dilapidated condition.

The principal edifice, the one situated in the centre, was constructed in a circular form, and measured eighteen yards in diameter. In the middle of it was a pole about twenty-five feet high, from the top of which radiated other poles, about thirty feet in length, whose opposite ends rested on a framework about fifteen feet high; the whole structure being completely covered in, both on top and around, with the boughs of trees, the dense foliage on which, during the time the "lodge" was in use, would protect the interior from a moderately heavy rainfall, or from the burning rays of a midsummer's sun. When I saw it, however, it was in a very shaky state; the leaves had long fallen from the boughs, and the interior of the edifice was strewn with a heterogeneous debris consisting of buffalo heads, skins of various animals, old tom-toms, war-shields, children's cradles, old cotton shirts, beads, moccasins, and a host of other miscellaneous articles.

About one hundred and twenty wigwams, or rather the skeletons of them, surrounded the main building in a circle, covering a space fully two hundred yards in diameter. The most important part of the ceremony is the dance, which is performed by men, specially selected by the medicine chief from the warriors of the tribe, inside the large central lodge. This dance really

appears to be a trial of the powers of endurance of those engaged in it. Frequently has the inanimate form of one of the participators to be borne out into the fresh air and revived by the application of cold water, and it not unfrequently happens that some of these cases terminate fatally. The death of one of the dancers is a very unlucky event, not only to the unfortunate sufferer and his family, but to the whole tribe, for it is regarded as "bad medicine." If the usual time, generally from two to three days, allotted to the dance expires without a death, the priest proclaims "good medicine" and prophesies a successful hunt. The "medicine chief," of course, carefully selects those men for the dance whose physical condition would be likely to produce the required result according to the knowledge he had previously gained regarding the abundance of game.

As he has the sole conduct of the dance he can either prolong it so as to gain his end, or cut it short according to circumstances. The Kiowas are one of the few tribes that adhere to these old customs and ceremonies, and continue to carry out the medicine dance with all its superstitious rigour.

Not far from the site of this medicine camp, a train of government waggons had, some three years ago, been attacked by the Indians. The teamsters were unprovided with a military escort, little suspecting that the enemy were hovering about in the neighbourhood. When attacked they formed their little force behind the waggons, and for some time gallantly kept their foes at bay, but were eventually overpowered and slain. When their bodies were found, one was discovered to be unscalped and, with the exception of his right hand having been cut off, un mutilated. This is considered a sign of respect to a brave man. Another of the poor teamsters, who perhaps had not displayed as much courage as his comrade, had been fastened alive on his back to the ground, and a fire lighted on his naked breast, round which these fiends had sat warming themselves! This outrage was afterwards fully avenged.

On our homeward journey we encountered several prairie fires, some lighted by ourselves, and others lighted by various

Indian tribes returning from their buffalo hunt, and we travelled over several miles of a charred and calcined country that had recently been burnt. The grass on the prairies is generally burnt, purposely, towards the end of the year, so that a richer crop may be produced in the following spring. If a strong breeze is blowing, a fire, when the grass is dry, will spread with great rapidity. It is a magnificent sight to see the long tongues of flame leaping up to a height of fully twenty feet, and licking up everything within their grasp, and to hear the loud sharp crackling as the consuming monster rages along, devouring everything that it comes into contact with. Even at a distance from the fire of six or seven yards, dead to windward, the heat from it is quite unbearable.

It is perfectly astonishing to witness the rapidity with which, during a moderate gale, the conflagration spreads. Woe to the unfortunate individual, even though he be well mounted, who is unlucky enough to be caught to leeward of a prairie fire under such circumstances; for travelling as it does at the rate of about twelve miles an hour, he would find it very difficult to escape unless some river or creek was near, under shelter of which he might take refuge. A fire will seldom leap over water unless overhanging brushwood or long grass on the banks assist it.

The reflection of a prairie fire at night-time, lighting up the horizon for a distance of many miles with a deep red glare, and illumining the heavens, is a very grand sight indeed, and one that can be witnessed in its greatest splendour only on the western prairies.

Crossing two pretty little streams of water, one rejoicing in the poetical name of No-co-ni, the other in the excessively unpoetical one of Stinking Creek, and passing through a picturesque and fertile valley immediately to the north of Mount Scott, after an absence of one month we rode into Fort Sill, where I again received the same cordial and hearty welcome, from the officers stationed there, as I had before experienced. Although my hunting trip terminated with our return to Fort Sill, my travels in the Indian Territory had by no means come to an end; for, instead of returning by the way I had come, to Caddo, and so reaching the railway there, I was enabled, through the kindness of General Mackenzie, who supplied me with an escort and the means of conveyance, to continue my journey through the territory for three

hundred miles in a northerly direction, until I struck another line of railroad passing through the State of Kansas.

The few days spent at Fort Sill passed most pleasantly. They were taken up with hunting and shooting expeditions, and the evenings with dinner parties and social gatherings. Nothing could exceed the kindness and hospitality extended towards me, and I felt a pang of regret when the time came to say farewell to the kind friends who had taken such good care of me, and who had caused the time spent on those lone bleak prairies to pass so pleasantly.

The scenery for some short distance after leaving Fort Sill was very pretty, forming such a contrast, as it did, with the monotonous scenery that we had so long been accustomed to. Cache Creek, on which the post is situated, is a stream of some magnitude, bordered by a considerable amount of timber. In some places the water flows directly at the base of smooth, steep, and perfectly precipitous cliffs, at least two hundred feet in height, composed of porphyritic trap.

Crossing the Wichita River without much difficulty, we arrived at the Wichita Agency, forty miles from Fort Sill. This is the headquarters of the Wichita, Caddo, and Delaware tribes. There are also a few Pawnees on this reservation. The lodges of the last-named tribe are very differently constructed to those of any other, being thatched over instead of being covered with skins. Though not so easy to transport, they are decidedly more comfortable as permanent abodes. The Agency has quite the appearance of a well-to-do little settlement, comprising an agent's residence, a sutler's store, without which no agency can be considered complete, a school-house, with numerous log and picket houses scattered around, inhabited by the more wealthy of the Indians, who prefer the comfort of a house of this description to their own wigwams. A log house is built of logs of wood laid horizontally; in a picket house the logs are placed vertically.

Nothing more lovely can be imagined than the valley of the Wichita, well timbered and clothed with a luxuriant vegetation, with its bright glistening river sparkling in the sunshine as it meanders through a long expanse of boundless prairie, its course clearly discernible in the far distance by the clusters of trees that overshadow its waters.

Our first halt we intended to be at Fort Reno, a post similar to, but smaller than, Fort Sill, from which it is distant about

ninety miles; but being benighted on the opposite side of the Canadian River, and deeming it imprudent to attempt the crossing of a stream that had such a bad reputation for dangerous and treacherous quicksands, we sought for, and obtained, a night's lodging at the hut of George Washington, chief of the Caddo tribe. The old chief received us very kindly, and having been refreshed with a cup of coffee made by the fair hands of his charming daughter Cindie (short, I presume, for Cinderella), we piled a quantity of wood on the fire, wrapped ourselves up in our buffalo robes, and were soon sleeping as soundly as if we were in luxurious four-posters, on the softest of feather beds. George is a most original character, very old, although he still retains supreme authority over his tribe. Some years ago, he, with other Indian delegates, went to the city of Washington, for the purpose of visiting the Great Father, as the President is called, hence his name. He spoke broken English in a delightful manner. When he was a young man, some sixty years ago, he imagined that his father had cast a spell upon him which could only be removed by his death. So thoroughly did this idea take possession of his mind, that it became intolerable, and he determined to rid himself of one who made his life so burdensome. Watching his opportunity, he one day very deliberately, when his father was asleep, took an axe and chopped his head off, and has been happy ever since. In spite of his parricidal tendencies, he is a very intelligent old man, and through industry has amassed, for an Indian, a considerable fortune.

On the day following we reached Fort Reno, and here I received the same kind and hearty welcome, from one and all, that I had experienced at Fort Sill.

Near this post is established the headquarters of the Cheyenne Agency. No less than five thousand Indians, belonging to the Cheyenne and Arapahoe tribes, are settled on this reservation; but owing to the absence of the majority on their winter buffalo hunt, not more than fifteen hundred were living near the Agency at the time of my visit. Accompanied by the agent I visited the school-house, and was conducted all over the establishment, which appears to be well organized. It is attended by one hundred and thirty-four Indian children of both sexes, the boys preponderating, varying in age from five to fifteen years. These children live entirely at the school, and are only allowed to visit their parents' lodges for a few hours

on Saturday afternoons—returning, however, before sunset.

The rooms are fairly clean, the dormitories being under the direct supervision of a matron. The officials of the school, from the head teacher downwards, are all white and of the female sex. The furniture in the bedrooms, as may be imagined, was scant, beds being the only articles of that description that were visible. The children not being overburdened with much luggage, and all ablutions having to be performed in the lavatories, the necessity of lumbering the dormitories with wash-hand stands, basins, &c., was avoided.

There were from eight to twelve beds in each room, each of which was occupied by two children. The system of tuition appeared to be much the same as that in vogue in other American schools; every movement such as standing up, sitting down, and putting away books or slates, being executed at the sound of a bell. During my visit the children were made to go through the multiplication table, repeating in a droning sing-song tone, after one of the instructresses, "Tew times one are tew," "Tew times tew are four," and so on.

Although they succeeded in getting through this lesson in a fairly creditable manner, few understood what they were really saying, for their knowledge of the English language was extremely limited, the oldest scholar being able to count his, or her, time at the school only by a few months, whilst a great number had been reclaimed from their savage life only a few short weeks before.

The distance from Fort Reno to Camp Supply, the most northern military station in the Indian Territory, is about one hundred and thirty miles. For the accomplishment of this distance I was furnished with an ambulance drawn by four mules, and was accompanied by an officer, a major of the 16th regiment of infantry, a most agreeable and pleasant companion; our escort consisting of the teamster, and a soldier who acted as cook, body-guard, and general factotum. We carried with us sufficient provisions and forage for the mules to last a week. When halted for the night, the major and myself inhabited a small A tent, the two men sleeping inside the ambulance. Experiencing fine weather we enjoyed a most delightful trip, although our road lay over the same undulating, apparently interminable, prairie as that over which I had travelled so many miles. Game was of sufficient abundance to enable us to stroll out and supply

ourselves after we had halted in the evenings and formed our camp, and whilst our cook was preparing supper. No incident worthy of mention occurred during the journey; the temperature had fallen very low, and we found it difficult to keep ourselves warm at night-time; in fact, as the major facetiously observed, we were not sorry to reach Camp Supply on the sixth day and "suffer a little comfort."

During one of our marches we passed through a dense thicket that had obtained rather a tragical notoriety. Two years ago a couple of Englishmen started out from Camp Supply to enjoy a few days' turkey-

shooting. The sport being good, and wishing to prolong it, they sent their teamster, with the waggon, back to the post for a further supply of provisions and ammunition. Whilst passing through this grove of timber the unfortunate man was attacked by a band of wandering Indians, and after being scalped was tied to the wheel of his own waggon and roasted alive. Luckily the Indians had no intimation of the whereabouts of our two countrymen, or perhaps were afraid of meeting with too warm a reception at their hands; at all events they were in no way molested. After waiting in vain for the return of their waggon they started to walk back to Camp



Cache Creek.

Supply, and going through the thicket thus ascertained, to their horror, the fate of their unfortunate driver.

Camp Supply is constructed much on the same principle as Forts Sill and Reno, but is a much older military post, having been established in 1867 by General Sheridan, during his war with the Indians, as a base of supplies, hence its name. The houses are all "picket," chiefly built of cedar.

Here we found a large camp of Indians, numbering between eight and nine thousand, the majority belonging to the Cheyenne and Arapahoe tribes. They had assembled in this neighbourhood for the purpose of prosecuting their winter hunt, but owing to the

dearth, or, more properly speaking, non-existence of buffaloes, were in a very critical, almost a starving, condition: the poor creatures were bartering their clothes for food, and begging for scraps of meat and bread from the officers and men of the garrison.

So long as the Indians remain on the reservations allotted to them, they receive very liberal rations from the United States Government, but directly they start on their hunting-trips these rations are, very properly, stopped. These people, when they left their agency, had been supplied with ten days' provisions, as they had fully expected in that time to reach the buffalo country; three weeks had, however, elapsed without their being able to

procure any food for themselves, and they were really reduced to a very pitiable state. One reason, and perhaps the principal one, for the scarcity of buffaloes, was that the Pawnees had started out on their hunt some little time before, and had traversed the identical country that these Indians intended to hunt over. Not satisfied with slaughtering and driving the buffaloes away, they set fire to the prairies, thus depriving the animals of all means of subsistence, and effectually driving them from the neighbourhood. Woe to the heedless Pawnees should they happen to meet the warlike and revengeful Cheyennes!

Since writing the above I have received a newspaper in which the following extract occurs: "It is reported that a desperate and bloody fight took place recently in the Panhandle of Texas, south of the Red River, on the buffalo hunting-grounds, between a hunting party of Indians composed of Arapahoes and Cheyennes, and another hunting party of Pawnees, during which some thirty Cheyennes and twelve Pawnees were killed."

It will be thus seen that a collision did actually take place between these two tribes, but, judging by the loss of life on either side—and this is the usual way of determining victories amongst the Indians—the Pawnees seem to have had the best of it.

Whilst at Camp Supply I mixed a good deal with the Indians, and was very favourably impressed by them. Here I met Little Raven, Big Wolf, Yellow Bear, and other great and influential chiefs of the Arapahoes. Little Raven is a fine handsome old man, with a pleasant and intelligent expression. During the time I was conversing with him, through the medium of an interpreter, he stood holding his hat in his hand, a true and noble specimen of Nature's gentleman.

I regarded Camp Supply as almost the termination of my wanderings on the "plains;" for, although ninety miles of a lone, bleak prairie had to be traversed before I could reach the railroad, still there was a regular "stage" by which I could travel, and therefore I was no longer under the necessity of asking for an escort or requiring military assistance in any shape. I cannot part with my kind friends of the different garrisons without one word of gratitude and farewell. From all I received the greatest kindness and the most unbounded hospitality; by them nothing was left undone that could in any way conduce to my comfort or pleasure. I shall always look back to my life on the prairies with gratitude to the many friends

that it was my good fortune to make, who rendered my trip so enjoyable in every way.

The vehicle in which I took my seat to be conveyed to the nearest railway station at a place called Dodge City, although dignified by the name of "the stage," was simply a springless and open waggon, having ordinary boards across as seats; not at all the sort of conveyance one would select in which to travel a distance of ninety miles over, in some places, an exceedingly rough road; but beggars cannot be choosers, and so I resigned myself to my fate. The country, too, through which we drove, was very uninteresting, nothing but a long, rolling prairie, totally devoid of timber of any kind; even the banks of the few creeks we passed were bare and naked: an inhospitable country, for without firewood it is impossible to form a camp. Occasionally the road would be intersected by ravines and deep gorges, but not so impassable as to offer any serious obstruction to the advance of our old rattle-trap machine.

Just before dark we crossed the Cimarron River, a stream some hundred yards in breadth, and entered the State of Kansas. In leaving the Indian Territory we bade adieu to law and order, for, being subject to military jurisdiction, it is one of the most law-abiding districts in the United States. In it a white man, if unable to render a good account of himself, is immediately arrested and summarily dealt with. The State of Kansas, on the contrary, has, at least in its southern and western parts, an unenviable reputation for disorder and rowdyism. This repute we were soon placed in a position to verify; for shortly after dusk, and not long after we had crossed the frontier, whilst driving quietly along, a couple of men emerged out of the darkness, and, ordering us peremptorily to stop, intimated to our coachman, in a tone that admitted of no refusal, that it was their intention to proceed with us to Dodge City. As these men were armed with Winchester repeating rifles, besides "six-shooters," it was deemed expedient to acquiesce in their demand. A refusal would have undoubtedly resulted in a brawl, greatly to our disadvantage. The stage was accordingly pulled up, our new fellow-passengers taking their seats in the waggon. They proved to be a couple of men called "cow-boys," or "bull-whackers," belonging to a party who were driving a herd of seven thousand head of cattle from Texas to Arkansas. One was a negro, the other a white man. They were certainly

the roughest specimens of humanity it was ever my bad fortune to come across. Their clothes, if such rags as they had on their backs could be so called, were in the most tattered state it is possible to imagine. On their legs, in lieu of trousers, they wore stiff leathern leggings, and their feet were wrapped up in old flannel and cloth bandages for want of shoes and stockings. One wore a crownless sombrero, in such a dilapidated condition that it certainly could not be considered as a covering for the head. The other was hatless. Long hair flowing down to the shoulders, with unkempt beard and moustache, adorned the head and face of the white man, whose name we discovered to be Jack; whilst thick wool on the pate of Bob, as he was called by his comrade, completes the description of their appearance, which, to say the least, was decidedly unprepossessing.

We were not kept long in ignorance regarding the characters of our tellow-passengers, for it soon transpired from their conversation that they had left their gang, or "outfit," as it is generally called, because they had had enough of hard work and bloodshed!

On leaving Texas their party had consisted of twenty-six men of all nations and all descriptions. These, together with the herd, were placed by the owner of the cattle in charge of one man, who was called "the boss," and who, on his arrival in Kansas, would have to render an account of all the animals intrusted to his care. It is impossible to overrate the hardships and privations endured by those engaged in work of this description. Leaving Texas, as they do, in the middle of a broiling summer, unprovided with warm clothing of any kind, except perhaps a blanket or a buffalo robe, they are exposed to the cold fierce blasts of the wintry winds on the bleak plains. Frost bites are of common occurrence, frequently resulting in the loss of toes and feet. In the saddle all day galloping round the herd to keep them from straying, they are also at night compelled to keep a strict watch over their camp in order to prevent Indians, or others, from stealing their animals. As a large herd of cattle will cover some miles of ground, it is no joke having to keep them together; at one moment in the rear goading up some lagging animals, and the next galloping to the front in order to turn the leaders in the right direction. The road they take is always a direct one, as straight for their destination as possible. Few obstacles will make them

swerve from the right track; rocky ravines are crossed at the most practicable places in the line of march, and rivers and creeks, if they cannot be forded, are crossed by swimming. The men are in alternate states of being wet through, broiled by the hot sun, and half frozen, with their clothes torn off their backs by the briars and thick brush they have to ride through in their endeavours to keep the herd together. As a recompense for all he has to go through, the "bull-whacker" receives only 30 dollars a month; but then it must be remembered that the men who engage in this work are the outcasts of society, the scum of all nations, notorious criminals who are unable to show their faces in any respectable and peace-loving community, and who can only enjoy their hard-earned wages in the haunts of vice and iniquity that form such an important feature in those western frontier cities that have so rapidly sprung into existence since the establishment of the railroad.

The men had not been occupants of the "stage" long before we ascertained their reason for deserting from the party to which they belonged in such a summary manner. They had had a little difference with the "boss" two days previously, which had terminated with the sudden death of the "boss" by a rifle bullet through his heart; and as his death might probably be avenged by some of the party, they thought "discretion the better part of valour," and accordingly took their departure. As the murder—for it can be called by no other name—had been committed some forty-eight hours before they joined us, and as they had only left their camp a few minutes before we drove up, I naturally inquired, "Why did you not leave before?" The answer was laconic and characteristic of the frontier-man: "Because we struck whisky to-night, and the boys will take to shooting, and there will be half-a-dozen graves to-morrow morning!" I must not omit to mention that Bob had not escaped scatheless from the deed in which he had been engaged, a bullet from the "six-shooter" of the boss being lodged in his thigh; to which, however, he appeared to attach little or no importance; and although we were together for twenty-four hours, I never heard him once complain of being troubled by his wound. An actual relation of the story as I heard it from the lips of these men would be unfit for publication in these "Sketches;" still it is only one of the many scenes of the like description that are constantly being enacted when parties

of these men get together, the majority of which are never heard of. An angry word, a quick shot, a hasty burial, and all is over and soon forgotten, except, perhaps, by some lone fireside where the poor widow, or the anxious mother, watches for the return of him she will see no more. The strength of the party is diminished by one, two, three, or four, as the case may be, from the number of those that started, and that is all that anybody hears about it. Life is held in light estimation by these reckless and unprincipled men; "a short life and a merry one" is their motto; they rarely concern themselves regarding the future, either in this world or the next, and never dream of putting by for a rainy day. By their own showing, both Jack and Bob were lawless, desperate characters, who had some years previously, on separate occasions, taken the lives of their fellow-beings, and having eluded justice, escaped to this part of America, the home and refuge of the criminal. In Dodge City, whither we were bound, they said they would be safe, as they were well known there! A reason, I thought, that would rather make them apprehensive of paying that town a visit.

Shortly before midnight we stopped at a miserable "ranche," composed of logs and mud; and here, the driver informed us, we should get some supper and a night's lodging. The name of the place was pleasantly called "The Soldiers' Graves," from the fact of several soldiers having been killed here a few years ago, whose graves were a short distance from the "ranche." It was a relief to get down from our shaky conveyance, where we had been so long cramped up and almost perished with the cold, and indulge in the luxury of a good stretch, a treat that can only be thoroughly appreciated by those who have travelled in a springless waggon with little or no room to move for sixteen or eighteen hours. On entering the ranche I found about fourteen or fifteen men assembled inside, of the same stamp as our new travelling acquaintances; they, however, civilly made room for me near the heap of wood that was burning at one end of the building. It did not take me long to discover that we were in a regular den of murderers and thieves, men of all nations and colour, whose stories, as they related them round the fire, were sufficient to cause one's blood to curdle, even if they were shorn of the oaths and blasphemous expressions that interlarded their conversation. Out of the entire party there was not one who did not boast of having "killed his man," or who had not

himself been desperately wounded during one of their bloody orgies! As I sat down to the table, on which was some baked buffalo meat, with Bob, the black murderer, I was immensely amused by the proprietor of the ranche coming to us and asking if "both of you gentlemen will take coffee?" it was indeed a proud moment to be classified with such a distinguished individual! It was past midnight before our execrable repast was finished, for it had to be discussed by the light from the fire only, the establishment being unprovided with either lamps or candles. Flooring there was none, so wrapping myself up in my buffalo robe spread on the dirty ground, I endeavoured to get a few hours' repose before it would be time to resume the journey. I had scarcely laid down when Bob spread out his tattered blanket alongside of me and composed himself to sleep—a pleasant bed-fellow indeed! At five o'clock the next morning we were all up and stirring, and, having partaken of the very ghost of the previous night's meal, by six o'clock we were again under weigh with our same travelling companions. Unpleasant as they were, I must own to experiencing a great feeling of relief as we drove away from the "Soldiers' Graves," with its melancholy and gloomy associations and bad company. The road along which we journeyed was much of the same description as that over which we had travelled the preceding day, possessing all the characteristics of a "rolling prairie," though perhaps intersected by deeper gorges, and rougher and more impassable water-courses. Late in the afternoon, as the sun disappeared in a red lurid glare below the western horizon, we crossed, by a narrow wooden bridge, the Arkansas River and drove into Dodge City. This town still bears an unenviable reputation for rowdiness and lawlessness on the part of its inhabitants, and in spite of enormous placards, and notice boards, being placed conspicuously in the various thoroughfares, warning the public that "a heavy fine will be inflicted on any one carrying loaded weapons," no man is ever seen without one, and, as I was told, the "gentle pop" of the pistol is not unfrequently heard in the good city of Dodge, more especially after the arrival of a party of cow-boys! When the town was in its infancy, some three or four years ago, it is said the place was so healthy that they had to shoot a man occasionally in order to indulge in the excitement of a funeral! Even now, out of a large number of graves, for so small and so young a place, in the cemetery, the

majority are of those who, to use a Western phrase, "died with their boots on," that is, of men who have either been murdered or hanged. Judge Lynch in Dodge City reigns supreme. The crime for which the citizens have no sympathy, is horse and cattle stealing, for the suppression of which a secret society has been formed, composed of nearly all the male inhabitants, called the Vigilants. Woe to the unlucky horse-thief who should fall into their relentless clutches! Trial there is none; the fact of being in possession of the stolen animal is sufficient evidence of guilt, and the unfortunate thief is hurried off to the nearest tree, where a halter and a short shrift is all the mercy he can expect from his honest and justice-loving executioners! Should some individual be unwittingly induced to purchase a stolen horse, and be so unfortunate as to be overtaken by a band of these Vigilants, who are probably in pursuit of the real thief, he must expect the same fate as if he had actually stolen the animal himself; no questions are asked, possession of the stolen property is a crime in itself. "Facta non verba" is their motto, and there is one citizen less in the State of Kansas! At Dodge City my "Sketches on the Prairies," during a ride of fifteen hundred miles, terminate; but, before concluding, it may be interesting to some of my readers to know what became of my pleasant travelling companions on the stage from Camp Supply to

Dodge. Of Jack I have heard nothing; but of Bob the following extract, which I read in a paper about three weeks after parting with him, will give some idea as to what his end is likely to be:—

"SHOT AN OFFICER.—About one o'clock this morning Officer Restomeyer, while on duty near the Mississippi and Tennessee depôt, heard a shot fired in a shanty near by, and screams of a woman. Running towards the house the officer met Bob King, a notorious negro, running out, and ordered him to halt. King instantly fired, striking the officer in the jaw, inflicting a fatal wound. This morning it was ascertained that King had shot and fatally wounded Louisa Barnshill (coloured), and was fleeing when halted. So far he has escaped arrest."

Bad as these men undoubtedly are, they were always perfectly respectful in their demeanour towards me, treating me with the utmost courtesy and consideration, but in their own rough and rude way.

There is much I would fain say regarding the citizens of the newly-formed frontier towns, but my allotted space has been filled up, and I must necessarily conclude. In the words of Hamlet I take my leave—

"And so without more circumstance at all,
I hold it fit we shake hands and part."

ALBERT HASTINGS MARKHAM.

ERASMUS AND SIR THOMAS MORE.

PART I.

THESE two illustrious names meet us together at an interesting crisis of English history. They were fellow-workers in the early, or as it is sometimes called "Oxford," Reformation which preceded the establishment of the modern Church of England. The relations which they thus bore to one another as "reformers before the Reformation," their common studies and aspirations, how much they did to advance the new dawn of thought and religious activity in Europe, how far they sympathized with it, how far they drew back from it when they saw into what it was to grow—all this presents an ample and instructive picture, which we propose to sketch in one or two short papers.

Erasmus was considerably the older of the two, although he lived to lament the mournful death of his friend. More's career and

tragic death give a pathetic elevation to the picture. "So great was his courtesie to all men, so great his ability, so excellent his nature, so engraven was his bounty on every man's heart—all," says his friend, "lamented his death as the loss of their own father or brother. I myself have seen many tears come from those men who never saw More in their lives, nor ever received any benefit from him; yea, whilst I write these things tears gush from me, whether I will or no. How many souls hath that axe wounded which cut off More's head!" The traces of such a character will mingle with the more general features of our study; and while we endeavour to explain clearly the aspects of an important movement of thought, we shall also sketch in the touches of personal portraiture which shine upon us with graphic force from the lives of both men.

Erasmus was born at Rotterdam in the year 1467.* He was therefore sixteen years older than Luther (1483), and thirteen years older than More, who was born in 1480. The true name of Erasmus was Gerhard, which was turned first into Latin as Desiderius, and then into Greek as Erasmus. But "he lived," it is said, "to find out that Erasmus would have been the correct form, and he amended the error by calling his godson Joannes Erasmusius."

Erasmus was a victim of the monkish zeal of the time, not only in his life but in his birth. His father, one of a numerous family at Tergouw (Gouda), in Holland, was destined for holy orders, for which he was unfitted, not only by disposition but by the fact of his having fallen deeply in love with a young girl, Margarita, the daughter of a physician of Zevenbergen, a town of Brabant. Disapproving of a match between their son and this girl, his parents were only the more eager to carry out their son's destination. The result was that he fled from home, and the forsaken Margarita, who had virtually become his wife, retired to Rotterdam, where she gave birth to the illustrious scholar. Gerard—for such was also the father's name—wandered to Rome, where he maintained himself by transcribing manuscripts, chiefly of classical authors, whom he is said to have studied as well as copied, and so to have become a fair classical scholar. A report having been conveyed to him of the death of the mother of his boy, if not of his boys (for it is said there was also an elder brother unknown to the world), he at length became priest and cut himself off from the possibility of marriage. The mother, who appears to have been a woman of character and accomplishments,† devoted herself to the education of her son. Probably she detected his remarkable endowments, although his first teacher pronounced him a dunce. At nine years of age he went to a school kept by the "Brothers of the Common Lot," a religious community not bound by formal vows, which had been founded about the beginning of the century by Gerard Groot, and in which was nursed the beautiful and solemn genius that produced the "De Imitatione Christi," the most perfect and tender expression of mediæval piety. This school was at Deventer,

on the right bank of the Yssel; and here, under intelligent masters who had caught the light of the new learning which had spread from Italy, the boy soon showed his great powers. He is said to have got the whole of Terence and Horace by heart. He was then at the utmost about fifteen, and was, as he himself says in one of his numerous autobiographic touches, of a very pious disposition. Whether from this cause, or merely from the rage for proselytizing which prevailed, he was even then urged to enter the cloister, and persecuted because he refused to take such a step without the consent of his parents. Unhappily his parents were both cut off at this time—his mother by the plague, and his father, it is said, by grief and misery for the loss of one whom he had continued to love, although formally cut off from her society. Some property was left by his father in the hands of guardians for the benefit of the boy; but, faithless to their trust, the guardians squandered the property, and then sought to coerce the son, as the father had been coerced before him, to follow an ecclesiastical life. Erasmus has himself told the story of the means employed to make him a monk. At first he resisted manfully; but at length, influenced by the representations made to him by an old friend and school-fellow of the literary leisure and peace he might find within the walls of a monastery, he took the leap and became an inmate of the Augustinian House at Steyn, not far from Gouda. He was then about eighteen. He spent between five and six years at Steyn, and soon found how far the reality was from the pleasant picture which had been set before him. Still, he profited largely from his studies and residence in this monastery, according to his own confession, and found at least one congenial companion in William Hermann, an ardent classical student like himself. They gave their days and nights to study and friendship, and are said to have read together the whole of the Latin classics. And their example was so inspiring as to arouse some degree of literary enthusiasm amongst the fellow members, slothful and apparently dissipated as they seem to have been.

At length an unexpected means of escape from his bondage occurred to Erasmus. The Bishop of Cambrai had formed the intention of going to Rome to seek a cardinal's hat, and greatly desired a clever secretary well skilled in Latin to accompany him. The offer of the post was made to Erasmus, in what manner is not explained, and was

* The date of his birth is not quite certain, his own letters indicating different dates; sometimes October, 1465, and sometimes October, 1467. The latter is the date more commonly accepted, and is that placed on his famous statue at Rotterdam.

† Her son has not failed to do honour to her memory, and one of his biographers has applied to her the line—

"Huic uni potuit forsan succumbere culpæ."

eagerly accepted. The journey to Rome was not made, but Erasmus remained attached to the bishop for five years, and, probably with the view of qualifying himself more thoroughly for the duties of a bishop's secretary, was ordained as a priest on the 25th of February, 1492, when he was therefore in his twenty-fifth year. At Cambrai he formed an intimate friendship with Anthony à Bergis, the brother of the bishop, and with James Battus, the town clerk of Bergen, who was afterwards his frequent correspondent.

Some time afterwards* he was able to carry out his long-cherished design of obtaining the advantages of university education. He went to Paris and entered himself as a student in the College of Montaigu, with the promise of a small pension from his episcopal patron. The pension, however, was badly paid, if paid at all; the college was, according to his own description, a miserable place, "presided over by a man not of bad disposition, but utterly without judgment." Trained in extreme poverty himself, the Rector of Montaigu seems to have thought that learning could be cultivated without the decent means of subsistence. "What with hard beds, rough and scanty food, rigid vigils and labour, I saw many youths of great gifts, of the highest hopes and promise—some who actually died, some doomed for life to blindness, to madness, to leprosy." Such is Erasmus's own story in one of his Colloquies.† "To restrain wanton youth by reason and moderation," he adds, "is the office of a father; but in the depth of a hard winter to give hungry youths a bit of dry bread, to send them to the well for water, and that fetid or unwholesome or frost-bound! I have seen many who have contracted maladies which they did not shake off as long as they lived." Erasmus had rather an unhappy tendency to dwell in his letters on his own personal wants and grievances; but there seems to have been no doubt that the College of Montaigu was a loathsome and abominable place, as Rabelais, in recalling his reminiscence of it, speaks no less bitterly of its squalidness (*pouillerie*).

* In 1496, say most of his biographers, even the most recent, Fendère; but Drummond concludes that as this would only extend his stay in Paris to one or two years at most, he must have gone shortly after he took up his residence with the Bishop of Cambrai, or in 1492. It is admitted that the date of his first letter from Paris is 1496. But in 1522 he speaks of having written one of his treatises in Paris thirty years before, or in 1492. This is rather a slender foundation to go upon. If his accuracy in dates is not to be trusted, this was an occasion—thirty years after the supposed event?—on which he might easily make a slip of memory.

† "Ichthyophagia: Opera cura Cler.," vol. i. pp. 806-7.

It was during his early residence in Paris that Erasmus formed the friendships which afterwards brought him to England. Among his pupils were two young Englishmen, William Blunt, Lord Montjoy, and Thomas Gray, son of the Marquis of Dorset. The former especially remained his fast friend. He had not forgotten, however, his friends in Holland, which he seems to have revisited more than once during these years. He has himself described with his usual graphic power one visit in particular which he made on an invitation conveyed to him by his friend Battus, from the mistress of the Castle of Tornenhens, the Lady Anna Bersala, Marchioness de Vere. "What a dreadful journey!" he says. "Don't talk to me of Hercules or Ulysses; henceforth I can despise them both. . . . An extraordinary depth of snow, then hail, then rain, which as soon as it touched the ground was congealed into ice. One was clothed with ice. Old men vowed they had never seen anything like it before. What do you imagine were the feelings of Erasmus in such a state of things?" But the welcome he received at the castle erased all the thoughts of his miserable journey. "How shall I describe to you the politeness, the blandness, the liberality of this lady? . . . Never has Nature produced a lady more modest or wise, fairer or more kind. She has been kind to me beyond my deserts, and loaded me with great obligations. And what shall I say of Battus, the simplest, most affectionate soul of the world?" Lively exaggeration in letter-writing is no mere modern accomplishment. It is as piquant in the graphic Latin sentences of Erasmus as in the light tripping pages of our newspaper correspondents. The letter from which we quote is addressed from the castle of the gracious lady, who had excited by her welcome such lively gratitude to William, Lord Montjoy, and is dated Feb. 3, 1479. In a subsequent letter, on the 12th of the same month, to Battus himself, he writes in the same strain: "How does my pleasant and most trusty friend Battus? If Lady de Vere, once your patroness, but now mine also, is well, and if everything prospers with her, it is as I wish and trust. . . . Good heavens! her frankness, her courtesy in one of her high rank; her gentleness, notwithstanding her great wrongs; her cheerfulness in the midst of so many cares!" Unsparring in compliment, Erasmus was no less unsparring in invective, and could paint the "ingrates," the monsters who were unkind to him, in colours of equal liveliness. He had the genuine literary instinct from the first, and the art which gives

expression to this instinct in many forcible details—which not merely narrates or describes, but infuses into all narration or description that personal element which makes the page glow with life and significance. In this respect he resembled another great master of epistolary art, St. Jerome, of whose letters he was a constant student, and from whose example he borrowed his expressiveness of colouring.

Erasmus longed to go to Italy, but circumstances were unfavourable, and so, on the invitation of his friend Lord Montjoy, he came to England to be presented at the English Court. The universities also were a great attraction to him. He was now a master of Latin, but as yet knew Greek slightly, and rejoiced at the prospect of studying it at Oxford, where its teaching had already begun under such scholars as Grocyn and Linacre, and William Latimer. These men, with John Colet, had all been to Italy, and there acquired, not only the flavour of the new learning, but some knowledge of Greek from the Byzantine scholars who had fled after the taking of Constantinople by the Turks in 1453. Linacre had shared the tuition of Politian with the children of Lorenzo de' Medici. All were enthusiasts in the new studies which were opening before the European mind. Erasmus's first impressions of England were delightful, and he sets them forth with his usual liveliness: "Nothing ever delighted me so much," he says. "I have found the climate most agreeable and most healthful, and so much civility (humanitas), so much learning—and that not trite and trivial, but profound and accurate—so much familiarity with the learned writers, Latin and Greek, that, except for the sake of seeing it, I hardly care to visit Italy. . . . When I hear Colet I seem to hear Plato. Who would not admire Grocyn's vast range of knowledge? What can be more subtle, more deep, more fine than the judgment of Linacre? Did Nature ever frame a disposition more gentle, more sweet, more happy than that of Thomas More?" English manners, even to the extent of hunting, seem to have captivated him. He became himself a tolerable huntsman. How could his correspondent, he says, "linger in the filth of Paris? If the gout did not hold him by the foot, let him fly to England." Then follows a passage which shows Erasmus in his highest vein of literary rhetoric, and has given rise to much comment. "To mention but one thing out of a number," he says, "there are here ladies divinely beautiful, the kindest and most fasci-

nating creatures in the world (*nymphæ divinis vultibus, blandæ, faciles*), far before the Muses whom you worship. There is besides a custom which it would be impossible to praise too much. Wherever you go every one welcomes you with a kiss, and the same on bidding farewell. You call again, when there is more kissing. If your friends call on you they kiss you, and when they take their leave kisses again go round. You meet an acquaintance anywhere, and you are kissed till you are tired. In short, turn where you will there are kisses, kisses everywhere. And if you were once to taste them, and find how delicate and fragrant they are, you would certainly desire, not for ten years only, but till death, to be a sojourner in England." *

These rapid touches may give some idea of what sort of a man Erasmus was at Paris, and at Oxford, and London, in the last decade of the fifteenth century.

Let us now turn to his friend More, whom he first met during this visit to England in 1498. Erasmus was now thirty, and More about twenty. The story of their first meeting is a familiar one. Like many similar stories, it has the air of truth, whether literally true or not. They are represented as coming together in some accidental manner. Erasmus, ignorant of the name of the brilliant young student with whom he was conversing, at length exclaimed with joyful surprise, "*Aut tu es Morus aut nullus;*" to which the other retorted, "*Aut tu es Erasmus aut diabolus.*" Two kindred natures had found each other out, and the playful surprise of their greeting soon ripened into a warm friendship.

More was well-born. He was the son of Sir John More, one of the Justices of the Court of King's Bench. The date of his birth, like that of his friend Erasmus, is uncertain within two years. It is commonly assumed to be 1480, but there is reason to believe that he was born two years earlier, which makes more probable the story of Erasmus's first interview with him. He received his early education at St. Anthony's School, in Threadneedle Street, and passed some time as a page in the household of Cardinal Morton, Archbishop of Canterbury. An eminent civilian and canonist, Morton was instrumental in closing the long series of conflicts between the Houses of York and Lancaster, by negotiating the marriage of Princess

* The letter is addressed to Faustus Andrelinus, poet-laureate, and is dated "Ex Anglia, 1499." It is 65th of the series, vol. iii. of Le Clerc's ed. of Erasmus's Works.

Elizabeth of York and Henry Tudor. By these services, and by his ability and experience, he continued to be prime minister till his death in 1500 at an advanced age. It is said that he, like all others brought in contact with young More, formed the highest opinion of his character and abilities, and would sometimes say of him to the noble company that he entertained, "The child here waiting at the table, whosoever shall live to see it, will prove a marvellous man." More, in his turn, greatly esteemed the prelate, and has drawn a vivid picture of his wisdom and generosity in the commencement of his "Utopia." There is reason to think that it was in Morton's house that he first met with Colet, the famous founder of St. Paul's School, and whose association, both with himself and Erasmus, is so well known. In some respects Colet was quite as remarkable a man as either; in theological and Christian liberality he seems to have been superior to both.

More went to Oxford in 1497. He had rooms at St. Mary's Hall, but studied at Canterbury College, which Wolsey converted into the magnificent Christ Church. Here he joined the innovators and devoted himself zealously to the study of Greek under Grocyn and Linacre. Above all, however, he formed, or more probably renewed, his intimacy with Colet, who was greatly charmed by his ready wit and beautiful character. How far he joined in the colloquies or discussions which took place between Erasmus and Colet is doubtful.* He was, of course,

* Mr. Seebohm, in his admirable volume on the Oxford Reformers, has made English readers familiar with these discussions.

even if we add two years to his age as commonly received, eleven years younger than they were. He could hardly therefore, at the time, have been more than a listener to their talk about the schoolmen and the inspiration of Scripture. But he drank deeply at the fountain of the new learning. His love for the new studies, and for a simpler philosophy of religion, in fact, alarmed his father, who recalled him from Oxford and entered him as a student of New Inn. And while More thus returned to London, Erasmus, with that craving for movement which characterized him more or less during his life, prepared to return to Paris. Colet was left alone, to be also by-and-by removed to London as Dean of St. Paul's (1505). But before Erasmus's departure from England we get a pleasant glimpse of him and More on a visit to Prince Henry, afterwards Henry VIII. He was staying with his friend, Lord Montjoy, near Greenwich, when More came to visit him, and together they proceeded to Eltham, where the royal children were receiving their education. Henry was then nine years old, and is described as a "manly little fellow," who welcomed the visitors with princely courtesy. His eldest sister, Margaret, who soon afterwards (1502) married our James IV., was present. There was some graceful exchange of compliments, and Erasmus, not having any composition of his own with him to present to the royal children, afterwards sent "an elaborate poem in alternate hexameter and iambic verse, in praise of England, Henry VII., and the royal children."

JOHN TULLOCH.

THE HEATHER.

A Reberie.

O SWEET is the breath of the heather
On braes of the Highlands that blows,
O rich is its bloom when at evening
The hills glow in purple and rose!

I sit on the slopes of Loch Etive,
The heather is up to my knee,
I look to the west, where the islands
Arise from the far-gleaming sea.

The peak of the mighty Ben Cruachan
Above me soars up in the mist,
Below, by the waters of Etive,
The feet of the proud one are kist.

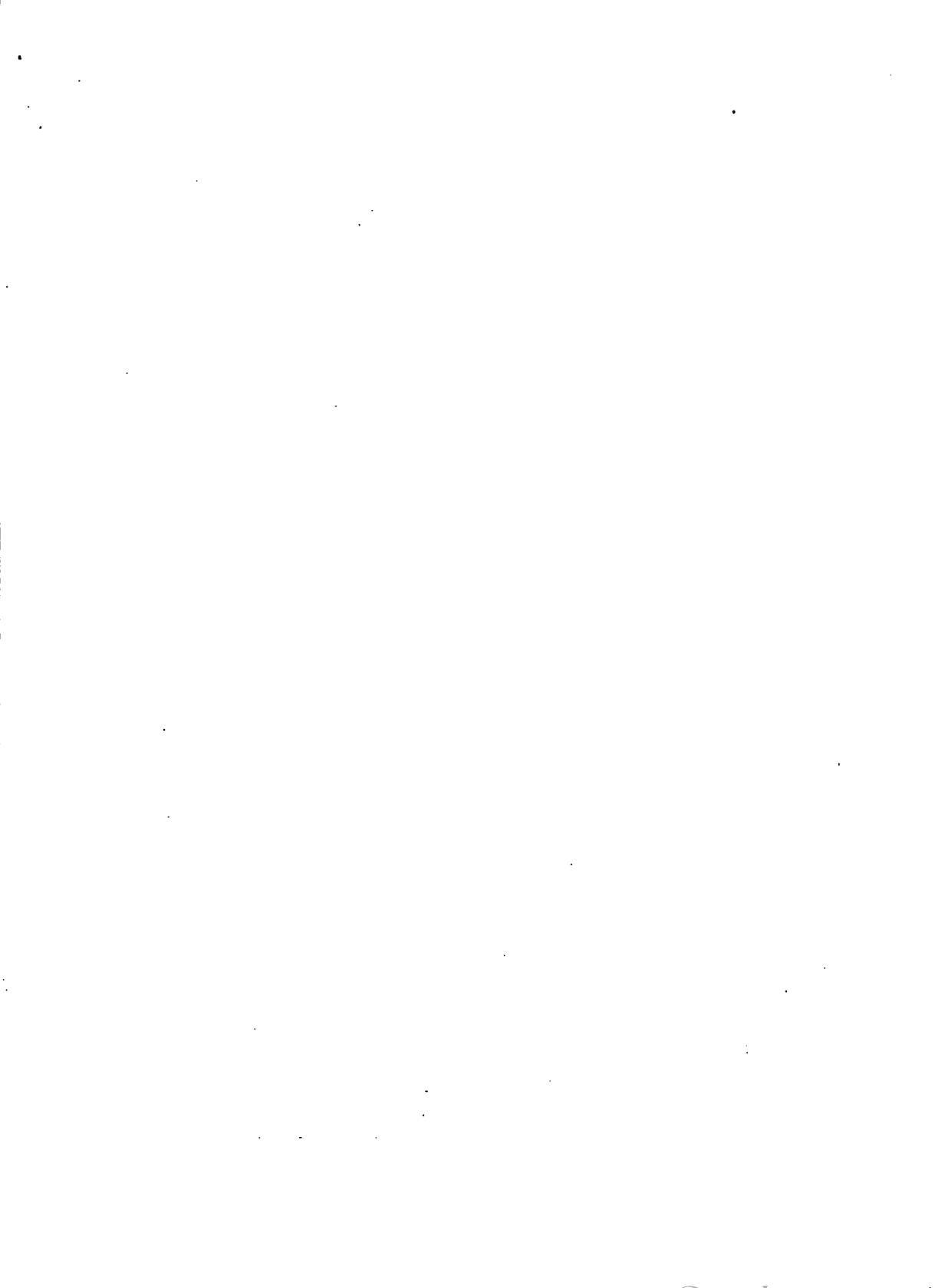
I see the grey strength of Dunstaffnage
Keeping ward on the way of the seas,
And faintly the roaring of Connal
Is heard in the lull of the breeze.

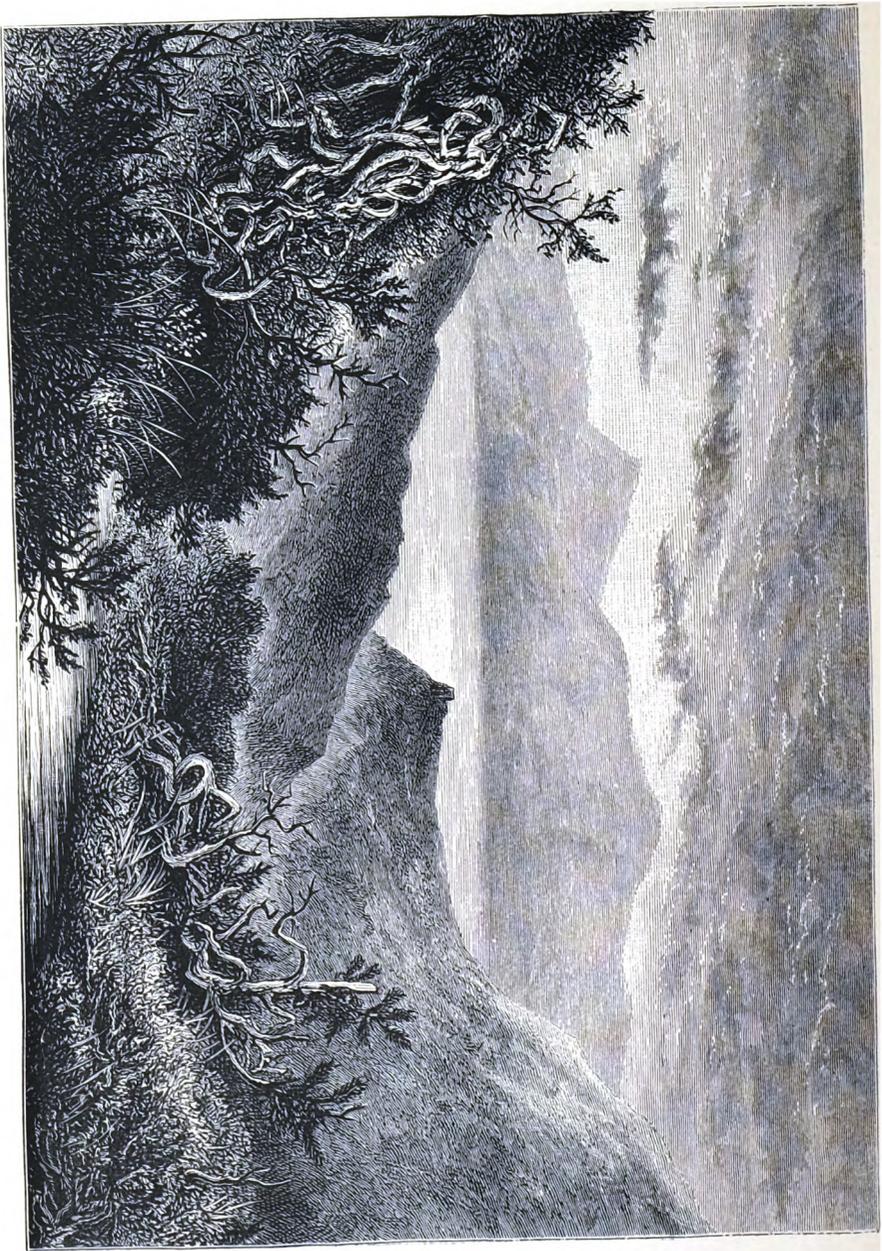
Here, lapped in the stillness of Nature,
Afar from the dwellings of men,
My spirit is rapt by the magic
That breathes over mountain and glen.

Around are the footprints of Fingal,
And Ossian, the last of his race;
Here Dermid and Oscar and Fillan
Have wakened the storm of the chase.

O voices of heroes long vanished,
Ye live, overcoming the tomb,
While lingers the music of Ossian
Round hills where the heather doth bloom!

Where glances the light on the waters
That dash betwixt Mull and Lismore,
The long-ships of Hako went flashing,
The Raven to battle that bore.





“THE HEATHER.”

O valiant offspring of Odin !
 The drop of your blood that's in me
 Still fires at the thought of the prowess
 That made you the kings of the sea.

Beneath yonder slope good King Robert,
 When the brooch from his shoulder was torn,
 Cut his way through the pass, which he reddened
 With the blood of the clansmen of Lorn.

O conquering sword of King Robert !
 How good to have followed with thee,
 To strike a strong blow for old Scotland,
 The day that she rose to be free !

The wind from the heights of Glen Etive
 Comes laden with voices of woe—
 'Tis the dirge that for ever and ever
 Is borne from the depths of Glencoe.

O ghosts of the brave Clan MacIan !
 Still yours is that terrible glen,
 Once blithe with the voices of children,
 The gladness of women and men.

I think of the days of Prince Charlie,
 When the North spent its valour in vain,
 And the blood of the brave and the loyal
 Was poured at Culloden like rain.

Now passed like the mist on the mountains
 Are the days when such deeds could be done ;
 The clansmen are scattered for ever,
 The race of the chieftains is run.

And gone are the green-coated fairies
 That brightened the hillside of old,

The witches that rode on the tempest,
 The Gruagach* that haunted the fold.

And passed are the sights dread and solemn
 Vouchsafed to the eye of the seer,
 The lights, and the sounds, and the phantoms,
 That filled every clachan with fear.

The life of the days that have fled
 Comes back not with vision or spell ;
 So rest ye, dim shadows of cloudland—
 Ye fairies, for ever farewell !

O thoughts of the past ! ye bring sadness,
 And vain is the wish that once more
 The great grassy glens that are silent
 Were homes of the brave as of yore.

Sleep, brave ones and bards that have perished,
 And green be your places of rest,
 And light be the winds that go sighing
 O'er the children whom Nature loved best.

The soft dewy steps of the gloaming
 Are climbing the sides of the Ben,
 The last flush of light crowns with glory
 The Herdman that watches the glen.†

Here, wrapped in my plaid in the heather,
 I envy no monarch his bed.
 Come, dreams of the hills and the Highlands,
 And visit in slumber my head.

A. N.

* A long-haired friendly sprite, of the Brownie species, but female.
 † Buachaill Etive, the principal mountain at the head of the glen.

SLOWNESS IN LEARNING CHRIST.

A Sermon by the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Rochester.

"Have I been so long time with you, and yet hast thou not known me."—John xiv. c

THE spirit of this question is a pained surprise. *Surprise*, for in the perfectness of Christ's humanity it simply amazed Him that one who for so long had seen His acts, heard His words, and enjoyed His friendship, should have so feebly comprehended either the motive or the nature of His work. *Pained* surprise, for in this strange, dull slowness there was not altogether wanting the element of sin. Once before, indeed, He had asked of them as a body, "How is it that ye do not understand?" Those were early days of an excusable ignorance. But in the last six months both His discourses and His miracles had opened a new window in heaven. Surely had there been more devotion there would have been more intelligence ; for if love cannot create thought, it can set it moving and burning. In truth, it was just one more

thorn in that crown of sharpness that had already begun to press and to lacerate His brow. Before He went forth from under the olive-trees to be buffeted by His enemies, He must first be wounded by His friends.

But we must not linger in that upper chamber with its holy though humbling memories. Across the silent years that separate us from the apostles that sentence comes down to us ; and Jesus, though crowned with glory, still sadly and anxiously asks us, "Have I been so long time with you?" asks, and expects a reply. The question is, What shall the reply be?

There are two great thoughts in these words gleaming with the searching light of God on our hearts and consciences. One, a fact of most vital significance, viz., that it is quite possible for us to be with Christ, and for Christ to be with us, and yet for us

not to know Him. The other, the correlative of that fact, the discovery of which is the first breath of our conscious spiritual life, as the going on to learn and master it is its discipline and glory—that the only true way of knowing Christ is to see Him as the revelation of the Father.

“Have I been so long time with you, and yet hast thou not known me?” The point of the question is in the “*so long time.*” Doubtless He had been with others also, and to better purpose. He had been with the multitudes, who thronged and pressed Him, but did not touch Him with the touch of faith. He had drawn to His side a rich youth, who admired Him enough to consent to some sacrifice for Him; could not trust Him enough to surrender all. A scribe had praised him, and was told that he was on the edge of the kingdom, though not yet in it. The children sang Hosanna in the Temple, and the servants sent to seize Him seemed spell-bound. Yet all went for nothing, when His enemies hemmed Him in for His final Passion. The rays of His Divine glory had fallen on those cold hearts as the arctic sunbeams on icebergs; they flashed and glittered, yet when the long night came it found them frozen still. But for Peter, who had confessed His Godhead, and for Thomas, who had proposed to go and die with Him, and for Philip, whom He had taken such special pains to choose—for these not to have discerned in Him the word made flesh, full of grace and truth, must have made the great Teacher feel as if all His past life had been but an empty blank, all His divine words as but seed by the wayside, which greedy fowls had devoured.

Yet the lesson which this fact discloses, and of which it is the inevitable correlative, is more important still. Philip had said, “Show us the Father, and it sufficeth us.” It was a lofty prayer, and the nobleness of its spirit we may all be thankful to learn. But, as we have seen already, it showed an ignorance of Christ, both in his person and work, and character and history, which wounded him as with the piercing of a sword. Some who read this paper, without either meaning or knowing it, may possibly be causing Him the same. For there are various ways of knowing Christ; and they are all good in their way, if only they are vitalised with that spiritual apprehension of Him which, as he elsewhere said, is eternal life. Without it, they only mock Him, and cheat us. We may know Him *after the flesh*, as Judas Iscariot knew Him, and yet

smoothly kissed Him to his captivity and death. We may know him *sacramentally* in the corporate knitting of our redeemed nature to His incarnate Person: and yet the outward incorporation never be truly consummated by quickening and perfecting grace. We may know Him *dogmatically*, and have all the glorious truths of the three Catholic Creeds in our minds and on our lips, and yet some day He may be forced to say to us, “I never knew you; for you have never known me by love.” Christian reader, do you really care to learn how you must know Him, if you would escape that reproach? He tells us here, “He that hath seen me, hath seen the Father.” But, do you again ask, how He is the revelation of the Father? how you and I, and all men, now as well as then, can discover in Jesus of Nazareth the mind and will of God? I say, He was a fourfold revelation of His Father, of His *providence* and *nature*, and *reconciliation* and *purpose*. Of His Father’s providence in the government and administration of the world, which did not make things pleasanter or easier for Him, though He was the Son of His eternal love; which sent Him to poverty and toil, and misinterpretation, and that sad, even awful, solitariness, which is at once the penalty and reward, and mark of all lofty and saintly souls moving on in front of their age, sowing what others shall reap, teaching what the distant generations shall come to understand and value, long after the lips that uttered them have mouldered into dust. This Providence, I say, did not spare Him anything painful, did not reward Him with outward or human delights because of His righteousness, did not prevent sorrow for Him, though He was enabled to bear it. The “all things” were the same for Him as for any one else, and they worked “together for good” for Him, in the same way as for any one else, because of His love to God. He was the revelation of His Father’s *nature*, which, described by a single word, is “love;” but which when expanded into all that comes out from it, in its relation to mankind, is especially *fatherly love*. This is, of course, mainly set forth in His bountifulness and compassion, and strength, and wisdom, and patience; and all this Christ manifested in His Ministry, when He went about doing good, and healing all that were oppressed with the devil. But, most of all, he showed the *spirit of sacrifice* that is in God, as the Father of our spirits. No one is a true father unless he is capable of sacrifice for his children, and it must not

be merely because he desires thereby either to win or enlarge their dear sweet love. They will never love their parents as their parents love them, and we must not hope for it. But because they are ours, and God's best gift to us, therefore we can suffer for their sake. Let us be bold and say, that when the Father saw the Son of His love slowly dying upon the cross, and hid from Him His face at the moment when He was honouring and pleasing Him the most, then shone out before the universe the self-sacrifice of God. For Christ was also the Revelation of His Father's perfect reconciliation in His passion and death. When He took our nature He became our Kinsman, Representative, and Head, so that all the race stood in Him before God; and He being God still, and for ever, though also man, and for ever, there resided in Him the potential faculty of a perfect righteousness, and a holy sorrow, and a perfect self-surrender to the Divine will, and a sufficient atonement; whereby mercy and truth could meet together, righteousness and peace could kiss each other; and to us, who repent and forsake them, the trespasses be no more imputed, which He, our Daysman, in the spirit of a holy renunciation and confession on our part, and for our sakes, bore on His spotless soul on the bitter cross, and then cast into the depths of the sea. Once more He is the Revelation of His purpose—His eternal purpose—in His Ascension into glory as the Head of a redeemed creation. Of course, this is a great mystery, but those who love God delight in humbly meditating on the promises of "the world to come." He is the head of the body—the Church; "for it pleased the Father that in Him should all fulness dwell; and having made peace through the blood of His cross, by Him to reconcile all things unto Himself, whether they be things on earth or things in heaven."

Christian reader, I dare to suppose that if you have in any sort of way tried to understand this question of Christ's, and what comes out of it, you will have been set thinking about its possible meaning for you, and solemnly felt that holy tender voice floating down the ages till it touched your own spirit, and said to you, "Knowest thou me yet?" Anyhow, I implore you not to say, "Whatever it may mean for my neighbour, it has no relation to me." With the great bulk of educated Christian people Christ has more or less been present from their earliest hour. He has incorporated them into His baptismal fellowship, dealt with them by His spirit; now stirred their hearts with gladness, now

sifted and searched them with sorrow. His name has been the precious birthright of their Christian heritage; His life the sublime seed-thought of an unspeakable and matchless holiness, elevating their daily life in its commonest features with its awful yet tender power; His words have more or less become very part of their mental possession. When they have wanted Him, He has always been at hand to soothe and heal them; when they have not wanted Him, He has been humbly and tenderly standing by until they call for Him again; and the question is, what are they the better for all this Divine nearness and redeeming pity? A question, indeed, not to be put off, nor trifled with, nor coolly neglected, if either you recognise His right to put it, or some day expect to meet Him as your Judge. For understand all that it means. This knowledge of Christ must be a *separate* and *individual* knowledge. I cannot know Him for you, nor you know Him for me. Each must know Him for himself in the separate region of his own spirit. It must be a knowledge of *experience*; not of what others have learnt, but of what we have learnt; not of what others have had from Him, or enjoyed in Him, but, as the Samaritans said, "Now we believe, because we have heard Him ourselves." It must be a knowledge that *helps us to be like Him*. Mere theology will not make us like Him. The chief priests of His day were good theologians, and sent the wise men to Bethlehem for the King of the Jews. But their knowing their Bibles could not by itself help them to believe on Him; they slew Him because, whether or no the prophets bare witness to Him, He was not the sort of king for them. Theology can only touch His raiment; it may not reach His life. It must be a knowledge that *sets us working*. When St. Paul discovered Him He set Himself to convert Europe by the foolishness of preaching. It is impossible really to know Christ and not to have some zeal for His cause. In a word, to know Him is to know Him as Saviour, Master, and Friend. *Saviour*, because we have suffered Him to have all His blessed way with us, and He has saved us from our sins, and told us so, and made us free; free in the sonship and heritage of God. *Master*, in showing us our proper place in this vast creation, with our own task, and grace, and wages, and crown. *Friend*, with all the love that can glow in the nature of God, and in the heart of man: Man for us, touched with the feeling of our infirmities; God in us, our righteousness, and strength, and shield.

To any whose spirits sadly but honestly testify that they ought to know Jesus Christ, and have had many opportunities for knowing Him, and that clearly they do not know Him yet, Holy Scripture furnishes distinct and intelligible clues whereby, if they really desire it, they may ascertain the cause. With some it is through "pleasure in unrighteousness" that they receive not the love of the truth, and are saved. With others, it is preoccupation with and absorbence in the world. They are "lovers of pleasures more than lovers of God;" often lack seriousness of purpose, both moral and intellectual. They have "no root," and the seed in their heart, if it springs up for a moment, presently withers away. Others fail through not turning knowledge into practice, translating emotion into conduct. "He went away grieved, having great possessions." Others are fickle, and capricious, and shallow—"ever learning and never able to come to the knowledge of the truth." Once more, others will not face the task of meeting and encountering doctrinal difficulties, or disentangling error from truth in the systems proposed to them; and mental laziness has its penalty as much as any other sort of laziness, and if men will not take the trouble to dig for truth as for hid treasure, or to buy it, as what most deserves their pains and skill, doubts will work in their mind like rankling thorns, or through a feeble and perilous vacillation, the time will rapidly slip by for apprehending Christ; and in the moment of departure, all that the soul will be able to grasp to uphold it through the deepening waters, will be the ghastly shadow of despair. There is, however, one other explanation yet, and the history of those apostles is full of an encouraging significance. Those eleven men, no, not even John, never really knew Christ, or saw his glory, or understood His life, or apprehended His purpose till the Cross was over, and on the day of His resurrection met Him as their Prince and Saviour, and heard from His own lips that all was forgiven. Further, not till Pentecost, that is not till the Holy Ghost was given, were their understandings fully opened to understand the Scriptures, or they themselves made firm and strong to conquer the world. And we shall never know Jesus Christ till we know and love Him as our accepted and personal Saviour, who with His own pierced hands has washed us in His precious blood, and made us whiter than snow. And we can never follow on to know Him, and truly hope to abide in Him afterwards, till the

light of the Spirit of God flows full, clear, and free, into the chamber of our awakened hearts. "If any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of His." "As many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God."

Once more, are there any reading this sermon who feel that though through God's great mercy they do know something of Him, they know nothing yet as they ought to know. They are sure they wish to know more, but they have wished it so often and so long, and yet nothing has come of it; and they despair!

Well, there are several ways of meeting this difficulty. It is quite true to say that Christ Himself warned the apostles, "I have yet many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now." We are all of us slow and dull scholars at best; and sometimes it takes many years really to master one great law in God's kingdom. Truths that are clear now, were in mist ten years ago; what is in mist now, may all be plain tomorrow. We can't learn everything at once; and the intellect is not the only factor in our education; time is a master as well, and—sorrow. It is also the case that the opportunity and the capacity for knowing Christ vary with individuals; and that in the mysterious government of God some of us seem to have all the chances in our favour, and others hardly any. Yet our Heavenly Father takes note of all these things, and never suffers circumstances to hurt us, for it would be contrary to the righteousness of His name. There are deeper causes than these, and a more excellent way for sweeping them out of our path.

First, learn more of the joy of faith. Trust Him, trust Him. Trust Him about everything, and every one; at all times, and for all needs; earth and heaven, friends and children, the conquest of sin, the growth of holiness, the cross that chafes, the grace that cheers. To trust God, honours and glorifies Him. The true child of a reconciled Father, revealed, known, and adored in Jesus Christ, walks, lives, learns, conquers, rejoices through faith, moment by moment.

Then get the secret of fellowship. Be much and often with God. The way for us to know each other is to be in company with each other. The way to know God is to be in company with God. We read of the apostles, in that primitive time of almost heavenly felicity, that they continued steadfastly in the breaking of bread, and in prayers. Mere self-interest will send us to

our knees when we are hungry, or terrified, or sorrowful. But when we go apart with God, to think of his goodness and to bless Him for it; then, seeking Him for himself, we see the glory of his face, and we have our reward.

Learn, too, the nobleness of service. What are you doing for Him, Christian reader? You cannot be a real Christian if you are not trying to serve Him. You will never know Him, never deserve, never be able to go on to know Him better, if your life is lazy, barren, and self-indulgent. He that loveth his life shall lose it. As we love God, do we give to Him; as we desire God, do we ask of him; as we delight in God, are we content with Him; as we believe in God, do we confess Him in our lives.

For, once more, we come to know Him, exactly as we come to know each other, by the only and best way of love. You can never get thoroughly to understand an earthly friend till you come to love him, and until you love God, and in measure as you love Him, will He be but an abstract and awful idea, or a system of infinite but unapproachable perfections, or a far-off righteousness, or an immovable fate.

But when you begin to love Him the thick mists will slowly roll away, and the gulf between heaven and earth come to be bridged over; problems will remain, but we shall feel there is a key to them somewhere; duty will sometimes weary, and grief sadden us, but duty will more and more expand into

childlike freedom, and sorrow will send us straight to that Saviour's heart, who still says by the grave-side to those who mourn there, "Why weepest thou? whom seekest thou?"

There are moments, though rare and far between, in the religious consciousness of every true Christian, when he sees Christ so vividly, and knows Him so profoundly, yes, and loves Him, as if he loved as the saints in light love; when so real, so near, so sweet is the felt tenderness of the Lord, that for the sake of that love, and in the strength of it, he feels he could at once, if necessary, strip himself of every earthly delight, and go empty and barefoot, with ashes on his head, but gladness in his heart, till his home is in sight and Jesus beckons him to His feet.

But if this cannot always be—and no one finds it so always—behind, beneath, all round the changes of conflict and trial, of infirmity and parting, the presence of Christ may be in our heart, the gaze of Christ on our soul to soothe, to nerve, to guide, to console us. "Certainly I will be with thee," is the great Captain's password to every soldier of the cross, whether watching on guard or marching to battle; and when sometimes He has to say to us, sadly but distinctly, as we doubt, or fret, or murmur, or stumble, "Have I been so long time with you, and hast thou not known me?" whatever else the true heart cannot say, this it can, "Lord, thou knowest all things; thou knowest that I love thee."

CONVICTS AND QUAKERS.

(Concluded.)

INCLUSIVE of their visit to Norfolk Island, the mission of the Quakers to New South Wales (of which Queensland and Victoria were then outlying portions) occupied them over two years. The thoroughness with which their work was done was not altered by the scale of their labours being changed from that of an island to that of a continent. Wandering not among the ruins of empire, but among the foundations of cities and commonwealths just rising above ground, they were known by their broad brims and their zeal for human well-being as far north as Moreton Bay, as far south as that part of the bush which is now the city of Melbourne, and to almost every settlement, large and small, and nearly every lonely hut between these points. As in

Tasmania so in New South Wales, their idea of visiting the colony was to enter not only into every town and village, but, as far as possible, into every house. They did not finally take leave of Sydney, which has now a population of one hundred thousand, and was then a considerable city, until they had gone from door to door giving notice of their meetings. Their object being to call the city and the colony to repentance, not to extend the influence of a sect, the primitive practice of household visitation recommended itself to them as preferable to more sensational and less laborious methods of making their object known. To their credit, as well as not a little to the honour of the colonial clergy, when they entered into other men's labours, as was to a cer-

tain extent unavoidable in Sydney and other places, they did so without provoking any jealousy or wrath. As in other cases, so in the instance of G. W. Walker and his companion, it was noticeable that Quakers, whose differences with the rest of the Protestant world could be shown to be greater than those of any one part of it with any other, had no difficulty in establishing friendly relations with the representatives of sects between whom there was the bond of an almost identical creed, and the antipathy which too often accompanies that bond. Either as the reward of their having suffered much in past times for righteousness' sake, or as the result of their peculiar garb and speech being identified rather with prison reform and humane treatment of the insane than with disputes about infant baptism or the eastward position of the celebrant, the Quakers would seem to have the privilege of differing with all Churches, and, indeed, in a mild way, of excommunicating them all, and at the same time of being permitted peaceably to do what they can to benefit mankind. It is doubtful if there ever was in appearance a more provincial figure than that of the disciple of George Fox before the days of his conformity to the world—the Quaker of preceding generations, with his broad brim, and his jargon more uncouth than his hat. Yet in virtue of his consistent and determined bearing as a friend of humanity, amenable in his conduct and activity to the rule of reason as well as that of the Scriptures, the old-fashioned Quaker, with his coat cut in the style of William Penn's and his pigeon English, would seem to be the most cosmopolitan character in religious history, unless, indeed, it be the ideal Jesuit, who is equally at home in Naples and in Peking, in courts and camps, in the Vatican and in the synods of Protestant denominations. Walker's journals, especially his entries relative to Sydney, suggest some such reflections as to the Friends and their relation to other Christians.

Old Samuel Marsden, the father of Church missions in Australia, famous for his labours and adventures and successes in New Zealand, still held his post of colonial chaplain, and still, it is to be presumed, retained those scruples about meeting convicts in society, for which he was mercilessly chastised by the wit of Sydney Smith. But even old Samuel Marsden, like the rest of the colonial clergy of all denominations, in spite of the connection, historical and actual,

between Quakers and convicts, had a hearty welcome to give the Friends, and, indeed, did much to further their mission, especially by fostering the interest taken in it by his Excellency the Governor of New South Wales.

A serious and resolute attempt to conquer an empire rather than a province for pure and undefiled Christianity, for righteousness, temperance, and peace, the mission of the Friends in New South Wales is a fact the historical interest of which is in some respects unique. When the epoch of village politics, in which the question of dividing the village common is paramount, has come to an end in the Australian colonies, and when the laws that govern the intercourse of nations have superseded the legislative tricks and reprisals of parochially-minded parliaments, Australia will undoubtedly have to be reckoned among the great empires of the world. It will be curious then, no doubt, for the historian of Australia, to recall to mind the fact that two unpaid missionaries in Quaker garb undertook the task of perambulating it, New Testament in hand, from north to south, and from east to west, and accomplished their undertaking. No Christian nation in the world, perhaps, can look back to a time when it was treated as a parish, and when every inhabitant of the parish was known to have been personally canvassed for his vote and influence in favour of peace on earth, good-will among men. Australia, when it attains the fulfilment of its destiny as the United States of the southern hemisphere, will be able to refer to such a period in its history. When that time comes, if the memory of James Backhouse and G. W. Walker is revived, as no doubt it will be, the fact, perhaps, will not be overlooked that their mission was, above all, to the outcasts from Christian society of the Old World, the acknowledged failures of Christian civilisation in Europe; and the remembrance of the fact may perhaps help to guide the course of civilisation and of Christianity under the Southern Cross. A new empire, in which the mission of Quakers to convicts is an important date, may possibly have an example to show to older Christian communities of how to treat criminals, and, it is to be hoped, may have something to teach them, in regard to crime, in the way of substituting prevention for punishment.

The year 1835, in which the Quakers began their labours in New South Wales, saw Batman, and after him J. P. Fawcner, arrive at Port Phillip from Tasmania, and un-

consciously found the colony of Victoria and its splendid capital, Melbourne. With Batman, Walker and Backhouse had made acquaintance during their travels in Tasmania, and it was no doubt rather the interest which they took in the proceedings of a friend, than any anticipation of the future of Port Phillip and of Melbourne, which led them to record in their journals "the following rare example of justice in dealing with the aborigines":—"In the *Sydney Herald* of the 6th inst. it is mentioned that J. Batman, with the assistance of three Sydney blacks, whom we saw at his house, has purchased from a native tribe in the vicinity of Port Phillip a tract of land of about five hundred thousand acres. The payment consisted, in part, of one hundred blankets, tomahawks, knives, flour, &c., and it was agreed that a certain quantity of food, clothing, and arms was to be paid each year to the amount of about £200 sterling. This novel example of equitable arrangement with the aboriginal possessors of the soil will be hailed with satisfaction by every friend of humanity." Perhaps the reader of this entry in the Quaker's journal may be pardoned for being less struck with the equity of the arrangement than with the fact that it was made only some forty years ago, and that since then the hunting-grounds of the aborigines of Port Phillip have become the Brightons and Folkstones of the wealthy citizens of Melbourne.

In the year 1835 there must have been in the "sailor-king's" navy ships some-time out of commission, from which it would not have been difficult to select one for a voyage to the antipodes. There must have been in that year in England a great many officers of the army and navy on half-pay, ex-diplomatists, sinecurists, non-resident clergy and bishops of small dioceses, of whom one or two might have been appointed to sail in that vessel and to see how the experiment of calling a new world of criminals into existence to redress the balance of the old was going to succeed. But, as if to show how much room the noblest political organizations in the world and the best ecclesiastical institutions will always leave for the friend of humanity to occupy on his own account and at his own expense, it was left to Hawden Bragg's apprentice and his companion to discover in the southern hemisphere more than one Black Hole of Calcutta the property of his Most Gracious Majesty. "At Campbell Town, a village in the midst of beautiful English-like scenery," they came

upon a jail such as it would be difficult to match among government properties in despotic or even barbarous countries. Walker had his yard-tape with him, measured the principal ward, and noted the dimensions in his journal, 20½ feet by 12½, height 8 feet. A wine-vault beneath the police-office or court-house had been converted into a prison which consisted of this dungeon and five solitary cells, lighted and ventilated only with a few small air-holes opening on the road, and only to be explored in the daytime with a lamp. Here as many as sixty persons being confined at one time, the effect on certain occasions, when the climate of Campbell Town was more than usually like that of Calcutta, was that the sitting magistrates, sitting above, were driven away from the seats of justice, while the suffocated prisoners had to be carried out at intervals to have a chance of recovery, which it was almost a doubtful act of humanity to give them.

The huts of the chain-gang working on the road were surrounded with a wooden fence, and hence the name of stockade applied to a cluster of these huts. At Maitland the Quakers visited the Iron Gang stockade, Walker with his measure and note-book in hand. This roadside Bastille consisted of huts set on wheels, and intended to accommodate twenty men each. Their measure was taken, and it was found to be 7½ feet by 14, with 6 feet of height, thus allowing one foot and a half of space for each of the twenty inmates as they lay side by side on wooden shelves. In the judgment of our unpaid inspectors of penal establishments, confinement in these cages from six in the evening till six in the morning, especially during hot Australian weather, must have entailed "a considerable amount of distress." Whether the amount of distress was in excess of the demands of justice was a matter which was not nicely calculated with regard to the stockade any more than with respect to the penal settlement. It was not dealt out by weight at either place like the daily rations. On the whole, Walker concluded that if there was excess it was greatest on the side of the stockade. "Were I a prisoner," he says, "and had my choice between a stockade and a penal settlement, I should decidedly prefer the latter;" which reflection, considering he had sailed through the Gates of evil name into Macquarie Harbour, and that he had seen Norfolk Island, may be taken to mean that it was time for the friend of humanity to appear at the Iron Gang stockade with his yard-tape and his note-book.

Among chain-gangs in New South Wales one at Marulan held the place which was conceded to Nottman's in Tasmania—for incorrigible wickedness. The Quakers walked twenty-three miles one day in the month of February, probably a day too warm for the comfort of travellers, and found the men of this gang drawn up before the hut on religious parade. It was a "relieving season of labour" to Walker's mind, though the audience seemed almost as little hopeful as any he had seen. The lieutenant in command mentioned that in a gang consisting of seventy men, two hundred and sixty cases of flagellation had occurred in the course of sixteen months, or about four weekly. One back had received nine hundred lashes. The Quakers were much impressed with what they heard, and still more with what they saw. They had noticed often before the malformation of the heads of prisoners. Here it was more marked than they had ever before seen it. And perhaps this helped to make the occasion of his visit a "relieving one" to the mind of a friend of humanity like G. W. Walker. Idiocy has no other pleasing effect, but it does serve to soften the harsh features of crime.

The Quakers in fulfilling their mission to convicts were struck with the resemblance between the heads of the criminals and those of idiots. Philanthropists, whose mission has been specially to the insane, have been impressed with the same family likeness. Sir Robert Officer, of Tasmania, to whom the Quakers refer in terms of grateful respect, will pardon an old friend for naming him as one of these philanthropists, one who from his long official connection with the Colonial Hospital for the Insane has been obliged to devote a keen intelligence to the study of the heads of madmen, and who has had rare opportunities in Van Diemen's Land of comparing the outward lineaments of idiocy and of crime. His testimony, given from the side of the hospital, is emphatic as to the truth of the testimony delivered by the Quakers from the interior of the jail. Neither science nor humanity has spoken its last word as to the connection between crime and insanity.

The patronage of the Governor of New South Wales was invaluable to the Quaker missionaries, especially as regards their journeys and voyages to the more remote districts of the colony. Moreton Bay, then a small penal settlement which was to grow into Brisbane, the capital of Queensland, was the limit of their travels northward. They

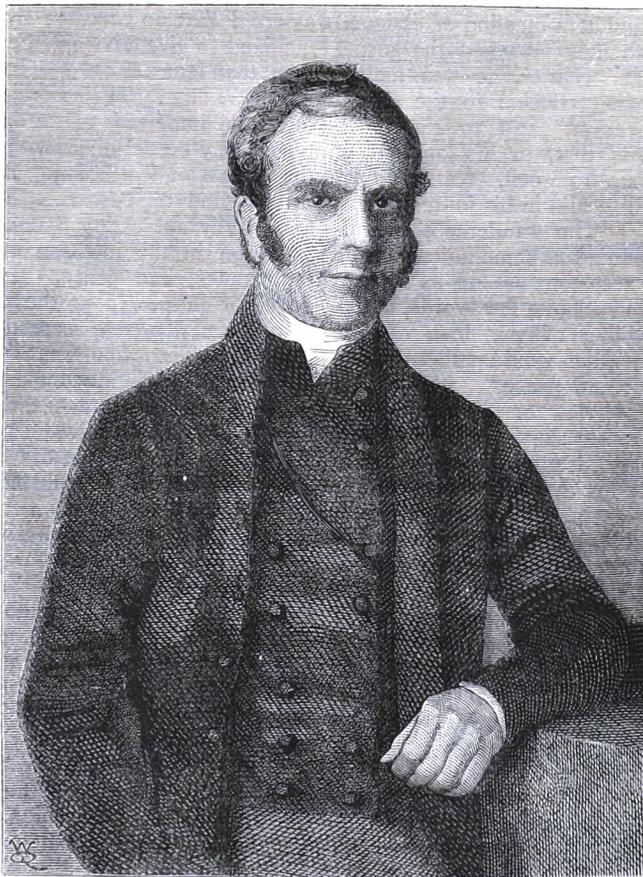
were allowed a passage and rations on board the government schooner going to the settlement, and the vessel, for their sole convenience, was ordered to call at Port Macquarie, another penal establishment on the way. On board the schooner the friend of humanity's measuring tape was once more found to be an indispensable part of his equipment. There were forty-one convicts on board, linked together by a long chain passing over the fetters of the ankles, and confined to a jail in the hold, in a nearly tropical climate, at the hottest season of the year, without water and almost without room to change their position. This floating Black Hole, carrying the meteor flag of England, was found to measure 18 feet by 16 feet. Walker, in recording the fact, ventures to express the opinion that "the debasing effect upon the mind" of confinement in such a place was not likely to be the smallest part of the mischief attending it.

About four hundred prisoners constituted the principal part of the population of the capital of Queensland, and the treadmill was the principal object of interest to visitors. Here again the Quaker inspectors of jails found that punishment was meted out to crime rather with profuse liberality than with nice discrimination. They found the climate outside the treadmill tropical, and learning that the chain-gang inside had to lift their feet three thousand eight hundred and forty times without change, they could not help considering that the sufferings of fat men must be excessive. Men of the type of Cassius might be the greatest villains on the wheel, but their punishment in sultry weather was light compared with that of corpulent felons, whose misdeeds were comparatively trivial.

One journey on which Walker and his companion had to endure much fatigue, was that which they made in the direction of Wellington Valley, two hundred miles north-west of Sydney, the seat of a mission to the natives. The former suffered severely on the road from cramps, which he had too much inward light or common-sense to regard in any other way than as a gentle "rebuke" for breaking the laws of health by excessive exertion. Much money has been expended, and not a few heroic lives have been spent, in the endeavour to atone to the savages of Australia for the confiscation of their country by the gift of a better country, even a heavenly, but hardly ever did any such effort issue in a less satisfactory manner; one reason for this being, perhaps, as the Quakers imagined, that penal settlements and a

numerous convict population were not favourable to the exchange, in the case of the Australian blacks, of an earthly for a heavenly country. Walker and his companion did not readily credit accounts of the total depravity of human nature. They saw reason, as they fancied, to distrust such accounts in the instance of the most hardened convicts. But what they heard and saw of the blacks at Wellington Valley convinced them that some-

thing very like utter depravity was possible for savages who owed to civilisation the precept of the Christian missionary and the example of the British felon. What has been the history of almost every attempt to civilise the natives of Australia repeated itself here, with perhaps some aggravations of disappointment to the philanthropist. A party of native youths would assemble at the mission house to be taught reading and instructed in



G. W. Walker.

the Christian faith. "They would eat voraciously of the provisions set before them, smoke as much tobacco as they could get," receive as little education as possible, and in a few days get tired of civilisation and Christianity, and find an excuse for decamping into the bush, either in a friend's illness or an important engagement, or, not unlikely, in the missionary's refusal to supply Billy or Bob with a new pipe.

Much more pleasing and satisfactory than

the visit to Wellington Valley was that which the Quakers made to an outlandish place midway between the Green Hills and Newcastle. Their object on this occasion recalls the parable of the lost sheep in yet another form than any in which the story of their travels may already have brought it to mind. An elderly man, who had once been a Quaker was here in the position of an assigned servant. This old convict paid a compliment to the Christianity of his brethren which not

every form of Christianity has deserved by its treatment of the fallen, if he expected that any of them would leave the society of the ninety-and-nine respectable Quakers, who needed no salvation, and would come into the wilderness to see whether he could not be brought to repentance. But whether unexpectedly or not, the satisfaction of finding that he was not forgotten by the fellowship to which his career had been no credit, was in store for him. The missionaries had much friendly conversation with their erring brother, and at a meeting of assigned servants to which they preached the gospel of forgiveness and charity, he was moved to make "a feeling allusion to the solemnity of the occasion," and to signify to his fellow-servants that, in his opinion, it was good to refrain from evil. Walker's final entry with regard to him in his journal is not without pathos. "The wanderer above alluded to accompanied us some miles, and at parting we had a solemn season as we extended some counsel in a few words, under the renewed feeling of the love of our heavenly Father, which would gather all into the garner of rest and peace." Perhaps, on one not untenable view of the meaning of the parable of the lost sheep, and of much of the primitive gospel, it might appear to have been worth while for the Newcastle Quaker to travel to the antipodes and into a desert place between Newcastle and the Green Hills only in order to share this "solemn season" with a fallen brother.

Gross evils connected with the system of disposing of convicts as assigned servants came under the notice of the Quakers in New South Wales, as formerly in Tasmania. Drunkenness and all manner of vice and crime were skilfully promoted by a regulation permitting masters to pay prisoner-servants a third of their wages in drink. In case the solitude of bush life should have any tendency to repress criminal instincts and to check criminal habits, convicts were required to attend a monthly muster, at which it was certain that drink and evil communications would have the result of providing fresh material for the chain-gang and the penal settlement. In the fewest instances were any pains taken by settlers to encourage prisoner-servants in well-doing. As a rule, the effect of families being served by ticket-of-leave was the rapid deterioration of character on both sides. Walker writes that the colonial youth whom he saw at more than one place were not of a hopeful aspect as regards physique, intelligence, or moral

He was disposed to attribute the fact partly to climate, and much more to intercourse with a class of servants with regard to whom, as has been seen, "the malformation of the head" was a constant subject of remark on his part and on that of his companion.

With their experience of upwards of two years' travel in New South Wales, added to their intimate knowledge of convict life in Tasmania, the Friends were able to speak with an authority all their own in regard to transported felons. On that subject it may be safely asserted that no two men living were better qualified to give advice to the British Government than James Backhouse and George Washington Walker. Their advice was actually in due form imparted to Parliament, and was not, it may be assumed, without effect upon the course of legislation. Returning for a brief period to Tasmania, after once more and finally subjecting Sydney to household visitation in the interests of righteousness, temperance, and peace, they found a new governor in power in the colony, and, of course, a new private secretary attending the governor. The former was Sir John Franklin; the latter, Captain Maconochie, the prison reformer; and from both of these distinguished men the Quakers received a cordial welcome. Captain Maconochie, in drawing up the well-known report on the subject of convict discipline in the colonies, which was presented to the House of Commons, was indebted to the Quaker missionaries for valuable assistance, of which he made acknowledgment in these terms: "The well-known and highly-respected Quakers, James Backhouse and George Washington Walker, who have been above five years in the penal settlements, observing closely the operation of their existing constitution, not only cordially agree with the views which I have here attempted to explain regarding it, but also with those I entertain for its amelioration. They have accordingly given me a testimony to this effect, which I subjoin, and also placed their MS. journals and reports in my hands, that I may select whatever passages I may find in them to my purpose. I feel extremely indebted for this kindness, and avail myself of it gladly."

A royal commission existing for the same number of years, travelling over the same ground, and performing the same work, would have cost England a good deal more than the rations on board a convict schooner with which the Friends were several times provided at the expense of the State. It would have cost more, done less, done it not so well, and yet perhaps would have received the thanks

of both Houses. But the Quakers, serving another Master than that to which a commission would have looked for pay and praise, were well pleased that as the reward of their five years' services it was permitted to them to lift up their testimony in the British Parliament in favour of a more humane treatment of prisoners. Neither John Bright nor William E. Forster was then in the House, and though it was four years since Joseph Pease, upon his affirmation, had been admitted a member, probably he was the only Quaker, as he was the first, who had a seat within its walls. Did any member, except Joseph Pease, remember, on reading the report in which the testimony of the Quakers was quoted in favour of the humane treatment of convicts at the antipodes, that one of the earliest public appearances of the Quaker fraternity was when they stated in Parliament, in 1659, that two thousand of their number had suffered imprisonment in Newgate, and when one hundred and sixty-four Friends in good health reported themselves by name to the Government as desirous of being imprisoned in place of an equal number whose term of confinement illness threatened to cut short? If the report of 1837 did thus carry the mind of any M.P. back to 1659, he must have reflected that a long and intimate connection had existed between Quakers and convicts to the advantage of the one, and not to the discredit of the other.

"On the third of the eleventh month," 1837, six years and two months after leaving home, Walker and Backhouse set sail from Tasmania for Melbourne. From this point, at which the main interest of their mission no longer lies among convicts, it is only possible to mark the direction which they took in their wanderings. All that lends to Walker's formal, unadorned record of their travels in Australia, Mauritius, and Africa a deeper interest than belongs to all but a very few of the best stories ever told of missionary toil, and adventure, and observation, must be left in the bulky biographical sepulchre to which the memory of a good man has been consigned.

Melbourne, which is at present agitated, not for the first time, by a political crisis in the shape of a conflict between two Houses of Parliament, was found by the Friends to consist of about one hundred weatherboard huts, helping the eucalyptus to shade ground gently sloping to the Yarra Yarra. Adelaide, to which they proceeded from Melbourne in the year one of both cities, supplied them rather with recollections of numerous

ill-conditioned natives than of thriving English colonists, such as welcomed the Duke of Edinburgh in 1869. Excessive heat, mosquitoes, sand-flies — "bless you, a heart-breaking country" to look at—all the plagues which have made Western Australia a place of punishment to British soldiers and settlers as well as to convicts, did not deter the Quakers from completing the round of the colonies by a visit to Albany, Perth, and Freemantle. Sand and blight were in his thoughts as Walker made the last entries in his journal—the sand which was described as beautiful grass in advertisements relative to Western Australia; the blight which had been found to pervade all the colonies alike, and which was due, not to climate, but to drink.

Anxious to enter upon the field of work in South Africa, of which they had obtained a passing glimpse on touching at Cape Town, the Quakers spent only two months and a half in Mauritius—too short a period, as they felt, for making satisfactory acquaintance with the state of an island in which Quakers, as anti-slavery Christians, had much to observe. After seeing a good deal of a strangely mongrel population, and making the best possible use of their slender stock of French in the way of preaching the gospel, they left the island, entertaining the modest hope that, "in connection with other sources of evidence," the knowledge which they had obtained might be made to subserve the general interests of humanity. The abolition of slavery was too recent an event, the prevalence of Parisian morals, not improved by exportation, was too palpable a fact, to admit of their indulging any more sanguine expectation. They were prevented by circumstances which they much regretted from seeing the grave of "Paul and Virginia;" but had they accomplished their purpose of visiting the spot, the web of reflection which would have been woven under their broad, brims would certainly have been of very mixed texture, and included something belonging to a French idyl, much appertaining to a Parisian Sunday, and something also connected with the prospect of a kingdom of God eternal upon earth. Their faith in this kingdom, apart from the results of their individual efforts on its behalf, and apart from the existence of the religious body to which they belonged, was characteristically firm; it was only staggered for a moment, not shaken, by Macquarie Harbour, Norfolk Island, the Mauritius.

Their destination on leaving Mauritius was South Africa, where they spent two years and

three months, and where their travels extended beyond the limits of Cape Colony, to within a few days' journey of Port Natal in the east, to Motito in the north, and across the Orange River into the Great Namaqua Land on the west. Eighty mission stations at the time represented European Christianity in its beneficence and also its numerous divisions. The Friends paid a visit to every one of the eighty. Every town and village within the limits of the colony made acquaintance with their zeal for the promotion of temperance and righteousness and peace. In the course of their wanderings from south to north and from ocean to ocean, they travelled six thousand miles by waggon or on horseback. Starting from Cape Town, to follow the line of the East Coast, and afterwards to strike across country, they did not behold the Atlantic from the Great Namaqua Land without having toiled and suffered in the service of humanity, under an African sun, as other missionaries in the same regions have toiled and suffered. Many of the best books of travel in existence relate to the ground over which Walker and his companion travelled on their errand of peace. Walker's journal will bear comparison with the best of them in point of interest and even entertainment. It is amusing as well as instructive to note in its pages the effect upon familiar African scenes and characters, of being looked at from under a broad brim and through Quaker spectacles, and of being set down, as much without exaggeration as without malice—described with the austere simplicity of the book of Genesis, yet not without the shrewdness of a Newcastle "canny" man. A special interest perhaps attaches for the moment to many passages in the Quaker's journal referring to scenes in which the marks of the Kaffir War of 1836 were still fresh, and to which once more attention is turned in this country by wars and rumours of wars.

Sneers at Christian missions in Africa, which have been elaborated by wits at home, and which have received countenance from too credulous missionaries and too censorious travellers, have not been without effect upon the hopes of the Christian world in regard to the annexation of the countries of the Kaffir and the Hottentot. As an antidote to these sneers, nothing better than Walker's journal of his tour of inspection among Christian missions was ever published. The same faith in God as good, and in man as not altogether bad, which our Quaker missionaries found to be the strength of their hearts and the force

of their sermons at Macquarie Harbour and Norfolk Island, enabled them with singular success to overcome the world, where the world consisted of the dominions of rival Christian sects often at war, and of heathen tribes seldom at peace. They had to record, at the end of their travels in Africa, that they had been received as friends and brothers, not only by persons of different religious persuasion and country, but of different colour and language. Quaker Christianity, consisting only of a very little of breadth of brim, and much of warmth of heart, was the best passport they could have carried with them on their journey. If their waggon, as it creaked upon its rude axle and jolted over stray boulders, in the Great Namaqua Land, could have been pointed to as that which was conveying to the heathen the knowledge of a peculiar use of the personal pronoun, or of the importance of correct views respecting infant baptism, its approach might have been regarded with indifference, or have called forth hostility at some mission stations and at various native kraals. But wherever they went it was understood that their errand was peace and good-will, and on that errand they were everywhere welcome.

Moshesh, the famous Bechuana chieftain, hearing what was done in the name of Christ in the territories of some of his neighbours, once set out from his kraal, with a thousand head of cattle driven before him, intending to buy a missionary. He would have been fortunate if chance had thrown in his way a missionary like G. W. Walker or James Backhouse. Wonderful might have been the results if Quaker Christianity, often persecuted in Europe, had been for once established by law in Africa. Problems of deep interest to Church and State, which perplex European statesmen and are the gage of battle between European sects, might have been shown by the Bechuana to be capable of solution. It is certain that if G. W. Walker, or his companion, or any missionary of the same spirit as theirs, had been intrusted with the direction of religious affairs in the dominions of Moshesh, the spectacle would have been exhibited there which has been rarely seen in England and in Europe, of a Christianity not too good for the world—not too studious of perfection in regard to its dress and ornaments to attend to the work of clothing the naked, and casting out devils, and turning spears into ploughshares, and swords into pruning hooks.

On quitting Africa the Quaker missionaries parted, after nine years of fellowship in toil

and in the peace of God, never to meet again. Backhouse went home to York. Walker returned to Tasmania, married, and settled in that colony. In Tasmania he commenced business as a draper, and succeeded well enough to satisfy his modest ambition, though he rather restricted his trade by refusing to sell lace and other vanities for which his lady-customers were in the habit of making anxious inquiries. Then he was appointed to a post in the savings-bank, and in the occupancy of that office he died at a comparatively early age. It may well be supposed that such a missionary as we have made acquaintance with in him was not idle as a philanthropist after he took to trade. The colony owes Hawden Bragg's apprentice

as much gratitude, perhaps, as is due from it to any man that ever set foot upon its shores. Every good work proposed by anybody else was heartily seconded by him. Many a good work owed its commencement and its success to his almost unaided labour. His advocacy of temperance in particular, his warfare against drunkenness, was crowned, as it deserved to be, with splendid results. When he died it was not a class, or a sect, or a city, but a people, a colony of a hundred thousand English-men and women, that lamented the loss of a brave, devoted, noble man. The lesson of his life does not need to be pointed out in these pages. It is that a good life, even if it begin in a draper's shop and end at a clerk's desk, may have imperial issues.

JOHN SERVICE.

NEW TESTAMENT TOWNS.

I.—CAPERNAUM.

A STRIKING peculiarity of the New Testament topography is the incidental manner in which it is introduced into the text. In the Old Testament, the position of certain places is defined with such accuracy as to render their identification certain, as, for instance, in the famous description of the situation of Shiloh. In the Gospels, however, no such details are found; and it may perhaps be taken as an indication of the early date at which the Gospels must have been written, that places which seem to have been small and obscure are noticed in a manner which supposes the reader to be familiar with the scenery of the district in which the events took place.

The natural result of this incidental introduction of the names of places frequented by our Lord or connected with His history, is that the most famous of the Palestine controversies are those concerning Gospel sites. Emmaus, Cana, Capernaum, Bethabara, Chorazin, Bethsaida, and Ænon, have all been pointed out at different times in two or more places, and the positions of most of these sites still remain in dispute. Indeed, it is only in the case of Chorazin that controversy has been laid at rest by actual discovery of the name still existing.

In investigating any of these questions we have to deal with no less than three distinct topographies, which should each be considered separately; and much of the confusion which has arisen is due to the fact that all ancient accounts, prior to the fifteenth century, have been taken as though of equal

authority, and as though of necessity referring to the same sites. This fallacy may be traced throughout the whole work of Dr. Robinson, though he ranks as perhaps the most able and learned of writers on Palestine; and in his case it is the more surprising, because he has established as a canon of criticism that monkish tradition has no value to modern discoverers, while at the same time he quotes the opinion of Jerome and of his contemporaries as if of authority, overlooking the fact that tradition in the fourth century was probably not more reliable than in the fifteenth, and that the character of his authority is not altered by its increased antiquity.

The three topographies which require in every case to be worked out are, first, the Jewish or actual topography; second, the early Christian or traditional; and lastly, the Crusading or mediæval. As regards the Jewish topography our authorities are the Bible, Josephus, and the Talmud; the early Christian topography includes the valuable Onomasticon of Eusebius and Jerome, with the various itineraries and pilgrim notes from the fourth to the eighth centuries; the mediæval accounts date downwards from the early years of the twelfth century.

Between each of these periods there is a distinct gap. There is but one Christian tradition which can be traced earlier than the fourth century, namely that of the Grotto of the Nativity; and the independent character of Crusading tradition is abundantly attested by the fact that the sites venerated by the

Crusaders were, as a rule (except in the case of the more famous places), not the same with those shown to the Byzantine pilgrims. Where such is the case we should naturally prefer the earlier tradition as the more probably authentic, and might at first feel content to rest on such venerable authority as that of Eusebius or of Jerome; but a careful and minute investigation of the *Onomasticon*, or *Bible Gazetteer*, which they composed, leads to the conviction that they had no means of arriving at conclusions as to Bible sites other than those we now possess. The monks and anchorites of the fourth century were not as a rule natives of Palestine; the Christians were exiles from Palestine for nearly a century after the fall of Jerusalem, and we have nothing in the New Testament or elsewhere to indicate that they attached importance to the preservation of the sites of any of the places visited by Christ. Even the position of His tomb is left undefined in the Gospels, and it was not until the fourth century that the passion for standing in His very footsteps seems to have superseded the earlier love of following His example.

Byzantine and mediæval traditions may therefore be taken as indicating possible sites, but they must not be received as authorities in themselves. Where these traditions agree with Jewish tradition they may fairly be considered genuine—as in the case of Jacob's well and Joseph's tomb; but this unfortunately is not the case with respect to the sites of Capernaum, Bethabara, and Cana of Galilee, concerning which the most famous of the New Testament controversies have arisen. It may be easy to show where Jerome or *Scæwulf* supposed Capernaum to have been; but we are not therefore any nearer to the solution of the question as to where the town actually stood in the time of Christ.

The traditions thus discussed may be considered foreign in all cases except when agreeing with, and thus founded on, the native tradition. There is, however, an indigenous tradition in Palestine which is traceable through the Jewish writings and through the native peasantry. Such tradition has naturally a far higher authority.

The Jews have never been extinct in Palestine. After the fall of Jerusalem they retired to the sea-coast, and the Sanhedrim sat in Jamnia, south of Jaffa. After the death of Bar Cocheba the seat of national government was transferred to Galilee, and the Sanhedrim sat at various places in the district of which Sepphoris was the capital,

and finally settled in Tiberias. The Jews are now found in the four sacred cities of Hebron, Jerusalem, Tiberias, and Safed, and they have preserved several topographical traditions of the greatest value, which have as yet received but little attention from travellers; as, for instance, the tombs of their more famous rabbis, which are regarded with the greatest veneration.

By the end of the second century the Mishnah, or text of the Talmud, was complete, and the Gemara, or Commentary, was committed to writing before the fifth century. Thus in the Talmud we have an earlier authority than even the earliest of the Christian accounts of Palestine, and the topographical notices which occur incidentally throughout the great maze of the Talmudic books are of the highest value. The tradition of places venerated by the Jews was kept alive by the Jewish families settled in Galilee, and even as late as the fifteenth century we find works written by rabbis arriving from Europe to whom the sacred places were shown by their brethren. The comparison of their pilgrimage notes with the Talmudic writings leads irresistibly to the conclusion that they are describing genuine sites preserved by an unbroken local tradition.

It is to the Talmud and the Jewish itineraries, therefore, that we may most safely turn for information to eke out the scanty notes in the Gospel. If the Christian tradition agrees with the Jewish, the Christian site is genuine; if not, it must be pointed out by a foreign and unreliable authority, and the recovery of the place venerated in the fourth or twelfth century is then a matter of secondary interest.

This distinction is remarkably applicable to the case of Capernaum. The opinion of writers oscillates between two sites, the names of which are both familiar to the general public. Robinson fixes on Minieh, equal authorities select Tell Hûm. Both parties bring forward strong arguments; both are guilty of distorting evidence. Any reader will be struck with both the strength and the weakness of the argument for either site, and it is only by classifying authorities that the balance can be struck. It will perhaps appear clear from the following pages that one party have found the Jewish site, and that the others have recovered the early Christian Capernaum.

The two sites of Tell Hûm and Minieh are situate on the north-western shores of the Sea of Galilee, and are two miles and a

half apart. Tell Hûm is an extensive ruin, lying on the shelving shore facing almost due south, and containing the remains of a magnificent synagogue. Enthusiastic writers have supposed that this building may have been standing in the time of Christ; but such indications as we possess are unfortunately opposed to this tempting assumption. The architectural style of the building has been pronounced by architects to belong to a period not earlier than the second century of our era, and the general character of the details closely approaches that of the ornamentation in other synagogues in Upper Galilee, known to have been built by the famous Simeon Bar Jochai, who lived in the second century. There is thus fair reason for supposing the great synagogue of Tell Hûm to be one of the twenty-four synagogues built in Galilee by Rabbi Simeon the Cabbalist.

Following the curve of the shore south-west we arrive first at a little bay called Tâbghah, where is a fine spring of water, walled up in an octagonal reservoir. This spring is situate two miles from Tell Hûm; the water is warm, slightly turbid, and brackish. The supply is dammed up to a level of more than fifty feet above the lake, and was carried away by an aqueduct reaching to a rock-cut passage near Minieh.

Still proceeding south-west for about half a mile the traveller reaches a conspicuous knoll, just where a little precipice runs out above the lake, and beyond this the flat plain of the Ghuweir opens out, reaching to the foot of the western precipices which rise above Magdala and Tiberias. The ruins of Minieh lie just south of the knoll and precipice, and the old khân named from the place stands on the high ground. Foundations of fair-sized masonry have lately been excavated at the spot; but the place does not appear to have been so important a site as that at Tell Hûm, although the water supply is much better. This fact cannot, however, be considered as favouring the Tell Hûm identification, for it remains to be proved that the latter town was in existence in the time of Christ.

Two questions have to be considered with regard to the site of Capernaum, as with every other site. First, can any trace of the ancient name be recovered? Secondly, is the supposed position suited to the requirements of such accounts as we possess? With regard to the name, there seems now no hope of its recovery. With regard to position, we must lay aside every account

which is not of indisputable authority. To fix the site of Jewish Capernaum, we should confine our argument to facts drawn from Jewish sources, from the New Testament, Josephus, the Talmud, and the Jewish itineraries.

With regard first to the name. In the Talmud the place is apparently mentioned as Caphar Nahum, the "village of Nahum." Hence Hûm, in the name Tell Hûm, has been supposed to be a corruption of Nahum, though the loss of the first radical is a change of which there is no known example. In the fourteenth century the Jews showed the tomb of Nahum in Caphar Nahum; but this monument seems, unfortunately, to have been lost, and is unknown, as far as has been ascertained, to the modern Jewish inhabitants of Tiberias.

There is, however, a connection between the names Minieh and Capernaum, which can be traced back to the Talmud itself, for the Jews were in the habit of stigmatizing the early Christian converts as Minai or "sorcerers," and this class of heretics is in one passage further specified as being "Sons of Caphar Nahum." The same connection is traced in the Jewish Itinerary of Isaac Chelo in 1334 A.D., for that traveller found the ruins of Caphar Nahum, and the tomb of Nahum, near the road from Tiberias to Safed, and notes the fact that the place had formerly been inhabited by "the Minai."

As regards the question of position, the evidence is slight. Most writers deduce from the Gospel narrative the fact that Capernaum stood in the Ghuweir or plain of Gennesaret, which seems the most natural explanation of the various corresponding accounts.

One other point, however, of no little importance, we gather from Josephus. Capernaum gave its name to a fountain which watered the plain of Gennesaret; the position of the fountain is a matter of controversy, but whichever we choose of the great springs in or immediately north of the Ghuweir, we cannot fairly argue that they are likely to have been named from Tell Hûm, a site which is nearly three miles from that fertile plain, and two miles from the most northern spring.

Tell Hûm is not in the plain of Gennesaret, and no spring in the immediate vicinity of Tell Hûm could be described as irrigating that plain, even if a spring existed. No spring does exist near Tell Hûm; and the nearest is that above noticed, at Tâbghah, two miles south-west.

Another topographical indication may be gathered from Isaac Chelo. He passed either close to, or at least in sight of, Caphar Nahum, on his way from Tiberias to a village called "Caphar Anan," which still exists north-west of the Sea of Galilee. His direct route would lie through the plain of Gennesaret, and the Minieh site would be in full view, while the name would suggest his note as to the Minai; but Tell Hûm was more than three miles out of his way, and the site would have been concealed by the knoll and cliff which close the plain of Gennesaret.

The reliability of the Itinerary thus brought into evidence can only be determined by careful examination; but when read with the map and compared with the native traditions and with Talmudic indications, the narrative of Isaac Chelo appears so satisfactory, that he may fairly claim to rank as an authority far more reliable than any of the Christian pilgrims of even earlier date.

It is not from any wish to underrate Christian tradition that the non-Christian writers are thus given precedence, but it is evident that a Jew should know more about his own land, and gather more from his brethren there living, than a Christian coming from Italy or Greece and relying on the opinion of monks, who were themselves foreigners.

Such are the arguments in favour of the Minieh site. It is curious to find in 1616 A.D. a Christian witness who speaks in favour of the same site—a solitary exception to the general mass of evidence which fixes traditional Capernaum from the fourth to the fifteenth century at Tell Hûm. Quaresmius alone says that Capernaum in his days was

shown at a place called Minieh, while the measurements from well-known points given by Jerome, Theodorus, Sœwulf, and later writers, agree with the chart of Marino Sanuto in placing Capernaum nearer to the head of the lake than Minieh. It is not proposed here to follow out the topography which fixes the position of Christian Capernaum: the arguments have been well sifted by able writers, and it is only the Jewish evidence which has been neglected, or twisted in favour of the Tell Hûm site. The number of Christian writers in favour of the latter site is very large, but it is not from number that we should judge, but from character. One or two scanty notes from the Talmud, or from Josephus, may fairly be said to out-balance all the Christian accounts from the fourth century down.

One argument of a plausible kind may be noted in conclusion. It is often said, "If Tell Hûm be not Capernaum, what was it?" The answer is simple. We have yet to prove that the site (which is ill supplied with water, and thus not one natural for an ancient town) existed in the time of our Lord; while, if we judge by name, the place may perhaps be the old Caphar Ahim mentioned in the Talmud as being near Chorazin, which has been fixed at the site of *Kerâzeh*, two miles from Tell Hûm.

It is a curious reflection that we perhaps owe the preservation of the site of Capernaum to Jewish hatred, and to the opprobrious title of Minai conferred by the Jews on the Christians, while the total destruction of Christ's "own city" may be compared with His prophetic denunciation, "Thou shalt be cast down to hell."

CLAUDE R. CONDER, L.T.R.E.

CHILD'S SUMMER SONG.

A SONG for the Summer, a song for me,
Where shall I find my own?
A song that shall speak of innermost glee,
Made for my heart alone?

Oh, where shall I find it? up in the clouds,
Where the skylark loves to sing?
Or down by the pool where, in joyous crowds,
Dart wagtails on silvery wing?

The glad ships are skimming the summer sea,
The winds blow soft and fair;
The fishes are dancing about in glee—
Shall I find what I look for there?

The curious sparrows about the eaves,
Watching me in my play,
Will they not rest 'mid the ivy leaves,
And teach me what to say?

And gaily, gaily, the brooklet sings
Down where the rushes grow;
Oh! fain I would learn all the happy things
He says in his onward flow.

The honey-bees sing the most of all,
As they toil and take no rest;
Too busy are they to come at my call,
Or hearken to my request.



"Child's Summer Song."

The woodlands are ringing with happy tales,
 All last year's friends I hear :
 The chaffinch, the thrush, and the nightingales,
 And the little linnets dear.

Oh, would they but teach me a summer song,
 A song for the month of June !
 As glad and bright as the day is long,
 And set to a joyous tune.

Answer.

Go, little child, not so far in your quest,
 The prompter you ask is near ;
 Seek like the birds in your own glad breast,
 And sing without halt or fear.

For God, who has sent you the summer days
 To be your happy theme,
 Will place in your heart a song of praise,
 A song you can sing to Him !

M. B.-R.

THE EARLY POETRY OF SCOTLAND.

A Lecture delivered in the Museum, Oxford, on Tuesday, 4th June, 1878.

I.

IF the traveller on Dee-side wishes to reach the sources of the river Dee, he journeys westward along its banks for miles, until he has reached a spot where the beaten road is lost in the open moor, and the river divides itself into two branches. One of these comes leisurely from the western glens, the other descends headlong from the northern fastnesses and the Cairngorm mountains.

The western stream, rising far off in Gaick Forest, flows eastward through mossy glens, which tinge its waters with that deep yet clear amber so beautiful and so characteristic of Highland rivers.

The northern stream, born in the deep gorge or hill pass, cloven between Braeriach and Ben Muic Dhui, springs up in great granite basins known as 'the Wells of Dee,' and after lashing down for miles over a clean bed of grey granite boulders, pours into the western stream a flood of water of the purest crystalline green.

For many miles after their junction, the two currents flow side by side unblended—the northern current retaining untarnished its clear transparent crystal, the western one as distinctly its deep amber brown. The river Dee, which their meeting makes, has cleared Mar Forest, and reached the pine woods of Invercauld, before the two currents blend into one indistinguishable stream.

These two distinct and unmingling currents are an apt image of the character and history of Scotland's poetry.

The amber-coloured stream typifies the literary poetry, the production of educated men, flowing tinged with the culture of other lands, to which it was indebted for its form, its metre, and in some measure for its language and its sentiments.

The pure crystal current represents the home-born popular poetry, which springs

out of the hearts and habits of the country people, breathes of native manners, utters itself in the vernacular language and in home-spun melodies.

It is in this last that the inner spirit of Scotland found vent; this is her peculiar heritage of song; a heritage which, after it had lived on for centuries in the hearts and by the firesides of the people, at last flowered forth into bright, consummate expression in the two great national poets, Robert Burns and Walter Scott.

Before, however, dwelling on this last, the most truly national poetry of Scotland, a word must be said on the early literary or learned poems which have come down to us.

'The Romance of Sir Tristram,' if Thomas the Rhymer was indeed its author, the early chronicles—or epics, shall I call them?—of Barbour's Bruce, and of Blind Harry's Wallace, I for the present pass by, and come to the earliest poems in Scotland, which betoken the presence of literary art.

When the light of the Renaissance, after illuminating the continent and England, at last smote our bleak northern shores, it was by awakening a new style of poetry that it first manifested itself. And it was through a royal poet that this light first visited Scotland. It fell on this wise.

James Stuart, the first of that name, when a boy of eleven years, was by his father sent abroad for safety, to be educated at the Court of France. But the vessel that bore him was treacherously captured on the high seas by an English squadron, during time of peace, and the boy prince was thrown into the Tower and detained a captive in England for more than eighteen years. But Henry IV. and Henry V., though they kept him so long a prisoner, repaid the wrong by giving him the best education

the age and country could provide. And it was well bestowed, for James was by nature rarely gifted, both in body and mind. He soon became an accomplished athlete, a scholar versed in all then known literature, in grammar, in oratory, in Latin and English poetry, in jurisprudence and philosophy. A musician of a high order, he played on eight different instruments, and invented, it is said, a new kind of music, plaintive and melancholy, and quite original. Some suppose that his music still survives in some of the oldest Scottish melodies. In his thirtieth year, James was restored to Scotland, with his English queen. His long captivity of eighteen years he had soothed with poetry, for, as one old writer says, he was 'ane natural and born poet;' in the words of another, he 'seemed rather born to letters than instructed.'*

He was the first, and for long the most gifted, poet on whom the mantle of the great father of English poetry descended. It is a remarkable fact that the influence of Chaucer seems to have been deflected by the example of James from England to Scotland, for that influence is much more apparent in Scotland than it was in England for two centuries after the death of Chaucer. The poem by which James is chiefly known is 'The King's Quhair' (or little book). In it the young prince describes the circumstances of his capture and imprisonment, and the lighting up of his gloom by the vision of Lady Joanna Beaufort as she walked in a garden under his prison window at Windsor. The King in his Poem describes the history of his love with a purity and a delicate grace quite peculiar in that age. A good modern critic has said of 'The King's Quhair' that it contains 'natural description more varied, colour more vivid, a modern self-reflection and a touch of spiritual quality,' which are not found even in Chaucer himself. But though this may be true, the whole cast of the poem, the style, versification, and language, are distinctly Chaucerian, and through their employment by this gifted king they became for generations the accepted model of all polished poetry in Scotland.

One of the best-known and most interesting passages is that in which James describes his first sight of the lady who became his wife. As he looks from his prison window, while the nightingale sings now soft, now loud, he espies her walking in a shady alley in a

small garden once the moat of Windsor Castle. In words, which I have a little modernised, he says:—

'And though I stood abasit for a lyte,
No wonder was, for why? my wittis all
Were so o'ercome with pleasure and delight,
Only through letting of my eyen fall,
That suddenly my heart became her thrall
Forever; of free will, for of menace
There was no shadow in her sweet fair face.'

Nor was that a mere transient glow of sentiment, as poets' love has often been. His love and hers knew no change till the end came. In that last ghastly scene, in the Blackfriars Abbey at Perth, she stood by her husband, and with her handmaiden, Elizabeth Douglas, did all that women could to screen the King from his savage murderers. In all the wild and varied romance that makes up Scotland's history, there is no more pathetic scene than this, when he, who was at once the ablest King of the Stuart line and the earliest poet of Scotland, met his tragic end.

The influence of Chaucer, which first reached Scotland through King James, was that of his early period, while he (Chaucer) was still under the power of the French and Italian Renaissance, and fashioning his poetry more or less on foreign models. Allegory then plays a conspicuous part, and this in the Scottish followers became rampant. It is partly to this as well as to their archaic diction that they have fallen so much out of our modern reckoning. There is little in them of that realism, that direct portraiture of human character, unalloyed by allegory, which forms the chief charm of the Canterbury Tales.

The style of poetry first introduced to Scotland by 'The King's Quhair' was carried on by a long succession of poets, of whom the most illustrious names were—

William Dunbar (born 1460; died 1520).

Gawin or Gavin Douglas (born 1474; died 1522).

Sir David Lindsay (born 1490; died 1555).

When these and their style disappeared a new influence arose in William Drummond, of Hawthornden (born 1585; died 1649), the only literary or polished poet of any mark who adorned Scotland in the seventeenth century.

Taken together they may be regarded as representative of the learned or educated poets of early Scotland, standing out of a great host of lesser men whom I need not enumerate.

William Dunbar, who lived in the reigns of the fourth and the fifth James, has been styled by Sir Walter, 'The darling of the

* Chaucer died in 1400; James was taken captive in 1405. It was thus only five years after Chaucer's death that our young Scottish prince passed within the influence of his genius.

Scottish Muses,' 'the Scottish Chaucer.' This is perhaps rather too high praise, but he was a man of wonderful and varied powers. Educated in St. Salvator's College, St. Andrews, he was at first a Franciscan friar, but he soon began to think shame of wandering about preaching and living on the alms of the pious. It involved him, he said, in flattery and falsehood, so he abandoned this trade and became a hanger-on about the Court of the Jameses. From these monarchs he received a small pension, but never a benefice, though in many a line he hinted his desire for it. The kings, it is said, found him too pleasant a companion to part with him.

His poems are very various in style and subject, and show great versatility of power. In his graver poems he made Chaucer his model, and acknowledged, as James I. had done before him, that he drew his light from his English master.

'O reverend Chaucer! rose of rhetors all,
As in our tongue the flower imperial
That rose in Britain ever
Wast thou not of our English all the light,
Surmounting every tongue terrestrial
As far as Maye's morrow does midnight?'

'Our English' expresses faithfully Dunbar's aim. Two of his chief poems, 'The Thistle and the Rose' and 'The Golden Targe,' are framed entirely on Chaucer.

The former is an allegory to celebrate the Union of the Royal Houses of England and Scotland by the betrothal of James IV. to Margaret Tudor. The latter is also an allegory showing how ineffectual is the Shield of Reason against the Shafts of Cupid.

In the former of these two poems there are rich and glowing description of nature, sage advice, and skilful compliments to the royal lovers. His grave poems are full of Chaucerian language, of freshly-coined Latin words, and of that French-English which still lingered. But they were never popular in Scotland, because they were never understood. His satires and other more popular pieces were more in the vernacular language and in the popular vein. Such is his 'Dance of the Seven Deadly Sins,' which is a very powerful piece. His poems addressed to the people rather than to the learned, display a force of satire, a rich, if often coarse humour, a vivid description both of nature and human character, such as Scotland never saw again till Burns appeared.

In pathos Dunbar was not a master, yet one of his later poems, the well-known 'Lament for the Mackars' (poets), shows not a few touches of tenderness. If they were all true poets whom Dunbar there enu-

merates, Scotland in that age must have been more rich in poets than she has ever been since. After his long catalogue of those who have disappeared before him, he thus concludes:—

'Since he (death) has all my brethren ta'en,
He will nocht let me live alane:
Perforce I must his next prey be,
Timor mortis conturbat me.'

If Dunbar forfeited popularity by the use of a style and language 'not understood of the people,' not so the good Bishop of Dunkeld, Gavin Douglas. In his famous translation of Virgil, 'the earliest British translation of any Latin poet,' he employed the vernacular Scotch of his own time, the Scotch as it was spoken not merely by unlettered people, but by the nobles and the kings at Court.

To this hour that translation remains the purest well of the Scottish dialect undefiled that exists, the poems of Burns not excepted. For philologists, if not for general readers, that work is still well worth studying. A great Anglo-Saxon scholar of the seventeenth century said that he learned more Saxon by the perusal of Douglas's Virgil than by that of all the old English he could find, poetry or prose, because it was nearer the Saxon and farther from the Norman.*

This learned ecclesiastic was the only clerk of an unlettered but warlike race. You all remember Scott's lines—

'Thanks to St. Bothan, son of mine,
Save Gawin, ne'er could pen a line.'

So Sir Walter makes Archibald Bell-the-cat, Earl of Angus, speak to Marmion in his stronghold of Tantallan. Gawin was Provost of St. Giles, Edinburgh, when he undertook his famous translation. He completed it in eighteen months, he tells us, just two months before the Battle of Flodden, in which so many of his kinsmen fell. That disastrous battle made gaps in the episcopate not less than in the baronage, and Gawin then entered on the scramble for bishoprics, and got immersed in the troubled politics of the time, which at last drove him an exile to the Court of Henry VIII. There he made the acquaintance of Erasmus, but he died soon after his exile began, and was laid in the Savoy Chapel,

* Vide Ayton, 'Ballads of Scotland,' vol. i., lxxiv. and lxx., and Small's 'Douglas,' i. p. clxii. But this authority errs in supposing the Scottish language to be so purely Saxon. Later investigations have shown that it contains a very large Scandinavian infusion, and that this is the element that most distinguishes it from the northern Anglo-Saxon. This Scandinavian element, no doubt, Douglas used. He also introduced a number of words straight from the French, besides a considerable sprinkling of Chaucerian words and usages; for instance, the *y* prefix to the past participle—'y-back' for the northern 'baken,' 'y-clois' for 'cloist.' This is the more curious as Douglas professes to be "keep-and na Soudroun but our awin langage;" which no doubt he did, on the whole, far more than the other early Scottish poets.

where the plate that marked his grave was discovered a few years ago.

His later life was too troubled and stormy to give the world any more poetry, translated or original. The translation of Virgil is in the heroic couplet. Vigorous and racy it is, though, perhaps, in a style more homely than beseems the stately march of Virgil's lines, but his aim was to make his countrymen familiar with his favourite classic. Many of the passages are rendered with great spirit. The death of Priam, the last speech and death of Dido, and the coming of Æneas and the Sibyl to the Elysian fields, have been especially remarked. To each book of his translation Douglas has prefixed a prologue, and these form so many original poems. They discuss Virgil, the heathen religion, the Christian doctrine, as well as describe nature as he saw it before his eyes. The prologue to the seventh book is a vigorous and realistic description of winter. Another prologue describes May-time; another, a summer evening in June. These poems ought to earn for their author a high place among the descriptive poets of his country. But, alas! they are hidden under such a crust of archaic diction, that no one but the antiquary and the philologist now approaches them. To these, if to no others, they are a very treasure-house of old language and idioms. But even judged as a literary production, if it were not for its antique garb, it may be doubted whether any translation of Virgil that England has seen could equal that of Gawin Douglas. The Earl of Surrey—the first introducer of English blank verse—must have estimated it highly; for in the translation which he made of the second and fourth books of the Æneid, he in several places copied, almost word for word, the bishop's version.

So competent a critic as the late Professor Ayton held Gawin Douglas to be the prince of the early and pure Scottish poets.

Sir David Lindsay, of the Mount, was more a man of the world and a reformer than an imaginative poet. Educated at St. Andrew's along with Cardinal Bethune (their names may still be seen together in the roll of students at the opening of the sixteenth century), he lived to see the wild murder of the cardinal in his sea-tower at St. Andrew's; to write a poem on his death, called 'The Tragedie of the Cardinal,' and in a more homely rhyme to say—

'As for the Cardinal, I grant
He was the man we weil might want—
God will forgive it soon;

But of a truth, the sooth to say,
Although the loon be weil away,
The fact was foully done.'

Though Lindsay had no hand in that murder of his old college companion, yet his works must have done much to help forward that rising spirit of discontent with the ancient Church of which that murder was the most startling symptom. Having lived from his youth about the Court, and having been much employed in public affairs, he had seen all the corruption that was among the courtiers, among the nobles, and above all among the clergy. His poems are chiefly occupied with giving vigorous expression to his indignation at the sight of these things. You all remember Sir Walter Scott's description of him in 'Marmion':

'He was a man of middle age;
In aspect manly, grave and sage,
As on king's errand come;
But in the glances of his eye
A penetrating, keen, and sly
Expression found its home;

'The flash of that satiric rage,
Which, bursting on the early stage,
Branded the vices of the age,
And broke the keys of Rome.'

His longest and best-known poem is a play called *Ane Satire of the Three Estates*. It is something in the style of the old Moralities; that is, abstract qualities, virtues or vices, are introduced, such as Rex Humanitatis, Diligence, Chastity, and Flattery (*alias* Devotion), Falset, *i.e.* Falsehood (*alias* Sapience), Deceit (*alias* Discretion). These are mingled with real persons, the parson, the abbot, the prioress, the doctor. Under the guise of these abstractions much knowledge of life and character lies hid. The humour is broad, though sometimes coarse, and the vices of all, especially the clergy, are lashed with no sparing hand. There is, I fear, too good evidence that Lindsay's clerical pictures are not over-drawn, but literal transcripts from his time.

This play was acted before James V. and his Court in Linlithgow, and afterwards in other towns of Scotland. Along with his other works it did much to hasten on the Reformation, though he did not live to see that great change completed; so that it has been well said that Lindsay stood to John Knox in much the same relation as Langland, author of 'Piers Plowman,' did to Wickliffe.

Tried by range or fineness of imagination, Lindsay cannot be called a great poet. Strong understanding, straightforward if not refined moral purpose, indignant at the abuses of his time, humour broad and telling, often coarse, biting satire, vivid delineation of character, all these expressed

in an abundant flow of homely and vigorous verse—these are his chief characteristics. They made him a conspicuous figure in the history of that transition time, and did much to help forward the tide of popular change that was then strongly flowing in Scotland. His works contain more to interest the student of history, manners, and politics, than to attract the lover of imaginative poetry. With Lindsay that wave of Scottish poetry which derived its first impulse from Chaucer may be said to have spent itself.

Drummond, who came a century later, belonged entirely to an English school of another era. I cannot stay to dwell on his work, but must only notice that the polished or literary poetry of Scotland ceased with Drummond, to reappear, after more than a century, in the poet of 'The Seasons,' who though Scotch by birthplace, is in most other respects entirely English.

The chief distinctive notes of the line of poets I have been reviewing are :

1. Minute realistic description of nature, so profuse in detail as rather to approach the inventory style.

2. Broad humour and wit often running into rollicking and coarseness, or losing itself in satire.

3. Intense nationality and individualism. This last a peculiarity which, if we may trust our neighbours, has not yet entirely disappeared from the nature of the Scot. It is not to be wondered at when we remember the fiery ordeal which the country had to pass through, when, for two centuries, it fought at hand-grips with 'our auld enemies of England' for its very existence.

The first great current of poetry of which I have been speaking, which came into Scotland coloured with hues brought from the lands of the Renaissance, was, as we have seen, introduced by one of the earliest and by far the most accomplished of the Stuart kings. During the two stormy centuries when this stream lent its influence to brighten and civilise the Scottish people, it was fostered and encouraged mainly by the same kingly race. Each one of the poets I have named, as well as many another poet and minstrel whom I have not named, found shelter and encouragement in the sunshine of the Court of Holyrood. And the poetic genius that was in the kings themselves made some of the best contributions to the national poetry.

When the Stuart kings quitted Holyrood for Whitehall, literature at once almost disappeared from the northern land, and it was

more than a century and a half before it returned. The whole of the seventeenth century is almost a blank in Scotland as far as the finer literature is concerned. From George Buchanan till David Hume, as Lockhart has remarked, no name of first-rate mark in scholarship, poetry, or literature, appeared in Scotland. The tide of song may have flowed on obscurely among the people, but it was unheeded till it found vent through Ramsay and Fergusson in the first half of the eighteenth century, and afterwards rose to full tide in Burns and Scott.

Perhaps no royal house in Europe, in proportion to their opportunities, did more to foster literature and all the fine arts than the Scottish Stuarts. This genuine love and patronage of literature might alone plead for their memories against the obloquy which most modern literary men have conspired to heap upon them. But besides this they possessed, as a race, a personal attractiveness, a gracious, romantic, and generous character which, whatever faults they may have had, and however these may have been exaggerated and emphasized by writers of the present day, endeared them to all Scottish hearts, as neither Plantagenets or Tudors in England, or Bourbons in France, ever were endeared. It was no condescending patronage they bestowed. While maintaining their kingly dignity, they mingled among their people with a grace and ease peculiar to themselves, shared in their amusements, and afterwards turned to poetry the native sights and manners. Hence it has come that every genuine Scot who has not been corrupted by the invectives of English historians has a warm heart to the Stuarts. Burns, half Jacobin as he was, had still a corner in his heart for the Jacobite feeling. And as for Sir Walter, we all know what his sentiments were, how when in his declining health he visited Rome for the first time, the one spot he first sought, over which he latest lingered, was the tombs of the exiled Stuarts in St. Peter's.

I am quite aware that it was not the best side of the Stuarts which England saw, that in some sense they were strangers there. It is true, they could not for their lives learn to appreciate that modern nondescript thing called constitutionalism. But when writers count up their errors, what they call their iniquities, few have remembered to reckon to their credit the fidelity with which they clung to their faith, amid exile and adversity. A change of faith, or even a semblance of it,

would have sufficed to restore to them their throne. I heartily wish they could have from conviction and conscience become Protestant. But they could not; and so they refused to sell their faith for a crown—a

temptation which, I believe, few other royal houses have been able to resist. Liberalism, if it were fair and consistent, ought to respect this, but it does not.

J. C. SHAIRP.

THE HAUNTED MAN.

“ And he went away sorrowful, for he had great possessions.”

HE does not look wan or worn or haggard;
He does not seem wretched or scared or staggered;
And yet throughout life's little span
He lives the life of a Haunted Man.

“ How absurd,” you will say, “ to tell us this
Of a man who is steeped to the lips in bliss!
Look at his elegant house in town,
And his country-seat on the breezy down,
His seaside mansion, the best in the place,
And his lovely wife, whose high-bred grace
Would adorn a throne; then think of his self,
And look at the handsome fellow himself,
Lolling and smoking with lordly air
In a splendid phaeton drawn by a pair
Of perfectly-matched and high-stepping bays,
At which the bystanders turn and gaze.
Obsequious servants watch for his nod,
And wait his words as those of a god.
Wherever he goes he is sure to meet
Hosts of friends of the highest elite—
Elegant women and lordly men—
Members of “ ton ” and the “ upper ten ”;
Hosts of friends from whom to choose
Those who can best his leisure amuse.
Free to travel—ay, free as air—
Or stay where he pleases, anywhere,
Without one care or anxious thought
Or fear of expending more than he ought.
Whatever his fancy, whatever his whim,
He can have it—'tis all the same to him:
Hunters at Melton; a favourite horse
For the Doncaster, Ascot, or Derby course;
A villa at Henley; a château in France,
Where with open house he lives *en prince*;
A moor in Scotland; a yacht at Ryde.
What could a man want more beside?”

All this is true; and I grant still more.
The man himself is no purse-proud bore;
Not a sensual brute, nor a vulgar fool;
Well-born; brought up at a public school,
And gleaming a fair amount of knowledge
At Alma Mater's favourite college.

But yet throughout life's little span
He lives the life of a Haunted Man.
Ay, you may smile; but 'tis simply true:
He has owned to me what I now tell you.
He fears a thing that you cannot fear;
He hears a voice that you cannot hear.
A carking demon sits on his shoulder,
And year by year speaks harsher and bolder,
Saying, “ O man! in thy strength and health,
What art thou doing with these and wealth?
High-cultured intellect, vigorous hand—
Are not these fit for some world-work grand?
Far humbler men, possessing neither,
With a very small portion of money either,
Have wrought so nobly under the sun
That heaven for earth seems partly won.
But you, mere butterfly-man!—but you—
Tell me what is it on earth you do?
You buy false pleasures that please no more;
You leave all wrongs as wrong as before.
Wealth is a glorious, splendid power
Placed in your hands for this life's short hour;
Not thine to purchase mere summer friends,
But to use it largely for noblest ends.
Thou may'st not use it without stern heed,
Lest it fosters imposture and pampers greed;
Thou may'st not fling it with scornful hand
Broadcast amongst a parasite band,
Nor think to secure an easy heaven
By tithes of treasure carelessly given.
Hast thou not heard it, hast thou not read
What the Master once to the rich man said?”

* * * * *

Yes, o'er the waters and storms of time
Have floated to him those words sublime:
“ If that thou wouldest the danger flee,
Come, take up thy cross and follow me.”
Those words indeed have sunk in his heart,
And he yearns to play the strong man's part;
But luxury chains him down to earth,
With its weary pleasures, its hollow mirth;
He feels his soul fast sinking down;
He hath shunned the cross and lost the crown.
He has heard the words, and turned away;
They will haunt him to his dying day.

W. A. GIBBS.

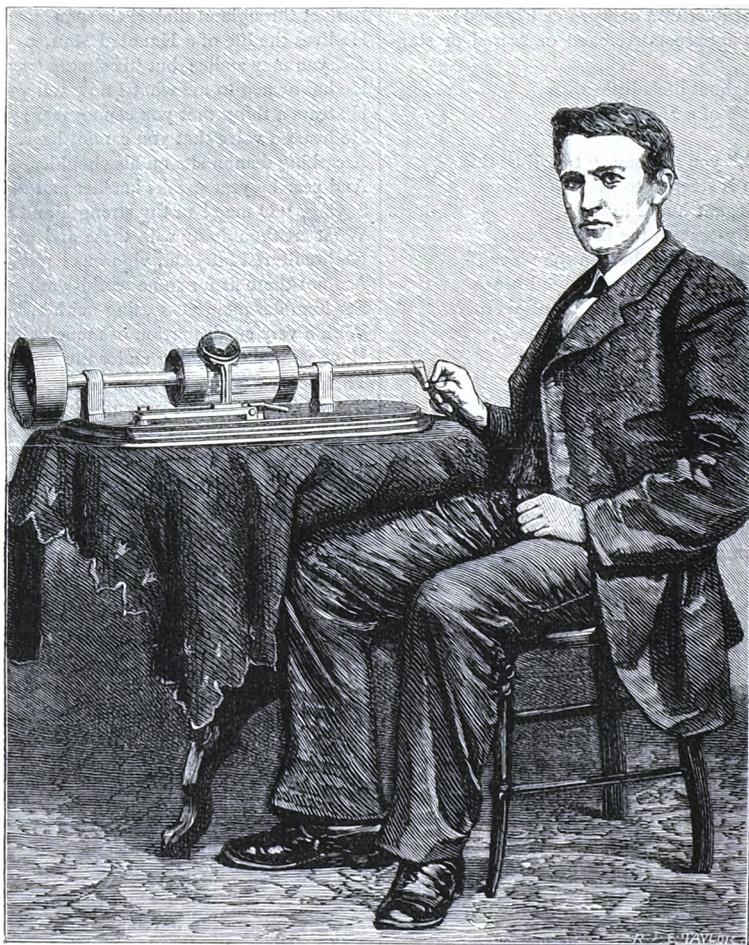


SPEAKING MACHINES.

BY PROFESSOR W. F. BARRETT.

II.

IN the previous article we described the attempts that have been made to record and artificially to imitate the articulate sounds of the human voice. We now come to a far more wonderful achievement, the mechanical reproduction of speech by means of Mr. Edison's phonograph. The extreme simplicity of the instrument is one of its



From a photograph in the collection of the London Stereoscopic Company.

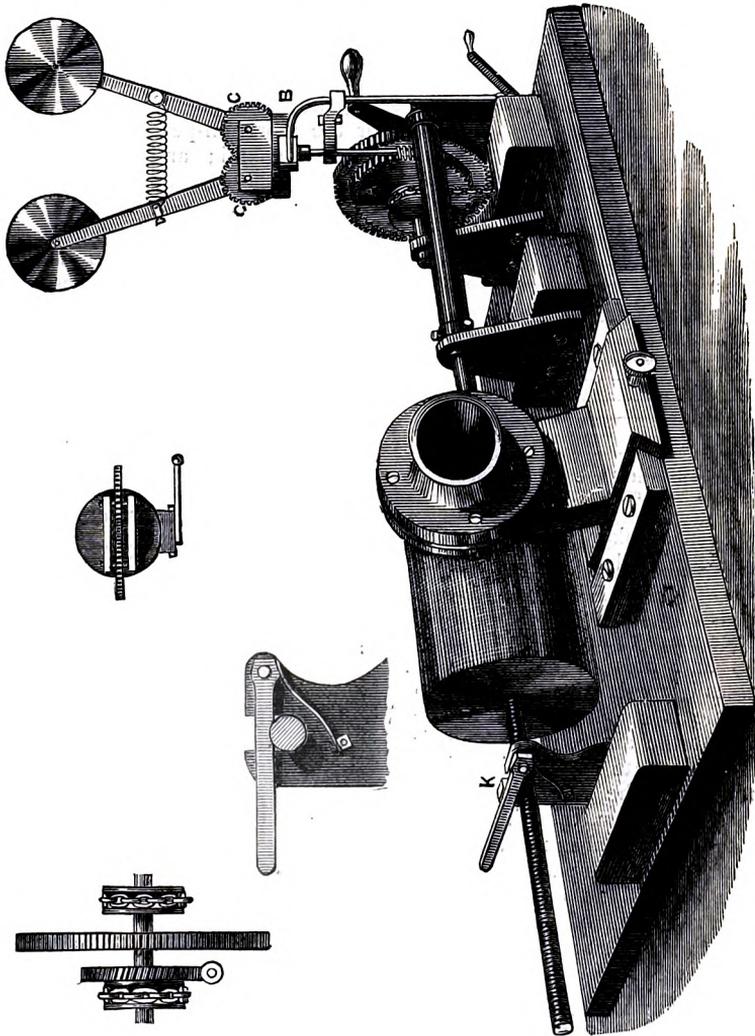
Thomas Elva Edison.

most surprising features. We have nothing here that was not known long ago, nothing that any tyro in experimental physics might not have tried with equal success; in fact, so rudimentary is the construction of the instrument, that no little scepticism as to its reputed performances was freely entertained by scientific men when the first reports reached us at the beginning of this year. It needed the experience of an actual trial with the machine to convince the present writer that its capabilities had not been grossly exaggerated. For when we call to mind the extreme complexity of the sonorous waves generated by the act of speaking, it seemed hardly possible that the subtle movements of the aerial particles could in any adequate manner transcribe the nature of

their motion upon a sheet of tinfoil, so that the foil could again give forth the words it had embalmed; and this simply through the instrumentality of a disc of metal, with a style attached to one point on its surface. But, with the exception of words containing numerous consonants, which the telephone also fails to deliver, the phonograph speaks

intelligibly enough, though but little remains of the characteristic individuality of the speaker.

The diagram in the preceding article, p. 488, for which we were indebted to the proprietors of that enterprising journal, *Engineering*, will assist our necessarily brief description of the instrument. The machine



Edison's Phonograph driven by Clockwork, with Fan-governor to equalise speed. Stroh's arrangement.

consists of a brass cylinder that can be rotated on its axis by a handle, the speed of rotation being to some extent controlled and kept uniform by the heavy fly-wheel which is attached to the end. Around the circumference of the cylinder there is a spiral groove, having the same "pitch" as that of the screw on the horizontal

shaft; so that, were a fixed pointer placed opposite one of the grooves, it would remain in it as the cylinder is rotated. In front of the cylinder, and attached by a movable arm to the stand of the instrument, is the mouth-piece, having a thin metallic disc, or diaphragm, across it, and a needle-point attached behind it. This point can be

accurately set to the proper depth in the middle of one of the grooves. A sheet of stout tinfoil is tightly fastened round the cylinder, and the mouth-piece adjusted so that the point on the diaphragm lightly presses against the tinfoil over a groove.

Speaking into the mouth-piece in a distinct and deliberate voice, and at the same time turning the cylinder by clockwork or by hand, the sonorous vibrations communicated to the disc record themselves on the foil in the shape of minute indentations, which, examined by the naked eye, have the appearance given in Fig. 1. When the

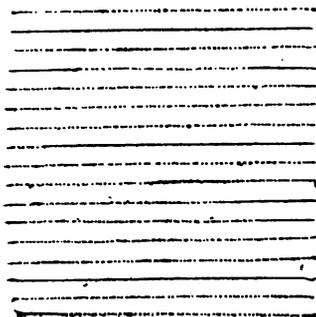


Fig. 1. Appearance presented by embossed foil of Phonograph.

sentence has been spoken, the disc and style are drawn aside, the cylinder turned back to its starting-point, and the disc and style again placed in the position they first occupied. Once more rotating the cylinder, the style rises and falls as the now embossed foil passes beneath it, and the motion given to the style is communicated to the disc, and thence to the air around. The air is thus thrown into a state of vibration similar to that to which the words originally gave rise. The articulation, though distinct, is not so loud as the original sounds, though, when strengthened by a trumpet placed over the mouth-piece, quite loud enough to be heard by a large room full of people. The vowels come out the clearest; such words as Canada, tapioca, are remarkably distinct. But it is by no means limited to such simple words; it can introduce itself with unmistakable distinctness by saying, "The phonograph presents its compliments to you all." Perhaps nothing is so distinct and ridiculous as its reproduction of laughter. Nor is it confined to speech; it reproduces a song, and even a duet, with considerable fidelity. Here comes in the advantage of using a clockwork means of rotation, to which we shall refer in the sequel.

Owing to the high speed of rotation of the cylinder, about one foot per second, a single spoken word produces a multitude of fine markings, which occupy a considerable length. Thus, the word *battle* is represented in the next diagram, Fig. 2,* in about its real size. The slight halt which occurs between the pronunciation of the two syllables in this word occasions a break in the markings, two and a half inches in length. The phonograph cylinder, rotated at a given speed, will furnish, in fact, a very delicate and accurate instrument for recording the time interval between two sounds, or the vibration-period of any articulate or musical sound; and for these purposes it will probably be of great use in acoustic measurements.

When the indentations on the tinfoil are carefully examined through a magnifying glass, characteristic differences are observed. Through the obliging kindness of the London Stereoscopic Company, which firm has purchased the patent rights of the phonograph for this country, the writer has had the opportunity of making a series of experiments with a very perfect instrument, and has submitted the various tracings to microscopic examination and measurement. The following diagram, Fig. 3, represents the appearance

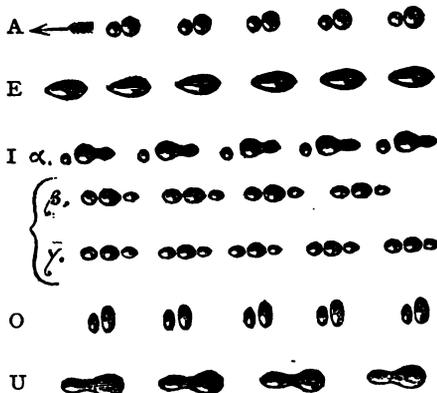


Fig. 3. Magnified view of the Tracings of the Vowel Sounds produced by Phonograph.

presented by the vowel sounds (English pronunciation) under a low magnifying power;

* As a substitute for the ordinary centre "rule," or line, in this page is given Fig. 2, the phonograph tracing of the word "battle" distinctly pronounced. The cylinder revolved at a surface speed of about one foot per second, actual length of the tracing $6\frac{1}{2}$ inches. The portion above the "space $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches," represents the syllable "bat," that below it, "tle." It may be interesting for our readers to compare the phonographic tracing given here with the logographic tracing of the same word at p. 492.

and Fig. 4, the impressions made by the letters *R* and *S*.

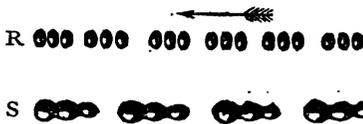


Fig. 4. Magnified view of Phonograph Tracings of *R* and *S*.

These separate impressions, it must be borne in mind, are repeated many hundred times in the record of a single utterance of each of the vowels; the measurements, in fact, indicate the individual vibrations which link themselves into an articulate sound, and far transcend the power of the ear to discriminate singly. The actual size of these impressions varies, of course, with the rate of rotation of the cylinder, but with a speed of sixty-four revolutions a minute, the circumference of the cylinder being thirteen and a quarter inches, the vowel *e* (as in *see*) leaves a series of oval impressions, each of which is $\frac{1}{100}$ ths of an inch in its longer diameter. This will correspond to a period of time of about $\frac{1}{100}$ of a second for each impression, or equivalent to a note giving 833 vibrations per second. This must, however, be regarded simply as an approximation, pending fuller and more perfect investigation.

Some of our readers may ask the question, what will happen if the phonograph cylinder be turned backwards, that is, instead of moving the disc back to its starting-point, allow it to speak as it retraces its course? Under such circumstances most sentences are rendered unintelligible; a musical air is strangely inverted, but the result is very different in the case of elementary sounds, such as vowels and consonants. Professor Fleeming Jenkin and Mr. A. J. Ewing have shown that "not only are vowels unaltered by being spoken backwards, but the same fact is true of consonants. Whether the pulsations of air be made in a given order, or in the reverse order, the ear accepts the sound as indicating the same letter. This is true of all the simple vowel sounds, and of all the simple consonant sounds, including, of course, several combinations, which in English are spelt with two letters, as *th* or *ng*, but which are really simple consonants." Hence, as the authors suggest, any one reversible part may be taken as a standard of what really constitutes a single letter or element of articulate speech. Thus, *ab* said backwards becomes *ba*, and even so long a word as *association* pronounced backwards as *noshæesossa* was uttered clearly

association when the cylinder was turned the reverse way.

Professor Fleeming Jenkin's researches on the phonograph are still in progress, and are likely to yield some most important results. By an ingenious arrangement he obtains vertical sections of the impressions made upon the tinfoil, magnified four hundred diameters. These "speech-curves" differ from those given by the phonautograph, which only records vowels clearly, and from those yielded by the logograph, which succeeds best with consonants, inasmuch as the phonograph-curves give both vowels and consonants. Albeit the phonograph tracing, as Mr. A. J. Ellis has remarked, "resembles rather a worn 'print' than a 'proof' of the human voice. This means that the delicate 'upper partials,' on which all brilliancy depends, are absent."

As regards the practical applications of the phonograph, it is too soon to speak. We believe that its inventor has sought to convert its impressions into electrical signals, and thus transmit, as well as record, the actual sounds of the voice. This achievement must, sooner or later, be accomplished; in which case the telephone will be in part superseded, as with the phonograph the usual battery currents can be employed, and hence the many sources of disturbance which interfere with the tiny telephonic thrills may thus be surmounted. If a material, somewhat more plastic than tinfoil, can be found, the phonograph may yet preserve for us all the finer expressions and peculiarities of the individual voice. In this case we may treasure up for untold years the words of our friends, and at any time listen to their voice by running the prepared slip through the machine. Thus we shall have phonographic reminiscences as well as photographic records of those we love or esteem; and it is highly probable that electrotype impressions of the embossed foil may eventually be made, by which means not only may the tracings be more permanently recorded, but, at the same time, any number reproduced. At present, after five or six repetitions, the sounds get blurred, owing to the sharpness of the impression being lost through the yielding nature of the foil.

Since the first discovery of the phonograph several improvements have been made in the details of its mechanism. To give greater uniformity in the rate of rotation of the cylinder a simple clockwork motion, controlled by an ingenious fan governor, has been adapted to the phonograph by Mr. Stroh. This arrangement is shown in the

engraving on p. 561; the smaller cuts above the instrument representing details of construction. When employed to reproduce a musical air the clockwork motion is most important, as the pitch of the notes reproduced varies with the speed at which the cylinder is turned. Another improvement is a means of partially damping the vibrations of the disc, for it is found that articulation is more distinct when the secondary vibrations set up in the disc are destroyed by lightly touching it with the finger; a better expedient, which is now adopted, is to interpose a fragment of india-rubber tubing between the point and the disc, and even a film of gutta-percha stretched across the mouth-piece: the form and material of the embossing point also play an important part, a diamond or sapphire point being best, from the extreme hardness and durability. By attention to these details the articulation of the instrument becomes surprisingly excellent. Mr. Edison has lately stated that his assistants have correctly taken down, as the phonograph delivered it, one or more columns of a newspaper article unfamiliar to them, and without the loss of a word, though the article had been spoken into the apparatus when they were not present. The embossed foil can of course be removed from one instrument and attached to another, and the message will be faithfully delivered when the machine is set going. Hence, two friends at a distance, possessing similar phonographs, may be spared the trouble of writing to each other. By simply speaking into his phonograph, unwrapping the tinfoil, and posting it in a little box, a friend in England may audibly converse with another at the antipodes, provided both persons have phonographs, and the foil on its receipt be properly attached to the cylinder. Another application of the phonograph which has been suggested is the preservation of dialects which are gradually dying out; for example, it would be useful to have a permanent record and means of reproducing the speech of the various tribes of North American Indians, or of the aborigines of Australia or New Zealand. Even such slight changes as take place in the pronunciation of English from century to century can in future be recorded; so that a speech by Mr. Bright or Mr. Gladstone may be re-delivered a thousand years hence in the accents of the present time.

The phonograph, in fact, almost converts into a reality the grotesque ideas of the ancients. Had the phonograph been in existence in the time of our Lord, Joseph's

"ha," or the noise that he made, as carpenters usually do in giving a blow, might still be preserved (as Romish tradition asserts it is) in a glass bottle amongst other ancient relics.*

But it is perhaps in the hoped-for reproduction of the notes of eminent singers that the public await with the most interest the future development of the phonograph. By touching a spring, to be able at any moment to set in motion machinery which shall give forth a song by Patti or Sims Reeves, is, however, not yet possible. But the performance of wind instruments can be admirably reproduced. Lately, we understand, Mr. Levey, the eminent cornet player, placed the bell of his cornet near the mouth-piece of a phonograph, and played an air with variations. The phonograph faithfully repeated the notes, giving the peculiar expression of the player, and winding up with the flourish which the cornet player considers the crucial test of his ability. Moreover, by turning the phonograph cylinder with increased velocity, the notes rose in pitch far beyond the range of the cornet, playing the variations with an accuracy and celerity no human fingers or lips could rival. Furthermore, over the cornet impressions on the tinfoil a poem and a whistling accompaniment were superposed, and it was found that the notes of the cornet, the whistling, and the words of the poem all simultaneously and correctly issued from the instrument as the cylinder revolved. But at present it is hopeless to expect the phonograph to take down speeches unless each speaker is prepared to go to the table and address the phonograph, instead of the chairman. This is a disappointment, and the reason simply is, that the metallic disc of the instrument is a comparatively heavy mass to be moved by merely aerial pulses, which, generated by the voice, are diluted by distance from their origin. If the disc were delicately poised, so that the least motion would stir it, and the feeble stirring of the disc call into play some auxiliary store of power, then we might hope for the record of the voice at more remote distances than is possible at present.

W. F. BARRETT.

* More precise was the amusing conception of Walchius, who thought it possible so to contrive a tube that it should preserve the voice for several hours or days, enabling a person to send his words to a friend instead of writing. Lengthy tortuous passages in the tube were imagined, through which the sound had to travel, and thus there would, he supposed, be a certain interval of time between the entrance of the voice at one end and its exit at the other, and hence, he conceived, that if both ends were stopped whilst the sound was in the midst, it would continue there until it had some vent. So that, when the distant friend opened the tube, the words should emerge in the same order they were spoken!

FUNGI AND THEIR USES.

BY DAVID ESDAILE, D.D.

WE are not about to pen a scientific article abounding in botanical terms, and therefore uninteresting to most of our readers. We wish to rescue from unmerited neglect a large and important department of the vegetable kingdom, and open up a new field of delightful inquiry to those by whom hitherto it has been so strangely despised.

What, then, are Fungi, and what their use in the beneficent economy of creation? What are the risks to be encountered when they are resorted to as a source of public alimentation? When these queries have been answered it is hoped that much ignorant prejudice will be removed, and that the readers of *Good Words* will be prompted to make themselves acquainted with the good things commended to their notice.

Fungi are parasitic flowerless plants, either in a strict sense as living upon and drawing their nourishment from living, though more commonly languishing, plants and animals, or also as appropriating the organized matter of dead and decaying animal and vegetable bodies. Those fungi which produce rust, smut, mildew, &c., are of the first kind: those which produce dry-rot, &c., hold a somewhat intermediate place; mushrooms, puff-balls, &c., are examples of the second. Fungi are consequently not only destitute of anything like foliage, but also of the green matter, or chlorophylle, which appears to be essential to the formation of organic out of inorganic matter. They all begin (in germination or by offsets) with the production of copious filamentous threads, or series of attenuated cells, like the roots of the fungus that arises from them, and to a certain extent performing the functions of roots: this is termed the *mycelium*, and is the true vegetation of fungi.* This brief botanical statement suffices to show that they are true vegetables in the main principles of their growth and structure, and that, consequently, it is superfluous to consider the notions of those who regard them as the creatures of chance, or of a happy concurrence of circumstances favourable to their development from inorganic elements.

Though as yet only partially classified, the fungus family is known to be amazingly prolific, and almost cosmopolitan in its diffusion. It is difficult to point out any substance or

any situation where conditions exist capable of supporting vegetation, in which fungi may not be developed. Their spores have been detected in the dust of the trade-winds, in flakes of snow collected from the air, in the mucous surface of the internal organs of animals, and in the dejections of cholera.

As to their use in the economy of creation, one of their most important functions is to appropriate the organized matter of dead and decaying animal and vegetable bodies. They thus fulfil an office analogous to that of the infusorial animalculæ, and of various tribes of insects, such as maggot-flies, and so have been termed "scavengers of nature." On this point a naturalist has observed, "The peculiarity of their agency consists in their power of suddenly multiplying their numbers to a degree which could only be accomplished in a considerable time by any larger being; then as suddenly relapsing, without the intervention of any violent disturbing cause, to their former insignificance. A scanty number of minute individuals, often not to be detected, are ready in a few days or weeks to give birth to myriads, which may repress or remove the nuisances referred to. When the offal to be removed diminishes, then fewer of the spores find soil on which to germinate; and when the whole has been consumed, the legions before so active return to their latent state, ready, however, at a moment's warning, again to be developed."

If our readers have never been struck with the cleanliness with which the operations of nature are carried on, or have not meditated on the means by which this important end is effected, such statements will give them new views of "the manifold wisdom of God," and enable them to discover the beneficent use of objects which in many inspire feelings of fear and aversion.

The toadstools abhorred by the ignorant are, in truth, most useful. By their fermentive and putrefactive energies they decompose the hardest vegetable substances, and thus provide an inexhaustible supply of vegetable mould for succeeding generations, besides destroying those substances which having served their end need to be removed, but are kept under some other form, waiting for the plastic touch of the Almighty to transform them into some of His endlessly diversified cosmical arrangements.

Fungi being so widely diffused, and so

* See Dr. Asa Gray's "Botanical Text Book."

powerful in their effects, are the cause of sundry inconveniences, because of which they are evil spoken of by those who do not consider

"All partial evil universal good,"

and therefore cannot say,

"One truth is clear, whatever is right."

The farmer groans over the mischief to his wheat caused by various fungi which attack the straw, the leaves and chaff, the flower, the grain. His dismay increases when a microscopic botanist, Bauer, informs him that so minute are the spores of *Uredo segetum* that the one hundred and sixty thousandth part of a square inch contained forty-nine of them, and that one grain of wheat is capable of containing four millions of spores. And when the most scientific botanists ascribe the potato disease to the presence of a fungus, the gardener joins the farmer in bewailing their impotency to resist such a pest. Many fungi prey on the tissue of living leaves; and from this cause the cultivation of the vine is everywhere precarious, and in Madeira had a few years ago been almost abandoned, though happily the mischief is now arrested.

The careful housewife is sorely tried to find her preserves, cheese, bread, mouldy; her beer "mothery," her ketchup ropy and offensive; and all from the presence of fungi. If, in her dismay, she exclaims, "But how happens it that a cheese is mouldy at its very centre?" the botanist may reply, "The fungus germs floating in the air had various opportunities of finding admission. They were perhaps deposited on the grass, the grass was eaten by the cow, and so the germs were lodged in the milk; or germs fell upon the curd, and there lay dormant till the dampness of the cheese brought into action their vegetative powers."

The wine-merchant, in like manner, experiences heavy losses when his casks are wrapped in a fungus which has drained them of their precious contents. In the vaults of the London Docks a vinous fungus hangs from the roof like dark woolly clouds, completely shrouding the brick arches. A remarkable instance of this kind is noticed by Sir Joseph Banks. He placed in his cellar a cask of wine, in order that it might ripen. At the end of three years he wished to ascertain its condition, but found access to the cellar impossible, owing to something obstructing the opening of the door. The door having been cut down, the cellar was found to be completely filled with a fungus growth

of so firm a texture that it required an axe for its removal.

While the *gourmet* makes a wry face when finding his choicest wine undrinkable, owing to a fungus which first attacks the casks, the *gourmand* anathematizes the fungi which render his daintiest cooked viands uneatable.

We shall only give another instance of their destructive agency in connection with household economy. What dismay is produced by the wood-work of our houses being attacked by dry-rot!

The ravages occasioned by fungi in men and other animals are largely treated of by medical authors. The silk-worm, on whose labours so many millions depend for employment and clothing, perishes in immense numbers from the attacks of the fungus termed muscardine. And the artificial rearing of fish is seriously interfered with, owing to the vitality of the deposited *ova* being destroyed by an enveloping fungus.

Enough has been said to explain the popular prejudice against fungi, which is apparently justified when we chronicle certain other disagreeable characteristics.

Many of them are repulsive in form and colour. In not a few the smell is intolerably offensive; and, worst of all, the taste is virulently poisonous. The mere tasting of some of them experimentally has produced contraction of the jaws, sickness, pain and heat in the stomach, and slight delirium. Bad may go on to worse, and the rash inquirer may be afflicted with giddiness, debility, loss of sight and recollection, burning thirst, vomiting, fainting, and violent gripes. Moreover, several hours may elapse before alarming symptoms appear, and thus it may be too late for the adoption of measures to eliminate the poison.

Having thus, with commendable candour, played the part of "the Devil's Advocate," by recounting the evil properties of fungi, we have now to commend their beauty and utility as articles of food. We have "nought extenuated or set down in malice" in describing their dangerous qualities; neither shall we now indulge in indiscriminate laudation, and tempt our readers to their destruction.

The loathsome aspect and disgusting smell of some fungi are so notorious as to have given a bad name to the whole tribe. Hence some readers will be incredulous when informed that the forms of many are exquisitely beautiful; that in one genus alone there are species having colours of every hue; and that as to odours, some smell like peaches,

some like ratafia, and some like "bloom of May." Still greater surprise will be excited by the statement that many which are shunned as dangerous are safe, and delicious to the taste, and that only gross ignorance can palliate the folly of throwing away every year hundreds of tons of what may be called food for nothing, seeing that the poorest may have it for the lifting. We are not to be deterred from proclaiming their alimentary qualities by the clamours of those who cry out as to the risk of introducing fungus fare, and who insist that "John Bull" can continue a sturdy fellow only so long as he has abundance of animal food. We do not shock such people by quoting the seductive eloquence of vegetarians, who affirm that on cheap vegetable diet they perform as much hard work as can be done by any carnivorous labourer. We pretend to no ascetic aversion to flesh-pots; our anxiety is to know where the flesh is to come from, with beef and mutton at a shilling a pound? It is all very well for the poet to declare, "Man wants but little here below." Statistics tell a different story. London alone, with its capacious maw, annually swallows more than 270,000 oxen, 1,500,000 sheep, and 30,000 swine; estimated to cost about £14,000,000. We may form an idea of the quantity of animal food required for each of us, when in Donovan's "Domestic Economy" we read that in a life of sixty-five years it is about 400 sheep, along with five tons of potatoes, and about the same of turnips and other vegetables. When the agricultural returns, published by the Board of Trade, inform us that in 1874 there were in Great Britain only 19,448,730 sheep above one year old, we have the means of judging whether it be wise to throw away any article of food which may safely be recommended as food for the people.

Our commendation of fungi rests on the fact that of all vegetable productions they most resemble animal food in chemical composition, taste, and smell. Many of them, in addition to sugar, gum, resin, a peculiar acid called fungic acid, contain considerable quantities of *albumen*, *adipocere*, and *osmazome*, the principle which communicates to meat gravy its agreeable odour. Not a few of them deserve to be termed vegetable beef-steaks, while others may readily be mistaken for stewed sweet kidneys, or such a dainty dish as brain fritters. Men, savage and civilised, recognise the edible qualities of these singular vegetables, and partake of them freely. In Russia political exiles, during their long journey to Siberia, record with

thankfulness that in many kinds of fungi they found agreeable fare. In Italy, France, and Germany, they are largely consumed. In Poland there are above thirty sorts of edible fungi in common use among the peasantry. The frugal Chinese assign them an honourable place in "The Anti-Famine Herbal," large editions of which are gratuitously circulated every year among the swarming population of "the Flowery land." And, in compassion to our insular ignorance, the Government of China contributed to the International Exhibition of 1862 many specimens of dried edible fungi. In the Himalayas and in the Rocky Mountains, as well as in Australia, New Zealand, and Patagonia, certain species afford wholesome and nutritious food.

Of the pecuniary value of these alimentary substances, thus widely diffused, it is impossible to form an estimate; it may be guessed from certain facts which are known. Dr. Badham* quotes an official document showing that the value of the fungi sold in Rome is about £4,000 a year; and hence infers that in the more populous cities of Naples and Venice the annual revenue from this source must be considerably greater. In Bremner's "Russia" it is stated that fungi valued at £8,000 are sold in the market of Moscow every summer.

On consulting M. Chatin's book on the Truffle we find its annual value in France estimated at 15,881,000 francs, representing 1,588,000 kilogrammes of truffles. The single department of Vaucluse draws no less than 3,800,000 francs. In 1867, France, we also learn, exported, chiefly to England and Russia, 70,000 kilogrammes of truffles, fresh and preserved.

And yet the whole tribe of fungi is in this country either neglected or abhorred as highly dangerous; with the exception of a few, the merits of which are undeniable. "The common mushroom, the truffle and morel are valuable articles of commerce; especially the first, whether in a fresh state or in the form of ketchup." "The extent," Mr. Berkely goes on to observe, "to which this latter article is prepared is quite astonishing. A single ketchup merchant has, at the moment at which I write, in consequence of the enormous crop of mushrooms during the present season, no less than eight hundred gallons on hand, and that collected within a radius of some three or four miles. The price of mushrooms for ketchup, in country districts, varies very greatly in different years.

* "The Esulent Funguses of England," with 20 coloured plates.

In the district in which I write it has not in the present year reached a penny a pound, while in some years as much as fivepence is readily given.*

It may well seem incredible that the British peasantry should so much despise so savoury an article of food, and that their children are so seldom trained to add to the family revenue the proceeds of mushroom gathering, and that this is the only one of the numerous edible fungi with which they are to some degree acquainted.

In our British woods there are more than thirty edible species; and that there is no lack of what we have termed "Food for nothing" is evident from this declaration of Dr. Badham:—

"I have myself this autumn witnessed whole hundredweights of rich wholesome diet rotting under trees; woods teeming with food, and not one hand to gather it, and this perhaps in the midst of potato blights, poverty, and all manner of privations, and public prayers against imminent famine. I have, indeed, grieved when I have considered the straitened condition of the lower orders this year, to see pounds innumerable of extempore beef-steaks growing on our oaks in the shape of *Fistulina hepatica*, *Agaricus fusipes*; to pickle under them; puff-balls, which some of our friends have not inaptly compared to sweet-bread for the rich delicacy of their unassisted flavour; *Hydnum* as good as oysters, which they somewhat resemble in taste; *Agaricus deliciosus* reminding us of tender lamb kidney; the beautiful yellow chanterelle; that *Kalon kagathon* growing by the bushel, and no basket but our own to pick up a few specimens in our way; the sweet nutty *Boletus* in vain calling himself *edulis* where there was no one to believe him; the dainty *Orcella*, the *Agaricus heterophyllus*, which tastes like the cray-fish when grilled; the red and green species of *Agaricus*, to cook in any way, and equally good in all."

In order that our readers may not be tantalised by not knowing where to procure or how to cook edible fungi, we shall now give information on these points.

On account of its pecuniary value, and the esteem in which it is held, the first place is due to the Truffle (*Tuber aestivum*, or *T. cibarium* of some authors). Our native supplies are chiefly obtained from the downs of Wiltshire, Hampshire, and Kent.

The *habitat* of the truffle is downs and forest lands, in parks, under various trees.

"Its darling woods are hilly, shadowy, yet light and lofty woods of chestnuts, oak, and beech; never in pine forests; among soil formed of decayed vegetation; in dyke-earth mixed with wood; in open woodland districts where rain and worms act easily; damp, warm summers are most favourable" (Persoon). It abounds at Blenheim, at Avington, at Audley End, and in the parks of many English mansions. Fosbroke states that William Leach, who came from the West Indies with some dogs trained to hunt truffles, proceeded from Land's End in Cornwall to the mouth of the Thames, determined to settle on that spot where he found them most abundant. After four years' wandering he settled at Patching, near Arundel in Sussex, where he carried on the business of truffle-hunting.

Truffles in England are gathered at two periods; the white, which have no odour and are sold for seasoning, in May; the black during a month before and after Christmas, when they are hard, and have acquired all their perfume.

The presence of the truffle may be easily detected by the earth being slightly raised about the "nests," and also by their peculiar smell, which is sometimes so great as to make the hounds lose scent of Reynard. The truffles lie from two to eight inches deep, and vary in size according to the number in the "nests," which is from five to twelve. Krombholz speaks of some as large as a man's head, and weighing a pound and a half. The average size in England is from a nutmeg to a hen's egg. In some districts, according to Mrs. Hussey,* it is a lucrative business, "for the season begins at 'bird-shooting' and lasts till spring, the produce selling at 2s. 6d. per pound."

For the following details relating to truffle industry in France we are indebted to the work of M. Chatin, Professor of Botany at the Pharmaceutical School of Paris.

Of the many varieties of the truffle the black is the most esteemed. Although found under many other trees, it is mostly in the neighbourhood of the oak; and the soil which suits it best is dry and calcareous. It disappears on the granitic formation; it prefers the centre and the south of France, and, according to popular opinion, good truffles are only to be got where the wine is good.

Truffle-hunters pay much attention to certain indications which reveal their presence,

* "Outlines of British Fungology," with coloured figures and dissections of 170 species.

* "Illustrations of British Mycology," First and Second Series, 140 plates.

such as the impoverished state of the herbage, or even its complete absence.

Flies also indicate the *habitat* of the truffles, hovering over the spot; and this is reckoned so sure a sign that when a proprietor desires to gather a few truffles he allows himself to be altogether guided by the flies. They are of a brownish colour, and about as large as house-flies, though more elegant in shape. Poachers, afraid of detection when truffle-hunting with the help of a pig or a dog, quietly avail themselves of the services of these useful flies.

Truffles are discovered, in general, by means of a pig, which hunts against the wind like the dog, and smells the scent sometimes at the distance of from forty to fifty yards. It goes straight to the truffle, and, turning it up with its snout, looks for the reward of a few acorns. If these be withheld it grunts disapproval and refuses to hunt.

The truffle-dogs, chiefly used by poachers on moonlight nights, are either hairy little terriers or spaniels, which are very fond of their occupation, sometimes barking loudly on the discovery of a fine truffle, or slinking with their tails between their legs when the hunt has been a failure.

In Provence, Poitou, and elsewhere the truffle is reared artificially by sowing acorns from oaks at the foot of which truffles have been found. Many hundreds of acres have been thus rendered productive of truffles. Until they appear the ground is slightly dug in spring and autumn; but when they make their appearance, in the fifth or sixth year perhaps, only the spring digging is practised, experience showing that stirring the ground later than May is injurious. Except leaves of the oak and the chestnut, many use no manure. Cutting down or pruning the trees is forbidden; and it is a curious circumstance that the truffle-ring enlarges in proportion to the spreading of the roots.

These cultural hints may be useful to some meditating truffle-growing.

Of its alimentary virtues there is no question; and the testimony of Louis XVIII. should silence those who say that it is indigestible. "What," he one day asked Portal, his physician, "do you think of truffles? I wager you forbid them to the sick." "But, sire, I think them rather indigestible." "Truffles are not what foolish people think," replied the king as he finished a large plate of truffles stewed in champagne.

Those unable to indulge in such an expensive mode of preparation will rejoice

to learn that Mr. Berkeley prefers truffles roasted in the embers.

Paulet gives this recipe for *truffles à la maréchale*:—Wash thoroughly with a brush; put to each a pinch of salt, and also of black pepper; wrap them separately in several folds of greased paper; put them in an iron pot or pipkin, and cover them with red-hot embers, taking care to envelop them thoroughly by shaking; let them stand an hour; when served, retain the inner paper case.

"Most certainly," says Mrs. Hussey, "they who only know the truffle as an appendage to full-dress calves' head will acknowledge they were in perfect ignorance of its true merits when they taste it in either of the ways now recommended."

If size and the impossibility of mistaking it for anything else, combined with eminent edibility, be enough to establish the value of a fungus, the giant puff-ball (*Lycoperidium giganteum*) should be welcomed at every table, instead of being contemptuously kicked aside as something noxious. The Greeks called it *kranton* on account of its resemblance to the human skull. When eaten in its earliest stage of growth, when the pulp is white as snow, it is delicious, as we know from repeated trials. Let no one fear to eat it freely. Mr. Cooke, in his "Plain and Easy Account of British Fungi," writes thus: "A gardener brought us a large puff-ball, equal in size to a half-quartern loaf, and which was still in its young and pulpy state, of a beautiful creamy whiteness when cut. We had it cut in slices about half-an-inch in thickness, the outer skin peeled off, and each slice dipped in an egg which had been beaten up, then sprinkled with bread-crumbs, and fried in butter with salt and pepper. The result was exceedingly satisfactory; and finding this immense fungus more than we could consume whilst it remained fresh, we invited our friends to partake, and they were as delighted as ourselves with the new breakfast relish."

If any reader be persuaded to repeat the experiment, he will be led to new and profitable contemplation on the despised bounties of Providence, and will, we doubt not, make the eating of puff-balls step the first in *mycophagy*, as the learned call the eating of fungi. In order that his mycological training may be speedy and safe, we exhort him to follow our example.

Dissatisfied with feasting only on mushrooms and puff-balls, we resolved to explore a neighbouring wood in search of varied fungus fare. Accompanied by our delighted

children, ever and anon stumbling on some new fungus of rare beauty, and asking whether it might be eaten, we had soon to make a selection and come to a decision on that important point. Aided by careful study of the plates in Berkeley's "Outlines of British Fungology," and Badham's "Esculent Funguses of England," we soon arrived at the conviction that we had been fortunate enough to fall in with abundance of *Boletus edulis*, which Berkeley pronounces a most valuable article of food, and which, according to Badham, imparts a relish alike to the homely hash and the dainty ragout.

To enable our readers to identify this species of *boletus*, let them note what we add for their instruction. As Pliny long ago accurately described it, this species of *boletus* "originates in a valve or purse, in which it lies concealed as in an egg; it takes a week to pass through the various stages of its growth and declension." The thickness of the lower part of the stalk is a characteristic of the young plant. As it reaches maturity the stem elongates, and then the striking feature is the cap, which is very like a Scotch "cookie." And if, as admirably shown in Badham's third plate, you find a stumpy little fungus with a "wee cookie" perched on the top for a bonnet, you may be certain that you have found the eatable *boletus*. This parasite has such a comical look, in the eyes of children at least, that once seen it can never be mistaken for any other fungus, and not assuredly for the dangerous, though happily very unlike, *Boletus luridus*.

We proceeded homewards, joyously anticipating our first *boletus* supper. Alas! *Madame mère* was unphilosophically prudent, and had no fancy for a fungus feast, which might lead to a family funeral. The cook would have nothing to do with "thae horrid puddock-stools." At last she was coaxed to exercise her skill on the dreaded fungi. And lo! an excellent odour fills the house. The cook is overheard exclaiming, "Gudesake, thae things smell nice." By-and-by she is seen licking a spoon smeared with stewed *boletus*, while muttering, "Od! they're fine." These promising prognostics being duly reported in the dining-room, we sat down to supper confident that we were about to experience a new pleasure. Nor were we disappointed. We parted for the night highly pleased with our cheap and savoury supper, though not without some grimly facetious remarks as to the possibility of its being said of us as of the Assyrians of old, "And when they arose early in the morning, behold, they

were all dead corpses!" To tell the truth, we got an awful fright during the night. A noise in the nursery made us fear that the fungi had poisoned the children! Finding that it was a false alarm, "we slept the sleep of the just," and experienced no digestive remorse. And so confident were we as to the impossibility of mistake, that afterwards we never scrupled to eat *Boletus edulis*, even when gathered by children.

Our pigs, which liked puff-balls, would not taste *boleti* either raw or boiled in milk; owing to their being too well fed, doubtless, for it is known that the *boleti* and the truffles have no more deadly enemies than wild pigs.

As "good the more communicated the more abundant grows," we, of course, told our friends of these fungus feasts. In order to gratify the curiosity of our lamented friend, Dr. Norman Macleod, we sent him a box full of *boleti* worthy of a Dean of the Chapel Royal, and with this comical result, which he thus describes:—

"I received your puddock-stools on my return home. They were set apart by the family with mingled feelings of awe, mystery, and terror. That death was in the box was obvious to the senses, but death of what? Was it a new murder, a man's head, or a whole child, or a leg of some Briggs? I myself opened the box with one careful hand, while I held my nose with another. It was an awful evidence of the doctrine of corruption! but not of the will. And now I thank you heartily for your good-will in sending me the deadly poison, and congratulate myself on my escape."

"*Corruptio optimi pessima*," say we, adding the moral, let all fungi be eaten when perfectly fresh. One great recommendation of *Boletus edulis* is the long period during which it may be found. Abundant in autumn, it may be occasionally gathered in July. In August, and till destroyed by frost in October, it may be gathered in large quantities in the woods of Forfarshire. We have also found it in the woods of Dalhousie, near Dalkeith, and likewise in the vicinity of Forres.

Berkeley observes, "Though much neglected in this country, it appears to be a most valuable article of food. It resembles much in taste the common mushroom, and is quite as delicate; *it abounds in seasons when these are not to be found*." The words which we have written in italics furnish the last, and surely a very good reason for recommending all dwellers in the country to search for and eat this very common pore bearing fungus. Its favourite sites are woods, especially those

of the fir and the beech. We find the finest specimens, sometimes weighing nearly three pounds, growing under the ferns on the margin of a loch surrounded by these trees; and yet, though wheelbarrow-loads may be easily obtained, they are left to the snails, by which they are highly appreciated.

Should any of our readers desire to render them available as winter food they should be dried in an oven and converted into soup, as in Hungary, according to this receipt: "Having dried some *boletuses* in an oven, souse them in tepid water, thickening them with toasted bread till the whole be of the consistency of a *purée*, then rub them through a sieve, throw in some stewed *boletuses*, boil together, and serve with the usual condiments."

This "poor man's soup" is far better than "kale," as commonly eaten by the peasantry of Scotland.

Here is a daintier dish: "It may be cooked in white sauce, with or without chicken, in fricassée, brilled or baked with butter, salad oil, pepper, salt, chopped herbs, and bread crumbs; to which some add ham or a mince of anchovy. It makes excellent fritters. Some roast it with onions, basting with butter; but as these take longer to cook than the *boletus*, this must not be put down till the onions begin to soften." Only another hint gastronomical. Do not cook the green porous parts of this fungus, as it is flavourless.

If any be so smitten with its merits as to wish to introduce it into their own locality we narrate the following:—"We placed a quantity of mature *boleti* in a large watering-pot, and filled it with rain-water. In about three weeks the mass was in strong fermentation, with a frothy scum on the top, smelling—the most fertile imagination cannot guess how it smelled! This fermenting substance and liquid was deposited in various situations under oak-trees, and for five years we saw no results. The sixth year was 1847, and *Boletus edulis* was abundant everywhere. On spots where we placed the fermenting ones many very small, stunted, but very good and true *Boleti* made their appearance; whether because of the unusually good season, or as the result of our operations, we cannot tell."

This same enthusiastic student of fungi records that the only inconvenience ever experienced from eating them was caused by mushrooms artificially reared. The merit of the field mushroom is thus described—"Tender, succulent, friable, and digestible, nourished on pure earth, in air redolent of

wild thyme, by dew which might be fairies' nectar, it is so free from the impurities of city miasms, the most delicate valetudinarian need seek no further for a wholesome dish, provided he add to it no deleterious seasoning, and what seasoning can he want?"

Far be it from us to speak slightly of the few sorts of mushrooms commonly eaten in this country. Nevertheless, we must deride the rush made upon a few pink-gilled mushrooms as if of the large and important genus of *Agarics* they alone deserved to be generally eaten. Why neglect the fairy-ring mushroom, of which bushels may be gathered in certain districts, and which is, perhaps, the best of all fungi for the table, and is at the same time tender and of easy digestion? In order that our readers may be induced to enlarge their personal acquaintance with the edible fungi of this country we briefly indicate a few.

Agaricus prunulus, growing in rings about the same time in spring, placed first in Badham's series of plates as the most savoury fungus with which he is acquainted.

Agaricus procerus, growing abundantly in autumn, and occasionally through the summer. Its excellent qualities entitle it to a prominent place in the British *cuisine*. Ketchup made from it is much finer than that from the common mushroom.

Agaricus deliciosus.—As it grows rather abundantly under old Scotch firs from September till the beginning of November, many of our readers may ascertain whether it deserves to be pronounced "firm, juicy, sapid, and nutritious."

Agaricus volemum.—"Very delicious even when eaten raw" (Fries). "Found in south of England, probably more abundant in high lands. The very best of all agarics; so like kidneys that we do not believe any palate would detect the difference" (Hussey).

Agaricus vesicus. Esculent *Russula*.—"No fungus has higher pretensions to gastronomic excellence, for it is extraordinarily refined and delicious in flavour. It is not like meat in taste or consistency, but resembles crayfish, and should be fried with a little fresh butter, lightly and quickly, till dry and slightly browned" (Hussey).

Habitat.—Under oaks, &c., in old woodlands, in August and September.

Fistulina hepatica, termed "the poor man's fungus," as specimens have been met with large enough to supply a dinner to four or five people. If sliced and grilled it might pass for a good beefsteak. "If it is not beef itself it is sauce for it. Great will be

the surprise of the epicures at the quantity of gravy the steak has afforded; greater still when told that it is the simple juice of a fungus, for the similitude to the juice of beef is exact" (Hussey).

To the timid, whom fear of being poisoned keeps from fungus fare, we represent that the danger is less than is generally supposed, and that ordinary caution, after a few lessons from some one of experience, will render safe and delightful the pursuit of this interesting department of botany. Schoolmasters should take their elder pupils to the fields and woods, and make them acquainted with its characteristics. Ladies residing in the country, and complaining of its dulness, may find in it something to impart interest to a monotonous existence. As an inducement to try the experiment, we pray that they will listen to the sagacious Mrs. Hussey:

"Gathering fungi is not to be recommended to those who have not yet overcome repugnance to a little 'clean dirt.' We must confess it is puzzling to secure fungi, however rare or valuable, without some conscientious scruples when the gloves are clean. Philosophically and chemically we know that there is no such thing as *dirt*; yet substances exquisitely clean in themselves may stain, and stick, and injure, rendering fingers dirty with an earthy root, or gloves with a viscid pileus. How to carry Agarics in a cambric pocket-handkerchief without reducing them to a confused mass of heads and tails has hitherto

puzzled all adventurers on that speculation. But there is a more serious question involved; as it is very improbable that you started with two pocket-handkerchiefs, how are you to procure the use of one? The moral application of all this is, go out provided with gloves which will not be injured by contact with a toad-stool, and a tool capable of extracting even *Agaricus radiculatus* without more use of the fingers than is desirable; do not break pen-knives in digging a foot deep, leaving root and blade in juxtaposition, out of reach of that brittle bit of stick you found for a substitute. Do not throw away the pudding-like mess you have so patiently carried, because all seem spoiled. You are only tired; some may be available, and you can take a basket next time. At any rate do not finish by grumbling at Agarics and the study of them, because you have been misapplying all manner of means to gain an end they never were calculated to help you to. With fungi this may be a joke; but it is often carried into things far more important. We may neglect the 'old experience' which has attained to 'something like prophetic strain;' life passes in gaining, or, more truly, in 'buying' experience, and at last we have acquired wisdom to guide us safely, if we might pass through our career afresh. How many set off taking no thought of 'the tool' and 'the basket'! A weary journey of life is theirs! Vale! gentle reader, may you avoid the error."

NEEDLES.

REDDITCH is a very clean and beautiful little town in Worcestershire, with a population of about seven thousand. Nothing in the distant view of it, as it lies on the slopes of a gentle elevation, would give the impression that it has made itself remarkable as the centre of a very important and active industry. It is true that glimpses may be caught of a tall chimney-stalk or two; but the atmosphere is so clear, and the air of rural quiet so uninterrupted, that had you not been already aware of its unique pre-eminence, you would hardly have guessed it from such a prospect as we suppose. The bulk of its inhabitants—men, women, and children—are in one way or another connected with the needle manufacture; and it is because Redditch claims the right of making, with very slight exceptions, all the needles for the United Kingdom, as well as for many of the colonies and other

parts of the world, that we have turned off our direct road to Birmingham in order to pay it a visit. We carry a letter or two with us, to make access easier where we want it, and after a general look round the town, we walk down the hill past the post-office, towards the British Needle-mills, a solid and beautiful cluster of buildings partly erected very recently, which certainly do no little credit to the proprietors, Messrs. Samuel Thomas and Sons.

Having entered and delivered our credentials, we are received not only with kindness, but with hospitality, and opportunity is taken to convey to us some general notions of the needle manufacture—its extent, recent improvements, the raw material, the growing competition, and so on—by way of preparing us the better for the walk round the workshops, which is fixed for early next day; as in

order really to see well every stage of the process we are assured that the best part of a day will be necessary. Our present intention is, as well as we can, to enable our readers along with us to follow the interesting and varied history of a needle, as unfolded to us in the British Needle-mills under the pleasant conduct of Mr. Thomas, jun.

Much in the quality of needles depends on the wire from which they are made. This is of steel, and is mostly drawn at Sheffield in coils varying much in thickness according to the "numbers" of the needles to be made from it. When we step into the wire room at Messrs. Thomas and Sons' factory, we see wires of all sizes carefully papered suspended on bars round the walls. The thinnest seems hardly thicker than a hair; the thickest, used for packers' needles and sail-making needles, is perhaps three-quarters of an inch in circumference. This room itself is constantly kept at an equable temperature by currents of hot air, for the least damp might speedily injure the wire. The length of wire in each coil varies according to the diameter. Even for the ordinary numbers of common sewing needles, that is, from No. 1 to No. 12, there is a considerable range, twenty-two thicknesses of wire to the inch being found in the coil for needle No. 1, while in that for No. 12 there are no fewer than two hundred thicknesses. The coil of wire from which a No. 6 needle is made weighs about thirteen pounds, and when uncoiled is a mile and a quarter long, and this will produce from forty to fifty thousand needles.

The first process in the manufacture is the *cutting*. This is accomplished by means of a giant pair of shears fixed into the wall. As both the hands of the workman are required to hold firmly in the shears as many as a hundred pieces of the wire, gauged to the exact length of two needles, he brings pressure on the blades by the thigh and foot in a sort of stirrup-like contrivance. The lengths are next gathered up, and are put within two iron rings, at a certain distance apart from each other. In this position they are set on a shelf in a small furnace and remain there till they are brought to a red heat, when they are drawn out and placed on an iron plate. A piece of smooth iron is then inserted in the rings, and the wires are moved backwards and forwards, rubbing the one on the other, each being made to roll over on its own axis, till by a peculiar change in the sound caused, the workman is informed that the desired end is accomplished, the wires being now perfectly *straightened*.

These straight pieces of wire are next *pointed* at each end. And here a very admirable example of the victory of machinery presents itself. Up till quite recently the *pointing* was done by hand. At a grindstone, slightly hollowed out in the centre, sat a workman who, holding fifty or sixty of these wires in the palms of his hands, parallel to each other, presented them in such a way to the revolving stone that they were made to rotate. All parts were thus subjected equally to the influence of the stone, the wires being adjusted every few minutes against an iron plate. A good deal of skill was required in this work, and there was also some risk in it. The exposure to dust, which penetrated the chests of the workmen made this, in truth, a very trying kind of labour, and the workmen were themselves not unfrequently indifferent and disinclined to take the precautions that might have been taken to preserve health. But now, through a recent invention of a pointing-machine, which runs over the grinding-stone, that has been carefully ground hollow towards the centre, nothing is required of the workman but to put the wires regularly into a little trough, from which they pass on a kind of band into a case which is so ingeniously designed that during their almost momentary stay there they are made to rotate on the centre-hollowed stone precisely as by hand. The sitting position close to the stone is now rendered unnecessary on the part of the workman. In a large factory like that of the Messrs. Thomas a great deal of pains and care is devoted to the preparation of these stones, and not a few, as we saw good evidence of, had to be rejected as imperfect, after no little work had been spent upon them.

The *eye* of the needle is a most important point—as important as the *point* itself. Every lady knows that some needles cut and fray the thread much more than others, and that others again are very apt to snap at the eye. These faults arise mainly from want of due care in the work of the next department to which we are introduced.

We are now in what is called the *stamping* shop. The stamping machine consists of a block of stone, a bed of iron on its upper surface, on which is placed the under half of a die or stamp; while above is suspended a hammer of at least thirty pounds weight. On the face of this hammer is fixed the other half of the die in true position. The hammer is regulated by a lever, which is directed by the foot, and can be brought down with great precision upon the iron bed. The wires,

which the workman now has in his hand, are dropped one by one with the greatest exactitude into the iron bed, and by the motion of the foot the hammer is brought down at the same instant; the wires as they are released from it dropping into an iron pan kept there for the purpose. This stamping produces the channel or "gutter" in the head of the needle, and also a slight depression to indicate the exact spot for the eye. One stamper, we were informed, could do as many as 4,000 of these wires (that is, 8,000 needles) an hour, notwithstanding that each one has to be separately placed upon the *die*.

The "gutter" of the eye having been thus produced, the next process is the *piercing* of it. This is done by boys, each of whom has a little hand-press. A number of wires are taken up and spread out at the one end, and in this position they are laid flat upon an iron slab, the collected ends of the whole being kept in the hand; while at the middle they are brought through the press and, stopping for an instant at the right position, two hardened steel points descend and clip out two little bits of steel, and thus the eyes are made. This work needs good eyesight, and also very deft hands.

The work of the next department caused us a momentary surprise. A dozen or so of boys we see are busy in running two "spits" through the eyes which have just been pierced; and when these "spits" are filled, and the ends of the wires drawn tight together, they present something of the appearance of a metal comb. This operation is called *spitting*.

The next bit of work is called *fling*. Its object is to remove the raised ridge caused by the *stamping* for the eyes, which, as we see, the comb-like form presents near the middle. The needles on the "spits" are slipped under a kind of clamp, meant to hold them down firm at the edges; and this elevation is very quickly filed down by experienced men, who certainly can calculate with great precision the exact amount of pressure that is needed from the file to effect what is wanted. These ridges having been filed down, the workmen, while the wires are still on the spit, take them by the points, bend in the middle either way, and, working thus for a moment or two, the "comb" parts in halves exactly in the middle, showing us something really more like needles.

But once more the needles, notwithstanding all these manipulations, have to undergo the action of heat. Now come the *hardening* and *tempering*. After a very careful exami-

nation the needles are spread out in regular thin plates of iron, and are placed in a furnace and gradually brought up to a white heat. When they are taken from this furnace they are transferred to a perforated vessel, which is immersed in oil or in water, and here they remain till quite cool. This completes the hardening. The needles which have been immersed in oil require to be washed in some alkaline liquor, but if in water only they have simply to be dried. The tempering, which follows, is accomplished by their being placed on an iron plate, which is heated from beneath; and here they are moved about till a certain temperature has been reached.

In tempering, the action of the heat sometimes has the effect of slightly crooking the needles, and it is therefore requisite that they should be *hammered straight*. This is accomplished by women, who, seated at a long bench, with a hammer in hand, place any defective needle on a small steel block before them with a smooth surface, and by a few gentle strokes of the hammer bring it exactly straight. The lighter parts of the work such as this—in which women and boys and girls take part—are all carried on in the upper floors; but the needles in the course of their progress through the works are moved up and down several times. Now, therefore, we have to follow the needles down to the ground floor once more, to see what is perhaps the most striking and interesting of all the processes. This is the *scouring*. The needles by the exposure to fire, oil, &c., have lost the beautiful steely polish which we saw on the wire at first, and look dull, dark, and discoloured. Here we see men putting together large bundles of needles, carefully laying them all parallel to each other the long way on the piece of rough canvas on which they lie; next putting in beside them a mixture of soft soap, emery sand, and oil; and finally packing them in a long roll, which is afterwards very carefully and tightly corded. These rolls are then put under rolling machines, which are very much like the good old-fashioned mangles, but driven by steam-power—two for each machine—and the needles are thus wrought in the rolls from six to eight days, according to their quality; being, however, several times during that period taken out and washed in soap-suds, and have the soft soap, emery, and oil renewed. The dexterity with which these washings are accomplished is something really extraordinary. When the needles are taken out of the soap-suds they are put into a kind of sieve, and shaken with so

much art that the needles arrange themselves parallel to each other, and are easily lifted out and repacked up.

When they are taken out of the cloth for the last time they proceed to what is called the "bright-room," and are given in charge to a "header"—a girl whose business it is to turn all the heads one way and the points the other. It is truly astonishing to see the deftness with which this is accomplished. The needles are laid down before the "header" a mixed mass, out of which it would seem very difficult to elicit order; but in a twinkling the mass is cleft in twain so to speak, all those with heads one way being put to one side, and those with the points the same way the other. It is very easy then to lay them all one way.

The succeeding process is the drilling of the eyes. By it the eye is made perfectly smooth, and the sharp edge rubbed down, so as to lessen the risk of the thread being cut when the needle is used for sewing. The needles, after coming here, are first what is called "*blued*." This means that, before being *drilled*, they must, to a certain extent, be heated. This having been accomplished, they pass to the drilling-room, where we see a number of men and boys at work, seated at a table. The drill is a piece of steel, between three and four inches long, and works horizontally. Taking a few of the needles between the finger and thumb of his left hand, the workman spreads them out with the eyes uppermost, and brings the eye of each in turn under the drill. A skilful movement of the hand brings the opposite side to be submitted to the same process, and thus the *drilling* is accomplished.

Of course there is, in spite of all care, a proportion of broken and imperfect needles among these large bundles, and there are a series of processes by which these defects, at one or other of the later stages, are cleverly detected. First, we see a woman with a little drawer-like table in front of her, quickly rolling over and over with her finger a single stratum of needles on the slab before her. She is what is technically called "*picking for crooks*"—the crooked needle at once betraying itself when turned round on its own axis by demanding more room than its more normal neighbours. These offending members are quickly thrown aside, whilst any other little defect, such as slight spot, or the least unevenness that may be noticed, determines the descent of the needle that bears it to the category of an inferior quality. Then they are what is called *handed*, by which all that are either too long or too short are

thrown out; and again they are picked for broken points and broken eyes—a thing which the girls employed in this work accomplish with no little dispatch; the trained eye quickly recognising the peccant needles when some thousands have been tied together in a small bundle with a string round the middle of them by these marks—the broken points being white and shining, and the broken heads, on the other hand, darker than the rest. The faulty ones are picked out by catching them in the eye of a needle, and thrown aside.

In the next room to which we are conducted we see a number of little wheels in two lines fixed near the roof revolving with great rapidity. The wheels are, of course, wrought by steam, through mill-bands connected with the engine-room below. This is the "grinding" and "finishing" room. The "grinder" taking in both hands a number of needles, deftly applies them to the quickly revolving stone in front of him, and thus grinds down any little roughness on the head or the point of the needle; while the "polishers," by bringing every part of the needles over a wheel of wood coated by a roll of buff leather touched with polishing paste and moving as swiftly as the other, gives to them a very clear and brilliant polish. The dexterity shown in these branches of the work is truly astonishing.

Then, as a last touch, the needles are rubbed between chamois leathers, to remove any stain or marks that may have been left by the hands of the former workers, and the needle is now ready for the *packing*, in which department also there is a vast deal of care, deftness, and system; Messrs. S. Thomas and Sons having a number of beautiful machines for cutting and folding up to the exact size the little coloured papers with which ladies are so familiar. So expert do the women become by constant practice in papering and counting that some of them can count and paper three thousand needles in an hour.

One word may perhaps be allowed us on the truly admirable condition of the Messrs. Thomas' workshops. They are capacious, well lighted, well ventilated, and the healthy and happy looks of the workers—especially of the boys and girls—suffice to prove that the employers here have, in their rebuilding, been very much alive to the conditions of health, as they have been in other ways careful for the welfare of those in their service.

We have followed only the regular stream

of ordinary manufacture at the British Needle-mills; for space would fail us to tell of the exceptional, but always interesting pieces of work which vary the ordinary out-turn. We saw sail-making needles of most admirable temper and gigantic size, as well as packing needles, like small bayonets, besides other exceptional "makes," either finished or in course of manufacture; for it would seem as though the machinery were here almost as adaptive as the elephant's trunk, equally capable of manipulating what is hardly visible or what is ponderous in weight. The manufacture of fish-hooks, which forms a considerable item in the work done here, might of itself furnish material for a longer article than the present, though in much the

making of the fish-hook is similar to that of the needle, passing through about as many stages. When we inform our readers that something like two hundred millions of the *best* needles are annually made at the British Needle-mills, besides a large proportion of a second quality, and also several millions of needles of exceptional form and size, varying from the smallest glove-needles, almost as thin as a hair and hardly an inch long, to the gigantic sail and packing implements we have referred to above, some faint notion can perhaps be formed of the inconceivable number of needles, which must year by year be manufactured in the British Islands, while the industry is now also very large in France and Germany and in America. H. A. PAGE.

LONG AFTER.

DOES he remember that fair evening plucked
 Out of the very heart of gracious June:
 We walked through silent lines and meadows bathed
 In the white glory of the summer moon?

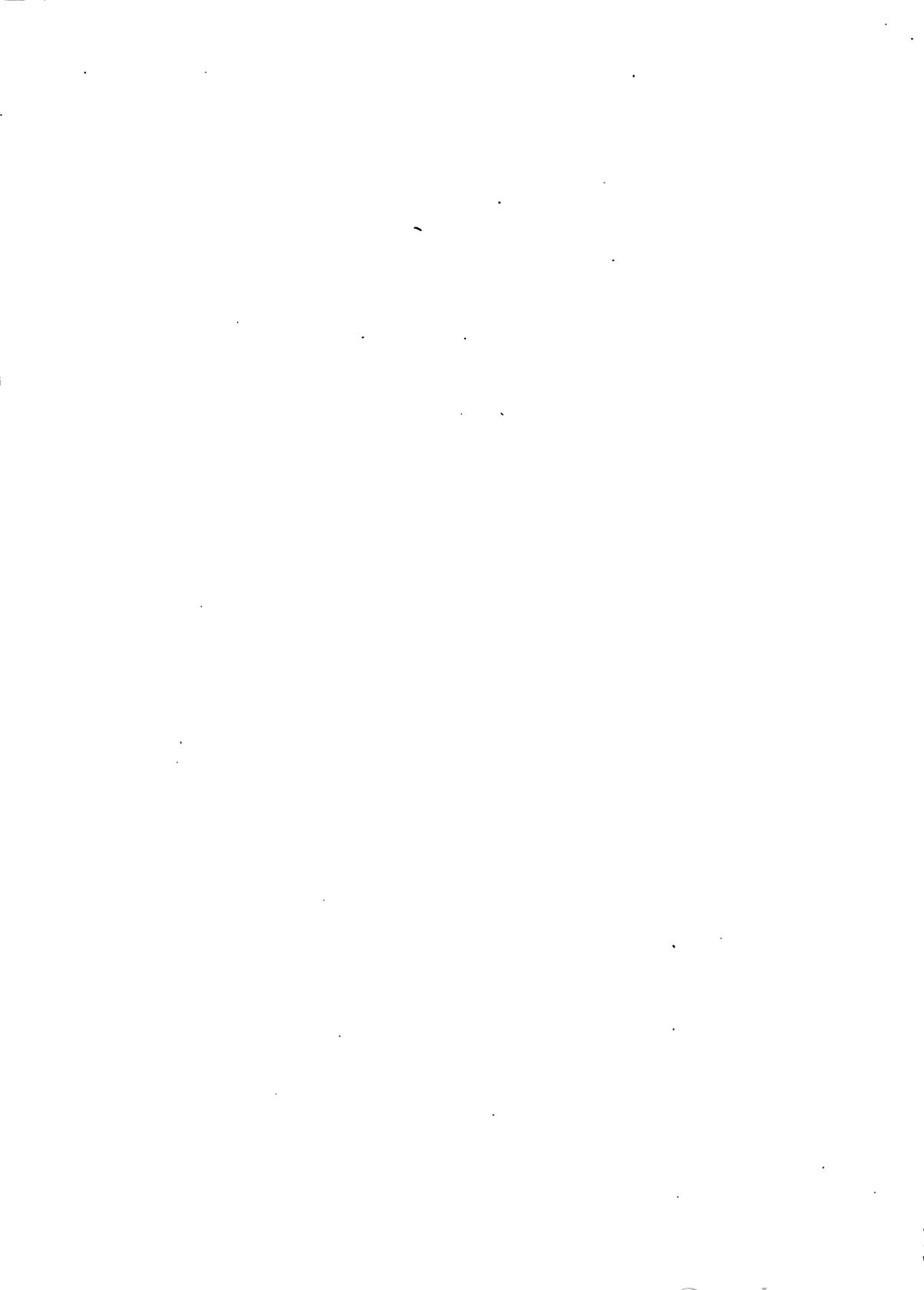
The cottage, half in shadow, where the scent
 Of honeysuckle grew so subtly sweet,
 And how the watch-dog bayed, and suddenly
 The crickets loudly chirped beneath our feet?

Just where the little trembling stream
 Splashed its white feathers o'er the rocky ledge,
 He stopped to pull me roses, wild and sweet,
 Trailing in thorny garlands from the hedge.

And there we lost the quiet evening's peace,
 With angry eyes averted homeward came;
 Yet though I was so troubled, did he know
 I closely clasped his roses all the same?

And when our Good-night came, I could not bear
 In such unkind displeasure thus to part;
 And longing so for peace, I nearer drew
 And laid my drooping flowers upon his heart.

And as those roses on that summer eve
 Told what my lips could never, never say,
 Forth from the silence and the pain of years
 My heart goes out and claims his heart to-day.





“MACLEOD OF DARE.”

MACLEOD OF DARE.*

By WILLIAM BLACK, AUTHOR OF "MADCAP VIOLET," "A PRINCESS OF THULE," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXII.—HAMISH.

AND now—look! The sky is as blue as the heart of a sapphire, and the sea would be as blue too, only for the glad white of the rippling waves. And the wind is as soft as the winnowing of a sea-gull's wing; and green, green are the laughing shores of Ulva! The bride is coming. All around the coast the people are on the alert; Donald in his new finery; Hamish half frantic with excitement; the crew of the *Umpire* down at the quay; and the scarlet flag fluttering from the top of the white pole. And behold!—as the cry goes along that the steamer is in sight, what is this strange thing? She comes clear out from the Sound of Iona; but who has ever seen before that long line running from her stem to her topmast and down again to her stern?

"Oh, Keith," Janet Macleod cried, with sudden tears starting to her eyes, "do you know what Captain Macallum has done for you? The steamer has got all her flags out!"

Macleod flushed red.

"Well, Janet," said he, "I wrote to Captain Macallum, and I asked him to be so good as to pay them some little attention; but who was to know that he would do that?"

"And a very proper thing too," said Major Stewart, who was standing hard by. "A very pretty compliment to strangers; and you know you have not many visitors coming to Castle Dare."

The Major spoke in a matter-of-fact way. Why should not the steamer show her bunting in honour of Macleod's guests? But all the same the gallant soldier, as he stood and watched the steamer coming along, became a little bit excited too; and he whistled to himself, and tapped his toe on the ground. It was a fine air he was whistling. It was all about breast-knots!

"Into the boat with you now, lads!" Macleod called out; and first of all to go down to the steps was Donald; and the silver and cairngorms on his pipes were burnished so that they shone like diamonds in the sunlight; and he wore his cap so far on one side that nobody could understand how it did not fall off. Macleod was alone in the stern. Away the white boat went through the blue waves.

"Put your strength into it now," said he,

* The right of translation is reserved.

in the Gaelic, "and show them how the Mull lads can row!"

And then again—

"Steady now! Well rowed all!"

And here are all the people crowding to one side of the steamer to see the strangers off; and the captain is on the bridge; and Sandy is at the open gangway; and at the top of the iron steps—there is only one Macleod sees—all in white and blue—and he has caught her eyes—at last, at last!

He seized the rope, and sprang up the iron ladder.

"Welcome to you, sweetheart!" said he in a low voice, and his trembling hand grasped hers.

"How do you, Keith?" said she. "Must we go down these steps?"

He had no time to wonder over the coldness—the petulance almost—of her manner; for he had to get both father and daughter safely conducted into the stern of the boat; and their luggage had to be got in; and he had to say a word or two to the steward; and finally he had to hand down some loaves of bread to the man next him, who placed them in the bottom of the boat.

"The commissariat arrangements are primitive," said Mr. White in an undertone to his daughter; but she made no answer to his words or his smile. But indeed, even if Macleod had overheard, he would have taken no shame to himself that he had secured a supply of white bread for his guests. Those who had gone yachting with Macleod—Major Stewart, for example, or Norman Ogilvie—had soon learned not to despise their host's highly practical acquaintance with tinned meats, pickles, condensed milk, and such-like things. Who was it had proposed to erect a monument to him for his discovery of the effect of introducing a leaf of lettuce steeped in vinegar between the folds of a sandwich?

Then he jumped down into the boat again; and the great steamer steamed away; and the men struck their oars into the water.

"We will soon take you ashore now," said he with a glad light on his face; but so excited was he that he could scarcely get the tiller-ropes right; and certainly he knew not what he was saying. And as for her—why was she so silent after the long separation? Had she no word at all for the lover who had so hungered for her coming?

And then Donald, perched high at the

bow, broke away into his wild welcome of her; and there was a sound now louder than the calling of the sea-birds and the rushing of the seas. And if the English lady knew that this proud and shrill strain had been composed in honour of her, would it not bring some colour of pleasure to the pale face? So thought Donald at least; and he had his eyes fixed on her as he played as he had never played before that day. And if she did not know the cunning modulations and the clever fingering, Macleod knew them; and the men knew them; and after they got ashore they would say to him—

“Donald, that was a good pibroch you played for the English lady.”

But what was the English lady's thanks? Donald had not played over sixty seconds when she turned to Macleod and said—

“Keith, I wish you would stop him. I have a headache.”

And so Macleod called out at once, in the lad's native tongue. But Donald could not believe this thing—though he had seen the strange lady turn to Sir Keith. And he would have continued had not one of the men turned to him and said—

“Donald, do you not hear? Put down the pipes.”

For an instant the lad looked dumbfounded; then he slowly took down the pipes from his shoulder and put them beside him, and then he turned his face to the bow so that no one should see the tears of wounded pride that had sprang to his eyes. And Donald said no word to any one till they got ashore; and he went away by himself to Castle Dare, with his head bent down, and his pipes under his arm; and when he was met at the door by Hamish, who angrily demanded why he was not down at the quay with his pipes, he only said—

“There is no need of me or my pipes any more at Dare; and it is somewhere else that I will now go with my pipes.”

But meanwhile Macleod was greatly concerned to find his sweetheart so cold and distant; and it was all in vain that he pointed out to her the beauties of this summer day—that he showed her the various islands he had often talked about, and called her attention to the skarts sitting on the Erisgeir rocks, and asked her—seeing that she sometimes painted a little in water-colour—whether she noticed the peculiar clear, intense, and luminous blue of the shadows in the great cliffs which they were approaching. Surely no day could have been more auspicious for her coming to Dare?

“The sea did not make you ill?” he said.

“Oh no,” she answered; and that was true enough, though it had produced in her agonizing fears of becoming ill which had somewhat ruffled her temper. And besides she had a headache. And then she had a nervous fear of small boats.

“It is a very small boat to be out in the open sea,” she remarked, looking at the long and shapely gig that was cleaving the summer waves.

“Not on a day like this surely,” said he, laughing. “But we will make a good sailor of you before you leave Dare, and you will think yourself safer in a boat like this than in a big steamer. Do you know that the steamer you came in, big as it is, draws only five feet of water?”

If he had told her that the steamer drew five tons of coal she could just as well have understood him. Indeed, she was not paying much attention to him. She had an eye for the biggest of the waves that were running by the side of the white boat.

But she plucked up her spirits somewhat on getting ashore; and she made the prettiest of little curtseys to Lady Macleod; and she shook hands with Major Stewart, and gave him a charming smile; and she shook hands with Janet too, whom she regarded with a quick scrutiny. So this was the cousin that Keith Macleod was continually praising?

“Miss White has a headache, mother,” Macleod said, eager to account beforehand for any possible constraint in her manner. “Shall we send for the pony?”

“Oh no,” Miss White said, looking up to the bare walls of Dare. “I shall be very glad to have a short walk now. Unless you, papa, would like to ride?”

“Certainly not—certainly not,” said Mr. White, who had been making a series of formal remarks to Lady Macleod about his impressions of the scenery of Scotland.

“We will get you a cup of tea,” said Janet Macleod, gently, to the new-comer, “and you will lie down for a little time, and I hope the sound of the waterfall will not disturb you. It is a long way you have come; and you will be very tired, I am sure.”

“Yes, it is a pretty long way,” she said; but she wished this over-friendly woman would not treat her as if she were a spoiled child. And no doubt they thought, because she was English, she could not walk up to the farther end of that fir-wood.

So they all set out for Castle Dare; and Macleod was now walking—as many a time he had dreamed of his walking—with his beautiful sweetheart; and there were the very

ferns that he thought she would admire ; and here the very point in the fir-wood where he would stop her and ask her to look out on the blue sea, with Inch Kenneth, and Ulva, and Staffa all lying in the sunlight, and the razor-fish of land—Coll and Tiree—at the horizon. But instead of being proud and glad, he was almost afraid. He was so anxious that everything should please her that he dared scarce bid her look at anything. He had himself superintended the mending of the steep path ; but even now the recent rains had left some puddles. Would she not consider the moist warm odours of this larch-wood as too oppressive ?

“What is that ?” she said suddenly.

There was a sound far below them of the striking of oars in the water, and another sound of one or two men monotonously chanting a rude sort of chorus.

“They are taking the gig on to the yacht,” said he.

“But what are they singing ?”

“Oh, that is *Fhir a bhata*,” said he, “it is the common boat-song. It means, *Good-bye to you, boatman, a hundred times, wherever you may be going.*”

“It is very striking—very effective, to hear singing and not see the people,” she said. “It is the very prettiest introduction to a scene ; I wonder it is not oftener used. Do you think they could write me down the words and music of that song ?”

“Oh no, I think not,” said he, with a nervous laugh. “But you will find something like it, no doubt, in your book.”

So they passed on through the plantation ; and at last they came to an open glade ; and here was a deep chasm spanned by a curious old bridge of stone almost hidden by ivy ; and there was a brawling stream dashing down over the rocks and flinging spray all over the briars, and queen of the meadow, and foxgloves on either bank.

“That is very pretty,” said she ; and then he was eager to tell her that this little glen was even more beautiful when the rowan-trees showed their rich clusters of scarlet berries.

“Those bushes there, you mean,” said she. “The mountain-ash.”

“Yes.”

“Ah,” she said, “I never see those scarlet berries without wishing I was a dark woman. If my hair were black, I would wear nothing else in it.”

By this time they had climbed well up the cliff ; and presently they came on the open plateau on which stood Castle Dare, with its

gaunt walls, and its rambling courtyards, and its stretch of damp lawn with a few fuchsia-bushes and orange-lilies that did not give a very ornamental look to the place.

“We have had heavy rains of late,” he said hastily ; he hoped the house and its surroundings did not look too dismal.

And when they went inside and passed through the sombre dining-hall, with its huge fire-place, and its dark weapons, and its few portraits dimly visible in the dusk, he said—

“It is very gloomy in the day-time ; but it is more cheerful at night.”

And when they reached the small drawing-room he was anxious to draw her attention away from the antiquated furniture and the nondescript decoration by taking her to the window and showing her the great breadth of the summer sea, with the far islands, and the brown-sailed boat of the Gometra men coming back from Staffa. But presently in came Janet ; and would take the fair stranger away to her room ; and was as attentive to her as if the one were a great princess, and the other a meek serving-woman. And by-and-by Macleod, having seen his other guest provided for, went into the library and shut himself in, and sate down—in a sort of stupor. He could almost have imagined that the whole business of the morning was a dream ; so strange did it seem to him that Gertrude White should be living and breathing under the same roof with himself.

Nature herself seemed to have conspired with Macleod to welcome and charm this fair guest. He had often spoken to her of the sunsets that shone over the western seas ; and he had wondered whether, during her stay in the north, she would see some strange sight that would remain for ever a blaze of colour in her memory. And now on this very first evening there was a spectacle seen from the high windows of Dare that filled her with astonishment and caused her to send quickly for her father, who was burrowing among the old armour. The sun had just gone down. The western sky was of the colour of a soda-water bottle become glorified ; and in this vast breadth of shining clear green lay one long island of cloud—a pure scarlet. Then the sky overhead and the sea far below them were both of a soft roseate purple ; and Fladda and Staffa and Lunga, out at the horizon, were almost black against that flood of green light. When he asked her if she had brought her water-colours with her, she smiled. She was not likely to attempt to put anything like that down on paper.

Then they adjourned to the big hall, which

was now lit up with candles; and Major Stewart had remained to dinner: and the gallant soldier, glad to have a merry evening away from his sighing wife, did his best to promote the cheerfulness of the party. Moreover Miss White had got rid of her headache, and showed a greater brightness of face; so that both the old lady at the head of the table and her niece Janet had to confess to themselves that this English girl who was like to tear Keith Macleod away from them was very pretty, and had an amiable look, and was soft and fine and delicate in her manners and speech. The charming simplicity of her costume, too: had anybody ever seen a dress more beautiful with less pretence of attracting notice? Her very hands: they seemed objects fitted to be placed on a cushion of blue velvet under a glass shade, so white and small and perfectly formed were they. That was what the kindly-hearted Janet thought. She did not ask herself how these hands would answer if called upon to help—amid the grime and smoke of a shepherd's hut—the shepherd's wife to patch together a pair of homespun trowsers for the sailor-son coming back from the sea.

"And now," said Keith Macleod to his fair neighbour, when Hamish had put the claret and the whisky on the table, "since your head is well now, would you like to hear the pipes? It is an old custom of the house. My mother would think it strange to have it omitted," he added in a lower voice.

"Oh, if it is a custom of the house," she said coldly—for she thought it was inconsiderate of him to risk bringing back her headache—"I have no objection whatever."

And so he turned to Hamish and said something in the Gaelic. Hamish replied in English, and loud enough for Miss White to hear.

"It is no pibroch there will be this night, for Donald is away."

"Away?"

"Ay, just that. When he wass come back from the boat, he will say to me, 'Hamish, it is no more of me or my pipes they want at Dare; and I am going away; and they can get some one else to play the pipes.' And I wass saying to him then, 'Donald, do not be a foolish lad; and if the English lady will not want the pibroch you made for her, perhaps at another time she will want it.' And now, Sir Keith, it is Maggie MacFarlane; she wass coming up from Loch-na-Keal this afternoon, and who was it she will meet but our Donald, and he wass saying to her, 'It

is to Tobermory now that I am going, Maggie; and I will try to get a ship there; for it is no more of me or my pipes they will want at Dare.'"

This was Hamish's story; and the keen hawk-like eye of him was fixed on the English lady's face all the time he spoke in his struggling and halting fashion.

"Confound the young rascal," Macleod said, with his face grown red. "I suppose I shall have to send a messenger to Tobermory and apologize to him for interrupting him to-day." And then he turned to Miss White. "They are like a set of children," he said, "with their pride and petulance."

This is all that needs be said about the manner of Miss White's coming to Dare, besides these two circumstances. First of all, whether it was that Macleod was too flurried, and Janet too busy, and Lady Macleod too indifferent to attend to such trifles, the fact remains that no one, on Miss White's entering the house, had thought of presenting her with a piece of white heather, which, as every one knows, gives good health and good fortune and a long life to your friend. Again, Hamish seemed to have acquired a serious prejudice against her from the very outset. That night, when Castle Dare was asleep, and the old dame Christina and her husband were seated by themselves in the servants' room, and Hamish was having his last pipe, and both were talking over the great events of the day, Christina said, in her native tongue,—

"And what do you think now of the English lady, Hamish?"

Hamish answered with an old and sinister saying: "*A fool would he be that would burn his harp to warm her.*"

CHAPTER XXXIII.—THE GRAVE OF MACLEOD OF MACLEOD.

THE monotonous sound of the waterfall, so far from disturbing the new guest of Castle Dare, only soothed her to rest; and after the various fatigues—if not the emotions—of the day, she slept well. But in the very midst of the night she was startled by some loud commotion that seemed to prevail both within and without the house; and when she was fully awakened it appeared to her that the whole earth was being shaken to pieces in the storm. The wind howled in the chimneys; the rain dashed on the window-panes with a rattle as of musketry; far below she could hear the awful booming of the Atlantic breakers. The gusts that drove against the high house seemed ready to tear it from

its foothold of rock and whirl it inland; or was it the sea itself that was rising in its thunderous power to sweep away this bauble from the face of the mighty cliffs? And then the wild and desolate morning that followed! Through the bewilderment of the running water on the panes she looked abroad on the tempest-riven sea—a slate-coloured waste of hurrying waves with wind-swept streaks of foam on them; and on the lowering and ever-changing clouds. The fuchsia-bushes on the lawn tossed and bent before the wind; the few orange-lilies, wet as they were, burned like fire in this world of cold greens and greys. And then as she stood and gazed, she made out the only sign of life that was visible. There was a cornfield below the larch-plantation; and though the corn was all laid flat by the wet and the wind, a cow and her calf that had strayed into the field seemed to have no difficulty in finding a rich moist breakfast. Then a small girl appeared, vainly trying with one hand to keep her kerchief on her head, while with the other she threw stones at the marauders. By-and-by even these disappeared; and there was nothing visible outside but that hurrying and desolate sea, and the wet, bedraggled, comfortless shore. She turned away with a shudder.

All that day Keith Macleod was in despair. As for himself, he would have had sufficient joy in the mere consciousness of the presence of this beautiful creature. His eyes followed her with a constant delight; whether she took up a book, or examined the cunning spring of a sixteenth-century dagger, or turned to the dripping panes. He would have been content even to sit and listen to Mr. White sententiously lecturing Lady Macleod about the Renaissance, knowing that from time to time those beautiful tender eyes would meet his. But what would she think of it? Would she consider this the normal condition of life in the Highlands—this being boxed up in an old-fashioned room, with doors and windows firmly closed against the wind and the wet, with a number of people trying to keep up some sort of social intercourse and not very well succeeding? She had looked at the portraits in the dining-hall—looming darkly from their black backgrounds, though two or three were in resplendent uniforms; she had examined all his trophies of the chase—skins, horns, and what not—in the outer corridor; she had opened the piano, and almost started back from the discords produced by the feebly jangling old keys.

“You do not cultivate music much,” she had said to Janet Macleod, with a smile.

“No,” answered Janet seriously. “We have but little use for music here—except to sing to a child now and again—and you know you do not want the piano for that.”

And then the return to the cold window, with the constant rain and the beating of the white surge on the black rocks. The imprisonment became torture—became maddening. What if he were suddenly to murder this old man and stop for ever his insufferable prising about Berna da Siena and Andrea Mantegna? It seemed so strange to hear him talk of the unearthly calm of Raphael’s “St. Michael”—of the beautiful still landscape of it, and the mysterious joy on the face of the angel—and to listen at the same moment to the wild roar of the Atlantic around the rocks of Mull. If Macleod had been alone with the talker, he might have gone to sleep. It was like the tolling of a bell. “The artist passes away, but he leaves his soul behind . . . we can judge by his work of the joy he must have experienced in creation, of the splendid dreams that have visited him, of the triumph of completion. . . . Life without an object—a pursuit demanding the sacrifice of our constant care—what is it? The existence of a pig is nobler—a pig is of some use. . . . We are independent of weather in a great city; we do not need to care for the seasons; you take a hansom and drive to the National Gallery, and there all at once you find yourself in the soft Italian climate, with the most beautiful women and great heroes of chivalry all around you, and with those quaint and loving presentations of sacred stories that tell of a time when art was proud to be the meek handmaid of religion. Oh, my dear Lady Macleod, there is a ‘Holy Family’ of Giotto’s—”

So it went on; and Macleod grew sick at heart to think of the impression that this funereal day must have had on the mind of his Fair Stranger. But as they sate at dinner that evening, Hamish came in and said a few words to his master. Instantly Macleod’s face lighted up; and quite a new animation came into his manner.

“Do you know what Hamish says?” he cried,—“that the night is quite fine! And Hamish has heard our talking of seeing the cathedral at Iona by moonlight; and he says the moon will be up by ten. And what do you say to running over now? You know we cannot take you in the yacht, for there is no good anchorage at Iona; but we can

take you in a very good and safe boat ; and it will be an adventure to go out in the night time."

It was an adventure that neither Mr. White nor his daughter seemed too eager to undertake ; but the urgent vehemence of the young man—who had discovered that it was a fine and clear starlit night—soon overcame their doubts ; and there was a general hurry of preparation. The desolation of the day, he eagerly thought, would be forgotten in the romance of this night excursion. And surely she would be charmed by the beauty of the starlit sky, and the loneliness of the voyage, and their wandering over the ruins in the solemn moonlight ?

Thick boots and waterproofs : these were his peremptory instructions. And then he led the way down the slippery path ; and he had a tight hold of her arm ; and if he talked to her in a low voice so that none should overhear—it is the way of lovers under the silence of the stars. They reached the pier, and the wet stone steps ; and here, despite the stars, it was so dark that perforce she had to permit him to lift her off the lowest step and place her in security in what seemed to her a great hole of some kind or other. She knew, however, that she was in a boat ; for there was a swaying hither and thither even in this sheltered corner. She saw other figures arrive—black between her and the sky—and she heard her father's voice above. Then he, too, got into the boat ; the two men forward hauled up the huge lug sail ; and presently there was a rippling line of sparkling white stars on each side of the boat, burning for a second or two on the surface of the black water.

"I don't know who is responsible for this madness," Mr. White said—and the voice from inside the great waterproof coat sounded as if it meant to be jocular—"but really, Gerty, to be on the open Atlantic, in the middle of the night, in an open boat—"

"My dear sir," Macleod said, laughing, "you are as safe as if you were in bed. But I am responsible in the meantime, for I have the tiller. Oh, we shall be over in plenty of time to be clear of the banks."

"What did you say ?"

"Well," Macleod admitted, "there are some banks, you know, in the Sound of Iona ; and on a dark night they are a little awkward when the tide is low—but I am not going to frighten you—"

"I hope we shall have nothing much worse than this," said Mr. White, seriously.

For indeed the sea, after the squally morn-

ing, was running pretty high ; and occasionally a cloud of spray came rattling over the bows, causing Macleod's guests to pull their waterproofs still more tightly round their necks. But what mattered the creaking of the cordage, and the plunging of the boat, and the rushing of the seas, so long as that beautiful clear sky shone overhead ?

"Gertrude," said he in a low voice, "do you see the phosphorus-stars on the waves ? I never saw them burn more brightly."

"They are very beautiful," said she. "When do we get to land, Keith ?"

"Oh, pretty soon," said he. "You are not anxious to get to land ?"

"It is stormier than I expected."

"Oh, this is nothing," said he. "I thought you would enjoy it."

However, that summer night's sail was like to prove a tougher business than Keith Macleod had bargained for. They had been out scarcely twenty minutes when Miss White heard the man at the bow call out something, which she could not understand, to Macleod. She saw him crane his neck forward, as if looking ahead ; and she herself, looking in that direction, could perceive that from the horizon almost to the zenith the stars had become invisible.

"It may be a little bit squally," he said to her, "but we shall soon be under the lee of Iona. Perhaps you had better hold on to something."

The advice was not ill-timed ; for almost as he spoke the first gust of the squall struck the boat, and there was a sound as if everything had been torn asunder and sent overboard. Then, as she righted just in time to meet the crash of the next wave, it seemed as though the world had grown perfectly black around them. The terrified woman seated there could no longer make out Macleod's figure ; it was impossible to speak amid this roar ; it almost seemed to her that she was alone with those howling winds and heaving waves—at night on the open sea. The wind rose, and the sea too ; she heard the men call out and Macleod answer ; and all the time the boat was creaking and groaning as she was flung high on the mighty waves, only to go staggering down into the awful troughs behind.

"Oh, Keith," she cried—and involuntarily she seized his arm—"are we in danger ?"

He could not hear what she said ; but he understood the mute appeal. Quickly disengaging his arm—for it was the arm that was working the tiller—he called to her—

"We are all right. If you are afraid, get to the bottom of the boat!"

But unhappily she did not hear this; for as he called to her a heavy sea struck the bows, sprung high in the air, and then fell over them in a deluge which nearly choked her. She understood, though, his throwing away her hand. It was the triumph of brute selfishness in the moment of danger. They were drowning; and he would not let her come near him! And so she shrieked aloud for her father.

Hearing those shrieks Macleod called to one of the two men, who came stumbling along in the dark and got hold of the tiller. There was a slight lull in the storm; and he caught her two hands and held her.

"Gertrude, what is the matter? You are perfectly safe; and so is your father. For Heaven's sake keep still: if you get up, you will be knocked overboard!"

"Where is papa?" she cried.

"I am here—I am all right, Gerty," was the answer—which came from the bottom of the boat, into which Mr. White had very prudently slipped.

And then, as they got under the lee of the island, they found themselves in smoother water, though from time to time squalls came over that threatened to flatten the great lug-sail right on to the waves.

"Come now, Gertrude," said Macleod, "we shall be ashore in a few minutes; and you are not frightened of a squall?"

He had his arm round her; and he held her tight; but she did not answer. At last she saw a light—a small, glimmering orange thing that quivered apparently a hundred miles off.

"See!" he said. "We are close by. And it may clear up to-night after all."

Then he shouted to one of the men:

"Sandy, we will not try the quay the night: we will go into the Martyr's Bay."

"Ay, ay, sir."

It was about a quarter of an hour afterwards that—almost benumbed with fear—she discovered that the boat was in smooth water; and then there was a loud clatter of the sail coming down; and she heard the two sailors calling to each other, and one of them seemed to have got overboard. There was absolutely nothing visible—not even a distant light; but it was raining heavily. Then she knew that Macleod had moved away from her; and she thought she heard a splash in the water; and then a voice beside her said—

"Gertrude, will you get up? You must let me carry you ashore."

And she found herself in his arms, carried as lightly as though she had been a young lamb or a fawn from the hills; but she knew from the slow way of his walking that he was going through the sea. Then he set her on the shore.

"Take my hand," said he.

"But where is papa?"

"Just behind us," said he, "on Sandy's shoulders. Sandy will bring him along. Come, darling."

"But where are we going?"

"There is a little inn near the Cathedral. And perhaps it will clear up to-night; and we will have a fine sail back again to Dare."

She shuddered. Not for ten thousand worlds would she pass through once more that seething pit of howling sounds and raging seas.

He held her arm firmly; and she stumbled along through the darkness, not knowing whether she was walking through seaweed, or pools of water, or wet corn. And at last they came to a door; and the door was opened; and there was a blaze of orange light; and they entered—all dripping and unrecognisable—the warm, snug little place, to the astonishment of a handsome young lady who proved to be their hostess.

"Dear me, Sir Keith," said she at length, "is it you indeed! And you will not be going back to Dare to-night."

In fact, when Mr. White arrived, it was soon made evident that going back to Dare that night was out of the question; for somehow or other the old gentleman, despite his waterproofs, had managed to get soaked through; and he was determined to go to bed at once, so as to have his clothes dried. And so the hospitalities of the little inn were requisitioned to the utmost; and as there was no whisky to be had, they had to content themselves with hot tea; and then they all retired to rest for the night, convinced that the moonlight visitation of the ruins had to be postponed.

But next day—such are the rapid changes in the Highlands—broke blue and fair and shining; and Miss Gertrude White was amazed to find that the awful Sound she had come along on the previous night was now brilliant in the most beautiful colours—for the tide was low, and the yellow sand-banks were shining through the blue waters of the sea. And would she not, seeing that the boat was lying down at the quay now, sail round the island, and see the splendid sight of the Atlantic breaking on the wild coast on the western side? She hesitated; and then,

when it was suggested that she might walk across the island, she eagerly accepted that alternative. They set out, on this hot, bright, beautiful day.

But where he, eager to please her and show the beauties of the Highlands, saw lovely white sands, and smiling plains of verdure, and far views of the sunny sea, she only saw loneliness, and desolation, and a constant threatening of death from the fierce Atlantic. Could anything have been more beautiful—he said to himself—than this magnificent scene that lay all around her when they reached a far point on the western shore?—in face of them the wildly-rushing seas, coming thundering on to the rocks, and springing so high into the air that the snow-white foam showed black against the glare of the sky; the nearer islands gleaming with a touch of brown on their sunward side; the Dutchman's Cap, with its long brim and conical centre, and Lunga, also like a cap, but with a shorter brim and a high peak in front, becoming a trifle blue; then Coll and Tìree lying like a pale stripe on the horizon; while far away in the north the mountains of Rum and Skye were faint and spectral in the haze of the sunlight. Then the wild coast around them; with its splendid masses of granite; and its spare grass a brown-green in the warm sun; and its bays of silver sand; and its sea-birds whiter than the white clouds that came sailing over the blue. She recognised only the awfulness and the loneliness of that wild shore; with its suggestions of crashing storms in the night-time and the cries of drowning men dashed helplessly on the cruel rocks. She was very silent all the way back; though he told her stories of the fairies that used to inhabit those sandy and grassy plains.

And could anything have been more magical than the beauty of that evening, after the storm had altogether died away? The red sunset sank behind the dark olive green of the hills; a pale, clear twilight took its place, and shone over those mystic ruins that were the object of many a thought and many a pilgrimage in the far past and forgotten years; and then the stars began to glimmer as the distant shores and the sea grew dark; and then, still later on, a wonderful radiance rose behind the low hills of Mull, and across the waters of the Sound came a belt of quivering light as the white moon sailed slowly up into the sky. Would they venture out now, into the silence? There was an odour of new-mown hay in the night air. Far away they could hear the

murmuring of the waves around the rocks. They did not speak a word as they walked along to those solemn ruins overlooking the sea, that were now a mass of mysterious shadow, except where the eastern walls and the tower were touched by the silvery light that had just come into the heavens.

And in silence they entered the still churchyard too; and passed the graves. The buildings seemed to rise above them in a darkened majesty; before them was a portal through which a glimpse of the moonlit sky was visible. Would they enter, then?

"I am almost afraid," she said, in a low voice to her companion, and the hand on his arm trembled.

But no sooner had she spoken than there was a sudden sound in the night that caused her heart to jump. All over them and around them, as it seemed, there was a wild uproar of wings; and the clear sky above them was darkened by a cloud of objects wheeling this way and that, until at length they swept by overhead as if blown by a whirlwind, and crossed the clear moonlight in a dense body. She had quickly clung to him in her fear.

"It is only the jackdaws—there are hundreds of them," he said to her; but even his voice sounded strange in this hollow building.

For they had now entered by the open doorway; and all around them were the tall and crumbling pillars, and the arched windows, and ruined walls, here and there catching the sharp light of the moonlight, here and there showing soft and grey with a reflected light, with spaces of black shadow which led to unknown recesses. And always overhead the clear sky with its pale stars; and always, far away, the melancholy sound of the sea.

"Do you know where you are standing now?" said he, almost sadly. "You are standing on the grave of Macleod of Macleod."

She started aside with a slight exclamation.

"I do not think they bury any one in here now," said he gently. And then he added, "Do you know that I have chosen the place for my grave? It is away out at one of the Treshnish islands; it is a bay looking to the west; there is no one living on that island. It is only a fancy of mine—to rest for ever and ever with no sound around you but the sea and the winds—no step coming near you, and no voice but the waves."

"Oh, Keith, you should not say such things: you frighten me," she said in a trembling voice.

Another voice broke in upon them, harsh and pragmatical.

"Do you know, Sir Keith," said Mr. White briskly, "that the moonlight is clear enough to let you make out this plan? But I can't get the building to correspond. This is the chancel, I believe; but where are the cloisters?"

"I will show you," Macleod said; and he led his companion through the silent and solemn place, her father following. In the darkness they passed through an archway, and were about to step out on to a piece of grass, when suddenly Miss White uttered a wild scream of terror and sank helplessly to the ground. She had slipped from his arm, but in an instant he had caught her again and had raised her on his bended knee, and was calling to her with kindly words.

"Gertrude, Gertrude," he said, "what is the matter? Won't you speak to me?"

And just as she was pulling herself together the innocent cause of this commotion was discovered. It was a black lamb that had come up in the most friendly manner, and had rubbed its head against her hand to attract her notice.

"Gertrude, see—it is only a lamb! It comes up to me every time I visit the ruins; look!"

And, indeed, she was mightily ashamed of herself; and pretended to be vastly interested in the ruins; and was quite charmed with the view of the Sound in the moonlight, with the low hills beyond now grown quite black; but all the same she was very silent as they walked back to the inn. And she was pale and thoughtful, too, while they were having their frugal supper of bread and milk; and very soon pleading fatigue, she retired. But all the same, when Mr. White went up-stairs, some time after, he had been but a short while in his room when he heard a tapping at the door. He said, "Come in," and his daughter entered. He was surprised by the curious look of her face—a sort of piteous look, as of one ill at ease, and yet ashamed to speak.

"What is it, child?" said he.

She regarded him for a second with that piteous look; and then tears slowly gathered in her eyes.

"Papa," said she, in a sort of half-hysterical way, "I want you to take me away from here. It frightens me. I don't know what it is. He was talking to me about graves——"

And here she burst out crying, and sobbed bitterly.

"Oh, nonsense, child," her father said; "your nervous system must have been shaken

last night by that storm. I have seen a strange look about your face all day. It was certainly a mistake our coming here; you are not fitted for this savage life."

She grew more composed. She sate down for a few minutes; and her father, taking out a small flask which had been filled from a bottle of brandy sent over during the day from Castle Dare, poured out a little of the spirits, added some water, and made her drink the dose as a sleeping-draught.

"Ah well, you know, pappy," said she, as she rose to leave—and she bestowed a very pretty smile on him—"it is all in the way of experience, isn't it? and an artist should experience everything. But there is just a little too much about graves and ghosts in these parts for me. And I suppose we shall go to-morrow to see some cave or other where two or three hundred men, women, and children were murdered!"

"I hope in going back we shall not be as near our own grave as we were last night," her father observed.

"And Keith Macleod laughs at it," she said, "and says it was unfortunate we got a wetting!"

And so she went to bed; and the sea-air had dealt well with her; and she had no dreams at all of shipwrecks, or of black familiars in moonlit shrines. Why should her sleep be disturbed because that night she had put her foot on the grave of the chief of the Macleods?

CHAPTER XXXIV.—THE "UMPIRE."

NEXT morning, with all this wonderful world of sea and islands shining in the early sunlight, Mr. White and his daughter were down by the shore, walking along the white sands, and chatting idly as they went. From time to time they looked across the fair summer seas to the distant cliffs of Bourg; and each time they looked a certain small white speck seemed coming nearer. That was the *Umpire*; and Keith Macleod was on board of her. He had started at an unknown hour of the night to bring the yacht over from her anchorage. He would not have his beautiful Fionaghal, who had come as a stranger to these far lands, go back to Dare in a common open boat with stones for ballast.

"This is the loneliest place I have ever seen," Miss Gertrude White was saying on this the third morning after her arrival. "It seems scarcely in the world at all. The sea cuts you off from everything you know; it would have been nothing if we had come by rail."

They walked on in silence, the blue waves beside them curling a crisp white on the smooth sands.

"Pappy," said she, at length, "I suppose if I lived here for six months no one in England would remember anything about me? If I were mentioned at all, they would think I was dead. Perhaps some day I might meet some one from England; and I would have to say, 'Don't you know who I am? Did you never hear of one called Gertrude White? I was Gertrude White.'"

"No doubt," said her father, cautiously.

"And when Mr. Lemuel's portrait of me appears in the Academy people would be saying, 'Who is that? *Miss Gertrude White as Juliet?* Ah, there was an actress of that name. Or was she an amateur? She married somebody in the Highlands. I suppose she is dead now?'"

"It is one of the most gratifying instances, Gerty, of the position you have made," her father observed, in his slow and sententious way, "that Mr. Lemuel should be willing, after having refused to exhibit at the Academy for so many years, to make an exception in the case of your portrait."

"Well, I hope my face will not get burned by the sea-air and the sun," she said. "You know he wants two or three more sittings. And do you know, pappy, I have sometimes thought of asking you to tell me honestly—not to encourage me with flattery, you know—whether my face has really that high-strung pitch of expression when I am about to drink the poison in the cell. Do I really look like Mr. Lemuel's portrait of me?"

"It is your very self, Gerty," her father said with decision. "But then Mr. Lemuel is a man of genius. Who but himself could have caught the very soul of your acting and fixed it on canvas?"

She hesitated for a moment, and then there was a flush of genuine enthusiastic pride mantling on her forehead as she said frankly—

"Well, then, I wish I could see myself."

Mr. White said nothing. He had watched this daughter of his through the long winter months. Occasionally, when he heard her utter sentiments such as these—and when he saw her keenly sensitive to the flattery bestowed upon her by the people assembled at Mr. Lemuel's little gatherings, he had asked himself whether it was possible she could ever marry Sir Keith Macleod. But he was too wise to risk reawakening her rebellious fits by any encouragement. In any case, he had some experience of this young lady; and what was the use of combating one of

her moods at five o'clock, when at six o'clock she would be arguing in the contrary direction, and at seven convinced that the *via media* was the straight road? Moreover, if the worst came to the worst, there would be some compensation in the fact of Miss White changing her name for that of Lady Macleod.

Just as quickly she changed her mood on the present occasion. She was looking again far over the darkly-blue and ruffled seas towards the white-sailed yacht.

"He must have gone away in the dark to get that boat for us," said she, musingly. "Poor fellow, how very generous and kind he is! Sometimes—shall I make the confession, pappy?—I wish he had picked out some one who could better have returned his warmth of feeling."

She called it a confession; but it was a question. And her father answered more bluntly than she had quite expected.

"I am not much of an authority on such points," said he, with a dry smile; "but I should have said, Gerty, that you have not been quite so effusive towards Sir Keith Macleod as some young ladies would have been on meeting their sweetheart after a long absence."

The pale face flushed, and she answered hastily—

"But you know, papa, when you are knocked about from one boat to another, and expecting to be ill one minute, and drowned the next, you don't have your temper improved, have you? And then perhaps you have been expecting a little too much romance—and you find your Highland chieftain handing down loaves, with all the people in the steamer staring at him. But I really mean to make it up to him, papa, if I could only get settled down for a day or two and get into my own ways. Oh, dear me!—this sun—it is too awfully dreadful. When I appear before Mr. Lemuel again, I shall be a mulatto!"

And as they walked along the shining sands, with the waves monotonously breaking, the white-sailed yacht came nearer and more near; and indeed the old *Umpire*, broad-beamed and heavy as she was, looked quite stately and swan-like as she came over the blue water. And they saw the gig lowered; and the four oars keeping rhythmical time; and presently they could make out the browned and glad face of Macleod.

"Why did you take so much trouble?" said she to him—and she took his hand in a very kind way as he stepped on shore. "We could very well have gone back in the boat."

"Oh, but I want to take you round by Loch Tua," said he, looking with great gratitude into those friendly eyes. "And it was no trouble at all. And will you step into the gig now?"

He took her hand and guided her along the rocks until she reached the boat; and he assisted her father too. Then they pushed off; and it was with a good swing the men sent the boat through the lapping waves. And here was Hamish standing by the gangway to receive them; and he was gravely respectful to the stranger lady, as he assisted her to get up the small wooden steps; but there was no light of welcome in the keen grey eyes. He quickly turned away from her to give his orders; for Hamish was on this occasion skipper, and had donned a smart suit of blue with brass buttons. Perhaps he would have been prouder of his buttons, and of himself, and of the yacht he had sailed for so many years, if it had been any other than Gertrude White who had now stepped on board.

But on the other hand Miss White was quite charmed with this shapely vessel and all its contents. If the frugal ways and commonplace duties and conversation of Castle Dare had somewhat disappointed her, and had seemed to her not quite in accordance with the heroic traditions of the clans, here, at least, was something which she could recognise as befitting her notion of the name and position of Sir Keith Macleod. Surely it must be with a certain masterful sense of possession that he would stand on those white decks, independent of all the world besides, with those sinewy, sun-browned, handsome fellows ready to go anywhere with him at his bidding. It is true that Macleod, in showing her over the yacht, seemed to know far too much about tinned meats; and he exhibited with some pride a cunning device for the stowage of soda-water; and he even went the length of explaining to her the capacities of the linen-chest; but then she could not fail to see that in his eagerness to interest and amuse her, he was as garrulous as a schoolboy showing to his companion a new toy. Miss White sat down in the saloon; and Macleod, who had but little experience in attending on ladies, and knew of but one thing that it was proper to recommend, said,—

"And will you have a cup of tea now, Gertrude? Johnny will get it to you in a moment."

"No, thank you," said she with a smile; for she knew not how often he had offered

her a cup of tea since her arrival in the Highlands. "But do you know, Keith, your yacht has a terrible bachelor look about it? All the comforts of it are in this saloon and in those two nice little state-rooms. Your lady's cabin looks very empty; it is too elegant and fine, as if you were afraid to leave a book or a matchbox in it. Now if you were to turn this into a lady's yacht, you would have to remove that pipe-rack, and the guns and rifles and bags."

"Oh," said he anxiously, "I hope you do not smell any tobacco?"

"Not at all," said she. "It was only a fancy. Of course you are not likely to turn your yacht into a lady's yacht."

He started and looked at her. But she had spoken quite thoughtlessly, and had now turned to her father.

When they went on deck again they found that the *Umpire*, beating up in the face of a light northerly breeze, had run out for a long tack almost to the Dutchman's Cap; and from a certain distance they could see the grim shores of this desolate island, with its faint tinge of green grass over the brown of its plateau of rock. And then Hamish called out, "Ready, about!" and presently they were slowly leaving behind that lonely Dutchman and making away for the distant entrance to Loch Tua. The breeze was slight; they made but little way; far on the blue waters they watched the white gulls sitting buoyant; and the sun was hot on their hands. What did they talk about in this summer idleness? Many a time he had dreamed of his thus sailing over the clear seas with the fair Fionaghal from the south, until at times his heart, grown sick with yearning, was ready to despair of the impossible. And yet here she was sitting on a deck-stool near him—the wide-apart long-lashed eyes occasionally regarding him—a neglected book open on her lap—the small gloved hands toying with the cover. Yet there was no word of love spoken. There was only a friendly conversation, and the idle passing of a summer day. It was something to know that her breathing was near him.

Then the breeze died away altogether, and they were left altogether motionless on the glassy blue sea. The great sails hung limp, without a single flap or quiver in them; the red ensign clung to the jigger-mast; Hamish, though he stood by the tiller, did not even put his hand on that bold and notable representation in wood of the sea-serpent.

"Come now, Hamish," Macleod said, fear-

ing this monotonous idleness would weary his fair guest, "you will tell us now one of the old stories that you used to tell me when I was a boy."

Hamish had indeed told the young Macleod many a mysterious tale of magic and adventure, but he was not disposed to repeat any one of these in broken English in order to please this lady from the south.

"It is no more of the stories I hef now, Sir Keith," said he. "It was a long time since I had the stories."

"Oh, I could construct one myself," said Miss White lightly. "Don't I know how they all begin? *'There was once a king in Erin, and he had a son; and this son it was who would take the world for his pillow. But before he set out on his travels, he took counsel of the falcon, and the hoodie, and the otter. And the falcon said to him, go to the right; and the hoodie said to him, you will be wise now if you go to the left; but the otter said to him, now take my advice,' &c., &c.*"

"You have been a diligent student," Macleod said, laughing heartily. "And indeed you might go on with the story and finish it; for who knows now when we shall get back to Dare?"

It was after a long period of thus lying in dead calm—with the occasional appearance of a diver on the surface of the shining blue sea—that Macleod's sharply observant eye was attracted by an odd thing that appeared far away at the horizon.

"What do you think is that now?" said he with a smile.

They looked steadfastly, and saw only a thin line of silver light, almost like the back of a knife, in the distant dark blue.

"The track of a seal swimming under water," Mr. White suggested.

"Or a shoal of fish," his daughter said.

"Watch!"

The sharp line of light slowly spread; a trembling silver-grey took the place of the dark blue; it looked as if invisible fingers were rushing out and over the glassy surface. Then they felt a cool freshness in the hot air; the red ensign swayed a bit; then the great mainsail flapped idly; and finally the breeze came gently blowing over the sea, and on again they went through the now rippling water. And as the slow time passed, in the glare of the sunlight, Staffa lay on the still water a dense mass of shadow; and they went by Lunga; and they drew near to the point of Gometra, where the black skarts were sitting on the exposed rocks. It was

like a dream of sunlight, and fair colours and summer quiet.

"I cannot believe," said Miss White, "that all those fierce murders and revenges took place in such beautiful scenes as these. How could they?"

And then, in the broad and still waters of Loch Tua, with the lonely rocks of Ulva close by them, they were again becalmed; and now it was decided that they should leave the yacht there at certain moorings, and should get into the gig and be pulled through the shallow channel between Ulva and Mull that connects Loch Tua with Loch-na-Keal. Macleod had been greatly favoured by the day chosen at haphazard for this water promenade; at the end of it he was gladdened to hear Miss White say that she had never seen anything so lovely on the face of the earth.

And yet it was merely a question of weather. To-morrow they might come back and find the water a ruffled leaden colour; the waves washing over the rocks; Ben-More invisible behind driving clouds. But now, as those three sat in the stern of the gig, and were gently pulled along by the sweep of the oars, it seemed to one at least of them that she must have got into fairyland. The rocky shores of Ulva lay on one side of this broad and winding channel; the flatter shores of Mull on the other; and between lay a perfect mirror of water in which everything was so accurately reflected that it was quite impossible to define the line at which the water and the land met. In fact, so vivid was the reflection of the blue and white sky on the surface of the water, that it appeared to her as if the boat was suspended in mid-air: a sky below, a sky above. And then the beauty of the landscape that enclosed this wonderful mirror—the soft green foliage above the Ulva rocks; the brilliant yellow brown of the sea-weed, with here and there a grey heron standing solitary and silent as a ghost over the pools; ahead of them, towering above this flat and shining and beautiful landscape, the awful majesty of the mountains around Loch-na-Keal—the monarch of them, Ben-More, showing a cone of dark and thunderous purple under a long and heavy swathe of cloud. Far away, too, on their right, stretched the splendid rampart of the Gribun cliffs, a soft sunlight on the grassy greens of their summits; a pale and brilliant blue in the shadows of the huge and yawning caves. And so still it was, and the air so fine and sweet: it was a day for the idling of happy lovers.

What jarred, then? Not the silent appearance of the head of a seal in that shining plain of blue and white; for the poor old fellow only regarded the boat for a second or two with his large and pathetic eyes, and then quietly disappeared. Perhaps it was this—that Miss White was leaning over the side of the boat, and admiring very much the wonderful hues of groups of seaweed below, that were all distinctly visible in the marvelously clear water. There were beautiful green plants that spread their flat fingers over the silver-white sands; and huge rolls of purple and sombre brown; and long strings that came up to the surface—the traceries and decorations of these haunts of the mermaid.

“It is like a pantomime,” she said. “You would expect to see a burst of limelight and Neptune appearing with a silver trident and crown. Well, it only shows that the scene-painters are nearer nature than most people imagine. I should never have thought there was anything so beautiful in the sea.”

And then again she said, when they had rounded Ulva, and got a glimpse of the open Atlantic again—

“Where is it, Keith, you proposed to sink all the theatres in England, for the benefit of the dolphins and the lobsters?”

He did not like these references to the theatre.

“It was only a piece of nonsense,” said he abruptly.

But then she begged him so prettily to get the men to sing the boat-song, that he good-humouredly took out a sheet of paper and a pencil and said to her—

“If I write it down for you, I must write it as it is pronounced. For how would you know that *Fhir a bhata, na horo eile*, is pronounced *Feer a vahita, na horo ailya*?”

“And perhaps, then,” said she with a charming smile, “writing it down would spoil it altogether? But you will ask them to sing it for me.”

He said a word or two in the Gaelic to Sandy, who was rowing stroke; and Sandy answered with a short, quick laugh of assent.

“I have asked them if they would drink your health,” Macleod said, “and they have not refused. It would be a great compliment to them if you would fill out the whisky yourself; here is my flask.”

She took that formidable vessel in her small hands; and the men rested on their oars; and then the metal cup was passed along. Whether it was the dram, or whether

it was the old familiar chorus they struck up—

“*Fhir a bhata (na horo eile),
Fhir a bhata (na horo eile),
Fhir a bhata (na horo eile),
Chead soir slann leid ge thobh a theid u!*”

certain it is that the boat swung forward with a new strength, and ere long they beheld in the distance the walls of Castle Dare. And here was Janet at the small quay, greatly distressed because of the discomfort to which Miss White must have been subjected.

“But I have just been telling Sir Keith,” she said with a sweet smile, “that I have come through the most beautiful place I have ever seen in the world.”

This was not, however, what she was saying to herself when she reached the privacy of her own room. Her thoughts took a different turn.

“And if it does seem impossible”—this was her inward speech to herself—“that those wild murders should have been committed in so beautiful a place, at least there will be a fair chance of one occurring when I tell him that I have signed an engagement that will last till Christmas. But what good could come of being in a hurry?”

CHAPTER XXXV.—A CAVE IN MULL.

OF love not a single word had so far been said between these two. It was a high sense of courtesy that on his part had driven him to exercise this severe self-restraint; he would not invite her to be his guest, and then take advantage of the various opportunities offered to plague her with the vehemence and passionate yearning of his heart. For during all those long winter months he had gradually learned, from the correspondence which he so carefully studied, that she rather disliked protestation; and when he hinted that he thought her letters to him were somewhat cold, she only answered with a playful humour; and when he tried to press her to some declaration about her leaving the stage or about the time of their marriage, she evaded the point with an extreme cleverness which was so good-natured and friendly that he could scarcely complain. Occasionally there were references in these letters that awakened in his breast a tumult of jealous suspicions and fears; but then again he consoled himself by looking forward to the time when she should be released from all those environments that he hated and dreaded. He would have no more fear when he could take her hand and look into her eyes.

And now that Miss Gertrude White was actually in Castle Dare—now that he could

walk with her along the lonely mountain-slopes and show her the wonders of the western seas and the islands—what was it that still occasioned that vague unrest? His nervous anxiety that she should be pleased with all she saw? Or a certain critical coldness in her glance? Or the consciousness that he was only entertaining a passing visitor—a beautiful bird that had alighted on his hand, and that the next moment would be winging its flight away into the silvery south?

"You are becoming a capital sailor," he said to her one day, with a proud light on his face. "You have no fear at all of the sea now."

He and she and the cousin Janet—Mr. White had some letters to answer, and had stayed at home—were in the stern of the gig, and they were being rowed along the coast below the giant cliffs of Gribun. Certainly, if Miss White had confessed to being a little nervous, she might have been excused. It was a beautiful, fresh, breezy summer-day; but the heavy Atlantic swell that slowly raised and lowered the boat as the men rowed along passed gently and smoothly on, and then went booming and roaring and crashing over the sharp black rocks that were quite close at hand.

"I think I would soon get over my fear of the sea," said she gently.

Indeed, it was not that that was most likely to impress her on this bright day—it was the awful loneliness and desolation of the scene around her. All along the summit of the great cliffs lay heavy banks of cloud that moved and wreathed themselves together, with mysterious patches of darkness here and there that suggested the entrance into far valleys in the unseen mountains behind. And if the outer surface of these precipitous cliffs was brightened by sunlight, and if there was a sprinkling of grass on the ledges, every few minutes they passed the yawning archway of a huge cavern, around which the sea was roaring with a muffled and thunderous noise. He thought she would be interested in the extraordinary number and variety of the sea-birds about—the solemn cormorants sitting on the ledges, the rock-pigeons shooting out from the caves, the sea-pyots whirring along the rocks like lightning-flashes of colour, the lordly osprey, with his great wings outstretched and motionless, sailing slowly in the far blue overhead. And no doubt she looked at all these things with a forced interest; and she herself now could name the distant islands out in the tossing Atlantic; and she had in a great measure got

accustomed to the amphibious life at Dare. But as she listened to the booming of the waves around those awful recesses; and as she saw the jagged and angry rocks suddenly appear through the liquid mass of the falling sea; and as she looked abroad on the unknown distances of that troubled ocean and thought of the life on those remote and lonely islands, the spirit of a summer holiday forsook her altogether, and she was silent.

"And you will have no fear of the beast when you go into Mackinnon's cave," said Janet Macleod to her, with a friendly smile, "because no one has ever heard of it again. Do you know it was a strange thing? They saw in the sand the footprint of an animal that is not known to any one about here; even Keith himself did not know what it was——"

"I think it was a wild cat," said he.

"And the men they had nothing to do then; and they went all about the caves, but they could see nothing of it. And it has never come back again."

"And I suppose you are not anxious for its coming back?" Miss White said.

"Perhaps you will be very lucky and see it some day, and I know that Keith would like to shoot it, whatever it is."

"That is very likely," Miss White said, without any apparent sarcasm.

By-and-by they paused opposite the entrance to a cave that seemed even larger and blacker than the others; and then Miss White discovered that they were considering at what point they could most easily effect a landing. Already through the singularly clear water she could make out vague green masses that told of the presence of huge blocks of yellow rock far below them; and as they cautiously went further towards the shore—a man at the bow calling out to them—these blocks of rock became clearer and clearer, until it seemed as if those glassy billows that glided under the boat, and then went crashing in white foam a few yards beyond, must inevitably transfix the frail craft on one of these jagged points. But at length they managed to run the bow of the gig into a somewhat sheltered place, and two of the men, jumping knee-deep into the water, hauled the keel still further over the grating shell-fish of the rock; and then Macleod, scrambling out, assisted Miss White to land.

"Do you not come with us?" Miss White called back to the boat.

"Oh, it is many a time I have been in the cave," said Janet Macleod; "and I will have the luncheon ready for you. And you will

not stay long in the cave, for it is cold and damp."

He took her hand, for the scrambling over the rough rocks and stones was dangerous work for unfamiliar ankles. They drew nearer to this awful thing, that rose far above them, and seemed waiting to enclose them and shut them in for ever. And whereas about the other caves there were plenty of birds flying, with their shrill screams denoting their terror or resentment, there was no sign of life at all about this black and yawning chasm, and there was an absolute silence, but for the rolling of the breakers behind them, that only produced vague and wandering echoes. As she advanced over the treacherous shingle, she became conscious of a sort of twilight appearing around her. A vast black thing, black as night and still as the grave, was ahead of her; but already the change from the blaze of sunlight outside to this partial darkness seemed strange on the eyes. The air grew colder. As she looked up at the tremendous walls, and at the mysterious blackness beyond, she grasped his hand more tightly, though the walking on the wet sand was now comparatively easy. And as they went farther and farther into this blackness, there was only a faint strange light that made an outline of the back of his figure, leaving his face in darkness; and when he stooped to examine the sand, she turned and looked back, and behold the vast portal by which they entered had now dwindled down into a small space of bewildering white!

"No," said he, and she was startled by the hollow tones of his voice, "I cannot find any traces of the beast now; they have all gone."

Then he produced a candle, and lit it; and as they advanced farther into the blackness there was visible this solitary star of red fire, that threw dulled mysterious gleams from time to time on some projecting rock.

"You must give me your hand again, Keith," said she in a low voice; and when he shifted the candle, and took her hand in his, he found that it was trembling somewhat.

"Will you go any farther?" said he.

"No."

They stood and looked around. The darkness seemed without limits; the red light was insufficient to produce anything like an outline of this immense place, even in faint and wandering gleams.

"If anything were to move, Keith," said she, "I should die."

"Oh, nonsense," said he in a cheerful way; but the hollow echoes of the cavern

made his voice sound sepulchral. "There is no beast at all in here, you may be sure. And I have often thought of the fright a wild cat or a beaver may have got when he came in here in the night, and then discovered he had stumbled on a lot of sleeping men——"

"Of men!"

"They say this was a sanctuary of the Culdees; and I often wonder how the old chaps got their food. I am afraid they must have often fallen back on the young cormorants: that is what Major Stewart calls an expeditious way of dining, for you eat two courses, fish and meat, at the same time. And if you go farther along, Gertrude, you will come to the great altar-stone they used."

"I would rather not go," said she. "I—I do not like this place. I think we will go back now, Keith."

As they cautiously made their way back to the glare of the entrance, she still held his hand tight; and she did not speak at all. Their footsteps echoed strangely in this hollow space. And then the air grew suddenly warm; and there was a glow of daylight around; and although her eyes were rather bewildered, she breathed more freely, and there was an air of relief on her face.

"I think I will sit down for a moment, Keith," said she; and then he noticed, with a sudden alarm, that her cheeks were rather pale.

"Are you ill?" said he, with a quick anxiety in his eyes. "Were you frightened?"

"Oh no," said she, with a forced cheerfulness, and she sat down for a moment on one of the smooth boulders. "You must not think I am such a coward as that. But—the chilling atmosphere—the change—made me a little faint."

"Shall I run down to the boat for some wine for you? I know that Janet has brought some claret."

"Oh, not at all," said she—and he saw with a great delight that her colour was returning. "I am quite well now. But I will rest for a minute, if you are in no hurry, before scrambling down those stones again."

He was in no hurry; on the contrary, he sat down beside her and took her hand.

"You know, Gerty," said he, "it will be some time before I can learn all that you like and dislike, and what you can bear, and what pleases you best; it will be some time, no doubt; but then, when I have learned, you will find that no one will look after you so carefully as I will."

"I know you are very kind to me," said she in a low voice.

"And now," said he, very gently and even timidly, but his firm hand held her languid one with something of a more nervous clasp, "if you would only tell me, Gerty, that on such and such a day you would leave the stage altogether, and on such and such a day you would let me come to London—and you know the rest—then I would go to my mother, and there would be no need of any more secrecy, and instead of her treating you merely as a guest she would look on you as her daughter, and you might talk with her frankly."

She did not at all withdraw the small gloved hand, with its fringe of fur at the end of the narrow sleeve. On the contrary, as it lay there in his warm grasp, it was like the small, white, furred foot of a ptarmigan, so little and soft and gentle was it.

"Well, you know, Keith," she said, with a great kindness in the clear eyes, though they were cast down, "I think the secret between you and me should be known to nobody at all but ourselves—any more than we can reasonably help. And it is a very great step to take; and you must not expect me to be in a hurry, for no good ever came of that. I did not think you would have cared so much—I mean, a man has so many distractions and occupations of shooting, and going away in your yacht, and all that—I fancy—I am a little surprised—that you make so much of it. We have a great deal to learn yet, Keith; we don't know each other very well. By-and-by we may be quite sure that there is no danger; that we understand each other; that nothing and nobody is likely to interfere. But wouldn't you prefer to be left in the meantime just a little bit free—not quite pledged, you know, to such a serious thing—"

He had been listening to these faltering phrases in a kind of dazed and pained stupor. It was like the water overwhelming a drowning man. But at last he cried out—and he grasped both her hands in the sudden vehemence of the moment—

"Gerty, you are not drawing back! You do not despair of our being husband and wife! What is it that you mean?"

"O Keith!" said she, quickly withdrawing one of her hands, "you frighten me when you talk like that. You do not know what you are doing—you have hurt my wrist."

"Oh, I hope not," said he. "Have I hurt your hand, Gerty?—and I would cut off one of mine to save you a scratch! But you will tell me now that you have no fears—that you don't want to draw back! I would like to take you back to Dare, and be able to

say to every one, 'Do you know that this is my wife—that by-and-by she is coming to Dare—and you will all be kind to her for her own sake and for mine.' And if there is anything wrong, Gerty—if there is anything you would like altered, I would have it altered. We have a rude way of life; but every one would be kind to you. And if the life here is too rough for you, I would go anywhere with you that you choose to live. I was looking at the houses in Essex. I would go to Essex—or anywhere you might wish—that need not separate us at all. And why are you so cold and distant, Gerty? Has anything happened here to displease you? Have we frightened you by too much of the boats and of the sea? Would you rather live in an English county away from the sea? But I would do that for you, Gerty—if I was never to see a sea-bird again."

And in spite of himself tears rose quickly to his eyes; for she seemed so far away from him, even as he held her hand; and his heart would speak at last—or break.

"It was all the winter months I was saying to myself, 'Now you will not vex her with too much pleading, for she has much trouble with her work; and that is enough; and a man can bear his own trouble.' And once or twice, when we have been caught in a bad sea, I said to myself, 'And what matter now if the end comes?—for perhaps that would only release her.' But then again, Gerty, I thought of the time you gave me the red rose; and I said, 'Surely her heart will not go away from me; and I have plenty to live for yet!'"

Then she looked him frankly in the face, with those beautiful, clear, sad eyes.

"You deserve all the love a woman can give you, Keith; for you have a man's heart. And I wish I could make you a fair return for all your courage, and gentleness, and kindness—"

"Ah, do not say that," he said quickly. "Do not think I am complaining of you, Gerty. It is enough—it is enough; I thank God for His mercy to me; for there never was any man so glad as I was when you gave me the red rose. And now, sweetheart—now you will tell me that I will put away all this trouble and have no more fears; and there will be no need to think of what you are doing far away; and there will be one day that all the people will know—and there will be laughing and gladness that day—and if we will keep the pipes away from you, all the people about will have the pipes, and there will be a dance and a song that day.

Ah, Gerty, you must not think harshly of the people about here. They have their ways. They would like to please you. But my heart is with them; and a marriage day would be no marriage day to me that I did not spend among my own people—my own people."

He was talking quite wildly. She had seen him in this mood once or twice before; and she was afraid.

"But you know, Keith," said she gently, and with averted eyes, "a great deal has to be done before then. And a woman is not so impulsive as a man; and you must not be angry if I beg for a little time——"

"And what is time?" said he, in the same glad and wild way—and now it was his hand holding hers that was trembling. "It will all go by in a moment—like a dream—when we know that the one splendid day is coming. And I will send a haunch to the Dubh Artach men that morning; and I will send a haunch to Skerryvore; and there will not be a man in Iona, or Coll, or Mull, that will not have his dram that day. And what will you do, Gerty—what will you do? Oh, I will tell you now what you will do on that morning. You will take out some sheets of the beautiful, small, scented paper; and you will write to this theatre and to that theatre: '*Good-bye—perhaps you were useful to me once, and I bear you no ill-will: but—Good-bye for ever and ever!*' And I will have all the children that I took to the Crystal Palace last summer given a fine dinner; and the six boy-pipers will play *Mrs. Macleod of Raasay* again; and they will have a fine reel once more. There will be many a one know that you are married that day, Gerty. And when is the day to be, Gerty? Cannot you tell me now?"

"There is a drop of rain!" she exclaimed; and she suddenly sprang to her feet. The skies were black overhead. "Oh, dear me," she said, "how thoughtless of us to leave your poor cousin Janet in that open boat, and a shower coming on! Please give me your hand now, Keith. And you must not take all these things so seriously to heart, you know; or I will say you have not the courage of a feeble woman like myself. And do you think the shower will pass over?"

"I do not know," said he in a vague way, as if he had not quite understood the question; but he took her hand, and in silence guided her down to the rocks, where the boat was ready to receive them.

And now they saw the strange transformation that had come over the world. The

great troubled sea was all of a dark slate-green, with no glad ripples of white, but with long squally drifts of black; and a cold wind was blowing gustily in; and there were hurrying clouds of a leaden hue tearing across the sky. As for the islands—where were they? Ulva was visible, to be sure, and Colonsay—both of them a heavy and gloomy purple; and nearer at hand the rock of Errisker showed in a wan grey light between the lowering sky and the squally sea; but Lunga, and Fladda, and Staffa, and Iona, and even the long promontory of the Ross of Mull were all hidden away behind the driving mists of rain.

"O you lazy people!" Janet Macleod cried cheerfully—she was not at all frightened by the sudden storm. "I thought the wild beast had killed you in the cave. And shall we have luncheon now, Keith, or go back at once?"

He cast an eye towards the westward horizon and the threatening sky: Janet noticed at once that he was rather pale.

"We will have luncheon as they pull us back," said he in an absent way, as if he was not quite sure of what was happening around him.

He got her into the boat, and then followed. The men, not sorry to get away from these jagged rocks, took to their oars with a will. And then he sat silent and distraught, as the two women, muffled up in their cloaks, chatted cheerfully, and partook of the sandwiches and claret that Janet had got out of the basket. "*Fhir a bhata*" the men sang to themselves; and they passed under the great cliffs, all black and thunderous now; and the white surf was springing over the rocks. Macleod neither ate nor drank; but sometimes he joined in the conversation in a forced way; and occasionally he laughed more loudly than the occasion warranted.

"Oh yes," he said, "oh yes, you are becoming a good sailor now, Gertrude. You have no longer any fear of the water."

"You will become like little Johnny Wickes, Miss White," the cousin Janet said—"the little boy I showed you the other day. He has got to be like a duck in his love for the water. And indeed, I should have thought he would have got a fright when Keith saved him from drowning; but no."

"Did you save him from being drowned?" asked Gertrude, turning to Keith. "And you did not tell me the story?"

"It was no story," said he. "He fell into the water; and we picked him up some-

how;" and then he turned impatiently to the men, and said some words to them in the Gaelic, and there was no more singing of the Farewell to the Boatman after that.

They got home to Castle Dare before the rain came on—though indeed it was but a passing shower, and it was succeeded by a bright afternoon that deepened into a clear and brilliant sunset; but as they went up through the moist-smelling larch-wood—and as Janet happened to fall behind for a moment, to speak to a herd-boy who was by the wayside—Macleod said to his companion—

"And have you no other word for me, Gertrude?"

Then she said, with a very gracious smile—

"You must be patient, Keith. Are we not very well off as we are?—I know a good many people who are not quite so well off. And I have no doubt we shall have courage to meet whatever good or bad fortune the days may bring us; and if it is good, then we shall shake hands over it, just as the village people do in an opera."

Fine phrases; though this man, with the dark and hopeless look in his eyes, did not seem to gain much gladness from them. And she forgot to tell him about that engagement which was to last till Christmas; perhaps if she had told him just then, he would scarcely have heard her.

ERASMUS AND SIR THOMAS MORE.

PART II.

ERASMUS left England about the beginning of 1499. His purse had been well filled by his friends, but, unhappily, there was a law at the time against the exportation of all precious metals from the realm; and the custom-house officers at Dover relieved the scholar of the gold pieces with which his friends had liberally supplied him. His friend Battus, however, whom he was to see before proceeding to Paris, supplied his wants, and he was able to go again on his journey; not without danger, however, having a narrow escape from being robbed and murdered near Amiens. During the next year Erasmus was chiefly in Paris, writing endless letters, some of them not of a very elevated character. He seldom hesitates to ask money from his friends whose wealth was able to supply the little that his "leisure demands." He was very anxious to make a journey to Italy, and in such phrase he ventures to give his patroness, the Marchioness de Vere, the hint that her good-will might easily furnish him the means of gratifying his desire. He is busy also (1500—1505) preparing for the press his "Adagia," which was printed in 1501,* and also, amongst the other labours, his well-known "Enchiridion," or Christian Soldier's Manual ("hand knife," or "dagger"), a small work of great value and interest, proving how well he had learned from Colet to treat religious matters in a thoroughly practical spirit

apart from the subtleties of the scholastic theology. He himself says of it, in a letter to Colet in 1504, that he wrote it, not to display his genius or eloquence, but to counteract the vulgar error of those who think that religion consists in ceremonies or observances almost more than Judaic, while neglecting what pertains to real piety. "I have tried," he adds, "to teach the art of piety as others have composed rules of military discipline."

The following brief quotations will give some idea of the theological teaching of the "Enchiridion," and show how far he approached at this time the evangelical position identified with later Protestantism. The end of all human effort is admitted to be Christ, and the way to Christ is faith ("Fides unica est ad Christum janua"). Of good works he says, "These will all be added to the sum of thy merits if they find thee in the way of Christ." While not condemning absolutely the worship of the Virgin or Saints, he seeks to give to it a moral meaning. "The most acceptable worship which you can offer to the Virgin Mary is to endeavour to imitate her humility. If you must adore the bones of Paul locked up in a casket, adore also the spirit of Paul which shines forth from his writings." "You honour the image of Christ carved on wood; how much more ought you to honour the image of his mind." "Faith without moral conduct is not only of no avail, but increases the sum of damnation." "Christ is no mere word, but love, simplicity, patience, purity—in short, whatever Christ taught." He warns

* "I have collected," he says to Battus from Paris, (1499), "about eight hundred Proverbs, partly Greek and partly Latin; a work, I assure you, of some length, and requiring great toil." In its final form the collection embraced no fewer than 4,251 adages.

his readers against the literal interpretation of Scripture, exhorting them to get at the spiritual sense. "Our new-fangled theologians adhere too closely to the letter, and employ themselves in discussing captious questions of divinity rather than in unravelling the mysteries of the word, as if that was not true which Paul writes, that our law is spiritual." Again, "as though Christ taught such subtleties, that can scarcely be understood even by a few theologians; or as though the strength of the Christian religion consisted in man's ignorance of it!"

During the years that Erasmus was busy at Paris, More had been advancing in his legal studies and career. At twenty-one he was called to the Bar, but notwithstanding his father's eagerness to confine his thoughts within the limits of his profession, his mind seems still to have lingered over the studies which had proved too attractive for him at Oxford. He commenced a course of maiden lectures in the Church of St. Lawrence in the Old Jewry, on Augustine's "De Civitate Dei." No doubt the provinces of theology and law were still intimately connected, and we are told that the object of these lectures was not theological exposition so much as the treatment of the philosophical and historical arguments contained in the first books. Still, the subject shows the bent of More's mind. Roper, his son-in-law, says that the lectures were well attended by "all the chief learned of the city of London;" Grocyn, his old Greek teacher, who had also come from Oxford to London, amongst others.

Soon young More seems to have made his mark in his profession, and when a Parliament assembled in the spring of the year 1503-4, he was elected a member of it. Henry VII. was now, in his old age, grown highly avaricious, and this Parliament was called mainly to give him what the courtiers called "reasonable aids;" that is to say, half as much again as he had expended on war with Scotland. The bill of costs promoted actively by the Speaker, the notorious Dudley, was about to pass. It had already been read a second and third time, when, "at the last debating thereof," the young lawyer, returned for the first time to the House, rose from his seat "and made such arguments and reasons thereagainst," that the king's demand "was thereby clean overthrown." It was reported to the king by one of his privy-chamber "that a beardless boy had disappointed all his purpose." The result may be imagined. Both the elder and

younger More became objects of the king's displeasure. The former was thrown into prison, and the latter driven into obscurity.

The year 1506 brings Erasmus back to England, when he found More living near the Carthusian Monastery of the Charterhouse, uncertain whether he would adopt a religious life or leave the realm. The disaster that had overtaken his political career had awakened his old religious thoughts, and led him to a course of religious austerity. He slept on the bare boards of his chamber, and wore an inner shirt of hair. Still his friend found him busy with Greek, and Latin, and French books, and studying music, geometry, and history. He had also put some stinging thoughts as to the avarice of the Court and the political corruption of the time into Latin epigrams, showing how bitterly he resented the Court tyranny to which he had been subjected. The vision of a religious life seems never to have entirely left More's mind; there is allusion to his shirt of hair at last, "the day before he suffered,"* as if he had worn it more or less during his lifetime. But the claims of natural instinct and ambition asserted themselves for the present, and More soon resumed his legal practice and position in the world. He did also what effectually cut him off from all dreams of monastic seclusion: he took a wife. He resorted, says his son-in-law, "to the house of one Master Colt, a gentleman of Essex, who had often invited him thither, having three daughters whose honest conversation and virtuous education provoked him there especially to set his affection. And albeit his mind most turned him to the second daughter, for that he thought her the fairest and best favoured, yet when he considered that it would be both great grief and some shame also to the eldest to see her younger sister preferred before her in marriage, he then of a certain pity framed his fancy toward her, and soon after married her—nevertheless discontinuing his study of the law at Lincoln's Inn." Erasmus gives a somewhat different tenor to this important event of his life, which is hardly to be commended in the aspect in which it is described by his son-in-law. "He wedded," says Erasmus, "a very young girl of respectable family, but who had hitherto lived in the country with her parents and sisters, and was so uneducated that he could mould her to his own taste and manners. He caused her to be instructed in letters, and she became a very skilful musician, which peculiarly pleased him."

* Roper's "Life."

It was during this second visit to England that the peculiar intimacy between Erasmus and Sir Thomas More was cemented. They studied together, joined in writing an answer to Lucian's arguments in favour of tyrannicide, Erasmus having translated into Latin the "Declamatio pro Tyrannicida." They amused themselves, too, with the composition of epigrams on bad kings and hypocritical monks; a pastime, as we have seen, that More had already begun, and in which he attained more perfection than his friend, who says of himself that he was not partial to this species of composition, nor very successful in it; yet he sometimes tried it when walking, or after dinner over the wine ("in compositationibus"), and that some of his friends had collected his epigrams and printed them at Basle along with More's, which were the happiest specimens of this sort of literature ("in hoc genere felicissimi"). In such pleasant companionship and study the two friends passed the spring of 1506. But Erasmus's necessities or inclination drove him once more afoot. The visit to Italy, which want of funds had hitherto prevented, was at length put in his power. It was arranged that he should accompany there two English youths, the sons of Henry VII.'s chief physician. A noble Scotch youth, the Archbishop of St. Andrew's, Alexander, son of James IV. of Scotland, was also desirous of the benefit of his instruction. Accordingly, he set out on his long-looked-for journey in the beginning of autumn (1506), had the degree of Doctor of Divinity conferred upon him at Turin, then proceeded to Bologna, where he formed the friendship of Paul Bombasius, Professor of Greek; thence to Venice, where he is supposed to have arrived about the close of 1507. Here he tarried for some time, and entered into arrangements with the famous Aldine house of printers about a new and enlarged edition of his "Adagia." The winter of the following year (1508) was spent at Padua superintending the studies of the young archbishop, of whom he has left in his Adages a very pleasing picture. "He was of heroic stature, and extremely handsome, as his father also was, very dignified in his carriage, of a most gentle and amiable temper, and so devoted to study that even at meal-times he would have a priest to read aloud to him some useful book." Erasmus taught him Greek. He devoted the afternoon to music and singing and literary conversation, and to the reading of history, of which he was specially fond. He is described as endowed with "a

lofty mind, far removed from all sordid affection, without any harshness or pride, and deeply religious, without being at all superstitious." A blessing might have come to Scotland, which it much needed at the time, from a son so promising in genius and character. But only a few years later (September, 1513) this gifted young man fell, with his father, on the fatal field of Flodden, which quenched so many hopes for Scotland and Scottish families.

In 1509 Henry VIII. ascended the English throne, and Erasmus began once more to turn his thoughts towards England. He received from his old friends cordial invitations which excited hopes not destined to be realised. Even Henry VIII. himself condescended to address a royal letter to the wandering scholar. Altogether there seemed to him a prospect of "golden mountains" in England, and so he returned there in the end of 1509, and became once more closely associated with More. As he was crossing the Alpine snows, on his return, his friend had been much in his mind, and the singular thought that the name of one who was himself so wise and witty and amiable should mean in Greek a fool ($\mu\omega\pi\omicron\varsigma$), inspired him with the idea how many fools there were in the world, and how many forms folly assumed. The result was that he sketched mentally during his journey the outline of his famous satire, "The Praise of Folly" ("Encomium Moriae"), the most characteristic, perhaps, of all his works. It will receive from us afterwards special notice.

Erasmus found his friend in very different circumstances from those in which he had left him four years before. More had not only resumed his profession, but already attained distinction in it. He seems to have been promoted thus early to the important judicial position which he held for many years in the City of London, and his practice and labours as a judge brought him a large official income, calculated by Sir James Macintosh to equal about £5,000 in the present day. Probably the first years of the new king's reign were the happiest of More's life. He had not yet entered upon that Court service which proved so fatal to him. He found delight in his profession, "in pleading, in hearing, in deciding cases or composing differences, in waiting upon some men on business, and on others out of respect." He was happy at home, where he sought to reserve a time both for study and "chat" with his wife or children, where "no wrangling or angry word was heard, and no

one idle." His amiability endeared him to his family and friends, and his powers as a speaker were the theme of public admiration. "His eloquent tongue," says Erasmus, "so well seconds his fertile invention, that no one speaks better when suddenly called forth. His attention never languishes; his mind is always before his words; his memory has all its stock so turned into ready money that without hesitation or delay it gives out whatever the time and the case may require. His acuteness in dispute is unrivalled, and he often perplexes the most renowned theologians when he enters their province."

About this time also (1509—1516) More did his best literary work, and became distinguished as a translator and author. As far back as his university career he had written verses, not only in Latin, but in English; and two of these early English poems, one serious, on the death of Henry VII.'s queen, Elizabeth, and the other sportive, entitled, "A Merry Jest: how a Serjeant would play the Friar," have been rescued from oblivion. Sir J. Macintosh thinks More's sportive vein the more natural and poetic. "There is a sort of dancing mirth in the metre," indicating his original genius for pleasantries, and a considerable power of versification. But it is in the formation of English prose rather than of poetry that More claims to be remembered. Not to speak of his later controversial writings against Tyndall, which, with all their argumentative faults, are distinguished by a great command of colloquial and idiomatic English, More specially claims a place in English literature as the first writer of the history of his country in its own language. His historical fragment, from the death of Edward IV. to that of Richard III., is supposed

to have been written in 1513, although not published till some time afterwards, and was the best specimen of prose composition that our literature had yet produced. "The simplicity of the author's genius showed itself in the style, and his art in the picturesque method and the dramatic dialogue that graced the book. English prose grew larger and richer under his pen, and began that stately step which future historians followed."* A still earlier specimen of his English composition, however, is to be found in his translation of the *Life and Letters of Pico di Mirandola*, which seems to have occupied him during his temporary retirement at the close of Henry VII.'s reign. He was attracted towards the Italian thinker by the freshness and practical character of his religious teaching in contrast with the prevailing scholastic doctrines. As the sympathetic friend of Erasmus, he was the admirer of Pico, and the congenial enthusiasm with which he entered into the labours of both, no less than his enthusiasm for Colet and his work, show how thoroughly he shared at this time the ideas of religious reform which they had inaugurated. The "Utopia" had not yet appeared; but More's friends did not need to wait for its appearance to know how thoroughly he sympathized with the "New Learning" and the movement which was everywhere carrying forward the European mind.

What he and Erasmus specially did for this movement, how far it is signalized in their memorable works—the "Praise of Folly" and the "Utopia"—and how far it outran both of them, we hope to sketch in future papers.

JOHN TULLOCH.

* "English Literature." By Stopford Brooke, M.A.

ENGLISH ORPHANS IN PARIS.

THE tourist, jaded with sight-seeing in Paris, now more brilliant and bewildering than ever, will do well to turn from the bustle and glitter of the boulevards in the direction of Neuilly—Neuilly, where quiet and something like rusticity are to be found still—Neuilly, where the interminable hum of the city is subdued; Neuilly, whither so many thinkers and students have sought repose. But it is not in search of shady walks, nightingales, and flower-gardens, that this walk or drive should be made, for they can be had elsewhere: in the glorious Buttes

Chaumont, in the delightful Parc de Monceaux, in the Bois de Boulogne, and in half-a-dozen other spots equally accessible. What the traveller must seek at Neuilly is something out of the ordinary way, and hardly perhaps to be classed under the head of the "sights" of Paris, though a pleasant sight enough, namely, a houseful of happy children, who, but for the devotion and liberality of a noble-minded Catholic gentleman and equally noble-minded Protestant lady, would be the tenants of prisons, and worse haunts still, and adding to the number of thieves and vaga-

bonds in Paris. The place I am about to describe is, in plain words, the Mission Home for English Orphan Children, the gift of M. Galignani to Miss Ada Leigh, whose admirable efforts on behalf of friendless girls in Paris will be mentioned hereafter, though they are too well known to need description. The orphanage at Neuilly, however, is a new appendage to the Homes in the Avenue Wagram, and, if possible, was more needed even than its parent institution. The pleasant home-like building stands in the midst of a shady garden, approached from the Boulevard Bineau, which is easily accessible from the Arc de Triomphe and other centres by tramway. You enter to find a warm welcome, not only from the lady resident in charge, but from everything. The children smile at you, the servants have a pleasant word of greeting, the very rooms wear an inviting look. At a glance you see that the place is not that dreary thing in France called an *asile*, but a home—that is to say, a place to live and be happy in; no iron rule, no hard restrictions, no killing routine here; all is naturalness, kindness, and domesticity. The little orphans, instead of being massed together in enormous dormitories with bare walls, and refectories no less studiously monotonous, are scattered about the building, the whole sleeping in charge of a voluntary lady-helper or nurse. These bedrooms are quite charming. There are flowers in the windows, pictures on the walls, all kinds of agreeable little varieties in each; and the dining and school-rooms are arranged on the same plan, *i.e.* as many home-surroundings and influences as possible; no more discipline and routine than are positively necessary. In fact, the place is one in which a child may grow up naturally as a plant, instead of being transformed into a machine. I was sorry not to see the little ones at work, but I saw them equally well employed, namely, at dinner, a group of a dozen or so being presided over by a young lady just come from England as voluntary teacher—all help is voluntary here—and the rest being disposed of in the same way. The children are not only instructed, but educated; in other words, they not only obtain a sufficient elementary knowledge to fit them for business, but also a practical training, being from their earliest years encouraged to learn housework, cooking, &c., each little helper having an allotted portion in the household duties. This variety of occupation accounts, without doubt, partly for the children's healthy, satisfied looks; whilst the kindness

they receive at the hands of their lady-protectors makes them natural and fearless. Thus, as we scrutinise their faces, we find it difficult to believe that they belong to the same class as our own workhouse children at home, and the wretched little inhabitants of the French Catholic orphanages and *ouvrières* attached to convents, of which the present writer has already given some account.* Without wishing to go over the same ground, and without making unwarrantable comparisons, I cannot refrain from a few words on the superiority of the Mission Home over the conventual system.

In the first place—and herein a most important line of distinction is drawn—the Home takes no account of the children's labour as a productive element, whilst the convent orphanage is in reality a *depôt* for the sale of needlework, by far the largest part of which is done by the children. They learn nothing of a practical kind, and little in the way of book knowledge, their chief occupation being to use the needle, which, it must be said, they do to perfection. But anything more depressing than the spectacle of these *ouvrières* can hardly be imagined. Each precisely resembles the other, and you always find the young inmates occupied in the same way, namely, in bare whitewashed rooms, sitting at long tables on benches without any support, stitching away with the regularity of machines. They might be automatons for any sign of animation on their wan, dull faces. This sort of thing goes on day after day, month after month, year after year, the orphans frequently remaining in the convent till they are grown up—young, alas! still, but not young enough to unlearn the monotony and routine of their best years. If they enter service, they are wholly unfitted for other duties, being alike ignorant of cookery, housework, and domestic economy, whilst their intelligence has been blunted by routine without a break. Nor is this all. Insufficient food and clothing, suffering from excessive cold in winter and heat in summer, added to their sedentary labour, undermine the most robust constitutions, and large numbers only leave the convent to die. Very different are the conditions under which these little English waifs and strays grow up in the Protestant Home at Neuilly. The object here striven after is the social and moral well-being of the children, not the profits of the Home; and consequently, instead of the dreary work-room with scores of

* See "The Cost of a French Trousseau," reprinted from the *Pall Mall Gazette*, in "A Year in Western France."

dull-eyed, narrow-chested little sempstresses from five years and upwards, you find the inmates variously occupied, when not in the school or play-room, some helping the cook, some the laundress, some the housemaid—all are active, and all are being trained for domestic life. I was especially struck by the good looks of the children, many of whom have the saddest histories; but I was no less struck by the benignity of their protectors. Nuns by necessity are hard. Being cut off themselves from domestic life, they cannot be expected to sympathize with the sorrows and joys of childhood, but here all was natural, home-like, and in harmony. One could but feel that these—but for such intervention, gutter children—must ever remember their Home at Neuilly with gratitude and affection; or if they turn out amiss, it will be by virtue of inherited perversity rather than want of care and good training.

Until the event of M. Galignani's opportune gift, orphan children were received in the Homes for Young Englishwomen, Avenue Wagram, but a separate establishment in the suburbs offers great advantages; and many additions and improvements will be made as soon as the necessary funds are forthcoming. M. Galignani, with a munificence worthy of imitation, supplements his valuable gift of the building and ground by a yearly contribution of £300 towards the necessary expenses of keeping them up; and much more is, of course, needed, for which the Misses Leigh appeal to the public. The Mission Home had already taken in 120 children, many of whom were either restored to relations, placed in service, adopted, or otherwise disposed of, the remaining 27 entering the Neuilly Home in November, 1876. Since that time 60 children more have been received, the present number being 45, while others are waiting for admission. Without doubt, as soon as the needs of the homeless and destitute English girls and orphan-children in Paris are made fully known, we shall find an answer to the appeal at home. Touching, indeed, are the stories of these little waifs and strays, many of whom knew no other home but the prison of St. Lazare till moved hither by their kind protectors. One little one confessed that he had "never possessed a flower," and could hardly believe that this pleasant home, these shady gardens were for him. The Misses Leigh tell more touching stories still of these little foundlings; but no pathetic recitals are needed to impress the spectator—the work speaks for itself. We all know what vice, poverty, and wretched-

ness are hidden beyond the glittering exterior of this superb Paris, and till the establishment of these Mission Homes the homeless English orphan or servant-maid had no refuge; the workhouse—whether for good or evil, we cannot say—being unknown here.

We will now turn from the Neuilly Home to its parent institution in the Avenue Wagram, the exterior of which has long puzzled French passers-by. Above the lower windows, where the shopmen's signs are usually found, are printed in conspicuous letters, "God is love," "Search the Scripture," &c., &c. The good taste of such a procedure is questionable, but if it has occasionally been the means of leading some friendless wanderer to shelter and kindness, may be passed by. You enter a large, handsome house, or rather block of houses, every corner of which is covered with scriptural texts, to find half-a-dozen English ladies, under the friendly direction of Miss Ada Leigh, busied in their good work; for it may be easily imagined that a household often numbering eighty persons requires no little pains and organization to be kept going. A voluntary lady-helper leads you over every part of the scrupulously clean and comfortable building, where the prevailing English atmosphere strikes one pleasantly, and which may be divided into three portions: 1st, the Sanatorium, for invalided governesses, tradeswomen, and servants; 2nd, the Home, for all those who are expected to pay a small weekly sum, for which they have a most comfortable home; 3rd, the Free Registry Offices. It would be hard to say which of these three branches was most wanted. It happened that on the very evening I spent with Miss Ada Leigh at the Avenue Wagram, there came a poor consumptive English girl begging admittance. "I have no money," she said pitifully. "Can you take me in?" And touching it was, indeed, to hear with what joy, in spite of many obstacles and difficulties, the answer had been made—"Come in." That poor girl doubtless, like many another, only entered the Home to die, and without such truly Samaritan help would have died in the streets. The necessity of a home with surveillance for young English girls out of employ, or engaged by the day, is only to be appreciated by those who know with what dangers they are beset in Paris. It is difficult for English people to realise the indifference with which Parisian householders, as a rule, regard the moral well-being of their servants, and nothing can be worse than the accommodation provided for them, as all

who have lived in Parisian homes know. At the top of the large, handsome houses we admire so much are rows of small attics, apportioned off to each suite of rooms or *appartements*, and approached by a different staircase. As soon as the day's work is done the servants, whether male or female, betake themselves to their attics, being as completely cut off from supervision as if they were on the other side of the Channel. Is it to be wondered at that it is the rarest thing in the world to find anything like morality among this unfortunate class, or anything like sympathy between employers and employed? Were the history of one of these attics written, what a picture of misery we should see before us! Yet the system is allowed to go on. New streets, built on the same plan, are springing up on every side, and no one takes any heed. Miss Ada Leigh's efforts on behalf of English servant-girls in a city of such manifold temptations is worthy of all praise, and it is painful to learn that they are but feebly seconded by the wealthy English population of Paris. The Avenue Wagram may be called the nucleus of the English quarter; on every side you hear English spoken, you see English shops, you have evidence of a strongly prevailing English element, and a wealthy element too, but the national sentiment of generosity is wanting. At home the voice of distress has only to make itself heard and money is forthcoming, but here it is not so. Every day the selfishness of the world causes us to wonder more and more—nowhere more than in Paris.

In spite of the prevailing Evangelical tone, dissidents in religion are not shut out, and Catholics, or members of any other religious body, are permitted to follow their own faith undisturbed. We may differ widely with Miss Ada Leigh's views of theology and schemes of religious instruction, but we must accord her a spirit of liberalism and charity

vainly sought for within the precincts of similar institutions under Catholic rule.

Besides the Sanatorium, Home, and Free Registry, various charitable works immediately connected with them are in operation, viz. a *crèche*, soup kitchens, clothing clubs, children's sewing-class, Bible-classes for both sexes, &c. A temporary home for young Englishwomen employed in the Exhibition is also opened, without doubt to the comfort of many. It is easy to understand how much work these various organizations entail upon the Misses Leigh and their staff of lady-helpers; but such support has never been wanting, and pleasant it was to see the alacrity and cheerfulness of these young English ladies about their work. A pleasant sight also that gathering for evening prayer when the day's labours were over. There, in the midst of the City of Temptation *par excellence*, were assembled young Englishwomen of all ranks and occupations to pray and sing in their native language, and no matter what our own creed may be, no one could but join sympathetically in the familiar prayer with which the meeting closed. Are not the words, indeed, "Lead us not into temptation," applicable to all? For us outsiders and lookers-on, it is not the glittering streets of the Modern Babylon we have to withstand, it is not the going astray from the simple moral teachings of our youth we have to dread, but the inordinate, inrooted selfishness which, so long as the world is good and pleasant to ourselves, makes us forget the sorrows and miseries of others, for many of which we are indirectly responsible!

It seems incredible that these Homes for the friendless and the orphan in the midst of a rich English population should want funds. Let us hope that by force of reiteration the appeal may penetrate inattentive ears, and that this good work may not, like many others, come to a standstill for want of money.

M. B.-E.

WORK AND PLAY.

RUNS the round of labour,
Clear from day to day :
The lowly duties of the Poor
Do wait on them alway.

Necessity is master
Of the passing hours :
And wise are they who by their love
Can cheer the way with flowers.

For sordid all the outward guise—
No beauty lies therein ;
And every prospect dark and sad,
Save for the soul within.

But Love and Duty hand in hand
Transform the squalid ways,
And change the city's surly hum
To holy hymns of praise.

And little children, as they sport,
 Bring sunshine to the heart
 Of some who else had fallen away,
 To play a hapless part.

O happy are the workers,
 Whose work a brightness takes
 From the infant's mimic labours,
 That of toil a gladness makes!



Their joy is rich and secret,
 And deeper than we deem ;
 For they have found as sweet a hope
 As lives in myth or dream.

P. Y. REID.

THE EARLY POETRY OF SCOTLAND.

A Lecture delivered in the Museum, Oxford, on Tuesday, 4th June, 1878.

II.

IT is now time to turn to that other, greater, more purely poetic current of Scottish song, which I have spoken of as the popular poetry.

Popular it was in every sense of the word, the creation of the common people, not of the few or the learned class, breathing the spirit of the people, describing their manners and customs, recording the incidents which most moved their hearts, embalming their emotions of every kind, their sentiments on all that most interested them.

And it spoke to the heart of the people as no learned poetry could do, was their literature in a day when books were few or none, was the recreation alike of baron's hall and of peasant's fireside, and was really preserved in the memory of the people, till a time came when the printing-press laid hold of it, and made it a fixed, though, I fear, a less cherished possession.

Scotland's popular poetry naturally falls into three separate kinds or styles. 1. There were, first, poems descriptive of the manners and customs of the peasantry. 2. There were the ballads, heroic or historical—simple and affecting narratives of memorable events,

'Old unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago;'

or ballads founded on the popular superstitions, or lamentations for some personal sorrow. 3. There were the regular songs, not narrative, but short lyrics, embodying some one sentiment, giving impassioned expression to some feeling of love or sorrow or pity, such as naturally finds vent in song.

A few words on each of these.

I. The poems describing rustic manners seem to date from a very early time. Pictorial or didactic, they convey vivid pictures of the manners of past ages, whether as seen in rural life, in general society, or among the clergy. And here is seen a strong characteristic of the Scottish peasantry, that, whether for good report or evil, in a friendly or in a censorious spirit, they can never for long keep their thoughts off the clergy. This seems to have been a marked feature of Scots, not less in Roman Catholic times than it has always been under the Presbyterian régime.

The two earliest extant poems of this kind, 'Christ's Kirk on the Green' and

'Pebles to the Play,' are attributed, with fair probability, but not with absolute certainty, to James I. Some have questioned whether the graceful and refined author of 'The King's Quhair' could have condescended to such broad humour, and often coarse expressions, as are found in these poems. But it is known that he, like most of his descendants, mingled very freely among his subjects, and took much interest in their frolics and amusements. The king, or whoever the author was, had witnessed a rural holiday at some village in Aberdeenshire, it is supposed, and described what he there saw of the customs of the peasantry in a poem full of sprightliness and humour, which in many parts is too plain speaking for modern recital. The poem must have been well known in England in Pope's time, for he says,—

'One likes no language but the Faery Queen,
A Scot will fight for Christ's Kirk o' the Green.'

It is in an easy lyric stanza. This is the opening one, somewhat modernized:—

'Was ne'er in Scotland heard or seen
Sic dancing and deray,
Nouthr at Falkland on the Green,
Nor Pebles at the Play,
As was of woovers, as I ween,
At Christ's Kirk on a day,
There came our Kitties, washen clean,
In their new kirtles o' grey,
Full gay,
At Christ's Kirk of the Green that day.'

Another poem of the same order, describing a similar scene, only at the town of Peebles on the Tweed, is also attributed to James I., but with the same uncertainty. The language, metre (an unusual one), and humour of both poems are strikingly alike; so much so that they must either have come from the same hand, or one writer must have, on set purpose, imitated the other.

Here is a stanza from 'Pebles to the Play,' somewhat divested of its antique garb:—

'Than they come to the townis end
Withouten more delay,
He before, and she before,
To see what was maist gay.
All that lookit them upon
Leuch fast at their array:
Some said they were mercat folk,
Some said the queen of May
Was come
Of Peebles to the Play.'

Both poems are full of sympathy with country folk and their frolics, both show a

fine descriptive power, and that rare lyric flow that clearly marks the true singer. Many coarse jokes are plainly spoken in them; but that seems almost the necessary concomitant of all realistic description in early times. If these poems were the composition of James I., nothing could better show how intimately he must have associated with his subjects, and what a true eye he had for the picturesque and the human.

His successor, James V., known as the king of the poor or of the commons, is said to have wandered about the country in disguise, conversing freely with all he met, often passing the night under the peasant's roof or by the farmer's fire-side, and there finding for himself strange adventures. In two poems generally attributed to him, 'The Gaberlunzie Man' and 'The Jolly Beggar,' his adventures, when disguised as a beggar, are described in a lyric strain more like song than pure description. The latter of the two pieces has this chorus, with a fine lyric sound:—

'And we'll gang nae mair a-roving,
A-roving in the night;
We'll gang nae mair a-roving,
Let the moon shine ne'er so bright.'

Early in the sixteenth century we have a poem of the same class called the 'Friars of Berwick,' which represents in somewhat coarse colours the hospitality of the country people, and the laxity of the monks' lives. To the same time also belong 'Three Tales of the Priests of Peebles.'

But from this time onward, for nearly two centuries, the poetry of rustic manners slumbered in Scotland. Early in the eighteenth century it was revived by Allan Ramsay in his pastoral drama of 'The Gentle Shepherd,' a poem which, whatever critics may say of it, has great original merits, and has for a century and a half maintained a strong hold on the affections of the Scottish nation. Immediately succeeding to Ramsay, Robert Fergusson carried on the description of rustic manners in his 'Farmer's Ingle,' 'Leith Races,' and other poems, from which Burns afterwards took the form and manner of some of his own productions of far higher genius.

II. *The Ballads.*—A ballad is, I take it, a simple direct narrative of some striking action or incident, told often in dramatic form, without moralising or reflection, and meant for the common people.

Every country in Europe has, I suppose, had its ballads, or something corresponding to them. We hear of ballads, or something

like them, in the early poetry of Spain, Germany, Denmark, Sweden. England, too, had her ballads in early times, clustering round mythic or national heroes, such as Arthur and his knights, Robin Hood, Guy of Warwick. There was the ballad of 'The Nutbrown Maid,' of 'Chevy Chase,' and the like. However, of English ballads I speak with diffidence, for it is a subject I have not studied minutely. But I should gather from the contempt with which Shakespeare and all his contemporaries speak of 'odious ballads,' and 'these same metre ballad makers,' that the whole trade of ballad making had fallen into disrepute by the sixteenth century, and the fine heroic ballads of an elder day been buried under the mass of ephemeral broadsheets that were worthless, scurrilous, and contemptible. No poet of any name in that day would have intermeddled with ballads. It may have been partly that the genuine old work was discredited by the more modern rubbish which bore its name—partly also the great growth of more artistic literature put out the vernacular poetry. For one effect of the spread of civilisation and literature is to crush the rude but genuine poetry of the people. And long before the national taste has got so far advanced as to appreciate those songs, 'the precious music of the heart,' they have all but disappeared. As Allan Cunningham has somewhere finely said, 'The fire that destroys the broom upon the share brae-side to make way for the plough, destroys also the nests of a thousand song-birds.'

You will not therefore imagine that I claim for Scotland any exclusive possession of a ballad literature. But this may be truly said, that she has been very rich in ballads, that these have entered largely into the texture of her literature and coloured it distinctively, and that her ballads have some peculiarities about them worthy of being noted.

What are these peculiarities? Chiefly these two, I think. 1st. That owing to the later survival of primitive manners in Scotland, her ballads were orally preserved till a much later date, that their committal to printing is comparatively recent, and that many of them can be more distinctly localised than elsewhere. 2nd. The features of the country, the genius of the people, and their eventful history have impressed on them a very marked character of their own.

The preservation of ballads is a curious chapter in literature, which, however, I cannot now enter on. Collections of ballads,

made by curious investigators as early as the sixteenth century, had long lain neglected in some of our great libraries. Early in the eighteenth century Addison's comments on 'Chevy Chase,' and the publication of collections of ballads for popular use, showed that the tide was turning in their favour.

But the great epoch-making books, those which established the ballad for ever as a great national inheritance, were, 1st, 'Percy's Reliques of Ancient English Poetry,' first published in 1765—many of its finest treasures were, however, Scottish ballads communicated to the bishop by the eminent Lord Hailes; 2nd, Scott's 'Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border,' first published in 1802.

These two great works wrought quite a revolution in English thought and sentiment. They not only restored the long-despised and almost forgotten ballad to its rightful place, as the most native and genuine kind of song, but, like fresh springs let into a stagnant lake, they changed and revived the whole body of England's poetry.

Later in Scotland than in England the ballads had lingered, and later among the Border hills than elsewhere of Scotland. It is not true that the Borders were in any exclusive sense the home of the ballads, but it is true that the nature of the Border country and its historical circumstances combined to make them cling to those green hills with a peculiar tenacity. In old English songs every eminent bard is said to have come from the North Countrè, in Scottish song he belongs to the South Countrè. One and the same district is meant by both expressions.

That vast line of multitudinous hills that sweeps across Scotland, from St. Abb's Head on the east to Galloway and Loch Ryan on the west, with their softly moulded outlines, their mammy bosoms, their unnumbered dales, each flowing with its 'water' so clear and musical that Mr. Ruskin's ear overhears in them a peculiar melody of their own—the greenness of the hills, their gentleness, their loneliness, their 'pastoral melancholy,' how these things soothe while they awe the solitary wanderer! Other mountains are in outline far more striking; indeed, to many these seem tame and featureless; but there is that about them which melts into the heart—a charm, an enchantment more than the eye discovers. How many a time, as I have wandered among them, have I paused to ask myself, what it is makes the charm, the enchantment, of that delightful land? Beautiful the green hills are, with a silent, unobtrusive beauty, but

some power there is upon them that is more than this. It is the atmosphere of tradition and minstrelsy with which the whole face of the land is overspread, so that there is not a dale, scarcely a side mountain-burn which does not give name to some grand old melody. And then, lying in the centre of all, like their pathetic heart, the lonesome and lovely vale of Yarrow, hallowing all the rest with that immemorial, but nameless, sorrow which wails itself down through centuries of song.

As you gaze on the green silent pastures, with here and there a solitary ash-tree or thorn, remnants of the Forest that once overhung them, with the crumbling peels or Border towers which once sheltered famous fighting men or song-renowned ladies, you feel that here is something more than sense takes in, even a whole world of foregone humanity—you feel that here still lingers some shadow from that old Cymric people and their kingdom of Strath Clyde, through which swept King Arthur with his twelve great battles;—whither Merlin, the crazed and despairing seer, fled when all was lost, to find a refuge, and at last a grave, by Tweed.

Some influence, too, there is of that later seer, Thomas of Erceldoune, who, after pouring forth his prophecies and his 'Romance of Sir Tristram,' passed from his Border keep to sleep within the shadowy Halls of Faery, beneath the green slopes of Eildon. These things have left on the Border hills a glamourie that has not yet forsaken them.

Memories, too, are all around you, not only of the shadowy world of faery, but also of veritable battles, well known to history, when the line of Border hills became the wall between the two rival kingdoms, and the Border men were called to man the mountain rampart and stem the tide of southern invasion. A grandly exciting time it must have been when, soon as the beacon fires warned the water, or the dish of clean spurs served up on the board, told the chief that his cattle stalls were empty, he sprang to horse for midnight foray, and rode into England to drive a prey, more gleefully than his descendant to-day rides forth to the hunting-field. These were the men who stood foremost, and suffered most at Neville's Cross, Otterburn, and Flodden Field, and on whose remembrance these sore battles engraved themselves most lastingly. All these things are in the old Border ballads:—

'The weird under-world, and the wild battle time.'

Nor less the tender tones of wives and

children left behind them in the old peels, to wail their heart-broken lamentations over their fallen ones.

Who may have been the authors of the old ballads we still possess is wholly unknown. Many of the oldest were probably composed by those wandering minstrels who abounded before the Reformation, welcomed by the king and nobles, the delight of the common people, but represented by more sober writers as intruders, profligates, and low buffoons. These minstrels absolutely swarmed about the Court of James V. Dunbar, in his 'Lament for the Makaris,' mentions two poets recently dead as ballad makers. He says that death has taken Maister Johne Clerk and James Afflek 'Fra ballat making and tragedè.'

Neither can we fix more definitely the age when the ballads were produced. Some of the romantic ones may have been adapted by the minstrels from the elder metrical romances for singing or recitation before the people. Others, the historic ones, we can hardly doubt, were struck out immediately by some great event, from the popular heart and imagination, breaking spontaneously into song. Till last century, they were handed down orally and preserved in the memory of the people, especially those in sequestered districts whose chief literature, after the Bible, they were. At the close of last century, Sir Walter gathered some of the most precious from the recitation of old women in Etrick Forest, and of farmers like Dandie Dinmont in Liddesdale. It is not to be supposed that they have come down to us wholly unchanged. 'They represent the changes and additions, the suggestions and passing touches of many generations. They are, in fact, the growth of ages, the continuous expression of the national heart, rather than individual productions.'

My friend Professor Veitch, whose words I have just quoted, and whose recent work on 'The Poetry of the Scottish Border' I commend to the careful study of all who care for such things—Professor Veitch proposes a threefold division of the ballads proper into the following orders:—

1. Under the head of romantic he would range both those ballads which deal with extraordinary events and characters, such as mainly have come down from the Arthurian time, and also those which introduce powers of the unseen world as interfering with the affairs of men, whether those powers be Fairies from Elfland, or other spirits, or appearances of the dead.

The whole fairy belief he traces to a Scandinavian source.

2. Ballads on historic events, whether great national battles like Otterburn and Flodden, or forays across the English border, or feud fights between clan and clan.

3. Ballads which refer to some tragic or pathetic incident in the life of a person or district, calling forth emotions of love, sorrow, tenderness, and pity. Of this kind are most of the ballads that were cradled in Yarrow.

An instance or two of each of these kinds before I close.

Of Elfinland, and the old feeling about it, the ballad of Thomas the Rhymer is the finest example. That ballad is said to have the oldest MS. authority, being found in MSS. as far back as 1430 or 1440. This half historic, half mythic personage lived about the middle of the thirteenth century, in his Tower of Erceldoune on Leader Water. The poet-seer and visitant of 'another countree'—that is, the land of Faërie—has left his prophecies scattered all Scotland over, and some of them have had strange fulfilments. His gift of prophecy he got from intercourse with the Elfin Queen. His first meeting with her the ballad thus describes:—

' True Thomas lay on Huntlie bank,
A ferlie he spied wi' his e'e;
And there he saw a lady bright
Come riding down by the Eildon Tree.'

After some parley, in which Thomas, by kissing the Queen of Faërie becomes bound to serve her for seven years,

' She mounted on her milk-white steed,
She's ta'en true Thomas up behind;
And aye whene'er her bridle rung,
Her steed flew swifter than the wind.

' O they rade on, and further on,
The steed gaed swifter than the wind,
Until they reached a desert wide,
And living land was left behind.'

She then shows him three paths—the first the path of righteousness, the second that of wickedness, and a third thus:

“ And see ye not that bonny road,
That winds about the fernie brae?
That is the road to fair Elfland,
Where thou and I to-night maun gae.

“ But, Thomas, ye maun hauld your tongue,
Whatever ye may hear or see;
For if ye speak word in Elfynd land,
Ye'll ne'er get back to your ain countree.”

' O they rade on, and further on,
And they waded through rivers aboon the knee,
And they saw neither sun nor moon,
But they heard the roaring of the sea.

It was mirk, mirk night, and there was nae stern-light,
And they waded through red blood to the knee;
For all the blood that's shed on earth,
Rins through the springs o' that countree.'

Thomas, on reaching the Elfin world, serves the queen for seven years, and receives from her his wages.

'Syne they came as to a garden green,
And she pu'd an apple frae the tree;
'Take this for thy wages, true Thomas,
It will give thee the tongue that can never lee.'

Thomas thought this a rather inconvenient gift, if he was to carry on business on earth again.

"My tongue is mine," true Thomas said,
"A gudely gift ye wad gi'e to me;
I neither dought to buy nor sell
At fair or tryst where I may be.

"I dought neither speak to prince or peer,
Nor ask of grace from fair ladye,"
"Now hold thy peace!" the lady said,
"For as I say, so must it be."

'He has gotten a coat of the even cloth,
And a pair of shoes of velvet green;
And till seven years were gane and past,
True Thomas on earth was never seen.'

On his return he uttered those prophecies which were deemed infallible, many of which are remembered in Scotland till the present day.

As one snatch from the heroic ballads, take this description of a fray between the Scots of Buccleuch and an English freebooter. It is from the ballad of 'Jamie Telfer of the fair Dodhead.' The Scots caught up the English reivers, retreating with their prey at the fords of Liddel Water. 'The Dinlay snaw' mentioned in the passage is the snow on the top of the Dunion, a mountain of the Cheviot range, standing conspicuous to the south of Jedburgh.

'Then til't they gaed, wi' heart and hand,
The blows fell thick as bickering hail;
And mony a horse ran masterless,
And mony a comely cheek was pale.

'But Willie was stricken owre the head,
And thro' the knapsack the sword has gaen;
And Harden grat for very rage,
When Willie on the ground lay slain.

'But he's ta'en aff his gude steel cap,
And thrice he's waved it in the air;
The Dinlay snaw was nao mair white,
Nor the lyart locks of Harden's hair.

"Revenge! revenge!" auld Wat 'gan cry;
"Fye, lads, lay on them cruelle!
We'll ne'er see Tiviot-side again,
Or Willie's death revenged shall be."

Wat Harden, with his snow-white hair and steel cap in hand, cheering on his men, what a subject for a painter!

Then for the ballad of personal incident and emotion, take this. James V., intent on putting down the marauders of the Border, made one of his dashing rides over the southern hills, came suddenly down upon one of them, Piers Cockburne, a noted freebooter, and hung him up at once over the gate of his own tower of Henderland. The

ruins of that tower may still be seen standing on Yarrow side, near where Meggat Water falls into St. Mary's Loch. In a deserted chapelry hard by Sir Walter found the broken head-stone that covered his grave, and could still read the inscription: 'Here lyes Perys, of Cokburne, and his Wyfe Marjory.'

This is the lament of Marjory, his widow, over him:—

'I sewed his sheet, making my mane;
I watched the corpse, myself, alone;
I watched his body, night and day;
No living creature came that way.

'I took his body on my back,
And whiles I gaed, and whiles I sat;
I digg'd a grave, and laid him in,
And happ'd him with the sod sae green.

'But think na ye my heart was sair,
When I laid the mou' on his yellow hair;
O think na ye my heart was wae,
When I turned about, awa' to gae?

'Nae living man I'll love again,
Since that my lovely knight is slain;
Wi' ae lock of his yellow hair
I'll chain my heart for evermair.'

Is there anything in the whole compass of poetry that for pathos surpasses that?

The passages I have just given belong to Scott's 'Minstrelsy of the Border.' But Scotland's ballad poetry is not confined to these. Donnebristle is an ancient home of the Earls of Moray, on the north side of the Frith of Forth, within about twelve miles from Edinburgh. The young Earl of Moray was said to be the handsomest man then in the kingdom. King James VI., who had some grudge against Moray, had given commission to Earl of Huntly to pursue Bothwell and his followers with fire and sword. Huntly, under cover of that commission, took occasion to revenge a private quarrel he had with the young Earl of Moray. Huntly laid siege to Donnebristle, fired the castle, and slew the young earl while gallantly defending himself. The ballad begins with 'Ye Highlands and ye Lawlands,' because Moray had large lands and many vassals, both in the Highlands and in the Lowlands.

'Ye Highlands and ye Lawlands,
Oh, quhair hao ye been?
They hae slain the Earl of Moray,
And hae laid him on the green.

'Now, wae be to thee, Huntly!
And wherof did you sae;
I bade ye bring him wi' you,
And forbade you him to slay.

'He was a braw gallant,
And he rid at the ring;
And the bonny Earl o' Moray,
Oh! he might hae been a king.

'He was a braw gallant,
And he play'd at the ba';
And the bonny Earl o' Moray
Was the flower among them a'.

'Oh! lang will his lady
Lukc owre the Castle Doune,
Ere she see the Earl o' Moray
Come sounding thro' the town.'

Here is another fragment, belonging to no one knows what time or what actual event. Some have imagined that it is a lament for one of the followers of Argyle, who may have fallen in the battle of Glenlivet, 'stricken on Thursday, the third day of October, 1594 years.' But this is mere conjecture, and the few verses that are left, are they not all the more impressive for the utter uncertainty as to time, place, and person?

'Hie upon Hielands,
And low upon Tay,
Bonnie George Campbell
Rade out on a day.
Saddled and bridled.
And gallant rade he;
Hame cam' his gude horse,
But never cam' he!

'Out cam' his auld mither,
Greeting fu' sair;
And out cam' his bonnie bride,
Kivin' her hair.
Saddled and bridled
And bootied rade he;
Toom hame cam' the saddle [empty],
But never cam' he!

"My meadow lies green,
And my corn is unshorn;
My barn is to big [build],
And my babie's unborn."
Saddled and bridled
And bootied rade he;
Toom hame cam' the saddle,
But never cam' he!

III. There is a third form of poetry in which the national heart of Scotland has expressed itself, I mean her songs—her songs as these are distinguished from the ballads. Of these I had intended to speak to-day, but I find that I must reserve what I have to say on this subject till my next lecture, when I hope to speak of Burns.

Meanwhile if there are any of my younger hearers present who care for these things, may I be allowed to hint to them that the ballad literature both of Scotland and of England also, is really worthy of their mind's regard; not merely of such passing regard as most educated men have at some time of their lives cast upon it, but worthy of close, careful, discriminating study.

In these old songs of the people they will find no unreal sorrow, no fantastic love, no fine-spun subtleties, either of thought or sentiment, but the direct warm throb of strong human hearts, in the presence of the great simple facts of life and death, under the pressure of the primal emotions. The open air, the free breath of the moorland, is all about them, as Professor Veitch says, 'not the stifling atmosphere of morbid feelings and artificial fancies.'

When I turn from these to most of the

poetry one meets in the present age, highly wrought, but eminently unhealthy as this is, what a weariness and loathing one feels!

Were any young man to make a serious study of but two books, Percy's 'Reliques' and Scott's 'Minstrelsy,' taking them ballad by ballad, and trying as far as he could to master all the history, legend, and incident that clusters round each; and if he would further compare and illustrate them by the Iliad and the Odyssey—I do not ask him to go into all the ballad literature of Europe, for here concentration is everything—he would give himself the finest, freshest, most inspiring poetic education that is possible in our age. So furnished he might well neglect more than half of modern poetry.

For those who have still youth and leisure on their side, I can imagine no more instructive and delightful way of passing a summer long vacation than to take Scott's 'Minstrelsy' alone, and with it in hand to traverse on foot the whole range of the Border hills, both the Scottish and the English side of them, from Cheviot to Hartfell and Queensberry—visit the spot to which each ballad refers, search out each name, and localise each incident, making shepherd after shepherd, from day to day, the companion of your wanderings. I could wish no pleasanter or wiser companion for a long summer day than I have found among these men, when one knows how to approach them and get their confidence. From their lips you will best learn whatever of tradition still lingers about each locality. To do this thoroughly would be the work, not of one summer only, but of several summers, in which mind and body alike would find full exercise and refreshment.

Do not suppose that the ballads are an exhausted field. Most persons have skimmed them, few have been at pains to know them thoroughly. He who would make such an open-air hillside study of them as I have suggested would come into actual contact with the scenes where much of the best poetry was born, and would learn more of lonely nature, of his country's history, and of the human heart, than he would by perusing at his desk a whole library.

I should be sorry to speak heresy against this place and its studies, but am I wrong in believing that one who could make such a study as this would educate his own nature more largely, more richly, than by reading for a first class in every one of the Schools?

J. C. SHAIRP.



ONE JUNE MORNING.

I'M thinking now of a time, my friend—
 How many Summers ago?
 In the morning's dewy prime, my friend,
 The June's young glow.
 That morn when I and the girl that died,
 Happy-hearted, tender-eyed,
 Sat side by side, sat side by side,
 And whispered low.

Oh, those young June days!
 God never made aught so rare;
 Glamour of silvern haze,
 Fragrance in earth and air;
 Each bird a fountain of praise,
 Each flower a pray'r.

And those hearts of ours, those hearts of ours!
 They were gladder than birds, they were sweeter than
 flowers;
 God looked not down that Summer day
 On aught so tender and pure as they.

O'er her work my darling bent,
 Lowly, lowly;
 Waited while the minutes went,
 Slowly, slowly.
 Ah, she knew I loved her well—
 Knew I had a tale to tell
 In her pinky ear.
 Why, ah why, are lovers shy,
 When maidens wait with downcast eye,
 And none is near?

Ah, yes, there was not a thing but knew:
 The harebell tinkled its bell of blue,
 And looked away;
 But the saucy thrush on the bough that swung,
 Boldly he stared, and archly sung,
 And babbled the tale with wanton tongue
 To every bird on the spray.

At length they came, a word or two—
 Simple words—
 Which none o'erheard but a bird or two—
 Flowers and birds.
 Slowly my darling raised her head;
 Never a word the sweet lips said,
 But the flower-cheeks blossomed a riper red,
 And the lashes were bright and a-tremble with
 tears,

As two young souls in a long kiss met—
 A kiss whose melody haunts me yet
 Through all the years.

And then, from his nest hard by,
 A lark upsprung,
 And quivered into the sky,
 And sung—and sung.
 The noisiest babbler held his breath,
 And the wind and the trees stood still as death,
 To list to the rapture deep and strong
 Of that skylark's song.

Ah me, that strain, that tranced strain!
 It shivered and died and shrilled again,
 In yearning and bliss and exquisite pain;
 It pierced my heart, it stung my brain,
 It waked the tears like Summer rain,
 It made me long to die,
 Her hand to the last held fond and fast,
 And my rapt face turned to the sky.

I heard the lark sing yesterday;
 From his grassy nest hard by,
 He quivered away in the morning grey,
 And lost himself in the sky.
 He sang once more that self-same air;
 But, ah, for the rapture, the vast despair,
 The passionate pain! it had passed from there;
 His heart was sere and dry.
 He never will sing again, ah no!
 As he sung in that Summer of long ago.

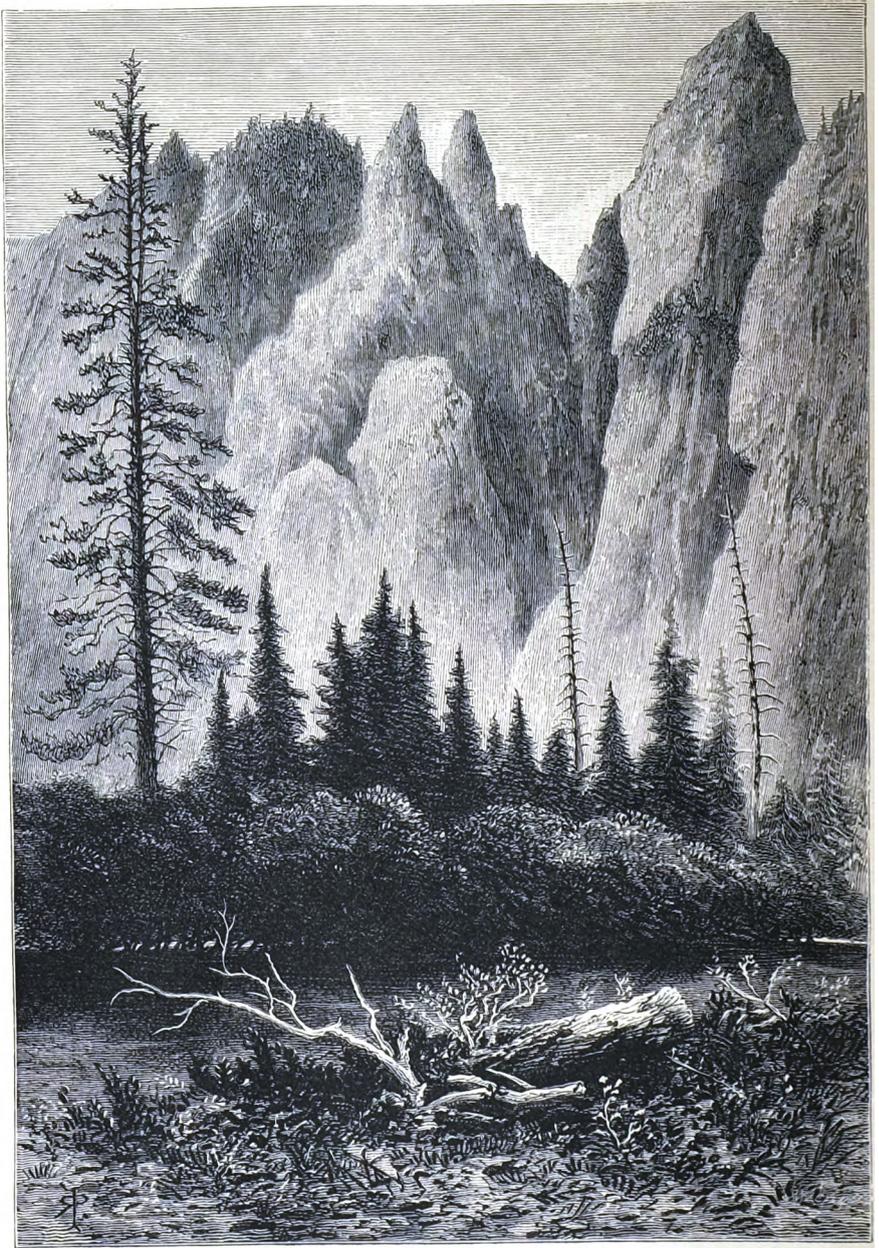
For the world grows old, grows old, my friend,
 And the Junes have turned so cold, my friend,
 And there lingers a smell of mould, my friend,
 And rotting leaves;
 And he thinks of those days of gold, my friend,
 And grieves, and grieves.

Ah, never again will he sing such a strain
 Of passionate strength and glow,
 As the strain he sung when we both were young—
 How many Summers ago?
 As the strain he sung in the blithe Junetide,
 When I and my darling sat side by side,
 I and the dear little heart that died—
 How many Summers ago?
 Ah, fifty Summers ago, my friend,
 Fifty Summers ago!

FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE.







CATHEDRAL SPIRES, YOSEMITE.

THE YOSEMITE VALLEY.



The Falls, Yosemite.

THEY have written much about it; they have painted a grand photograph-credit many times. They have made roads and bridle-paths to it; built hotels

lowed into the hills. Then higher up, through winding glens and along the banks of torrents, into the Sierras it led; sometimes a tired horse or a dying ox was overtaken, then the trail led still deeper into the tangled fastnesses of the mountains, until, in wild labyrinths of rock, precipice, and forest, it invariably ended, no man could tell where. In two or three days' time the party of pursuit would emerge from the Sierras with provisions all exhausted, and with bruised or torn limbs.

Still the depredations went on. At last a party of farmers met together for a pursuit, and swore among themselves to stick to the trail, wherever it led, until their cattle had been recovered. They followed the old line through the foot hills, up the rugged glens into the mountains; tangled brake, steep precipices, places of indescribable ruggedness were passed; the trail seemed to lead everywhere at once. The place was a deep gloomy ravine, at the bottom of which a mountain torrent roared along an unseen course. Following up the valley the path became lost amid gigantic boulders. Climbing with difficulty the rock sides of this valley, the pursuers found themselves on a broken plateau thickly forested. Wandering on in the hope of again recovering the lost trail, they came all at once upon the edge of a vast depression—the oldest mountain climber among them had never seen such a sight.

and drinking saloons in it; brought the cosmopolite Cockney to it; excursed to it; picnicked in it; scraped names upon its rocks; levied tolls by its waterfalls; sung "Hail! Columbia," beneath the shadows of its precipices; swallowed "smashes" and "slings" under its pine-trees; outraged, desecrated and profaned it, but still it stands an unmatched monument hewn by ice and fire from the very earth itself.

So far as man civilised is concerned, its story has been a short one. When the gold had all been taken from the placer diggings of Tuolumne and Mariposa, the miner began to turn the surface of the earth for other gold than that nugget wealth he had previously sought on bed rock and in water-ledge. The yellow wheaten harvest, the golden ripeness of the Indian corn, began to colour the level expanses that spread at the foot hills of the Sierra Nevada; and as the mining camps lessened amid the hills, the farmstead and the stock *ranch* grew more numerous on the lower land.

But, close by the edge of the foot hills in Tuolumne and Mariposa there occurred ever and anon certain drawbacks to farmers' prosperity. Indians descended from the Sierras and swept cattle and horses from the *ranches* into the hills. When daylight revealed these depredations a hot pursuit usually began. Eagerly the trail was fol-

Straight down beneath, how many thousand feet no man could guess, lay a fair and lovely land. It was not a valley—its sides were perfectly steep, presenting to the eye at the opposite side a wall-like face of sheer dark grey rock. It was not a chasm—because the floor appeared as a perfect level, carpeted with bright green grass, upon the surface of which stately pine-trees grew at intervals.

In many curves, bending from the farther wall and lost to view under the nearer one on which the party stood, but emerging again into sight near the centre of the space, was seen a clear and beautiful river.

As the men crowded along the edge of the stupendous precipice that enclosed this wonderful fairy region, fresh marvels broke upon their sight. They saw many cataracts falling into the valley from great heights; some rolling over the opposing edges in vast volumes of water that broke into innumer-

able jets of spray, as they descended into the mid distance beneath; others making successive bounds from basin to basin as they pitched headlong down; others again, broke into tiniest threads of vapour ere their long descent was done.

But to the rough farmers there was a sight even more wonderful than precipices or cataract or crystal river. Below, in the green meadow, they beheld their lost cattle and their stolen horses, appearing as specs of life in the immense distance beneath, but still clearly discernible in an atmosphere of intense clearness. Into this fairy land there must be means of entrance, this great rock wall must possess a door. They set to work eagerly to look for it; they followed the edge and frequently essayed a descent, but everywhere they met the same sheer rock.

Night came. They encamped on the summit, and with morning began again the work of exploration. They followed water courses that flowed towards the precipice; but these ended in perpendicular falls of water that made the men dizzy to look down. Another night passed. Next day brought better fortune; they had now followed the precipice many miles along its edge. Fresh marvels had opened beneath them as they went, but in the absence of a means of entering the valley its wonders of scenery were little thought of. At last they reached a spot where the abrupt rock gave place to a descent shelving enough to give root and sustenance to a growth of pine-trees. Down this shelving bank they managed to travel for about a thousand feet; then the scarpèd rock was again met with. Descending through a kind of causeway opening, cut by a water-course in this wall, they reached again a less abrupt escarpment, and, finally, after many hours of excessive toil, found themselves on the floor of the valley.

Not far from where they entered, a cascade of immense height plunged in three great leaps down the wall of rock. Days afterwards, when these men had got back to the settlements, and were retailing to their friends the marvellous region they had visited, this cascade formed a chief topic of the story. "It falls," said one of the explorers, "one thousand feet." The neighbours shook their heads. One thousand feet! Impossible. Gauged since by actual measurement, this waterfall has been found to be two thousand six hundred feet in height. Perhaps this fact is as good a method of estimating the real nature of the Yosemite Valley as any

other that can be stated. What is called the "vulgar estimate" of height or distance does not usually err on the side of depreciation. Waves in storm are said to be mountains high when they are only twenty feet, but this mountain wall was only reckoned at a third of its real height by the men who first gazed from beneath at its edge, clear cut, against the sky of California.

There was a farmer listening to the story who thought to himself deeply over the marvels of the place. "A waterfall," said he, "one thousand feet from top to bottom! Niagara is but one hundred and sixty feet, and yet tens of thousands of visitors flock to see it. I will go to the foot of the fall that is one thousand feet high, and if I find there is such a thing, I will build there a hotel and make a fortune."

He was true to his word. Opposite the great fall of the Yosemite this farmer set his stakes and pitched his tent; and to-day, out of all the rest-houses, hotels, inns, restaurants, and places of entertainment for beast and man in the wonderful valley, that of Farmer Hutchings holds its own.

But to return to the party of explorers—they found their stolen cattle and horses resting quietly under the shade of the lofty pine-trees, and chewing the cud of contentment by the crystal waters of the serpentine river, whose banks were deep in grass and flowers. They found, too, some scattered bands of Red men, who offered but a feeble resistance to the incomers, preferring to seek safety in the steep rocks of unnumbered "kloofs" and caverns that fringed the waterfall, and lay piled beneath the precipice.

And thus, after long centuries of seclusion, this most wonderful secret spot of nature was revealed to the eyes of the tame man. Ever since the earth began the sun and the eagle had gazed into its great depths—the roving Red man had pitched his lodge in its hidden meadows; the grizzly had made it his favourite home; but henceforth all was to be changed. The loafer, the lying guide, the man of the mint julep, the man with the camera obscura, the man with the unwashed hands and the diamond breast-pin, the English tourist in anxious uncertainty as to the identity of some particular waterfall, the man going to Japan, the man with the paper collar, the man who has been in the Holy Land, the male and female tourist of every degree—all are to eat, sleep, gallop, gossip and guzzle in it.

The old Indian names of rock and waterfall are to give place to "Caps of Liberty,"

“Bridal Veils,” and “Royal Arches,” and through the murmur of waters, and within the roar of cataracts, petroleum, shoddy, and Saratoga will ride, rampant and unabashed. And yet they cannot spoil it. It defies even the united efforts of the British traveller and the Yankee tourist. Man in the Yosemite is no bigger than an infant in St. Peter's at Rome; he can crawl over the pavement, but the walls and the dome are beyond his reach.

* * * *

All day long we have been working on into the range of the Sierra Nevada from the railway station at Merced. The coach-load is a big one, and fairly represents Californian society—a Britisher who is on his way round the world, evidently put out at not finding that his Club has been sent on just one day ahead of him; another Englishman, who is on his way from Japan, and is taking copious notes with a view to the publication of a work entitled “From Nangasaki to Niagara;” a Frenchman who is somewhat disheartened at discovering that his much-prized English is perfectly useless to convey or receive tangible impressions in America; two Chinamen, silent, reserved, but good-humoured; an Irish American, long resident in China.

With many twists and bends, the road climbs the wooded foot-hills, and as the sunset hour draws near, the height attained can be measured by the vast range of vision backwards over the San Joaquin Valley, and in the cool breeze that comes rippling along the glen-sides of the leafy foot-hills. It grows dusk as we reach the last stage for the day, a long, low, wooden building, with tiny bedrooms opening off a verandah running the entire length of the house; clean, cool beds in the little rooms, and cold water to wash away the hot red dust of the San Joaquin, that enemy that hung so persistently upon our flying traces all through the long summer day.

When the evening meal is over the passengers group together in the verandah, and conversation becomes brisk. The Irish American has had wide experience. He has been American consul at Zanzibar, American ambassador at Pekin; he has seen something of life in most of the States of the Union, and the years have left him many a story to tell the travellers to-night.

The Chinese question, that burning one along the Pacific coast, is foremost on the list. “You treat the Chinese shamefully,” says a traveller. “When I was in San Francisco a small boy belonging to the hotel

used to look after my clothes and wait upon me. All one Sunday he was absent; late at night he presented himself before me. ‘You have been away?’ I said to him. ‘Yes,’ he replied, ‘I had a bully day to-day. I first went to see the general buried; then I went to the Chinese town, and threw bricks at the Chinamen all the afternoon.’ ‘Did not the police stop you?’ I asked in my simplicity. ‘The police stop me!’ replied the juvenile in a tone of half-contemptuous pity for my ignorance. ‘I guess they'd heave bricks at the Yellow-skins as soon as I would.’ And yet,” continued the traveller, “your public men dare not make a stand against this monstrous tyranny of the mob. One evening I was at the house of a professional gentleman in San Francisco. I spoke of Chinese emigration. His drawing-room door stood open. Rising from his chair, he closed the door carefully, and said to me, ‘I tell you what it is, sir: we better-class people could not live here at all if it were not for these poor Chinamen they so bitterly revile.’”

The Irish American follows. “Our people,” he says, “dislike the Chinese for other reasons besides their interference with the labour market. They take our money, but they do not become Americans; they have nothing in common with us; they refuse our civilisation and reject our institutions.”

“In other words,” replies the first speaker, “you hate them because they are the only race under the sun who utterly triumph over you. The Spaniard and the Swede, the Frank and the Teuton, the Celt and the Saxon, all merge their national types into your social and political systems; even the Negro becomes a Yankee; the Red Indians disappear wholly before you; but this Asiatic, older than any, retains unchanged the essence of his national life. He defies your power of assimilation, he uses you for his own ends; he builds roads, bridges, railways, wharves, but you cannot induce him to go this ‘ticket’ or that ‘ticket’ at your State elections. Greely and Grant are unknown quantities to him; nevertheless he knows the difference between a greenback and a ‘shin-plaster,’ and can beat you at a game of euchre or ‘fives up.’ He can live in comfort where you would die in misery. He takes your gold and gives you labour, but nothing more; in his secret heart he despises you. His heart and soul long for his own land again; and if in life he is not to see it, in death he is still to rest there. He is, in fine, the one human unit who utterly defies you, and you hate him because he is so.”

Never before had such a view of the hated

Chinaman been put before the mental gaze of an American. It was positively appalling in its novel audacity. The Frenchmen were delighted.

When the American had retired for the night one of the Frenchmen said, "Is it not curious—he is the first American whose English we can fully understand?" "Ah, yes," replied the traveller, "he is an Irishman, and he has lived in China for many years." The explanation was accepted.

Next morning the coach carried its load deeper into the mountains, and before mid-day reached another resting point seven thousand feet above the sea-level. Here the coach stopped, ponies were in waiting, and those of the passengers who wished to visit the "big trees" that day set out for a further six miles through the forest.

Here, at an elevation varying between six and nine thousand feet, this hoary monarch of the great forest has sat throned through thousands of years.

This Californian forest reaches here its most magnificent proportions; not only are the "big trees" giants themselves, but far and near other pines almost as gigantic shadow the rolling sides of these beautiful sierras; high above, between the far-reaching tree-tops, glimpses of bluest sky are seen. On the ground the horses' knees brush away the blossoms of the azalea that cluster thickly along the pathway. There is no dust here, neither is there gloom; all is freshness, sense of health, sense of the ever-recurring life of nature.

Under yon hoary giant that has stood since Rome was founded grows some tender fern of last week's shower—blossoms some bright flower whose life is but a summer.

On, beneath the great trees, the ponies amble in single file, and at last there is seen, a little way ahead, a dark russet tree-trunk, of girth surpassing anything we have yet come to. Assuredly a big tree, but is it one of the big trees? So many giants have stood along the pathway, that we hesitate ere we call out to those who follow, "Here they are." Yes, it is the first of the big trees, and others follow at short intervals. Still it is difficult to take in all at once the real vastness of these great red tree-trunks; it is only when we come to one fallen giant, and, dismounting, go up his side by a ladder, and walk the broad pathway of his upper surface, along a space wide enough for four men to walk abreast upon, that we realise the true nature of these gigantic pines. The "fallen monarch," they have named him. Almost

every big tree has now its title—not so apt as in the case of this prostrate monarch. The political heroes of the Democratic and Republican parties in the Pacific slope, as well as the wider-known celebrities of the central government at Washington, have given names to these grand old trees, names terrible discordant with the scene: Rufus B. Crooks appears upon a brass plate on one tree, a little farther on, Colonel S. P. B. Scott is cut in a marble tablet hung against another, then President Grant, Longfellow, Stanton and Mrs. Stanton meet the eye; the name of Cobb appears upon a seventh tree, and finally George Washington crowns the lot. We pass them all, and reach at last a wonderfully old tree—he bears the name of "Grizzly Giant." The guide tells us that he is two hundred and fifty feet in height; but that is only half what he must once have been, for his head and shoulders are gone, and no trace of them remains upon the surrounding ground. At a height of ninety feet above the ground there is a single branch which is eighteen feet in circumference; the tree itself, measured at two feet above the ground, is ninety feet around it. There are lumps and knobs encrusted upon its bark as large as good-sized trees each of them. How pleasant it would be if the man who is bound for Japan would proceed there, if the man going round the world would continue his circum-exploration, if the guide and the rest of them would simply go away and leave us here alone to camp under this old giant, as we used to camp far away in the frozen North! then we might look at him all to ourselves; then, perhaps, as the starlight was stealing over the Sierras, and huge trunks were growing dim in the lessening light, he, this wonder, might whisper forth his vast unutterable music; but now the trail of the tourist is over it all, the chicken-bone of yesterday's picnic lies amid the cones that hold the seeds of thirty centuries, and Time, in his thousands of years, "looking down upon the tourist," as an American writer has put it, "from the summit of this tree," is annihilated by the glance which the aforesaid tourist casts back into the tree-top.

From the foot of the Grizzly Giant we wander off to other big trees set along our return pathway. There is Pluto's Chimney, a vast ruined trunk, within the hollows of which a rider can turn his horse without touching the wood that is around him on every side, save the archway through which he entered; and there are many other old veterans more or less desecrated by that terrible civiliser, the

Anglo-Saxon Yankee ; for, be it ever remembered, that the highest extreme of American snobbishness is but the Anglo-Saxon vulgarity run to seed, precisely as the extreme of British solidity and perseverance is found in the matchless energy and restless sharpness of the Yankee.

To cut here on this big tree the name of Rufus B. Crooks in marble, is but the highest development of the Cockney instinct which induces John Jones to carve his name on a bench in Richmond Park. If English travellers in America would but realise the great fact that America is but a semi-tropic England, minus the Norman Conquest, the germs of many curious expressions and apparently singular customs might be looked for nearer home.

Back to the comfortable wooden hotel for food and rest, and away again on pony-back early next morning for the Yosemite Valley. 'Three hours' easy riding carries us to another wooden shanty, where food awaits man and pony. All around is pine forest, but no dense, gloomy labyrinthine wood. Forest of stately trees growing at intervals, forest of brooks and streams, where water fills deep pools amid rocks, and flashes over grey boulders of granite, and catches upon sunbeams that come slanting amid pine-tops; forest of spicy odours, of sweet scent, of the freshness of Summer Sierra, 8,000 feet above the sea-level.

But, as we ride along in the early summer afternoon through this undulating forest, there suddenly bursts upon us a sight unlike anything we have ever seen, unlike anything we are ever likely to see again until fate turns our steps towards the Valley of the Yosemite.

If the ground had opened suddenly before our ponies' heads the change could not have been more abrupt. All at once the trees in front vanish, the earth dips down into an abyss, and we find ourselves, in a blaze of noon-day light, grouped upon a bare rock, which, projecting out into space, has beneath it at one sweep of the eye the whole Yosemite. The Americans have named the rock Inspiration Point. It is an unfortunate title; the Rock of Silence would be a fitter name for it. The inspiration that prompts the reiterated utterance of, "Oh, how beautiful!" "Oh, ain't it elegant!" "Did you ever?" "Ain't it romantic, now?" is not exactly the form of inspiration here needed; but it is, nevertheless, the one the wanderer will most likely discover among his inspired fellow-travellers, if he ventures to enter this valley in the company of his fellow-beings.

It is not easy to get nowadays to any of the beautiful spots of the civilised earth alone. In America, wherever the steamboat plies on the river, or the deep whistle of the iron-horse is heard, there the traveller has to take his scenery as he does his dinner—in company. Fortunately, once inside the magic circle of the rock wall of the Yosemite, one is free to wander alone through its countless aisles. This vast cathedral has, in fact, innumerable side chapels and cloisters, through which one can escape from the particular group or body of tourists to which a cruel fate, in the shape of a hotel captain or director of tourists, has consigned him.

But to return to Inspiration Point. Standing on the rock, and looking towards the north-east, the traveller, ordinary or inspired, sees as follows:—A deep chasm or rent-like hollow, running about eleven miles amid nearly perpendicular mountains. Right in front, looking across this chasm, there stands a mighty rock, a single front of solid granite, smooth almost to polish. The top of this rock lies nearly level with the top of the rock on which he stands, the base rests amid green grass and dark pines far away below; from base to summit is 3,100 feet. This is the "Tutuckanuba," or "Chief of the Valley" of the Indians, the "Capitan" of the white man. But measurements and names are useless to convey to the mind any fixed conception of this scene. The countless rocks that rise around the green cool-looking vale beneath, have about them a strange aspect of solidity which no other mountains that we know of possess; they are rentless, jointless, unsplintered. Wherever ruin has come to them it has been in earthquake shape, cleaving at one single stroke some mighty cliff asunder, as a knife might sever an apple in twain, but leaving the sundered portions intact and unbroken. Looking up along the line of the southern rim, the great Half Dome is seen. Six thousand feet he towers above the valley, 10,000 above the sea. Its bald crown is as smooth as a skull, save for one solitary oak-tree, which has never yet been reached by man; but some vast shock has cut down the frontlet sheer into the valley, and, steepest among all the steep sides of the Yosemite is the smooth face of this seamless rock. The effect of this entirety of rock, this smooth-polished surface of mountain, is striking in the extreme. It gives to these precipices a sense of greatness beyond even their own vast proportions; they are not, in fact, mountains, they are single rocks. El Capitan is but 3,100

feet, but it is 3,100 feet of solid single rock. The "Ma-tu" of the Indians, "Cap of Liberty" of the Americans, is another of these wonderful rocks; 4,600 feet he rises sheer above the Nevada fall, smooth, seamless, and glistening.

But it is time to begin our descent into the valley. It is a continuous zigzag. The ponies know it well; it looks nasty in scores of places, but the sure-footed beasts go steadily down. The descent is so steep that it takes less time to accomplish it than we could have supposed when looking at the valley from above.

We are on the level ground again, and push out from the base of the cliff into the more open meadow-land.

The evening is coming on. We hurry along a level sandy track; around us are pine-trees, flowers, and ever-recurring vistas of water, clear, green, sparkling; a noise of falling water fills the air; the sunlight is streaming across the valley high above our head. We are in the shadow as we ride; but it is not sun or shadow, stream or waterfall, pine-tree or azalea blossom that we care to look at: it is the rocks—they rapt our gaze when we saw them from above, they do so ten times more strongly now—Cathedral, Sentinel, Three Brothers, El Capitan, Domes, Ramparts, call them what you will—they rise around us clear cut against the blue Californian sky, filling with the mystery of their grandeur the earth and heaven.

But it is not to its rocks that the Yosemite owes its greatest beauty. When that first party of exploration, of whose adventures we have already spoken, returned to tell the settlers in Mariposa of the wonderful valley which they had discovered, they spoke of a waterfall having a height of 1,000 feet. It had in reality a height of 2,634 feet, and yet that fall was only one among many. There are but few spots in the entire valley from which the eye cannot discern the sheen of water falling perpendicularly great distances, none in which the ear does not catch the roar or the murmur of cataract or rill. Go and look at the Bridal Veil (Pohono of the Indians): 940 feet it casts its waters from a smooth ledge into a bouquet of pine-tops. "Spirit of the Evil Wind" the Red men called it; for when its roar filled the lower valley the hot wind of the plains was blowing into the valley.

Go again to the Vernal, the Piwyack, or Wild Water of the Indians: you forget the Pohono in the newer loveliness of this broad sheet of snow, which in most exquisite curve drops 350 feet. Then ride on higher up

again: all at once you are face to face with the Nevada fall. It is 700 feet. Close beside it, steep as the face of a wall, there rises up a single solid rock, which is 3,500 feet above the foot of the fall; the Cap of Liberty it is called. Can we put before the reader even a faint idea of this scene? From a sheer, clean, seamless rock, 700 feet above the spectator's head, a great body of water leaps out into space. Instantly it has taken the spring, innumerable bouquets of white lilies, jets of snow-like water, cast themselves forward from the mass, lengthening out into rockets of snow as they quicken their descent. At the left edge of the fall the rock is continued on more than 3,000 feet into the sky. Bear in mind that this rock is not a mountain receding at even a steep angle from its base. It looks as directly over the foot of the fall as the cross of St. Paul's is over the pavement of the churchyard.

If the spectator feels inclined to doubt the narrowness of the base upon which this enormous rock stands, he has only to look around him to see a tangible proof of its closeness to him. There is a wooden shanty or rest-house standing not far from the foot of the fall; some few years since a slight tremor shook the towering rock, and massive splinters fell crashing among the pine-tops. One went like a thunderbolt clean through the wooden house: the others are to be seen lying thickly about.

Bend back your head to the full limits of the neck and look up at the Cap. It is very far above; a cloud sails down from the blue sky, touches it, clings a moment to it, and then trails away into space; there is not a trace of mist to hide one particle of the rock, the sunlight falls full upon it, and you mark many whitish specks far away near the summit. What are they? They are the spots from whence the earthquake cast its bolts. Thousands of tons of rock have come down from these white specks. The Rock Cap of Liberty has shown the earthquake lurking beneath it, and the tourist of the time has been almost as astonished as some idlers of the earth when, from beneath the Phrygian cap, the human earthquake called Revolution has thundered amid their ranks.

One item regarding the Nevada fall deserves to be recorded. Some years back there stood on the very lip of the fall a single rock which divided the water as it rolled over the edge into two portions; one contained by far the greater volume of water, the other was but a tiny stream which joined the main fall ere half the long descent was

done. The single dark rock thus hanging, as it were, on the edge of the abyss, added not a little to the great beauty of the scene. But such was not the opinion of the State Commissioners who preside over the destinies of this valley, so long watched over by the eagles and the sun. To these worthy men this single rock offered a chance not to be neglected of improving nature. Will it be credited that masons were engaged, a scaffolding was stretched over the smaller channel to the rock, a shaft was bored in it,

dynamite did the rest; and in the special accounts of the State of California there appeared in the charges for maintaining the Yosemite the following item, "To repairing the Nevada Fall"?

Thinking of all these things, as here we stand at the foot of the "repaired" fall; looking at the repairer in the full tide of his holiday offensiveness, and then glancing aloft at the grim giant cap, set high above our world, one feels inclined to say, "Some day thy thunderbolts will avenge the outrage."

W. F. BUTLER.

ABOUT LUCIFER MATCHES.

IN early ages, "when wild in woods the noble savage ran," compliance with the request, "Will you give me a light, please?" involved, if the camp fires had gone out, a spell of unremitting hard work, considerable manual dexterity, and an unstinted application of "elbow-grease." The primitive mode of striking fire was by rubbing one piece of dry wood upon another until incandescence was induced. Probably Jabal, the father of dwellers in tents and herdsmen, and Jubal, the father of musicians, were indebted, when they needed a light, to Tubal-Cain, their half-brother, the first "artificer in brass and iron," who doubtless "gathered" his smithy-fire, so that it might smoulder through the night, and be ready for blowing up in the morning. However this may be, a care of those who lived in very early stages of the world's history would appear to have been to keep their lamps or fires constantly burning, rather than to depend upon means of striking fire when their "lamps had gone out." (Matthew xxv. 8.) It may be supposed that when Abraham and Isaac proceeded to Moriah for the terrible sacrifice in prospect, it was a lamp, and not a lucifer, that the patriarch had when he "took the fire in his hand." The maintenance of a continuous light was imposed upon the children of Israel as a religious duty: "bring the pure oil olive beaten for the light, to cause the lamp to burn always." (Exodus xxvii. 20.) The extinguished lamp or candle was evidence of the Divine displeasure, "the lamp of the wicked shall be put out."

Returning to early methods of striking fire, a tribe of South American savages improved upon the dry wood friction process. They discovered that they could generate showers of sparks by the sharp abrasive contact of a certain kind of pyrites upon siliceous or flinty stones. The sparks directed upon a quantity of dry readily inflammable fibrous material

obtained a flame, with comparatively little trouble beyond procuring and preparing materials. In the matter of "striking a light," the human family remained in a state of comparative barbarism till a period almost within the recollection of many juniors of "the oldest inhabitant." Our grandmothers kept the kitchen fire alight all night by placing a block of coal upon it, and packing it with small coal or ashes, so as to allow it to smoulder only till the morning. The first triumph of "applied science" in "striking a light," lay in the discovery of the combined capabilities of burnt linen, or tinder, flint and steel, and brimstone-tipped wood matches, or "spunks," as they were called in some parts of the country. The tinder was usually a domestic production, the tinder boxes and steels, or "frizzies," were made at Birmingham and Wolverhampton, where a considerable business was done in these articles. The flint was had from where it could be picked up, and the manufacturers and vendors of the matches were chiefly poor old women. The steel was of the form of the letter U elongated and reversed, the narrower stalk being the handle, the broader, which had a serrated outer edge, was used for striking the piece of flint, and producing the sparks that ignited the tinder, which in turn lighted the brimstone-tipped match. The lighted tinder, when it had served its purpose, was extinguished by a close-fitting inner cover that was pressed down upon it. The flint and steel were also used for lighting match-paper—thick porous paper that had been dipped in a solution of saltpetre and afterwards dried. The match-paper was held close to the piece of flint, with its edge at the point of impact with the steel. It ignited readily and burned freely, but without flame. Amadou, or German tinder, and "touchwood," being woody tissue in a certain stage of decay, were

sometimes used in the same way as match-paper.

The methods of initiating fire, as has been seen, were up to this point by rude mechanical expedients. It is only during the last half century that science may be said to have been applied to the manufacture of matches. One of the earliest novelties was the "instantaneous lighting box," which contained a bottle charged with sulphuric acid and fibrous asbestos. The tipped match was let into the bottle and caught fire in its contact with the acid.

The revolution in match-making, and the origin of the match-manufacture, as a large and important industry, may be said to date from the introduction of phosphorus as an igniting agent applied in various ways. The curious scientific toys, the "instantaneous lighting" and "phosphorus boxes," had a limited sale at a guinea each, afterwards reduced by degrees to a shilling. There are now matches in the market that sell at the rate of 600 for a halfpenny!

The Eupyrion, the Promethean, the oxy-muriate or chlorate, and other matches, led up to the dry-friction matches or "lucifers." These matches were fired by being drawn smartly between folded glass-paper; requiring, however, so much pressure as sometimes to drag off the igniting composition.

But enough of the early history of fire or light producing contrivances; our object herein is to give some information concerning this extensive manufacture—not as it has been, but as it is; and, to enable us to do so, we asked and obtained the assistance of Messrs. Bryant and May. Our impression, on approaching the imposing façade of the factory, was that it is one of the cleanest, brightest, and altogether most handsome manufacturing establishments we have ever seen. This impression was deepened as we passed through the premises—the works being at the time in full operation. There we found, all through, plenty of light, good ventilation, cleanliness, sweet air, restless activity, perfect order, and very apparent contentment everywhere. We may here anticipate, by saying that in the Fairfield Works there are 1,500 persons employed; but the total number engaged, locally, in connection with the works, is seldom less than 5,000 in all, exclusive of those employed upon the numerous steam printing machines that they keep constantly at work to turn out their labels and printed matter, and other classes of workpeople. In this place, too, we may mention that the Fairfield Works cover an area of five acres, and that

25 steam-engines, of 500 horse-power nominal, conjoin their powers with the manipulative operations of the 1,500 pairs of hands. Two of the boilers that supply the power, which we saw in passing, were Galloway's, each 60 feet long and 9 feet in diameter.

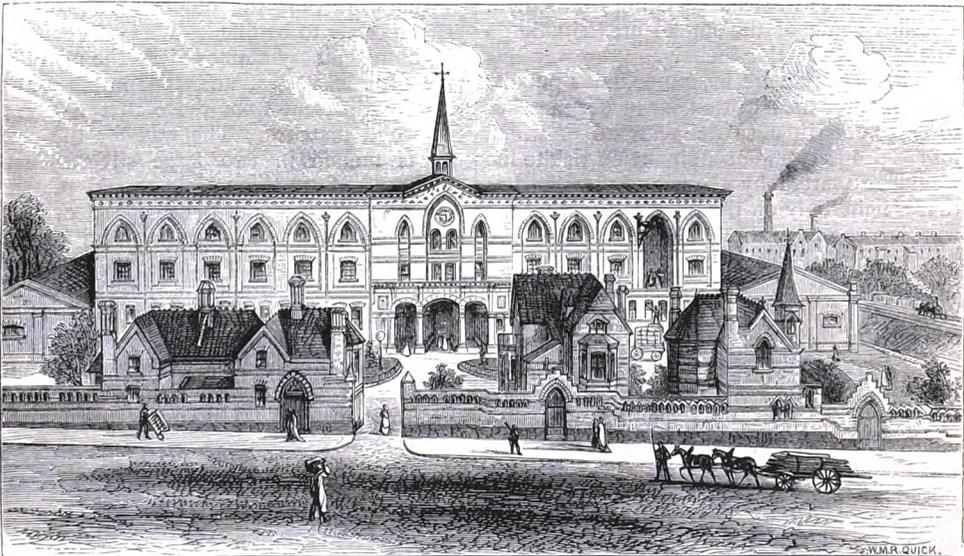
If consecutive processes are to be taken we must commence with the importation of the timber, which is by many shiploads in the year. It is almost entirely of picked deals, 12 inches by 3 inches, chiefly from Quebec. It is delivered to the order of the firm, and on being landed is again picked, the best for "splints" for matches, and "skillets" for boxes, the residue for packing cases, &c. Obviously, deals with knots, cross-grain, fissures, or "shakes," will cut up to waste if for the parts just referred to, which require sound timber, straight in the fibre. The splints are the body of the match, say of the "patent safety," that has done so much to raise the reputation of the firm, and of which more anon. At their wood-working factory, the planks are planed on the sides and edges, and cut into blocks of about five inches long—the length of two matches—by machinery. There are different modes of cutting up these blocks into splints. By one method, say a "four-block machine," the blocks are passed across a vertical row of lancets, placed at about an eighth of an inch apart from each other, that make an incision of about the eighth of an inch deep. In returning, the blocks are attacked by an angular knife, that shaves off the incised face of the blocks, and a shower of splints is the result. This machine takes off 4×32 each stroke, and makes 122 strokes per minute—in other words, delivers 15,616 splints, or twice that number of matches, per minute. Another very clever machine slices first the face of the block, and then, by a separate action, divides the slice into splints. The cutters of these machines are so keen, and their action so smooth, that many splints come out whole and get finished as matches, that are cut with the fibre at an angle quite obtuse across the match. The production is so enormous, and the processes so rapid in the match manufacture, that counting, excepting of bundles and boxes, is quite impossible: the splints are made up in an iron ring into bundles, that contain uniformly only one or two under or over 2,000; the match boxes of various kinds are filled without counting, and in all the varieties are wonderfully uniform in the number of lights enclosed.

The "patent safety" boxes of Messrs.

Bryant and May are shaved from blocks of carefully picked timber, by a species of planing machine with a very beautiful action. The blocks are cut and dressed to the exact lengths and widths required for the case and the drawer; and cross-creased or half cut for the angles, an overlap for an end of each being allowed. The bottoms are in separate pieces, and held together, case and drawer, by the labels, paper, and paste. The "skillets," as the box shavings are called, and the requisite paper, labels, glass-paper, &c., are given out at the factory to the thousands of poor people in Bethnal Green, who gladly avail themselves of the opportunity thus open to them of doing light, healthy, and fairly paid work. Many girls, we have occasion

to know, of only ordinary capability, earn in the business fourteen to sixteen shillings per week, and very many old people, some of them bedridden, smaller yet welcome amounts.

In the factory our attention was first attracted by a van with a load of splints. It contained 2,000 bundles of 2,000 each, *i.e.* 4,000,000 splints, or 8,000,000 matches! We naturally supposed that these would last for some time, but learned that a number of loads were used every day. Close to the place where the splints are delivered, the first process in the preparation of the match is conducted. This is not, as with the imported "Tändstickor" and some other makes, to dip the splints in melted brimstone,



Fairfield Works.

causing, when the match is struck, a crackling noise and pungent offensive fume. In Bryant and May's matches, the method of securing the ignition of the wood is by partially scorching the ends of the splints upon a hot plate, and then dropping them upon felt soaked with melted paraffine, that is supplied from a heated copper on an overhead platform, clear of the workmen below.

From this department the splints are taken to the filling machines, that, beautiful and simple in their automatic action, can scarcely be described either by words or drawings. A longitudinal hopper is placed at the top of the machine, and is charged with splints lying at right angles to the frame that is to be filled. By a joggling motion a row of splints

is dropped out of the hopper, and a wire pushes them forward to the notches in the cross-bars of the frame, a thin lath being placed between each row. When the top row of the frame, which has a descending motion, has been filled, it is screwed up with its 6,000 splints, and is ready for the igniting composition dip.

As to the materials used, and expedients to abate noise and prevent fumes from matches, from the time of the introduction of Congreves—which took their name, by the way, from the rocket inventor—it would not profit to dilate. The combinations are very various, including from first to last, sulphuric acid, sulphide of antimony, chlorate of potash, bi-sulphide of carbon, nitre, gum-arabic,

sugar, phosphorus, &c. ; chlorate of potash and phosphorus are now, we believe, the principal elements. What the ingredients are with which Messrs. Bryant and May tip their patent safety matches we did not inquire, and do not care to know; but this we did notice, that the composition is very thoroughly triturated in a clever mixing mill of their own contrivance, and this we tested, that it is absolutely free from phosphorus. The dipped matches are not quite as toothsome to suck as a sugar-stick, but are quite as innocuous, unless they are swallowed whole; and they provide no means for mischief to either domestic pets or pests. Captain Shaw, of the Metropolitan Fire Brigade, reports that last year thirty accidental fires were caused by smoking tobacco, and thirty-two by lucifer matches that will strike on being trodden on. Possibly some of the smoke fires should go to the debit of the lucifers. However this may be, a single fire insurance office puts its payments for fires caused by lucifer matches to £10,000 in a single year, all of which loss of property and accompanying risk to life would be averted by the use of the matches that "light only on the box;" which, by the way, has one edge thinly coated with a composition containing a small proportion of red or amorphous phosphorus, that, by exposure to light and heat, has become entirely changed in its properties, and is free from the deleterious effects of common or white phosphorus. No risk whatever of *necrosis* is run by those engaged in its manipulation. In lighting and burning these matches are silent and inodorous.

But all this while the six thousand splints have been left in the screwed-up frame, and there are one hundred and fifty of these frames in use, each of which is filled about seven times a day. They are taken when filled to the stone slabs upon which the dipping composition is carefully spread by a gauge to an equal thickness, and, both ends having been dipped, the frames are passed on to the cold drying-rooms, which have openings on all sides, and fanners with immense blades revolving in the centre. These rooms are all fireproof and have the floors thickly strewn with sawdust. Before leaving the dipping tables we must note the beauty of the colours of the compositions, the ruby matches are coloured with aniline, the vestas with ultramarine, the patent safeties being left with the natural russet colour of the composition.

When the matches are dried the frames are removed to the cutting and filling tables,

unscrewed, the laths whipped out, and the double matches, in a very brief space, lie in swathes. A girl of about fourteen years of age we noticed picking them up deftly, cutting them exactly in the centre with a hinged lever knife, and packing them into the boxes, at the rate of 24 gross of boxes per day. Another girl, of about the same age, we observed wrapping up the boxes of patent safety matches, of which we learned that she could get through 80 gross, or 11,520 boxes, per day. The atmosphere of the rooms in which these operations are carried on we thought as sweet as any lady need desire for her boudoir. The processes in making the ruby matches are in many respects precisely the same as those just described. For the patent safety matches the boxes are finished in the works, for the others the boxes are sent in ready to be filled.

The machinery employed in the manufacture of wax vestas, and the processes, are entirely different from those that apply to the wood matches. The wax for the coating is melted in two large silvered pans that cost £150 each. The wick, of thick soft cotton thread, is received in cylindrical balls—to use a solecism—and from a number of these the wicks are taken up by an overhead drum at one end of the room, from which they are carried back to the centre of the room, and passed through a trough containing melted wax, taking up a coating. The threads are carried on to the other end of the room, through round holes in a metal plate, are wound round another drum, are again returned and pass under the bridge through the melted wax. With six passages they are sufficiently coated, and perfectly round and smooth. The long coils are next cut, and frames are filled for dipping, by one operation, of very ingeniously contrived and beautiful machines. There are twelve engines employed in the vesta department. It may be supposed that this class of productions take their name from the goddess of the ever-burning fire. The coils are cut into various lengths; some of them cut short, dipped, and packed in elegant little metal boxes with spring lids, may be appropriately called vestas, from the convenience with which a large supply of lights may be carried in the vest pocket.

In making vesuvians and flaming fusees, different processes and machines from those already referred to are brought into requisition. Their heads are of a paste composition, in which they are dipped seven or eight times. Some have single, others double,

heads; some have wooden stems, others are glass bugles; almost all of them will burn or flame in wind and rain. The composition passing into the tube of the glass stems prevents the ash from falling. There are about a dozen varieties made of these vesuvians and fusees; of matches and vestas and the packages in which they are put up, the varieties are much greater, the total being about forty. The boxes contain from one thousand lights downwards.

The boxes and labels, of which immense stocks are always on hand, are stored in very large rooms. Messrs. Bryant and May prefer, as a rule, to have their work executed in this country, but they have to get some of it done abroad under contract, including some kinds of boxes, such as the little round boxes for vestas, that are turned out of solid wood, and some others that are imported from Germany, one box within another. The empty boxes being of great bulk as compared with their weight, come in very large cases. A speciality of the firm, their decorated metal boxes and cases, merits mention. These may, without bombast, claim to be ranked as art-manufactures. The firm has patented a process employed in this sort of work by which twenty thousand copies can be taken upon metal, the last being as sharp, clear, and perfect as the first. Their family match safes, oval spring vesta boxes, match-box holders, &c., are all decorated with ornamental or useful registered devices. The labels for the boxes filled with the patent safety, ruby, Victoria, pearl, crown, tiger, and many other kinds of matches and lights, are also registered as trade marks. The label store contains many vast piles of parcels of the different sorts, each parcel containing one hundred and fifty gross.

An attempted computation of the millions of miles of vestas and of boxes of matches produced in the course of a year, would be at once bewildering in the process and in the result, which would be an arrival at figures that no mind can grasp. Even a few detached particulars are staggering, from the impression of the almost fabulous extent of the production. A large number of vans laden with matches leave the works every day. Noting one of these, we find that it has twenty cases containing fifty gross of boxes each, or more than fourteen millions of matches. Hand carts laden with match boxes from the homes of the workers in Bethnal Green enter the factory in processions, one of which we saw, and learned from the lads in charge that they were taking

in 260 gross of boxes upon their barrow. Most of the carrying of the firm is done by the railway companies and other carriers; but we noticed in passing that the firm have stabling for twenty horses of their own, all of which are required. A large portion of Messrs. Bryant and May's goods are for export to almost all parts of the world except France, where a syndicate pays a large sum annually to government for the exclusive right to sell matches wholesale in France. In the United States an impost of one cent per hundred on matches yields, it has been said, £400,000 per annum. On Thursday, April 13th, 1871, the then Chancellor of the Exchequer introduced a bill in the House of Commons to lay a tax of one halfpenny per hundred on matches, and one penny per hundred on cigar lights and vestas. He estimated that the tax would produce half a million sterling per annum. On Monday, April 24th, some thousands of persons marched in procession to Westminster to petition Parliament against the bill, which had been received with ridicule by many members in the House. It could not survive the "demonstration" of the host of match and match-box makers, reinforced by a powerful contingent of match-sellers; defeated mainly by this opposition, it was withdrawn the next day.

The late Mr. Bryant, who died in 1874, commenced business in Sweden about thirty years ago. The Fairfield Works, Bow, much less extensive then than they are now, were entered upon about seventeen years ago. The business is now energetically carried on by his sons.

As a branch of manufacture, matches first attracted public attention at the Exhibition of 1851. The firm had at that time been in business in Sweden for about three years, and were not in a condition to exhibit. A large display of matches was made by Sweden, Norway, Germany, France, Belgium, and Austria, which was at the top in the competition. From the time that Bryant and May were in a condition to exhibit, they have been awarded prize medals wherever they have shown their productions, commencing with London, 1862, when their works at Bow had been only about a year in operation. At the Paris Exhibition of 1867, where there was a great display of matches from various countries, Messrs. Bryant and May were the only English exhibitors. Captain Webber, in an official document, reported that their improvements were so valuable as to entitle them to "the best thanks of the community."

The firm have been awarded prize medals subsequently at Moscow, Vienna, Philadelphia, and other places, where their special safety matches, that are *ne plus ultra*, have met with no peer.

We take leave of their spacious, light, and airy premises with the impression that, in a factory competition—the cardinal merits to rule the jury in their finding being, thorough-

ness of personal supervision by the principals; industry, cleanliness, and apparent comfort and contentment of the workpeople; skill displayed in machinery and its arrangement, and in labour-saving processes; and general efficiency of management—Messrs. Bryant and May's Fairfield Works could not fail to secure the favourable verdict of the jury and a first-class prize.

R. SMILES.

MODERN SOCIETY.

A Sermon by the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Rochester.

"Between us and you there is a great gulf fixed."—LUKE XVI. 26.

MODERN society all over the world is profoundly disturbed; and while shallow optimists coldly decline to be scared by what they say is nothing more than the world's finding its way to a right mind, others, who have read history, and thought about it, are not disposed to be too cheerful in face of the most serious dangers we have seen for a century; when they go to the Bible for light, find what they want, but it only makes the sky darker, where the nearing tempest lowers. These perils are chiefly three; and the first, which is clearly the worst, is that new and unlovely atheism which robs Christ of His character, God of His existence, the world of its Providence, life of its consolation; and which, restlessly disseminated by the dreary egotism of positive philosophers and the flippant chatter of saloons, shuts God out of His own world so far as books and talk can do it; will presently sap the very foundations of morality, if English parents become too much educated to train their children for eternity. Then, there is the peril of what is called Sacerdotalism, which in its varied and subtle phases, both here and abroad, and quite as much in societies outside of us as within our own communion, raises sharp controversies of the proper relation between lay and spiritual authority, of the importance and reasonableness of ceremonial as a vehicle and exposition of doctrine, of the functions and responsibilities of the priesthood, the value and meaning of the sacraments, and the most suitable discipline for the personal religious life. In fact, the entire area within which revealed religion is accepted, is just now in a state of active fermentation about all these questions. While it is difficult and inexpedient to try to count heads on such matters, it is certain that not all laymen are on one side, nor all clergymen on the other. Yet, essential as

are the questions they touch, the principles they imply, and the issues they compel, I suppose not one of my readers, if forced to choose between atheism and superstition, would not prefer to kiss the feet of ten pontiffs in succession, than have God ruthlessly blotted out of the firmament of their existence; would not readily say (though, happily, no one is compelled to say it), "Let me keep my Bible and my creeds, and I can still live."

But the third peril, that of Socialism, covers an area absolutely distinct either from the question of a God, or the nature of acceptable worship. For it touches this present life of ours in its social existence, its class relations, its personal responsibilities, its enormous and complicated discrepancies. Souring some men, hardening and exasperating others, it is, in the opinion of quite sober-minded people, stealthily laying mines under the surface of society, which, when a chance spark fires them, may blow us all into the air; and while it is a theme on which philosophers delight to speculate, and statesmen are compelled to act, there is perhaps no subject on which, in all its aspects, the Lord Jesus Christ felt so keenly, reasoned so boldly, rebuked so sharply, acted so promptly. For here, as elsewhere, the gospel, the despised gospel, so sentimental, so unpractical, so immoral, is the only system that has substantial promise for both worlds; is the only philosophy which, taking the trouble to stoop to the prison and the cottage, bids the poor and the sad be of good cheer, for their "redemption draweth nigh."

For, be it ever understood that the faith which we hold and the religion which we love cover all our life, meet all our needs, heal all our sorrows; and a full-orbed Christian—who can see and feel and know and grasp, in its completeness, the unspeakably

grand task that her Divine Head has bequeathed to His Church to do in His name, and by His grace—while he honours the Bible and reverences the Sabbath, also tries to make the home healthy, protects the woman and the child from the covetousness of selfish masters, cheapens food, mitigates disease, tries to lengthen life, wisely loves the poor.

“Between us and you there is a great gulf fixed.” The words are the words of Abraham, but the voice is of Jesus. There is the suitable drapery of a parable; there are also the eternal principles which gleam out of it; and while no wise master builder of doctrine will ever venture to construct a theological system on an isolated and solitary statement, it is impossible not to try to peep here behind the thick curtain that shuts out the invisible world, and with an immense interest and solemn but tender awe to see what it has to reveal.

The gulf of which the patriarch spoke is of course the gulf on the other side of death; and the separation which that gulf at once creates and maintains, parts those whose earthly life is over and who have passed to their Judge. On this gulf, and what it means, and our relation to it, I intend to write presently; but in the true order of ideas, or rather of facts, I would first indicate the gulf or gulfs that exist in this present life; the gulfs which, however great they may seem, are neither so great, nor so fixed, that they may not be in a degree bridged over here by wisdom and charity; gulfs which, according to the way in which we recognise, interpret, and handle them now, will have everything to do with settling the question on which side the gulf we shall presently find ourselves when we pass away to God.

There are three gulfs now dividing so-called Christian men and women from each other; and each of these gulfs is marked by a perfection of God. There is the gulf of *circumstances*, in which we bow before the Divine Sovereignty; the gulf of *opportunities*, in which we recognise the Divine compassion; the gulf of *character*, in which we receive the Divine righteousness.

The gulf of *circumstances* is brought here into clear outline by the graphic picture of Dives and Lazarus. There is Dives in his sumptuous home, and with his pleasant delights, and his dainty fare, and his grand apparel, with friends to help him to enjoy himself, with slaves and dependants to forestall his wants and pamper his fancies; his chief complaint, that there were so many

troublesome people in the world, who were always expecting him to help them—his one gloomy instinct, that some day Death would come, sternly to beckon him away.

And Lazarus—sick, but with no one to heal him; and poor, with no one to feed him; permitted to live, but his life a little grudged him, in such inconvenient nearness to his neighbour's felicity; lonely, but with no one to care for him—except, indeed, the dogs at his side, who, sharing with him the broken meat that was thrown to him in a coarse pity, in return eased his wounds in their poor brutish way. *What a gulf!* Yes, and in the first instance it sprang out of the will of God. We may mend circumstances, and should always make the best of them; but often we cannot alter them; and when we make our start, they are quite out of our power. A sovereign God He is who fashions the times of our habitations, who maketh poor and maketh rich, and numbers the days of our pilgrimage. “A great gulf fixed;” and the pathetic picturesqueness of the story takes hold of our imagination with a forcible grasp. Yet there are gulfs in the West as well as in the East, to-day as well as yesterday; and a deep wide gulf is yawning between many who read this sermon, and those who, in the history of Lazarus, find the exact parallel to their own lives; a social and moral and material gulf, such as is feebly illustrated by the distance between the poles; a gulf about which, one day, He who has put you on the side of Dives, and not on the side of Lazarus, will assuredly ask you what you have done to narrow it.

Then there is the gulf of *opportunities*, which you may say, if you please, is only another word for circumstances, is, nevertheless, perfectly distinct from them, and implies a fresh responsibility before God. And of this gulf Abraham and Lazarus are typical instances. As to Abraham, he seems to have had every chance in his favour. God spoke to him early in his career, separated him from his idolatrous relatives on the other side of Euphrates, deigned to hold intimate communion with him, from time to time visibly interfered on his behalf; now tried him, now blessed him, at last gave him a son, and let him fall asleep in a ripe and grand old age. Lazarus! What chance had he? The beggar, the diseased, the companion of brutes, the poor outcast; too helpless for selfishness to expel him, too suffering even for dogs to bark at him—what slender opportunity was there for him to understand the ways or discern the purpose

of God, to see in the invisible hand that chastened him a Father's hand, to read in the Providence of one who cast him on the bounty of strangers, the handwriting on the wall of his life, "God is love"? This gulf of opportunities exists among ourselves. I say it with all reverence, but with the emphasis of profound though sorrowful conviction, that for some it is so hard to be good that it is well-nigh impossible; for others it is so easy to be good that the strait and narrow way is like a pleasant garden, with cool arbours and streams to rest in by the way. In great cities, such as London, Paris, or Glasgow, hundreds and thousands of precious human souls are born, reared, and trained in an atmosphere, both physical and moral, that stunts bodies, corrupts souls, hardens conscience, compels drunkenness, forces what are called, and called rightly, the dangerous classes, to become a very serious conspiracy indeed against the ease and enjoyment of their neighbour Dives. When society punishes them, it too often punishes the victims of its own negligence; when it suffers for them—and it continually suffers for them—it usually reaps the harvest that its own hands have sown.

Once more, there is the gulf of *character*—Abraham on one side, Dives on the other—each with his outside circumstances the same, of an easy and plentiful opulence; each, to a certain extent, with his influences the same; for, at any rate, poverty never tempted Dives to fraud, nor disease to a sour isolation, nor bad company to take his lot with sinners. If he was not like Abraham, in a special sense, the friend of God, the features of his personal life did not harden him into becoming his enemy. Yet Abraham, from Paradise, beholds Lazarus tormented in his flame, and tells him, as from God, "Between us and you there is a great gulf fixed." *The gulf of character!* What points Abraham's life, from first to last, is unselfishness and considerateness for others. What explains the final doom of Dives in the inspired story, so absolutely and ominously silent as to any special vice or mischief in him, is his self-indulgence—that smooth and stealthy but overpowering habit of gratifying the flesh, which finally turns even the kindest nature into a stern hardness, making it deaf and blind and dumb to the misery at its gate. The dangerous classes! Of course we know who are usually meant by that word; but it seems to me that there are other dangerous classes, and with much less excuse for it, than those who herd in squalid courts,

breed deadly disease, feed upon society, and hate, with a bitter and unrelenting envy, those who are more prosperous and respectable than themselves. Those, too, are the dangerous classes who have the power to diminish evil, and will not use it; who have a clear understanding of the serious perils of the time, but who think it no affair of theirs; who have wealth, only to spend it on their luxuries; who have leisure, only to waste it on their pleasures; who are dangerous all round—not only to the vicious, whom they leave unreclaimed from their viciousness, and to their own fellows, whom their arguments harden, and their example corrupts—but, most of all, to themselves! For, being lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God, and coldly asking, "Who is my neighbour?" only to leave him to perish, they go quietly on till the end comes, and then they wake—where Dives woke, to see Abraham afar off, and Lazarus in his bosom.

"Be not deceived, God is not mocked; for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap. For he that soweth to the flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth to the spirit, shall of the spirit reap life everlasting."

For there is also a gulf in the world to come, about which Abraham says with a kindly but sad firmness, that it is great and fixed, and there is no crossing it—a gulf which is the inevitable result of moral conduct—a gulf across which, in the awful imagery of the parable, the lost, in their woe, have a keen perception of the bliss they have forfeited, and the faithful, in their felicity, are kept safe for evermore in the Everlasting arms—a gulf which, in the figure it presents to us of the final and awful separation of moral beings in the world to come, testifies to some great truths that at this moment are in danger of being forgotten: *the limitation of grace, the permanence of character*, and (so far as we know) the inevitable and irretrievable results in the kingdom of moral law. And to-day, while it is called to-day, Christ seems to say to us by this solemn parable, "*Do not speculate, but repent; do not complain, but act; do not despair, but try; do not scold, but love.*"

My friends, once there came a man to Christ, asking if the saved would be few, and the Lord declined to answer him, while plainly telling him to take care that he was saved himself. That I presume to urge on the readers of this sermon. God will not tell us all his secrets, and for good reasons—What He does tell us is, that it is hard to

win the battle of faith, and we had better begin at once. Nay, as if especially to warn us against unfounded and treacherous hopes about the chance of further opportunities in the world to come, His apostle's message is, "Now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation." Be it observed, there is a very severe side to Christ's teaching, as well as a very tender one; and He who could weep over a friend's grave is He from whose wrath the heavens and earth will flee away. Now His love invites us, now his gospel welcomes us, now His Spirit pleads with us. Behind the veil there is impenetrable darkness. "Seek ye the Lord while He may be found; call upon Him while He is near."

Then, time is too precious to be wasted in useless and feeble complaints about the mistakes and disappointments we encounter everywhere. We have all of us occasionally come across clever men who appear to think that, had they had the doing of it, their world would have been much better than God's, but whose wisdom in their own affairs does not quite justify that sublime self-confidence. If we could know all God's mind, and be in a position to anticipate the unrolling of His complete purpose, our mouths would surely be closed in a profound gratitude, and Wisdom would be justified of her children. What we cannot do, let us not try to do; what we can do, let us begin at once, cheerfully, and with our might—not too curious if it is quite the best way, if it only be a fairly good one—not wasting the fleeting moments, in which bad is becoming worse, and souls in all their sins are passing to the Judge, and neglected children are ripening into profligate manhood, and weeds are clogging the soil where wheat might grow. *Do something, do something, and at once.* This is what Christ says

to us from heaven, what His Church says to us on earth: let us hear and obey. For remember, we have Him at our side, working with us, and blessing us with His Grace. Does any Christian person really doubt what Christ would say, if we could consult Him about it—is any one so coldly cautious as to the great use of instructing poor outcasts in the gospel of Him who came to save the lost, or of training them into habits of moral goodness, diligent industry, and personal religion? Do we, or do we not, believe in the Holy Ghost, the Lord and Giver of Life? Has God said, or has He not said, "My word shall not return unto me void?" What the gospel is to us, it will be to them; what the sympathy of Christ is for us, it will be for them; and if we need it, perhaps they need it more; and let them have it, how and when you can. There is no power under the sun like the power of true religion. There is no motive under the sun like the constraining love of Christ. There is no assurance under the sun like the witness of the Holy Ghost. Let each do what he can for the Master he professes to love, and he shall have his full reward. For, indeed, the secret of it all is love. They who love most, do most, hope most, try most, will not be beaten, fail and begin again; never give up trying, till death. This is what God has already done for us, and that we must gratefully consent to do for each other. The gulf on this side of the grave—let us do what we can to destroy it, by sacrifice and devotion; the gulf on the other side—let us do what we can, not only ourselves to be on Abraham's side of it, but to bring many and many a Lazarus to be there as well. For the purpose of God is the duty of His people. "Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good."

OUR DREAM.

PERCHANCE to men it may not be given
To know things real from things that seem;
If living on earth we dream of heaven,
Why, then, I hold it better to dream.

Let us dream on 'mid the splendid shadows
That make existence a gladsome thing:
The dim, deep woods, and the flowery meadows,
Where fairies frolic and skylarks sing—

Where bright shapes linger, and angel faces
Glow in the gleam of a visioned day;
And o'er the upland, on grassy spaces,
Fond lovers wander, fair children play.

Let us dream still, then, nor strive to sever
Things that are real from things that seem;
Let us slumber on for ever and ever,
And know no waking from life's glad dream.

JAMES ASHCROFT NOBLE.



A SUMMER'S DAY.



TH E morning has been oppressively warm. One could have foretold a very hot day by the morning mist which rose off the meadows and floated heavenwards

into the blue ether; affording, as friends skilled in natural philosophy tell us, an illustration of the perpetual change and unaltering quantity of matter; in virtue of which properties, this morning mist may be held to represent evaporated water caught up to the clouds, whence it will descend again to spoil my holiday as the rain-shower, and to refresh thirsty plant-life as the evening dew. To-day, one feels restless indoors, grateful as the shade may be. In such a summer-time the restlessness of indolence reigns paramount. Too lazy for physical exertion, the sybaritic side of one's nature longs for some employment and pleasant recreation which shall amuse without fatiguing. To concentrate attention on books of philosophical type is simply impossible; and the opposite extreme of literature represented by the last yellow-boarded volume which captured our florin at the railway bookstall as we left town, also appeals in vain. Emphatically the day predisposes to *ennui*, and the choice between somnolence and the alternative of "do-nothingness," for a moment appals us by the magnitude of the issues involved. The day is too bright for snoozing, but too warm for even a botanical ramble. It must be sweltering in the wheat-field yonder, where the reapers are busy at work; and as the waggons roll to and from the farm-yard, groaning beneath their golden weight, one regards the boy-drivers with feelings of admiration and envy as they toil and moil with their willing quadrupeds. But Hodge finds comfort in beer, in the thought of big wages for piecework, and possibly, in the idea of a carouse at harvest-home. Alas! in none of these thoughts can one find consolation *in extremis*, as represented by our condition on a warm day of summer with nothing to do.

Is there, after all, anything which power-

fully draws us towards the running water which gurgles past our windows, and which sings a never-ending lullaby as it streams lazily beneath the mill, and drips over the water-gate close by? Or are we attracted to the river because it presents us with the antithesis of our indoor estate, and promises coolness by the margin of its waters? Let us believe in the utilitarian rather than in the transcendental if you will, and sally forth into the sunlight and regard the fair prospect before us. Yonder, in the landward direction, stretch the flat lands dear to minds agriculturally-wise inclined, and which terminate some ten miles off at the slope of the low ridge of hills which, in the eyes of dwellers in these parts, are mountains in verity. You spent your last summer holiday mayhap in Skye, and you revelled in hill and mountain until you understood William Black better, and until you half owned that the Skye hills were preferable to the Alps, and the west coast of Scotland more picturesque than Helvetia itself. And now you are vegetating in the flat lands of Oxon it may be, with the Thames within a mile of you, and with Babylon the modern lying only some sixty miles or so to the south-east. Your holiday seasons are in striking contrast, and you look with disdain on flat land and hill after Skye. But there is poetry enough around you, if you will but read it, and even if the mood of the flat river-land is different from the rhythm of the brae-side and glen.

We see the orchard just before us standing on an island formed by the division of the river, which has been utilised as a mill-stream, and which is hurrying onwards with a sleepy monotonous grumble to Father Isis. We will cross this primitive plank-bridge, built over the trunk of an oak which fell years ago handily across the stream; and now we are in the orchard, amidst a forest of apple-trees, whose branches hang heavily laden with pomes of divers varieties. Here is a quiet nook, a grassy *embouchure*, close by the river-bank, which invites us to rest awhile and study nature at large—or ourselves, if we are so minded. Here we may exercise the *dulce cum utile* spirit and enjoy a siesta under conditions the most agreeable and pleasant.

That is the "mill" you see before you as you gaze up-stream. The outjutting ledge of the river-bank, with its leafy canopy, hides everything but the mill and a portion of the green meadow beyond from view. The

water-meadows, despite the hotness of the season, are deep green, and the artist who has pitched his umbrella and easel beside the mill will have hard work to counterfeit the pure tint of the grass before him. For the greenness of the water-meadows, like the whiteness of snow, is a colour *sui generis*; and as the old mill stands out before you to-day, from a background of green foliage and a side-setting of willows, you can realise why artists are never weary of reproducing its features, and why in many a gallery next winter you will meet the old familiar spot so frequently. The river beside us appears a quiet, innocent-looking stream, as we see it now at its summer level. But natives of these parts will tell you wonderful stories of its extent in the winter season, and of the punting expeditions they have to make across the fields that are now being reaped and shorn, but which become huge water-areas for weeks together. At a time when you may be complaining of fogs and gutters full of mud in town, the inhabitants of these coasts will have to pick their way through floods of water, and the spot where we are now resting will be overwhelmed and unapproachable in those winter days. The bank before us bears evidence of the action of these winter floods. You notice how the swirling currents have cut a deep groove along its upper margin, and have thereby left an overhanging and treacherous ledge that will surely fall beneath the weight of an unguarded heifer, which may thus find itself in an awkward predicament, and which will have to be rescued amidst much shouting and bawling of Hodges, old and young, who have been summoned to its assistance. Thus do the greater streams of our world wear and erode the land year by year; and you have here illustrated to you, in the river-bank, a great geological truth—that of the erosion of the land by rivers, and of the transportation of the matter of our earth to the sea by the streams. The matter torn from yonder bank, long ere this, may have made the circuit of the sea-bed, and particles of mud torn from the spot whereon we sit, and swept to the Thames, and thence to the sea, may have mingled with countless other samples of soil gathered from every land and deposited in the ocean-bed to form the foundations of the worlds to come. No wonder, then, that the meadows around us are so green, since our stream so bountifully laves them in winter, and even in summer loads them with favours of very beneficial kind.

Peer we into the depths of the stream, and

try to discern if life in any shape be represented therein. Fresh from the "Life of Thoreau,"* the man who in Walden Wood made friends with squirrels and racoons and snakes, and who, like St. Francis d'Assisi, even made friends with the fishes, one can realise, sitting in the calm of retirement, something of that "nature-instinct" which so largely imbued Thoreau's whole nature, and enabled him to carry into practical life the Wordsworthian idea of

"the man
Who, in this spirit, communes with the forms
Of Nature."

A quiet day in a forest, by a river, or by the sea, spent in conclave with the nature-voices around, is no bad medicine for a wearied mind or saddened heart and brain. We are spoken to in such places by a something "not ourselves," and this something draws out of us the best and purest part of our nature in reply. The present is such a time as favours largely the development of the nature-instinct within us. There is little sign of active life to be perceived around us at first sight; but the "mind's eye" will look deeper for its harvest than is customary with the gaze of an every-day intellectual existence. That dragon-fly that hums by you, for instance, is a subject you cannot afford to neglect in your nature-studies and reflections here. What a stir he causes to prevail amidst the group of gnats and May-flies, which a moment ago were disporting themselves in the air! Libellula—as friends skilled in the nomenclature of the insect-world term the dragon-fly—is now the petty tyrant of the insect-domain, and, like most petty tyrants, is destitute of even greatness of origin. Not so long ago he was crawling about in the bed of the river, in the form of a big grub, provided with six legs, and with an apparatus reminding one of a hydraulic engine, whereby he was enabled to propel himself forward by means of *jets d'eau*. Then, also, he was provided with a pair of large jaws, supported on a movable stalk, so that when folded upon his face he might look the most innocent of beings. But with these same jaws he snapped up such unwary insects as came in his way, and thus exhibited in his earlier days a foreshadowing of his later rapacity. Then the grub-like body attached itself to the stem of some water-plant; next it split open along the back, and there emerged therefrom the perfect dragon-fly, whose limbs were at first weakly, and

* "Thoreau: his Life and Aims. A Study." By H. A. Page. Chatto and Windus.

whose wings were flaccid and soft. Let the Laureate tell us the rest of *Libellula's* history in his own sweet way :—

"To-day I saw the dragon-fly,
Come from the wells where he did lie.

"An inner impulse rent the veil
Of his old husk, from head to tail
Came out clear plates of sapphire mail.

"He dried his wings, like gauze they grew;
Through crops and pastures wet with dew
A living flash of light he flew."

And now, like a wise insect, he is making the best of his time, and slaying and devouring his brethren without mercy.

Signs of activity now and then evince themselves from the direction of the waters. Now you may see a trout leap up to catch a gnat just by the spot where the upper branches of the fallen poplar, whose root lies near us, dip in the stream. The minnows are busy, as usual, darting hither and thither in shoals, innocent of fear and of *Esox lucius*, otherwise pike, and a dread enemy of such small fry. And a lazy perch and one or two trout swim idly past us, as if, like ourselves, feeling the present to be a day of *ennui* in the water. I can discern a big jack floating in the water within the aqueous arbour formed by the roots of the poplar which has fallen close by, undermined by the winter floods of the river. The fish is perfectly still, save for an occasional whisk of his tail and a lazy, deprecating movement of his breast-fins. The sight of the jack arouses within one instincts of piscatorial kind, and suggests thoughts of line and hook, and of other appliances familiar to disciples of ancient Izaak. I think of certain friends of mine who would regard my present chance of Waltonian distinction with feelings of envy. But I ask myself, *Cui bono?* I am content, and so I presume is my piscine friend below; and I am hardly in a mood to analyze the argument which would prompt the enticement of the jack from his hiding-place. I find consolation, moreover, in the fact that the jack is no child, but a rather aged member of his race; and that in all probability, having been often tempted by juvenile and other anglers, who swarm in these parts, he is likely to be a wary individual, who would successfully manœuvre my bait off the hook, and afterwards swim off in triumph with a supercilious wave of his tail at the non-success of my unskilled venture. So philosophy prevails, and I continue to be edified by the sight of his complacent bearing in his watery arbour, whilst mankind above him suffers from mundane conditions at large and from the heat in particular.

Thinking of friends piscatorial, has set

one's thoughts off at a tangent. What an inveterate gossip old Izaak was after all, and how lovingly he doats upon favourite points and foibles in the study of his science! I begin to wonder what certain other friends of anti-vivisectionist tendencies would say to Izaak's description of the treatment to which I might, in the exercise of piscatorial art, subject the frog I see sitting on his haunches close by, surveying me with a placid stare of content, and swallowing air with a motion which seems to suggest that even cold-blooded and thin-skinned amphibian creatures are feeling the heat of the day to be oppressive. Shall I quote to the frog (who is evidently listening intently) what Izaak recommends should be done, by way of showing esteem at once for fish and frog? "In part i. chapter viii. of the 'Complete Angler,' you will find the following remarks, my amphibious friend—'Thus use your frog: put your hook, I mean the arming-wire, through his mouth and out at his gills' (where are your gills, you lung-breathing creature?), 'and then, with a fine needle and silk sew the upper part of his leg, with only one stitch, to the arming-wire of your hook, or tie the frog's leg above the upper joint to the armed wire; and' (mark this, my reptile) 'in so doing use him as though you loved him.' There is a mark of the esteem in which one member of the human species held you—one who thought angling the most 'calm, quiet, innocent recreation' that God ever made, and who regarded the term angler as a synonym for a very honest man;—since he tells us, in part i. chapter xxi. of the classic volume from which I have already quoted, that 'this dish' (referring to a special tit-bit) 'of meat is too good for any but anglers, or very honest men.'" The frog winks as I conclude my oration, and I know thereby he has heard and understood. To me, personally, the frog is a most delightful animal. He afforded me delight in youth when I read of his marvellous powers of supporting life enclosed in a solid rock, and of his lively habits when liberated from durance vile, like the genii in the "Arabian Nights," whom the fisherman allowed to escape from the marvellous jar he had fished up. But when I left childish things behind, I learned to esteem the frog still more highly; for, although I learned that the story of the solid rock episode was incorrect, I found out that he had a most curious life-history, and began life as a tadpole, which Mr. Darwin might say represented an ancient ancestor of my own. Latterly I found that a head-

less frog taught me something concerning my own brain and my nervous acts; and if I still refuse to regard myself as a "conscious automaton," I will not forget some truths which the acts of the frog minus the head were the means of conveying.

What a glorious harvest of wild-flower life blossoms around our nook! Look at the duck-weed leaves which float placidly on the surface of the stream, and wave gently up and down with the rippling movement of the water. Each leaf is a haven of rest for wearied insects, and represents the beautiful symmetry of living nature, in which no hard and fast straight line is to be found. Whoever maintained that the "line of beauty's curved," must have drawn inspiration from the living part of nature. It is typically in animals and plants that we see forms bounded by curved lines. You will not find a single straight line in the duck-weed leaf, nor will you discover any of its surfaces to be absolutely plane. And so with the outline of our fish, or with the symmetry of any group of living things you may observe. Each outline is made up of curves, each surface bulges out or curves inwards, but is never rigidly flattened as in the domain of the dead and lifeless.

Plenty of water-weeds grow by the margin of the stream. Look at the water-crowfoot, which tints with golden patches the river-bank; or at "ragged-robin," which variegates the scene with its pink hues. Yonder is a little patch of brook-lime, radiant in its blue colour; and the forget-me-nots are lending their turquoise in return for the grateful shade and for the moisture of the stream. The butterwort gleams purple and pink from the banks, and white umbels of the water-parsnips, despite their commonness, harmonize with the brighter tints around. There is the sweet sedge, with its sweet-smelling spadix or cluster of flowers which protrudes horn-like from its leaves, fringing the margin of the river; and we would sadly miss the purple comfrey, with its purple hue and its drooping flowers. "The harvest of a quiet eye," in truth, may be gathered in all the fulness of colour and beauty here; and methinks that the very disorder which reigns paramount in the vegetation around, adds but a new sense to its loveliness. Nor may we miss enumerating the tall poplars which grow around the mill, or the dark-green of the osiers which fringe its sides; and the pollard willows near, stirred by the gentlest of summer breezes, show the gleaming silver white of their leaves for a moment, and then relapse into their dark-green once more. The tiles of the mill-roof have become coated with

lovely mosses and lichens, which vary pleasantly the dull red to which the lapse of time and the beating of the weather has turned the originally bright hue of the roof. What would the artist do without the lower forms of plant-life? Where, then, would be the effects of green and grey and neutral tints he loves to show on ruined tower, on stone-fence, and on mill-roof and wall? And how deep should be one's sense of gratitude to these lowest forms of life, in that they enhance that mysterious sense of the beautiful which cynics never tire of mocking, but which, despite cold criticism, asserts its dominant sway in the better part of our lives!

The great mill-wheel is silent to-day, and for many days to come. As I passed the wheel-house this morning I saw the little stream of water which had escaped below the water-gate playing in and out between the paddles of the wheel, and I can hear the re-echo of this water-music from our resting-place by the river, so still and quiet is the air. Close by the wheel-house exists the overflow-passage for the water, down which most of the river is at present rushing; its bulk being swelled by a minor stream, which finds its way below the mill into a pond serving the farm for varied purposes. In this overflow-passage exists an iron grating, and from its side a trough is led into a deep tank close by. The whole arrangement was suggestive of one thing or subject only, that subject being eels. I can discern a very small member of the serpentine race of fishes making its way against the stream, and one's thoughts immediately rush forward to winter, when our river rolls along swelled many times over its present bulk, and containing, amidst its other treasures, delights of piscatorial and culinary nature in the shape of huge eels. After thunderstorms, and when the night is dark—for your eel is a fastidious fish in the matter of moonlight—the eels will leave their retirement, and will be swept down the stream through the open flood-gates upon the grating, and will thence wriggle into the eel-tank, placed so conveniently for their reception. Thence will they be transferred to the presiding genius of the kitchen, who will serve them up in fashions various and diverse, simple and complicated, so as to suit the tastes of participators in the feast. But even now, if your taste should desire it, you may obtain a dish of eels. You may fish for eels in the mill-pond, provided you have a tangled mass of worms writhing together on the end of a string, and below a small bunch of worsted. The fishes, as every one knows, are rapacious,

and as a juvenile friend sits on the stone ledge close by the mill, you may see him now and then pull up his finny prey, entangled by the mouth and gills in the worsted of his line. Eel-snigging is another favourite pastime with our young friend. Then you may see him pushing his needle and lobworm into the mud probing for eels, and when the bait has been swallowed and the line drawn back, the needle comes to lie athwart the mouth or throat of the fish, which is thus dragged ashore. Farther down the river you will see other juveniles set their lines for these "greedy fishes"—it was old Izaak that named them thus—and farther on in the season, and in flat estuary lands near the sea, they will spear these dainty fishes, and impale them by hundreds, to whet the palates of the dwellers in towns.

The sun has reached his height some hours ago, and now we feel the coolness of approaching evening stealing around. The intense heat has passed away, but still leaves its traces behind in the grateful warmth that will soon be dispersed by the chill of the night. You say you are not wearied of our river. What say you, then, to punt with me for a mile or two down-stream to the Thames, down a water-avenue, which winds so frequently that the really near Isis is placed afar off—the devious course of our stream giving us cause for the exercise of skill and care in guiding our ship along the narrows? "Happy thought," you say. Well, so be it. Jump into the punt, which lies moored to the orchard-bank within some ten feet; and, pole in hand, let us guide our craft down the water-way, which curves to the right within the next twenty yards or so. A strong push, and our prowless barge leaves the bank and shoots out into the stream. Pole in hand we dexterously shift our course as the bend of the river before us is reached, and as the punt sweeps round in obedience to the impetus, we may see for a short distance a straight prospect. Your punt is a stubborn machine, albeit that it draws its water by the inch, and can be made to accommodate itself in wondrous fashion—to inexperienced eyes, at least—to all the windings and other untoward exigencies of a river. Going with the stream is easy work practically and in a punt, as is the task of drifting with other currents in life less tangible, but quite as unstable and shifting as those of the water-ways before us. For the stream carries you onwards, and with a few touches of the pole, which may be administered even by the inexperienced hand, progress is a sure thing;

and the navigation of the reeds and shallows is pleasant, even if somewhat slow. But *revocare gradum* is to punt very hard against the stream; and this latter is no easy task, if it be remembered that your craft is, so to speak, all stern, and that your efforts with the pole are at the best but partial and one-sided. Now you swing round into position and give the punt a forward movement. But the practical study of combined dynamics and hydraulics becomes painful; for ere you may counteract the effect of your first stroke, the prowless boat has swung round with the force of the stream, and you simply describe a circle instead of progressing. But we will walk home through the meadows, and we need not trouble ourselves regarding the toils of punting at present. The plant-life on the banks is even more lovely than that of the upper reach we have left. Pass we now through serried ranks of rushes, which grow tall and stately even to the middle of the river, and which are crowned each by a tuft of purplish blossom. There are golden asphodels and cornflags brilliant above the dark waters, overshadowed by the wooded banks between which we pass. Beautiful leaves, shaped like arrows and spears, and fit for the weapons of wood-nymphs or water-babies, grow around; and the pink and purple flowers of the orchises grow in plenty from the water-sodden soil of the bank-margins. Now and then the beautiful water-lilies, yellow and white, will give us a kindly greeting as we pass them, and will dip their flowers amid the swell caused by the passing of our labouring craft; whilst the guelder-roses on the bank above are sweet, as the water-plantains below are pretty in their lilac dress.

A bend in the river brings us nigh to a quaint old village, with a venerable church—the mere remnant of a cathedral-like edifice—whose square tower forms a familiar county landmark. The river winds past "God's Acre," where sleep the "rude forefathers" of Hodge and his neighbours, whose merry laugh reaches us from the harvest-fields on either side. The church is left far behind by this time, however, and still our river journey has not yet terminated. Still we wind in and out, but the absence of wood and the uniformity of the flat land around us, together with the widening of the stream, show that we are approaching its estuary. Life is still active in these lower reaches, despite the evening cool, which makes itself felt as the time passes. Gnats circle around us in plenty, and weather-wise people will

tell us that to-morrow may bring showers, because the swallows and swifts are flying low after their insect prey. How graceful the flight of these birds, and with what elegant curves, reminding one of the movements of a ship riding on the surface of a heavy swell, do they dip and ascend! A wild duck has been alarmed by our too near approach, and flutters in alarm and dismay before us, disappearing within a reed-fringed haven, from which at the same time a frightened moor-hen emerges and makes its unsteady way along the low bank. A water-rat or two glide in and out of their holes, or splash into the water and swim rapidly across the stream at a safe distance beyond. Still the stream widens, and at length we arrive at its estuary, where its waters mingle with those of the broad Thames, and lose themselves beyond recall in the larger river. The fiery evening sun is still strong, and throws a bright light on the bosom of the Thames, whose easy flowing current gives no sign here of the busy traffic and bustle which mark its lower limits. We take boat here, and paddle out into the glare of the evening sun, which falls behind us as we paddle down stream and London-wards. The trout and other finny tenants of the waters are rising everywhere around, and snapping up the unwary flies and gnats which hover in swarms on the surface of the river; but we are beginning to miss the signs of activity in nature which were so evident in the earlier part of the day. Floating with the stream, we appreciate the true pleasure of the *dolce far niente* phase of existence—a pleasure which the smoothness of our present mode of transit serves but to enhance.

Now we may put about, and pull homewards. The sun is still strong, but the fierceness of the rays has given place to the evening effect, with its warmer light, and its display of colour in the heavens around. The sense of evening stillness is increasing, and becomes almost oppressive in its character. The plash of our oars, unnoticed before, now sounds loud and distinct amid the silence which is creeping alike over river and field; and the merry laugh which resounds from the camp-fire and tent of a boating-party on the bank, who have come to rest for the night, sounds right welcome as we row along. These are probably University men who are doing the Isis in the pleasantest of fashions, and

who are tasting for a time the pleasures of a nomadic existence. The memory of a pleasant boating party may linger in the mind of its members during their whole after-life; and the associations which brought them thus together, may form chains of thought which will unite them together, it may be, when scattered widely over the earth.

The sun has set, and has left a gorgeous halo of crimson-red and purple with gold-tinted clouds to mark its apotheosis. When you stroll through next year's Academy, or visit the studios of your brethren of the brush, you will have learned from the sunset yonder not to be over-critical in looking at evening effects, or boastful of your ability to distinguish what is natural from what is unreal. Yonder clouds, if painted in all their gorgeous and fast-fading reality, might seem unreal and impossible; and the critic might then set himself above nature and artist alike, and maintain the absurdity of effects he has never seen. Therefore let the sunset teach you a canon of fair criticism and a lesson in guarding against undue assumption of what nature may do or can do. We have reached by this time the estuary of our stream, and we disembark, and, standing on the river's bank, survey the fair prospect around. Once again, the morning stillness repeats itself; but the sense of evening quiet carries with it a difference from the stillness of the day—a difference we may feel, but can hardly express. Deeper grow the shadows; and presently, as we stroll homewards, the moon rises and makes a silver pathway of the broad river we have left, the silver sheen succeeding the golden lustre along which we previously passed. As evening comes on apace, field and river are bathed in the pale light, and the rippling water sparkles beneath the gleam. The stillness is broken only by the tinkling of sheep-bells from the folds close by; but as we pass homewards, drinking in the beauty of the scene, the church-bells ring out an evening peal, the melody of which resounds around us, and seems to float down the river in varying cadences and strains. The bells cease their chiming at last; and as the notes die away and re-echo over hill and dale, river and field, nature at large seems to sink into a rest, and to be hushed with a peace so still and sweet, that it is hard to realise that the morrow will awake us with its stern call to the duties of a new day.

ANDREW WILSON.

LETTERS FROM MAURITIUS.

BY LADY BARKER.

I.

Easter Sunday, April 21st, 1878.

"HOW'S her head, Seccuni?" "Nor, nor-east, quarter east, saar." Such had been the question often asked, at my impatient prompting, of the placid Lascar quarter-master during the past fortnight. And the answer generally elicited a sigh from the good-natured captain of the *Actaa*, a sigh which I reproduced with a good deal of added woe in its intonation, and a slight dash of feminine impatience. For this easterly bearing was all wrong for us. "Anything from the south would do," but not a puff seemed inclined to come our way from the south. Seventeen days ago we scraped over the bar at the mouth of Durban harbour, spread our sails, and fled away before a fair wind towards the north end of Madagascar, meaning to leave it on the starboard bow and so fetch "L'Île Maurice, Ancienne Ile de France," as it is still fondly styled. The fair wind had freshened to a gale a day or two later, and bowled us along before it, and we had made a rapid and prosperous voyage so far. Sunny days and cold, clear, starry nights had come and gone amid the intense and wonderful loveliness of these strange seas. Not a sail had we passed, not a gull had been seen, scarcely a porpoise. But now, this radiant Easter Sunday morning finds us almost becalmed on the eastern side of Mauritius, with what air is stirring dead ahead, but only coming in a cat's-paw now and then. Except for one's natural impatience to drop anchor, it would have been no penance to loiter on such a day, and so make it a memory which would stand out for ever in bold relief amid the monotony of life. "A study of colour" indeed, a study in wonderful harmonies of vivid blues and opalesque pinks, amethysts and greens, indigoes and lakes, all the gem-like tints breaking up into sparkling fragments every moment, to re-set themselves the next instant in a new and exquisite combination. The tiny island at once impresses me with a respectful admiration. What nonsense is this the geography books state, and I have repeated, about Mauritius being the same size as the Isle of Wight? Absurd! Here is a bold range of volcanic-looking mountains rising up grand and clear against the beautiful background of a summer sky, on whose slopes and in whose valleys, green down to the water's edge, lie

fertile stretches of cultivation. We are not near enough to see whether the pale shimmer of the young vegetation is due to grass or waving cane-tops. Bold ravines are cut sharply down the mountainous sides, and lighted up by the silvery glint of rushing water, and the breakers, for all the mirror-like calm of the sea out here, a couple of miles from shore, are beating the barrier-rocks and dashing their snow aloft with a dull thud which strikes on the ear in mesmeric rhythm. Yes, it is quite the fairest scene one need wish to rest wave-worn and eager eyes upon, and it is still more beautiful if you look over the vessel's side. The sea is of a Mediterranean blue, and is literally alive with fish beneath and lovely sea-creatures floating upon the sunlit water. It appears as if one could see down to unknown depths through that clear sapphire medium, breaking up here and there into pale blue reflections which are even more enchanting than its intense tints. Fishes, apparently of gold and rose-colour, or of a radiant blue barred and banded with silver, dart, plunge, and chase each other after the fragments of biscuit we throw overboard. Films of crystal and ruby oar themselves gently along the upper surface, or float like folded sea-flowers on the motionless water. A flock of tiny sea-mews, half the size of the fish, are screaming shrilly and darting down on the shoal; but as for their catching them, the idea is preposterous, for the fish are twice as big as the birds.

It is not in the least too hot. Durban was very sultry when we left, but I have been shivering ever since in my holland gown, thinking fondly and regretfully of serge skirts and a seal-skin jacket down in the hold. It may be safely taken as an axiom in travelling that you seldom suffer from cold more than in what are supposed to be hot climates, and the wary *voyageuse* will never separate herself hopelessly from her winter wraps, even when steering to tropical lands. In spite of all my experience, I am often taken in on this point, and I should have perished from cold during this voyage as we got farther south, if it had not been for the friendly presence of a rough Scotch plaid. Even the days were cold on deck out of the sun, and the long nights—for darkness treads close on the heels of sunset in the winter months of these lati-

tudes—would have indeed been nipping without warm wraps.

But no one thinks of wraps this balmy Easter Sunday. It is delicious as to temperature, only we are in an ungrateful hurry, and the stars find us scarcely a dozen miles from where they left us. I sit up to see myself safe through the narrow passage between Flat Island and Round Island, and fall asleep at last to the monotonous chant of so many "fathoms and no bottom," for we take soundings every five minutes or so in this reefy region. An apology for wind gets up at last, which takes us round the north end of the island, and we creep up to the outer anchorage of Port Louis, on its western shore, slowly but safely in that darkest hour before dawn.

In the daytime, as I now see it for the first time, Port Louis is indeed a crowded and busy place; and its low-pitched warehouses and unpretending-looking buildings hold many and many thousand tons of miscellaneous merchandise coming in or going out. But at sunset an exodus of all the white and most of the creole inhabitants sets in, leaving the dusty streets and dingy buildings to watchmen and coolies and dogs. It is quite curious to notice, as I do directly, what a horror the English residents have of sleeping even one single night in Port Louis, and this dread certainly appears to be well founded, if even half the stories one hears be true. Some half-dozen officials, whose duties oblige them to be always close to the harbour, contrive, however, to live in the town; but they nearly all give a melancholy report of the constant attacks of fever they or their families suffer from.

Certainly, at the first glance, Port Louis is not a prepossessing place to live, or try to live, in. I will say nothing of the shabby shops, the dilapidated-looking dwellings one passes in a rapid drive through the streets, because I know how deceitful outside appearances are as to the internal resources or comforts of a tropical town. Those dingy shops may hold excellent, though miscellaneous goods, in their dark recesses, and would be absolutely unbearable to either owner or customer if they were lighted with staring plate-glass windows. Nor would it be possible to array tempting articles in gallant order behind so hot and glaring a screen, for no shade or canvas would prevent everything from bleaching white in a few hours. As for the peeled walls of house and garden, no stucco or paint can stand many weeks of tropical sun and showers. Everything

gets to look blistered or washed out directly after it has been renovated, and great allowances must be made for these shortcomings so patent to the eye of a fresh visitor. What I most regretted in Port Louis was its low-lying, fever-haunted situation. It looks marked out as a hot-bed of disease, and the wonder to me is, not that it should now and for ten years past have the character of being a nest for breeding fevers, but that there ever should have been a time when illness was not rife in such a locality. Sheltered from anything like a free circulation of air by hills rising abruptly from the sea-shore, swampy by nature, crowded to excess by thousands of emigrants from all parts of the coast added to its own swarming population, it seems little short of marvellous that even by day Europeans can contrive to exist there long enough to carry on the enormous trade which comes and goes to and from its harbour. Yet they do so, and on the whole manage very well, by avoiding exposure to the sun and taking care to sleep out of the town. This is rendered possible to all by an admirable system of railways, which are under Government control, and will gradually form a perfect network over the island. The engineering difficulties of these lines must have been great, and it is an appalling sight to witness a train in motion. So hilly is the little island, that if the engine is approaching, the chances are it looks as if it were about to plunge wildly down on its head and turn a somersault into the station, or else it seems to be climbing painfully up a steep gradient, after the fashion of a fly on the wall. But everything appears well managed, and the dulness of the daily press is never enlivened by accounts of a railway accident.

For two or three miles out of Port Louis the country is still flat and marshy, and ugly to the last degree; not the ugliness of bareness and trim neatness, but overgrown, dank, and mournful for all its teeming life. By the roadside stand, here and there, what once were handsome and hospitable portals, but are now abodes of desolation and decay. The same sad story may be told of each; how their owners, well-born descendants of old French families, flourished there, amid their beautiful flowers, in health and happiness for many a long day, until the fatal "fever year" of 1867, when half the families were carried off by swift death, and the survivors well-nigh ruined by hurricanes and disasters of all sorts. Poor little Mauritius has certainly passed through some very hard times; but she has borne them bravely and

pluckily, and is now reaping her reward in returning prosperity. Sharp as has been the lesson, it is something for her inhabitants to have learned to enforce better sanitary laws, and there is little fear now but that their eyes have been opened to the importance of health regulations.

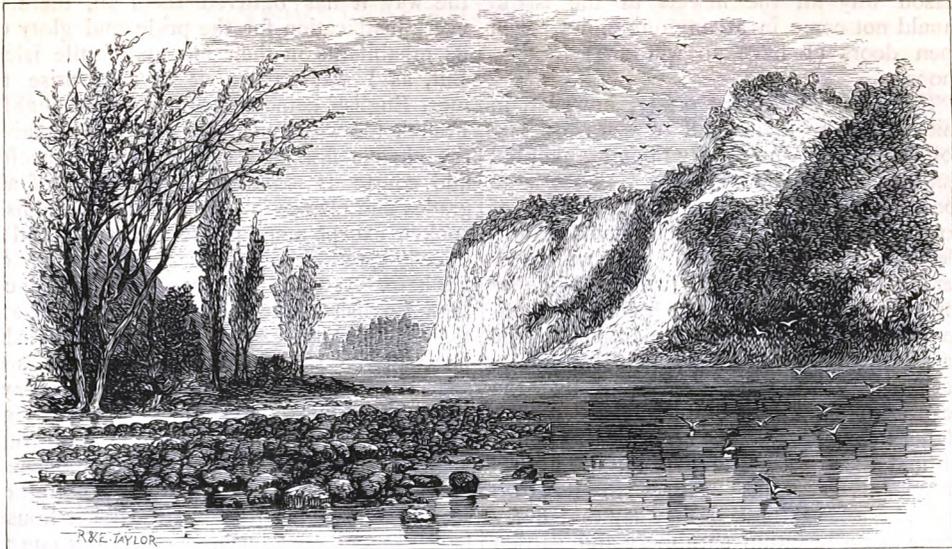
One effect of the epidemic which desolated Port Louis has been the creation of the prettiest imaginable suburbs or settlements within eight or ten miles of the town. These districts have the quaintest French names, Beau Bassin, Curépipe, Pamplemousse, Flacq, Moka, and so forth, with the English name of "Rosehill" standing out among them in cockney simplicity. My particular suburb is the nearest and most convenient from which F—— can compass his daily official duties, but I am not entitled to boast of an elevation of more than eight hundred feet. Still there is an extraordinary difference in the temperature before we have climbed to even half that height, and we turn out of a green lane bordered by thick hedges of something exactly like English hawthorn, into a wind-swept clearing on the borders of a deep ravine, where stands a bungalow-looking dwelling rejoicing in the name of "The Oaks." Yes, it is home at last, and very homelike and comfortable it all looks after the tossing, changing voyaging of the past two months, for I have come a long way round.

BEAU BASSIN, *May 21st.*

I feel as if I had lived here all my life, although it is really more unlike the ordinary English colony than it is possible to imagine; and yet (as the walrus said to the carpenter) this "is scarcely odd," because it is not an English colony at all! It is thoroughly and entirely French, and the very small part of the habits of the people which is not French is Indian. The result of more than a century of civilisation, and of the teachings of many colonists, not counting the Portuguese discoverers, early in the sixteenth century, is a mixed but very comfortable code of manners and customs. One has not, here, to struggle against the ignorance and incapacity of native servants. The clever, quick Indian has learned the polish and elegance of his French masters, and the first thing which struck me was the pretty manners of the native—or, as they are called, creole—inhabitants. Everybody has a "bon soir" or a "salaam" for us as we pass them in our twilight walks, and the manners of the domestic servants are full of attention and courtesy. Mauritius first belonged to the

Dutch (for the Portuguese did not attempt to colonise it), who seem to have been bullied out of it by pirates and hurricanes, and who finally gave it up as a thankless task about the year 1700. A few years later the French, having a thriving colony next door at Bourbon, sent over a man-of-war and "annexed," unopposed, the pretty little island. But there were all sorts of difficulties to overcome in those early days, and it was not even found possible, from mismanagement of course, to make the place pay its own working expenses. Then came the war with England at the beginning of this century, and that made things worse, for of course we tried to get hold of it, and there were many sharp sea-fights off its lovely shores, until, after a gallant defence, a landing was effected by the English, who took possession of it somewhere about 1811. Still it does not seem to have been of much use to them, for the French inhabitants naturally made difficulties, and declined to take the oaths of allegiance; so that it was not until the great settling day, or rather year, of 1814, when Louis XVIII. "came to his own again" and definitely ceded Mauritius to the British, that we began to set to work, aided by the inhabitants with right good-will, to develop and make the most of its enormous natural resources.

I really believe Mauritius stands alone in the whole world for variety of scenery, of climate, and of productions, within the smallest imaginable space. It might be a continent looked at through reversed opera-glasses, for the ambitious scale of its mountains, its ravines, and its waterfalls. When once you leave the plains behind—it is all on such a toy scale that you do this in half an hour—you breathe mountain air, and look down deep gorges, and cross wide rushing rivers. Of course the sea is part of every view. If it is lost sight of for five minutes, there is nothing to do but go on a few yards and turn a corner to see it again, stretching wide and blue and beautiful out to the horizon. The chances are—nay, the certainty is—that three miles in any direction will show you a greater variety of beautiful scenery than the same distance over any other part of the habitable globe. The only expression I can find to describe Mauritius to myself is one I used to hear my grandmother use in speaking of a pretty girl who chanced to be rather *petite*. "She is a pocket Venus," the old lady would say; and so I find myself calling L'Ile Maurice a pocket Venus among islets.



River Scene in Mauritius.

This is the beginning of the cool season, which lasts till November, and really the climate just now is very delightful. A little too windy, perhaps, for my individual taste, but that is owing to the rather exposed situation of my house. The trade-winds sweep in from the S.E., and very nearly blow me and my possessions out of the drawing-room. Still it would be the height of ingratitude to quarrel with such a healthy, refreshing gale, and I try to avoid the remorse which I am assured will overtake me in the hot season if I grumble now. Of course it is hot in the sun, and ladies need seldom or ever expose themselves to it. The gentlemen are armed when they go out with white umbrellas, and keep as much as possible out of the fierce heat. At night it is quite cold, and one or even two blankets are indispensable; yet this is by no means one of the coolest situations in the island, though it bears an excellent character for healthiness.

In our daily evening walk we cut off a corner through the bazaar, and it is most amusing to see and hear the representatives of all the countries of the East laughing, jangling, and chatting in their own tongues, and apparently all at once. Besides Indians from each presidency, there are crowds of Chinese, Cingalese, Malabars, Malagasys, superadded to the creole population. They seem orderly enough, though perhaps the police reports could tell a different tale. If only the daylight would last longer in these latitudes, where exercise is only possible after

sundown! However early we set forth, the end of the walk is sure to be accomplished stumbly, in profound darkness. Happily there are no snakes or poisonous reptiles of any sort, nor have I yet seen anything more personally objectionable than a mosquito. I rather owe a grudge, though, to a little insect called the mason-fly, which has a perfect passion for running up mud huts (compared to its larger edifices on the walls and ceiling) on my blotting-books, and between the leaves of my pet volumes. The white ants are the worst insect foe we have, and the stories I hear of their performances would do credit to the Arabian Nights. I have already learned to consider as pets the little soft brown lizards which emerge from behind the picture-frames at night as soon as ever the lamps are lit. They come out to catch the flies on the ceiling, and stalk their prey in the cleverest and stealthiest fashion. Occasionally, however, they quarrel with each other, and have terrific combats overhead, with the invariable result of a wriggling inch of tail dropping down on one's book or paper. This cool weather is of course the time when one is freest from insect visitors, and I have not yet seen any butterflies. A stray grasshopper, with green wings folded exactly like a large leaf, or an inquisitive mantis, blunders on to my writing-table occasionally, but not often enough to be anything but welcome. As my sitting-room may be said, speaking architecturally, to consist merely of a floor and ceiling, there is no

reason why all the insects in the island should not come in at any one of its seven open doors (I have no windows) if they choose.

The houses are very pretty, however, in spite of their being all doorway. The polished floors—unhappily mine are painted *red*, which is a great sorrow to me—the large rooms, with nice furniture and a wealth of flowers, give a look of great comfort and elegance to the interior. The wide low verandahs are shaded on the sunny side by screens or blinds of rattan painted green, and from the ceiling dangle baskets, large baskets, filled with every imaginable variety of fern. I never saw anything like the beauty of the foliage. The *leaves* of the plants would give colour and variety enough without the flowers, and they too are in profusion. Every house stands in its own grounds, and I think I may say that every house has a beautiful shrubbery and garden attached to it. Of course, with all this warm rain constantly falling, the pruning-knife is as much needed as the spade; but the natives make excellent and clever gardeners, and every place is well and neatly kept.

It is a comfort to know that with proper care and the precautions taught by experience, there is no reason why, under the blessing of God, a European should not enjoy as good health in Mauritius as in other places with a better reputation. There are nearly always cases of fever in Port Louis, and three or four deaths a day from it; but then the native and creole population is very large, and the proportion is not so alarming.

One of the things which I don't think you realise in England is, how completely French the whole place is. It is not in the least like any colony which I have ever seen. It is a comfortable settlement, where families have intermarried and taken root in the soil, regarding it with quite as fond and fervent an affection as we bear to our own country. Instead of the apologies for, and abuse of, a colony (woe to you if *you* find fault, however!) with which your old colonist greets a new arrival, I find here a strong patriotic sentiment of pride and love, which is certainly well merited. When you take into consideration the tiny dimensions of the island, its distance from all the centres of civilisation, its isolation, the great calamities which have befallen it from hurricane, drought, and pestilence, and

the way it has outlived them all, there is every justification for the pride and glory of its inhabitants in their fair and fertile islet. But, as I was saying, it is a surprise to most English comers to find how thoroughly French the whole place is, and you perceive the change first and chiefly in the graceful and courteous manners of the people of all grades and classes. You never hear English spoken except among a few officials; and a knowledge of French is the first necessary of life here. At a ball you hear far more French than English spoken, and at a concert I attended lately not a single song was in English. Even in the Protestant churches there is a special service held in French every Sunday, as well as another in Tamil, besides the English services; so a clergyman in Mauritius needs to be a good linguist. The polished floors, well *frotteé* every morning, the rather set-out style of the rooms, all make a house look French. The business of the law courts and the newspapers are also in French, with only here and there a column of English. The notifications of distances, the weights and measures, the "*avis aux voyageurs*," the finger-posts, way-side bills, signs on shop-fronts, are all in French. When by any chance the owner of a shop breaks out into an English notification of his wares—and it is generally a Chinaman or Parsee who is fired by this noble ambition—the result is as difficult to decipher as if it were a cuneiform inscription.

The greatest difference, as it is the one which most affects my individual comfort, which I have yet found out between Mauritius and an ordinary English colony, is the poverty of the book-shops. Your true creole is not a reading character, though on the other hand he has a great and natural taste for music. I miss the one or even two excellent book-shops where one could get, at quite reasonable prices too, most of the new and readable books, which I have always found in the chief town of every English colony. At Cape Town, Christchurch, New Zealand, Maritzburg, Durban, there are far better booksellers than in most English country towns. Here it appears to me as if the love of literature were confined to the few English officials, who devour each other's half-dozen volumes with an appetite which speaks terribly of a state of chronic mental famine.



NEW TESTAMENT TOWNS.

II.—CANA OF GALILEE.

THE ancient Hebrew nomenclature of Palestine was almost entirely descriptive. The cities were indeed occasionally named from their founders, but more commonly from their position and the physical character of the site. It naturally follows that the same name is repeated again and again in different parts of the country, as similar sites were selected possessing similar advantages of strength and water supply. Thus we have two places mentioned in the Bible called Gibeah or "hill," three or more named Ramah or "height," two Mizpehs or "watchtowers," and two Nobs or "eminences," all within a small district in the country west of Jordan.

This ancient nomenclature has been preserved by the peasantry of Palestine with trifling modifications. Not only do the old biblical sites retain their names, but many an old town or village is to be found to which the name Mizpeh or Nob or Ramah still applies, though the place cannot be identified with any of the Old Testament cities.

One of the less common of these names for towns is the Hebrew Kanah. We know of one Kanah in the time of Joshua, a city near Tyre, and in the same book we read of the brook Kanah which formed the boundary between Ephraim and Manasseh. The word is translated to mean "reedy," being in fact the same as the English "cane;" and the translation accounts for the rarity of the name, for reedy places are not common in Palestine. The town called Kanah, east of Tyre, still retains its name quite unchanged, and the brook Kanah is the modern Wâdy Kânah, a deep and rugged ravine running out south-west from Gerizim to the sea.

In the New Testament we meet the same name, but neither Kanah of Asher nor Kanah of Samaria will suit the requirements of Cana of Galilee, which is evidently a distinct site. In the New Testament it is true the word is only known in Greek, but it is spelt with the Greek *kappa*, which represents the Hebrew *koph*, and is thus identified as being the translation of the same Hebrew word above noticed.

Cana of Galilee is a place the situation of which is only vaguely indicated in the New Testament. It was within a day's journey of Bethabara, and it seems to have been on the way from Nazareth to the Sea of Galilee; but more than this we cannot

gather from the gospel. In the Talmud the town is apparently not mentioned, while from Josephus it receives only a passing notice as a place where he resided. Josephus's words are sufficient to show that the Cana to which he alludes stood in Lower Galilee, and thus to obviate the suspicion of a clerical error in the New Testament account, but it would be most unsafe to endeavour to deduce from his casual reference any theory as to the exact position of his Cana with reference to other towns.

Under these circumstances our only hope of finding Cana of Galilee must lie in the recovery of an ancient site still bearing the Hebrew name Kanah, and situate between Nazareth and the Sea of Galilee; but, unfortunately, we are puzzled in this case, not by the loss of the name, but by the fact that there are two sites between which to choose. The dilemma is not confined to modern times, and it will perhaps be clear from the succeeding pages that Christians have from the fourth century downwards experienced just the same difficulty in arriving at a decision on the subject.

The modern traveller who visits the Sea of Galilee from Nazareth journeys by the first of these sites. After passing the white chalky saddle above the latter town, and crossing the rolling hills around Reineh, he finds himself at the top of a low pass of rugged rock, and sees beneath him a flat corn plain with wooded hills beyond. Descending into this plain, which was called in the time of our Lord the plain of Asochis, he sees before him a long village standing on rising ground, with beautiful gardens beneath it, and in the gardens a good spring.

There are no remains of great antiquity in the village. The houses are rudely built of stone, and have flat roofs made of boughs and covered with mud. About a century ago a castle was built there by Othman, son of the famous Galilean chief, Dhahr el 'Amr, but this was destroyed by the Egyptian Government. A few foundations and fragments of Gothic mouldings mark the site of a mediæval church, and there is a little chapel in the village still in use. The inhabitants are principally Greek Christians, and the village is a thriving place compared with many of the neighbouring Moslem hamlets. Oranges, lemons, olives, and pomegranates grow in the luxuriant gardens

round the spring, and the dark basaltic soil of the plain to the north produces fine crops of wheat and barley.

This village, which is called Kefr Kenna, and situated three and three-quarter miles from Nazareth, is the place usually shown to travellers as representing Cana of Galilee. Four earthen jars and two stone troughs are shown in the Greek chapel, and the more ignorant pilgrims are made to believe that these are the actual "waterpots" which were used at the marriage feast when the water was made wine. The village is not (as we have seen) itself of any great antiquity, its buildings being all evidently modern, but the existence of a spring makes the site a probable one for an ancient town, and in 1872 a ruin was discovered by the English survey party west of the gardens, to which the name *Kenna* also attaches. A bare hill top is there scattered with traces of masonry; and numerous cisterns are sunk in the hard rock. Such cisterns almost invariably mark a former village site of great antiquity in Palestine, and thus we have better indications of ancient buildings near Kefr Kenna than we find in many of those sites throughout the country which are of undisputed antiquity.

It is perhaps worth noting, in passing, that the experience of recent explorations leads to the conviction that we have much over-estimated the character of the ancient Jewish architecture. Before excavation and exploration had been commenced, the most exaggerated expectations were formed as to the amount of Jewish masonry which was supposed to lie hidden beneath the ground. For such expectations there was no valid ground, yet they were shared by all explorers. Had we read more attentively the Scripture narrative we might perhaps have arrived at another conclusion. All that we there learn of Jewish buildings seems to show that they were not more magnificent nor more solidly constructed than those now found in the modern Syrian villages. To remove the branches from such a hut as we may find in Kefr Kenna in order to lower the sick man through it, would have been a natural act, while the destruction of a stone vault would have been an impossibility. To level a fellah village to the ground is a feat which Turkish soldiers have more than once accomplished, just as Joshua in a single day made a "heap" of a Canaanite hamlet.

The results of explorations agree with this view. Strong crusading castles, beautiful twelfth-century churches, and massive By-

zantine convents are to be found in ruins throughout the length and breadth of the land; but the old Jewish and Canaanite sites are marked by no such masonry; rude scarps of rock formed the rampart round their fortified sites, and cisterns and tombs were carved out of the rock; but if we may judge by the great heaps of dust and unhewn stones, the old village habitations were as much like the modern cabins as the old Canaanite inhabitants were like the modern fellahin.

Thus it is by survey and surface exploration, rather than by deep and costly excavations, that the Bible is best illustrated.

There is then sufficient indication of the antiquity of the site near the spring of Kefr Kenna; and its position between Nazareth and Tiberias on the main road seems to be suitable for the site of Cana of Galilee. But the name is not, as a reader might at first suppose, identical with the ancient Hebrew Kanah, and our difficulty is increased because there is a second site at which that name is still preserved unchanged.

Kenna is not only spelt with the double *n* but also with a different *k*. The Hebrew root above mentioned is *kân*, but the present Arabic word is from the root *cenn*, spelt with the *caf*, and meaning "roofed" or "covered." It is of course possible that the old name has been corrupted, but the confusion between the *kâf* and the *caf* is not common in Arabic, and it is always very dangerous to propose an identification which depends on the supposition that such a confusion has occurred.

Such are the pros and cons in the case of the site now shown to travellers. The situation is suitable, the name not identical. Turning to the second site, we find the name identical but the position less suitable.

If, instead of taking the ordinary route north-east from Kefr Kenna towards Tiberias, the traveller continues northwards across the plain of Asochis, he will arrive at the ruin of Kânah, situate at the foot of the steep wooded hills which bound that plain on the north. The place is eight miles north of Nazareth, and is west of Tiberias, being thus far removed from the direct route from Nazareth to the Sea of Galilee.

The wooded mountain is called Kânah, and on a low spur just above the plain are the remains of an Arab village which has fallen into ruins within the century. Signs of antiquity are not wanting here any more than at Kenna. There are about half-a-dozen rock-cut cisterns on the slope of the

spur, and a reservoir some sixteen feet long also cut in rock. The foundations of fellah huts, smoke-blackened, and perhaps destroyed by fire, are huddled together on the bare rock, and to the west is a large cave, visible through two holes where the roof has fallen in. A fig-tree grows over the cave mouth, and the place cannot be reached without ropes.

The name of this ruin is Kânah, or "reedy," and the reason of the appellation is pretty clear, for a large marsh exists immediately below the spur, and in spring the water covers a great part of the plain. The neighbourhood of Kânah is thus one of the few places in Palestine where reeds and rushes could be found.

There is a third site in Lower Galilee to which attention may now be directed as possibly representing the ancient Cana. The traveller passes, as before mentioned, on his road from Nazareth to Keفر Kenna by another village called Reineh. It is situated on a hillside above an open vale, one mile and a half north of Nazareth, and there are small ruins in its neighbourhood. Just east of the main road there is a good spring now built round with modern masonry, and near it is a large masonry reservoir. The spring is called 'Ain Kânah, "the Fountain of Cana," and in this case the situation and the name are alike satisfactory, for the spring is in the immediate neighbourhood of Nazareth, close to the main road leading to Capernaum and the Sea of Galilee, and the name is identical in spelling and meaning with the Hebrew Kanah.

The settlement of this curious question is at present impossible. The indications which we can draw from the New Testament and from other Jewish sources are not sufficient to enable us to decide positively between the sites, and the village of the marriage feast may either have stood by the spring just noticed, or, as believed by the early pilgrims, at the more distant site of Kenna. It is even possible that the crusading chronicles may have been right when they fixed Cana yet farther north, at the ruined site above the swamps of Asochis.

It is not difficult to determine the position of the site shown to the mediæval pilgrims as that of Cana. Dr. Robinson, who was the first to discover the northern ruin called Kânah, found it easy to prove that this was the place that Sæwulf visited in 1100 A.D., and that Marino Sanuto shows on his chart in

1321 A.D. The first-named traveller describes the place as north of the town called Roma, which was a station on the road from Acre to Tiberias. Roma is the modern Rûmeh, a ruined village on the road in question, and Kânah is two miles north of Rûmeh. Marino Sanuto describes the site with great accuracy, and draws the mountain of Kânah to the north and the plain of Asochis to the south on his invaluable chart. Nor are these the only witnesses. A host of writers from the twelfth to the seventeenth century have described the traditional site of Cana of Galilee in such a way as to make it quite clear that the northern ruin of Kânah is intended.

When, however, we turn from the crusading to the fourth and fifth century writings, we find it impossible to reconcile these accounts of Cana with those dating after the twelfth century. Saint Paula visited the place on her way from Nazareth to Tiberias; another writer gives the distance as five Roman miles from Seppharis, and a third visited the place on his way from Nazareth to Tabor, so that the site shown to him as Cana must have lain eastwards or north-east from Nazareth, and would have been probably either at Kenna or at 'Ain Kânah.

Such is a fair statement of the Cana of Galilee question. It is easy to take a side in such a dispute. Dr. Robinson has relied on the crusading chronicles and on mediæval tradition, other writers rest on the authority of the earlier pilgrims and explain away the later tradition as best they can; but any student who has gone carefully through the mass of early Christian literature connected with the sacred places of the Holy Land must come to the conclusion that no tradition of foreign origin can be accepted as authoritative; and thus in the case of Cana, when Jewish contemporary writers are unfortunately silent, and when the New Testament authors treat the subject in their usual incidental fashion, we must in the end confess our inability to fix the true site of the village where Christ's first miracle was wrought.

Unfortunately for modern curiosity, the writer of the fourth Gospel had his attention fixed on the miracle itself, and the passion for revisiting the places rendered sacred by the Master's presence had not become developed when the Gospel according to Saint John was written.

THE EARTH'S PLACE IN NATURE.

A Sketch of a Branch of Physiography.

From Notes of Lectures given for the Gilchrist Trustees in the years 1874 and 1875.

By J. NORMAN LOCKYER, F.R.S., CORRESPONDENT OF THE INSTITUTE, FRANCE.

NO. IV.

WE have now to consider the earth's place among the solar family, to deal with the cooled planets revolving round the still incandescent sun. It will be well to start by briefly referring to the scale with which we have to deal, in order to get an idea of the relative sizes and distances with which we are to become acquainted.

The other stars are infinitely farther away than our sun. If I were to have a very small marble and a globe, say a yard in diameter, one hundred yards apart, then that large globe might represent the sun, and the little marble the earth. Where then shall we put a round globe to represent the nearest star? We have already seen that the diameter of the earth is about eight thousand miles. We shall have to put the second globe, representing the nearest star, so far away from the first one, representing the sun, that there would be no place on the earth where we could put it if we had everything true to scale. *The two globes must be twelve thousand miles apart.*

This will give us an idea of the earth's neighbours so far as space goes. We have the moon quite close to us, and the sun and our sister planets close to us, while the other stars are, so to speak, infinitely removed. I must again urge that although the sun is comparatively near to us, it is similar—I do not mean in the exact substances in it, but from a physical point of view—to the stars which people the uttermost part of space: it is *the nearest star*, and as such shines by its own light. The planets have no light of their own, and we may say not only that the moon is to us what other moons are to the planets round which they circulate, but that all the planets, including the one on which we dwell, are so many moons to the sun.

Those bodies, then, which do not shine by their own light, are our neighbours, our friends, so to speak, and members of that family to which we belong; and we form part of a system with a central light-giving body which we call the Sun.

As we have measured the size of the earth, so we have measured the size of the solar system—by which I mean the various distances of the planets from the sun and the

size of each; and we have also got an idea of the size of the sun among the stars. First of all we got to know the *relative* distances of the various bodies from the sun, and then we got the absolute distances, or thought we had got them. Let me explain the meaning of these words, relative and absolute. We know, in talking of London, that Hyde Park may be twice as far from a place as St. Paul's is; but if we do not know how far it is to St. Paul's, we do not know how far it is to Hyde Park; having the distance to St. Paul's, however, and knowing that Hyde Park is twice as far away, of course we shall know how far it is to Hyde Park, and we shall change the relative distance into an absolute one. Now, long before we knew the absolute distance of any planet from the sun, we knew the relative distances, and therefore the relative distances of the planets from each other. Thus we knew that the sun was so many more times away from us than, say, Venus was, but we did not quite know how far Venus was from us—we *lacked the scale*. The transit of Venus enables astronomers to determine how far Venus is away from us, and when we know how far exactly Venus is away from us, of course it is easy to see how far the sun is away.

This is one method; but it is a very consoling thing to know that it is not the only way which we have of getting at one of the most important figures in astronomical science, which enables us to change relative distances for actual distances, in British miles, from planet to planet. The distance of the planet Mars, of course, helps us equally, and we can measure this by using the stars as a screen instead of the sun, as is done in the case of the planet Venus. But in order to find the sun's distance we, in fact, have to go to work in a very much more roundabout way than in the case of the moon. There are a great many ways, including physical methods, of getting at it approximately, and the agreement between the different results is very striking. I may remind you that to know the distance of the sun from the earth is to a large extent to know the distance of a great many stars, and we can never find accurately the absolute distance of a star,

unless we know accurately the similar distance of the sun from the earth.

It is not necessary that I should give here a diagram of the solar system to convey an idea of the relative distances of the heavenly bodies from the sun. Such a diagram will be found in any good work on astronomy; but, at the best, it does not help us much, because it is next to impossible to construct it on the proper scale. Still, a rough one will help us in a measure to grasp the earth's geographical position, so to speak, in the solar system. The earth's place in space is near the sun, and a great way from the stars. A diagram, such as that to which I have referred, will give an idea of the earth's place in the solar system

as apart from the earth's place in space. In the middle is the sun, as the sun is the middle and the centre of our solar system. Next to the sun, quite close to it apparently on the diagram, but still many millions of miles away in reality, is that body to which I first called attention, among those bodies which do not shine by their own light, I mean the planet Mercury. Next comes

Venus; and next is a body which ought indeed to interest us all, for it is the earth on which we live. Next the planet Mars, and then Jupiter with its four moons. The planet Saturn, with its eight moons and its wondrous rings, is still farther away from the sun. Next comes Uranus; whilst on the very confines of our solar system, in solitary gloom, is still another planet called Neptune.

Between Mars and Jupiter there is a perfect crowd of worlds, so to speak,—little things some of them not bigger than Middlesex apparently, going round the sun in all sorts of eccentric orbits, and in a great many respects very different from the larger and more sober planets, as we may call them.

We have now fairly caught the earth as a member of the solar system.

All these are bodies which do not shine by their own light, and which together with the sun form the solar system; the sun giving light and heat, and, one might almost say, life itself, to all the bodies which circulate around it.

Strangely mixed up with these bodies which, with the exception of the sun, do not give out light of their own, are the comets which do. It is here sufficient to say that those comets, with certain exceptions, have rather an accidental connection with the solar system. They are, in fact, what a man coming from Siberia would be to us men

who live in London—they are strangers and travellers, who may come from time to time, but they do not belong to us, they do not look like us, and they do not behave as we do; hence it is that the shape of their orbits is, as a rule, so different from the nearly circular ones in which all the other bodies go round the sun.

We have next to remember that the distance from the centre of the sun

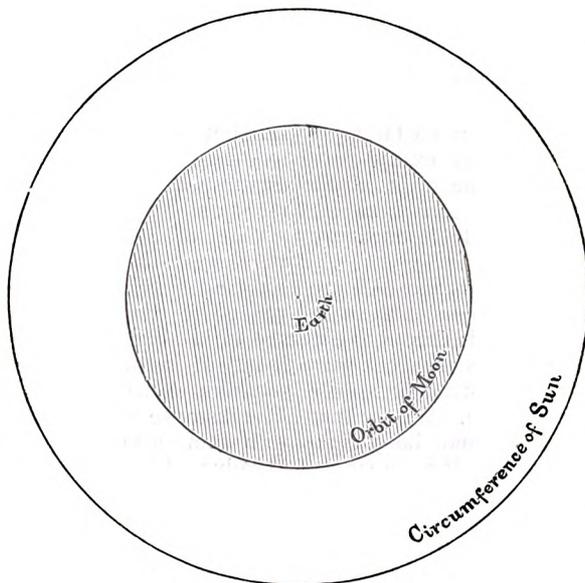


Fig. 1.—Sun, Earth, and Orbit of the Moon compared.

to the centre of the earth is 93,000,000 miles or thereabouts. I shall not trouble you with many of those numbers, because I know that they do not mean much to anybody; but still it is a convenient thing to know that the distance of the sun is 93,000,000 miles. If you were to work, not for eight hours a day as the fashion is now, but twelve hours, and work hard, you might count a million in a month, and therefore in ninety-three months you might count ninety-three millions; but still, it is well to get an idea of what 93,000,000 of miles means without having to do that. I shall try to give an idea of what a million of miles is.

Here is a diagram (Fig. 1) which will tell what the size of the sun is as compared with

the size of the earth. We have in the middle a little dot which represents the earth, next there is a line enclosing a shaded space; this line represents the orbit of the moon. The distance from the earth to the moon is near enough for our purpose a quarter of a million miles; that is to say, that working twelve hours a day it would take you a week to count the number of miles. If, therefore, we measure from one point of the moon's orbit to the opposite point, it is near enough for our purpose half a million miles. What does this outer circle represent? It represents the circumference of the sun. The diameter of the sun is very nearly 1,000,000 miles; 800,000 would be more accurate for the disc that we see, but we must not forget the outer atmosphere. The figure shows us that if the centre of the sun were coincident with the centre of the earth, the sun would not only be bigger than the earth, and bigger than all space enclosed by the orbit of the moon (the moon which seems so far away from us), but would actually extend into space almost as far beyond the orbit of the moon as the orbit of the moon is from the earth on which we dwell. Here then we have a million miles.

Without giving too many figures, which are so difficult to recollect, an idea of the size of the earth compared, not this time with the sun, the great father of the system, but with the other bodies of the solar system, can readily be given in a diagram (Fig. 2). We see that the earth is an excessively small body compared to Jupiter and Saturn. It is, in fact, a member of a small group. We might, as it were, bracket the first four together which are nearest to the sun, and bracket those next four which are farthest from it, and divide them not only into interior planets and exterior planets, as they are sometimes divided, but into big planets and little planets.

We have passed from the earth's place in space to the earth's place in the system to which we belong. In order to go farther on the road which is at last, I trust, to land us with, at all events, some feeble idea of the earth's place in nature, we have to do two things. We have, first of all, to determine what is the position of the solar system in nature, and then what is the earth's position in the solar system—I mean, of course, more closely than we have done already.

You already have a rough notion geographically, so to speak, of the earth's place in the solar system; but the mere geographical consideration is by no means the only con-

sideration, nor, as you will see, is it the most important one.

We find that the solar system (I begin with that first) consists of cool bodies going round a hot body. How do I know that the planets are cool? I know this because they do not shine by their own light. How do I know that the sun is very hot? First of all, because it does shine by its own light; but further still, by the fact that we know, as well as we know that the sun shines at all, that even its exterior portion consists of metallic vapours, iron among them, which vapour is to solid iron exactly what steam is to ice.

We also know that not only is the sun a hot body, but that it is a star; so that, if possible, we have to compare star with star, as we compare the earth with all the other planets, to know what sort of a star our sun is with regard to the others.

The reason why the stars appear so insignificant is, not because they are smaller than the sun, but simply because they are so infinitely removed. Let me here give a few thoroughly established facts with reference to some of the stars.

One of the most interesting stars to astronomers is one which we do not see in England, because the earth is round; but if you go to the other side of the world you see it in all its beauty, and a beautiful star it is. It is the brightest star in one of the southern constellations called the Centaur. The distance of that star has been measured with some accuracy. The sun, as I have already told you, is ninety-three million miles away, and this star is about a quarter of a million of times this distance away from us—that is, more than twenty millions of millions of miles. This is not only the nearest star, but no other is known to be within double that distance from us.

Then, again, there is a star which is even more brilliant, although it is not so beautiful in its surroundings as the star in the southern hemisphere—I refer to the star Sirius. That star is nearly a million times farther away from us than the sun is. And not only is it all this distance away from us, but it is brighter than the sun. In fact, if we say that this southern star, the brightest star in Centaur, is three times as bright as the sun, it seems probable that Sirius is three hundred times as bright, if seen from an equal distance. You see that big and little are not only comparative terms, but tend to become misleading. Sirius is a star the distance of which we have measured, and therefore it is much nearer to us, and

therefore probably smaller than those stars which we cannot measure; and we have not yet measured the distance of one hundred stars, although we know that there are more than twenty millions. One of the first stars that we have measured we find reason to believe is from three to eight thousand times bigger than our own sun, and yet that star appears feeble compared to our sun—so much so that our sun puts all the stars out in the daytime by his superior brightness; that

is, brightness due to nearness, and not to inherent superior light.

From the size of the stars, of course, we shall be able to get an idea of the importance, so far as mere bulk goes, of the sun, the leader of our own system, comparing the system as a whole with other possible systems; for doubtless every star in the heavens has a system round it. Why should it not? What reason is there that every one of the twenty millions of stars which we see should

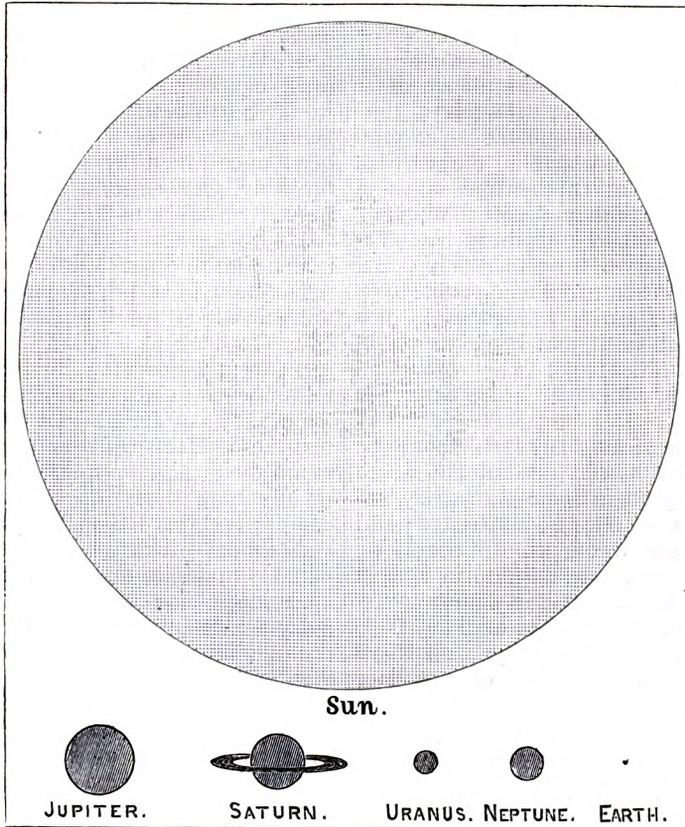


Fig. 2.—Relative sizes of the Sun and Planets.

not have a system round it as our sun has? Depend upon it there is nothing special about our sun. He is to other stars pretty much the same thing as a grain of wheat is to the other grains in a bushel; and whatever we may be able to find out in the course of time with regard to our own system, I believe will be found out with regard to all the systems round all the stars which people space. But there are other methods left open to us of venturing, so to speak, into the mystery, and inquiring into the profound secrets of these

distant worlds, besides these to the results of which I have drawn attention. Already, I think, it is not too much to say that, although probably dimly and darkly, we can begin now to lay hold of the most distant stars by some other method than that of mere size and bulk. We shall have, in coming years, doubtless a very much better grip than we now have.

We have discussed the position of the earth with regard to the other planets, and the position of the sun amongst the other suns, or the other stars, which is the same

thing ; we should have now a complete knowledge of the difference between a sun and a planet. In the comparison of star with star, we came to the conclusion that the sun was not the largest star ; indeed, that it was neither so big nor so bright as many of the other stars in the heavens. The test of bigness and of brightness is not the only one that we can apply in separating out, the one from the other, the various stars of heaven, including, of course, our sun. We, indeed, have reason for thinking not only that the centre of our system is a small star, but that it is a middle-aged star, one in which we can trace an absolutely similar chemical constitution to that of our own planet, so far as we are familiar with it ; with this distinction, that we must assume the solar temperature to be one which in the case of every element gives us the true atoms of things instead of the molecules, which I think it may be found that chemists, sometimes, perhaps, more often than they think, here deal with at terrestrial temperatures.

Now, then, we are in a position to pass from the system itself, and compare planet with planet, in order to get an approximation to the true place of our Earth among her sister planets.

There are a great many facts about the planets which it is not needful for me to discuss, but there are some excessively important facts which must be here stated ; and the importance of them, you will see as we go on, lies in this, that they do in a most unmistakable, although still in a most mysterious way, point to a common origin.

In the first place, I hope you all know what a plane is. A carpet or the floor of a room represents a plane. I want you to imagine a plane extended to the skies. Imagine it so big that the planet most distant from the sun as it goes round the sun would never go out of it, as on a race-course the horses keep in exactly the same plane as they go round from the starting-post to the goal. All the planets of our system, in a most remarkable manner, conform to this plane. Supposing, for instance, a good joiner were to make you several planes of wood, all dipping into each other at all possible angles ; in that way you would get an idea of the intersection of several planes, and there you would get a true representation of the planes in which the comets and many of the asteroids move. The comets, as I have before remarked, do not belong to us, they are strangers to us ; they come and they go ; but the planets belong to us,

and their motions lie in very nearly the same plane. That is one point.

Next we get the planets revolving round the sun in this plane at certain rates. There is a very beautiful law determining, so to speak, the rate at which a planet shall move—the nearer a planet is to the sun the faster it goes. What does that mean? We all know that what we call a year depends upon the time that it takes us to go round the sun ; so that if the bodies outside the earth, bodies like Jupiter and Saturn, go round the sun more slowly than we do, then their year must be longer ; whereas if, on the other hand, the bodies inside us go round the sun more rapidly than we do, then their year would be shorter. Hence, Mercury is perpetually gaining on Venus, and it will have been once round by the time that Venus probably is only about half round ; and so on with reference to the other planets.

What I have said of Venus and Mercury is true with reference to all the other bodies.

Not only do we get the revolutions round the sun which determine the planet's year bound together by law, but we get a similar harmony in the rotation of the planets. For I will anticipate a little by stating that if we note the densities of the different planets, we find that those planets which are least dense turn round their axes, or spin, very much more rapidly than those do which are much denser ; and that the planets Jupiter, Saturn, and so on, which are planets really very light, so to speak, although they are so very much larger than our earth, instead of having a day twenty-four hours long as we have, have one only about half as long, or even less than that.

Next we come to the present physical and meteorological conditions of the other planets as judged by their atmospheres. We have already acquired much knowledge with regard to the atmospheres of the planets. Those near to the sun it is difficult to observe telescopically, because they are so bright ; and the planets far away from the sun, it is difficult to observe because they are so dim ; but in the case of those which lie nearer to the earth (Mars, for instance, lies just outside the Earth, Jupiter lies outside Mars, and Saturn lies outside it again) we really can say with certainty something on their physical features. But even where the telescope fails us, the spectroscope comes in and tells us its story.

From observations which have been made on the planet Mars, there is no doubt that certain dark markings observed represent

the land, and that the brightest marking of all represents the snow at the pole of Mars. I myself have seen the snow melting in Mars at the rate of many miles a day for weeks—that is, the bright region round the poles has rapidly contracted as the Martial summer continued. I have seen the northern and southern portions of the planet covered with their caps of snow and ice down to something like the latitude of Madrid on our earth; and I have seen all that carried away in the course of a very short time. I have also myself, for there is nothing like personal testimony in these matters, seen the clouds of Mars drifting across the seas, and I have seen when the seas were tranquil, and when they were stormy; although I have not been able, of course, to see each particular wave, to observe whether it was high or not—a tranquil sea is always a black sea, and a stormy sea is always a white one, because a stormy sea will reflect, and break up, and disperse light in all directions, whereas a perfectly tranquil surface will not. We have, therefore, in Mars most distinct evidence, evidence as distinct as you can get on any subject whatever, that as here we have air, sea, snow, ice, and cloud, so also have we those things in Mars. The spectroscope tells us that aqueous vapour is present there as here.

In Jupiter we have something very different. I have to insist upon a great amount of cloud. Jupiter is covered with a veil of cloud, or of cloud-belts, which human eye has never pierced, and it is probable that human eye never will pierce that veil of cloud, at least for ages to come. There is no land and no sea visible on Jupiter; and it may be that the time has not yet come when land and seas shall be a part of the economy of that planet.

The same may also be said of the planet Saturn, which is the last that I shall refer to in this sketch, because it is the only other one which we can study well telescopically. The cloud-belts in Jupiter, extending from the equator to the pole, are duplicated in Saturn; in Saturn, indeed, we have very much the same sort of condition. There are belts equivalent to our own trade-winds on the earth in about the same region of the planet's hemisphere north and south, while even at the pole we get other belts varying in colour as we get from the equatorial belt near to the pole. In Saturn, as in Jupiter, we get no trace of land or sea, nothing but cloud-drift and cloud-changes.

Closely connected with this condition of cloud in some planets, and of land in others,

is another series of facts which I shall bring before you, because they are not made of such importance in books on astronomy as they should be. I refer to the facts connected with the densities of the various planets. We shall not now deal with the density of water, as we did when I stated that the density of the whole earth was five and a half times that of water, and the density of the materials of the surface of the earth was about two and a half times that of water. We need not consider water at all now, but can take the density of the earth itself as a standard.

What we have to do is to find those values which would represent, say, the weight of a cubic mile cut out of each planet. If we represent the weight of a cubic mile of the earth as 1, then a cubic mile of the sun would be represented by $\frac{1}{4}$. In spite of the enormous attraction pulling everything to the sun, and pulling everything on the sun, doubtless, very strongly into the interior, the density of the sun is only one-fourth of what the density of the earth is. But when we leave the sun and come to the first planet, we find a density that is a little above that of the earth; of Venus the density is a little below, and of Mars the density is somewhat more below—the earth still, of course, being taken as 1. So that we get this remarkable fact, that of the four interior planets (I called attention previously to their smallness) the density is very nearly that of the earth. When, however, we leave these smaller planets and approach the big ones—Jupiter, which is three hundred times bigger than our earth, Saturn, Uranus, Neptune, and so on, we find an entirely different condition of things. The density of Jupiter is the same as the density of the sun; and the density of Saturn is only one-eighth of that of the earth, Jupiter being about one-quarter, Uranus one-sixth, and Neptune also one-sixth. So that we have this very remarkable fact, that in the case of Saturn, of whose youth we may imagine we have the evidence in the ring which remains, we find that the density is also far less than that of any other planet in the heavens.

As these figures are extremely instructive, I will give them with the density of water taken as 1. The densities are:—Mercury 7.03, Venus 5.23, Earth 5.67, Mars 2.93 (a considerable reduction). We go farther away to the outer group and there is a tremendous break—Jupiter 1.23, Saturn .68, Uranus .99, Neptune .96. Saturn, Uranus, and Neptune have not even the

density of water. So that in dealing with the planets of our system and separating them into an inner and outer group, we find that the inner is to the outer roughly as 5 is to 1.

In the revolutions, rotations, and densities of the planets, therefore, there are strong bonds of law. When, however, we come to consider the inclination of the axes of the various planets on which their seasons depend, it is the irregularity which is striking. Here is a table of the inclination of the plane of the equator of each planet to the plane of the orbit which it describes round the sun:—

Mercury	?
Venus	50°
Earth	23½°
Mars	29°
Jupiter	3°
Saturn	27°
Uranus	100°
Neptune	?

Jupiter therefore is without seasons, and, *cæteris paribus*, Mars and Saturn should have seasons much resembling our own.

As the planets are cool bodies, it is clear that it is as yet impossible to learn anything about their chemical constitution by means of the spectrum upon the planets themselves; but the fact that the Earth is one of the interior group of planets leads us to assume that probably the chemical constitution of the Earth is similar to that of the other planets which form the interior group—Mercury, Venus, and Mars. But although we are thus brought to bay so far as the surfaces of the planets are concerned, still the question arises, *Can we not learn anything about the composition of their atmospheres?* Let me remind you that we are dealing with that class of bodies which shine by reflected light. It is clear therefore that when we examine by the spectroscope the light of the sun reflected by these bodies, we shall have the solar spectrum, *plus* the spectrum due to the absorption of any special planet. Now, as a matter of fact, the solar spectrum, as observed from the Earth, is tainted by, or mixed up with, the absorption of our own atmosphere. But fortunately we can get rid of the absorptive effect of our atmosphere by varying the observations so that at one time we shall have a great thickness of atmosphere, as when we observe the sun in the morning or evening, and at other times a small thickness, as when we observe at mid-day; and at those times we shall have the spectrum changed, owing to this change of

condition. In that way men of science have been able to separate the absorption taking place at the sun from the absorption due to the Earth's atmosphere.

The interior planets tell us that there is absolutely no special absorption in their atmospheres. So far as they have atmospheres at all, they are undoubtedly similar to our own; therefore the Earth's place in Nature is with the interior groups of planets. But when we pass outwards from the interior group to the uttermost confines of the exterior one, when we leave Mars to go to Neptune, Saturn, and Uranus, we find that from Jupiter, outwards, there is a something interpolated into the atmosphere, so that the outermost planet has the atmosphere which differs most from our own. Uranus and Neptune have very extraordinary atmospheres of their own, which are indicated by a very definite spectrum. Traces of the substance which gives us this extraordinary absorption in the outermost planets are also to be found in the atmospheres of Jupiter and Saturn; so that we are driven to the conclusion that the atmosphere of the exterior planets is different from the atmosphere of the Earth by the addition of a new absorbing substance to the aqueous vapour which is the only *effective* absorber in our own atmosphere.

Low density, great size, and an atmosphere unlike our own, are conditions, then, which are associated with the exterior planets.

If we look upon the planets from still another point of view, if we consider the extent to which some of them are flattened at the poles, we find the same grouping as we did before. The interior planets are flattened very little at the poles, as compared with the flattening of the exterior bodies. The probable cause of this flattening has been very beautifully experimented upon by Professor Plateau. When it is a question of investigating the flattening of a planet experimentally, the first thing one has to do is to take away any influence that gravity might have on the body experimented upon; and Professor Plateau very ingeniously did this by making the rotating body a mass of oil in a mixture of spirit and water of precisely the same specific gravity; so that the mass of oil in the centre was neither inclined to rise nor fall, if the mixture had been properly made. The oil rests on a disc connected with a spindle, which we can cause to revolve somewhat rapidly. The revolution of the spindle is communicated to the oil by means of the

disc, and what we find is this (supposing the experiment to be perfect). With a certain amount of rotation, the spherical form of the oil first changes into a spheroidal one; as the rotation is increased we get a flattening—as the mass of oil is compressed in one direction it is extended in the other—and we get the equivalent of what we have in the Earth, which we describe by saying that the equatorial diameter is so much greater than the polar one. When we repeat this beautiful experiment under the best conditions, we find that after a certain point the oil is not content with expanding in one plane, it is not a question of shortening one diameter and increasing another; but under one set of conditions the oil can be made to form a complete ring, absolutely perfect and disconnected from the central disc; and when the rotation of the central disc is slackened, the oil then comes back again and re-forms, so to speak, a miniature planet. That is one case. Another case can be studied by commencing the rotation with somewhat greater rapidity; and what happens then is that, instead of getting the formation of a ring, the mass of oil is broken up and thrown off in tangents, forming a kind of spiral.

We have already seen that the interior group of planets has a day almost entirely the same as ours—a period of rotation of about twenty-four hours. The period of rotation of the exterior planets has not been determined in the case of the two outermost ones, Neptune and Uranus; but we do know that in the case of Jupiter and Saturn the rotation is accomplished in less than half the time taken by the members of the interior group.

What, then, are the facts with regard to these planets and their flattening?

We will begin with the planet which is most similar to our own, the planet Mars. Its compression is small, in fact I may say that it is not to be appreciated at all. The Earth's place then, in Nature, as regards polar compression, is evidently very similar to that of Mars. When, however, we go from Mars, which is the only member of the interior group, excepting the Earth, about which we can say anything with decision, we see that all the phenomena are considerably changed. We not only pass from a density of six to a density of one, from a day of twenty-four hours to a day of something like ten hours in the case of Jupiter—here the

polar diameter is much shorter than the equatorial one. Going still outwards, from Jupiter to Saturn, we go from a compression of considerable magnitude to a planet in which the compression is somewhat less. But you will see that although the polar compression is less, we have what I described when I was referring to Plateau's experiment. We have in Saturn exactly the condition which was observed by Plateau in his experiments with the oil and mixture of spirit and water. The all-absorbing feature in the case of Saturn is the wonderful ring, about which observations, fortunately for science, are being very rapidly accumulated, showing that considerable changes are going on in it.

We now know that we are in presence of a ring, or rather an infinite series of rings, of, let us say, meteorites, small satellites of Saturn, out of which at some future time larger satellites will be compounded. This is one of the most beautiful results of modern thought and work.

Laplace, who first considered the question of the mechanics of the rings, which were in his time considered to be solid, was content to leave them solid, provided the rings were very numerous and that the centre of gravity of each was not coincident with the centre of gravity of the ball. But modern mathematicians, among whom must be specially mentioned Peirce and Clerk Maxwell, have shown that the rings cannot be solid and cannot be liquid; in short, such a structure as that referred to above is the one now required by mathematical theory, and such a structure, moreover, is the only one which fits the facts. The brightness of different portions, the variations in brightness and breadth of each bright or dark part, the gradual widening of the whole system—twenty-nine miles a year according to one estimate—and many other facts are thus easily explained. Some recent observations made by the Washington 26-inch equatorial not only establish important changes which have recently been going on, but afford further evidence of the meteoric structure of the strange appendages; e.g. the dusky inner ring is said to be not now perfectly transparent as it once was; the planet can only be imperfectly seen through it, while the matter composing it is agglomerated here and there into small masses, which prevent the planet being seen at all.



FLOWER MISSIONS AND MISSIONS OF FLOWERS.

IT is not unworthy of note that, coincidentally with the unprecedented outprising of population on all sides of London, and the inevitable inroads on those cherished open spaces for the more prosaic "building lots," there has sprung up and grown year by year a passion for flowers and for reminiscences of the country among the very classes most likely to be injuriously affected by the great growth of the city. As a healthful relief, or as an elevating influence even, nothing could be more powerful, and society certainly owes a deep debt of gratitude to Miss Stanley and others, who have done so much to encourage window-gardening and the working men's flower-shows in union with it, as well as the clean and tidy house movement, which has been so intimately associated with these objects. We have attended window-garden flower-shows on several occasions. The first time was at Dean's Yard, Westminster, in 1868, when it was very striking indeed to see the respectable poverty of the West-End brushing shoulders with the representatives of its brighter life—gay ladies; luxurious loungers, in the height of fashion; livery servants resplendent in colour as the geraniums and roses; Westminster school-boys, garrulous and glad of a holiday on any pretence; soldiers flaunting their regimentals; but all in their several ways enjoying the display, and not without a touch of pride in it—the more that it had even been honoured by the presence of a princess. But the most wonderful thing was that these flowers—full, rich, and fragrant—had been mostly grown in narrow dusty streets, in courts and in alleys, even in mews, so narrow that they too often look only like brick-built trenches. Here was a school for the finer instincts of those immured in such tombs from week to week; the love of beauty, the tender concern for that which is fragile and needing care, must have been educated and confirmed by all the loving attention and tendance that had gone to produce what was then witnessed. Bands discoursed sweet music, and tea in the afternoon was dealt out in a tent; but the flowers were after all the most honoured personages—the points of attraction; that day was set apart to their honour, and they seemed to respond as with offerings of incense.

And when the show ended and the plants were borne away by their owners, one could

see that they cherished them like so many pretty babies, and were not dependent on the prizes for any real element of satisfaction,—though a prize, if it came, was welcome, or if missed did not inspire active envy towards others. The flowers were cherished on their own account; a tie had been established between them and the humble rearers whose abodes they had brightened; a gentle and happy sense of some indefinable benefit; a touch of culture, with its patience and gracious allowances, had come to them almost unconsciously; and we said to ourselves—"That is, indeed, a wonderful result to have been achieved through a few simple flowers." Thoreau wrote: "Consider the silent influences which flowers exert, no less upon the ditcher in the meadow than the lady in her bower. When I walk in the woods I am reminded that a wise purveyor has been there before me; my most delicate experience is typified there." But what would Thoreau—that wise lover of flowers and animals, who seemed to be benignantly endowed with special powers of understanding and interpreting them—have said of this triumph over the empire of circumstance—the transmutation of narrow window-sills in dusty lanes and alleys into blooming gardens, exercising all the witchery of green fields and flowery waysides on those who live there—the dingiest parts of the crowded city made to blossom as the rose; "the wise purveyor" granting his gifts of "delicate experience" to those who could not afford to go to nature, to wander in wood or field? His heart would assuredly have bounded with joy as ours did—for much as he hated artificial conditions that were sought and courted, he did his best to relieve negroes from the slavery of white masters, and white men from the slavery of needless conventional bondages that divorced them from truth and nature.

In Russell Square, Bloomsbury, and in Finsbury Square, working men's flower-shows have been held also; and always with the same results. Very touching is it occasionally to read on the ticket of a fuchsia or geranium, or pelargonium—"Grown in the workhouse by ——" The heart of the poor inmate could not but have expanded and sweetened as that flower grew under his eyes. In one case, the plants exhibited by the children, for which a special prize was given, particularly interested us. They had mostly

been grown from seeds; and the stones of cherries or seeds of apples dropped into flower-pots had yielded a little crop of seedling-trees. Think of that as an element of education—the watering, the watching of the stem as it first appears and shoots upwards a slight green-pointed shaft—the sweet surprise as it takes form and slowly unfolds twiglet by twiglet, till the branches declare themselves, and the proportions of a real, though miniature tree become manifest. That is something to supersede toys and playthings where they are most scarce—something to supplement the three R's of the exacting school-board among the very class that are likely to feel the school-board an affliction. Having keenly felt this on several occasions, we recently read with the more interest and sympathy the following from the *Gardener's Magazine*:—

“The value of the poor man's flower-show is to himself great, but to his children greater. The educational system that prevails is altogether too subjective, and there is but little attempted in the way of teaching the young to observe and reason on their observations. The three R's are of primary importance, but they require to be supplemented by systematic teaching in the open air on open-air subjects, and we look forward hopefully to a recognition of the necessity by school-boards, not only in towns where the field of observation is contracted, but in the country, where it is practically unlimited. We are advised by the powers that be to prepare the children everywhere for catching and killing the Colorado beetle, but their imperfect training in the faculty of observing compels us to fear that in their zeal to exterminate the *doryphora* they may wage war with *coccinella*; that is to say, the potato beetle being much talked of, but as yet unseen, the lads of the village may find consolation in the wholesale destruction of lady-birds, which are among the very best friends of man in the kingdom of insects. The window flower-show may be made immensely useful as an aid in the education of the young, and we once more remind the guardians of the youthful poor that a habit of observing and a taste for the knowledge of nature's ways and means are of immense importance in the development of manliness, and independence, and intelligence, and morality, and usefulness. The book of nature is worthier to be read than a majority of the books in common use, and it is one of our duties to encourage the young, whether of rich or poor, in learning to read it, with a view to the acquisition of useful knowledge and the cherishing of sentiments of reverence and love for the beneficence that warms the world and renders capable of happiness every living creature.”

Another writer but the other day made this record, which we doubt not is from fact:—

“A little plant was given to a sick girl. In trying to take care of it the family made changes in their way of living. First, they cleaned the window, that more light might come to its leaves; then, when not too cold, they would open the window, that fresh air might help the plant to grow; next, the clean

window made the rest of the room look so untidy that they used to wash the floor and walls and arrange the furniture more neatly. This led the father of the family to mend a broken chair or two, which kept him at home; and then, as home grew attractive, the whole family loved it better, and grew healthier and happier with their flowers. Thus the little plant brought a real as well as a physical blessing.”

Her Majesty recently did a thing in which she might well be imitated by many. She provided that flowers and plants from the Royal Gardens should be distributed among the poor of London, and that on a good and practicable plan. How well it would be if her example were in this matter but wisely followed, and at how little of trouble or cost might it be achieved by many in all parts of the country! The flower missions might in some cases be made the mediums, and, if not, they could give practical advice as to packing and forwarding, where that was necessary; for what applies to London, in a greater or lesser degree applies to all the larger towns.

It was emphatically pointed out shortly since that, notwithstanding the great improvements in utilising waste spaces and in beautifying the streets of the metropolis, the vestries and vestry gardeners seemed to entertain a horror of trees, and cut them down wherever they had the chance. This is a great pity, and in such a matter we certainly should not retrograde. It was one of the assertions of Leigh Hunt, in his most entertaining book, “The Town,” that, when he wrote, upwards of thirty years ago, there was not a corner of the City from which a glimpse of a green tree could not be obtained. That looked a suspicious statement, but it bore the test of exhaustive examination. The Thames Embankment, the Newington Causeway, and the dreary Borough Road, with their cheerful lines of trees, show what can be done in this way, and what ought more and more to be done; especially that now, though heaths and open spaces have been by great efforts secured for the people, the people's freedom on them is being speedily limited, so that to pluck a flower on a heath (as Miss Meteyard found) is an offence to be visited with penalties. The crowds in Epping Forest on Whitsuntide have discovered, too, at the hands of the police, that a bough of May has a statutory value attached to it. In view of all these things, there is surely the more need that the poor should be encouraged and aided in bringing the field and the forest to their own doors (or rather windows) in the way that Miss Stanley so systematically urged.

In the light of these remarks, a movement to improve old City churchyards deserves a special word. For the most part these old burial-grounds, and especially City burial-grounds, have hitherto been anything but ornamental. It is only of late that any change has been made, and it is somewhat singular that the modern association of graves and flowers is due to the influence of the cemetery companies—often merely money-making corporations. We see the operation of the new taste not only in the general laying-out of our grave-yards, but in the disposition to plant flowers, and even to spread bouquets and garlands over particular graves. The wonderful transformation on old St. Pancras churchyard is an encouraging spectacle, and one of the pleasantest of sights is to see the father of a family (from one of the densely-crowded districts near) coming on a holiday afternoon, leading a child in each hand, to walk in the erewhile dilapidated and ugly preserve of graves and tombstones, now a cheerful and beautiful retreat, with forms set here and there, that the wearied may repose in comfort.

In the east of London the Rev. Harry Jones, Rector of St. George's-in-the-East, has succeeded in his desire, and got the churchyard there transformed into a flower-garden. To accomplish this, application needed to be made to the chancellor of the diocese of London. The churchyard had been closed for burials for twenty years. Some other pieces of ground lay adjacent. The scheme had the consent of all the parties concerned, so that the application was granted by the chancellor, and a more wonderful transformation effected there than will perhaps be possible or required anywhere else. In this respect much may be done; but we expect yet more from the window-gardening, which cannot fail to refine and to elevate wherever it is once introduced. Flower-fanciers will hardly long remain thorough "roughs;" and looked at in no higher view than as being likely to reduce our rates, we may well wish that such an impetus was given to the movement that every parish within the metropolitan bounds had its own working people's flower-show.

A. H. J.

A LOST TREASURE.

A PILGRIM to the places
Where I was bred a boy,
I cannot find the faces
That with my fancy toy:
Oh, the drear employ
To search in empty spaces
For the long-vanished traces
Of early love and joy!

The fields and streams around me,
The hillsides and the woods,
Unchanged themselves, have found me
A stranger to their moods:
Oh, the solitudes
To which I crept in childhood!
I cannot now in wildwood
Shun the multitudes.

'Twas here I built a bower
In hearing of the streams,
A shelter from the shower,
A shade from summer beams:
Oh, the happy gleams
Of hopes therein in quiet,
Whose loss I can but sigh at!
Oh, the pleasant dreams!

What man was yet contented
Though fortune on him smiled?
And who has not repented
He left his native wild?
Oh, the pleasures mild,
The simple hopes I builded,
The love my life that gilded
When as I was a child!

For I have lost a treasure
In the vanished time,
When living was a pleasure
And discontent a crime:
Oh, the happy prime
Of life and love together,
And sweet-air'd April weather,
And thoughts that rose in rhyme!

J. LOGIE ROBERTSON.



"MACLEOD OF DARE."

MACLEOD OF DARE.*

BY WILLIAM BLACK, AUTHOR OF "MADCAP VIOLET," "A PRINCESS OF THULE," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXVI.—THE NEW TRAGEDY.

HIS generous large nature fought hard to find excuses for her. He strove to convince himself that this strange coldness, this evasion, this half-repellent attitude, was but a form of maiden coyness. It was her natural fear of so great a change. It was the result, perhaps, of some last lingering look back to the scene of her artistic triumphs. It did not even occur to him as a possibility that this woman, with her unstable sympathies and her fatally facile imagination, should have taken up what was now the very end and aim of his life, and have played with the pretty dream, until she grew tired of the toy and was ready to let her wandering fancy turn to something other and new.

He dared not even think of that; but all the same, as he stood at this open window, alone, an unknown fear had come over him. It was a fear altogether vague and undefined; but it seemed to have the power of darkening the daylight around him. Here was the very picture he had so often desired that she should see—the wind-swept Atlantic; the glad blue skies with their drifting clouds of summer white; the Erisgeir rocks; the green shores of Ulva; and Colonsay, and Gometra, and Staffa all shining in the sunlight; with the sea-birds calling, and the waves breaking, and the soft west wind stirring the fuchsia-bushes below the windows of Castle Dare. And it was all dark now; and the sea was a lonely thing—more lonely than ever it had been even during that long winter that he had said was like a grave.

And she?—at this moment she was down at the small bridge that crossed the burn. She had gone out to seek her father; had found him coming up through the larch-wood; and was now accompanying him back. They had rested here; he sitting on the weather-worn parapet of the bridge; she leaning over it, and idly dropping bits of velvet-green moss into the whirl of clear brown water below.

"I suppose we must be thinking of getting away from Castle Dare, Gerty," said he.

"I shall not be sorry," she answered.

But even Mr. White was somewhat taken aback by the cool promptitude of this reply.

"Well, you know your own business best," he said to her. "It is not for me to interfere. I said from the beginning I would not

interfere. But still—I wish you would be a little more explicit, Gerty, and let one understand what you mean—whether, in fact, you do mean, or do not mean, to marry Macleod."

"And who said that I proposed not to marry him?" said she, but she still leant over the rough stones and looked at the water. "The first thing that would make me decline would be the driving me into a corner—the continual goading, and reminding me of the duty I had to perform. There has been just a little too much of that here"—and at this point she raised herself so that she could regard her father when she wished—"and I really must say that I do not like to be taking a holiday with the feeling hanging over you that certain things are expected of you every other moment, and that you run the risk of being considered a very heartless and ungrateful person unless you do and say certain things you would perhaps rather not do and say. I should like to be let alone. I hate being goaded. And I certainly did not expect that you too, papa, would try to drive me into a corner."

She spoke with some little warmth. Mr. White smiled.

"I was quite unaware, Gerty," said he, "that you were suffering this fearful persecution."

"You may laugh, but it is true," said she, and there was a trifle of colour in her cheeks. "The serious interests I am supposed to be concerned about! Such profound topics of conversation! Will the steamer come by the south to-morrow, or round by the north? The Gometra men have had a good take of lobsters yesterday. Will the head man at the Something lighthouse be transferred to some other lighthouse? and how will his wife and family like the change? They are doing very well with the subscription for a bell for the Free Church at Iona. The deer have been down at John Maclean's barley again. Would I like to visit the weaver at Iona who has such a wonderful turn for mathematics? and would I like to know the man at Salen who has the biographies of all the great men of the time in his head?"

Miss White had worked herself up to a pretty pitch of contemptuous indignation; her father was almost beginning to believe that it was real.

"It is all very well for the Macleods to

* The right of translation is reserved.

interest themselves with these trumpety little local matters. They play the part of grand patron; the people are proud to honour them; it is a condescension when they remember the name of the crofter's youngest boy. But as for me—when I am taken about—well, I do not like being stared at as if they thought I was wearing too fine clothes. I don't like being continually placed in a position of inferiority through my ignorance—an old fool of a boatman saying 'Bless me!' when I have to admit that I don't know the difference between a sole and a flounder. I don't want to know. I don't want to be continually told. I wish these people would meet me on my own ground. I wish the Macleods would begin to talk after dinner about the Lord Chamberlain's interference with the politics of burlesques; and then perhaps they would not be so glib. I am tired of hearing about John Maclean's boat; and Donald Maclean's horse; and Sandy Maclean's refusal to pay the road-tax. And as for the drinking of whisky that these sailors get through—well, it seems to me that the ordinary condition of things is reversed here altogether; and if they ever put up an asylum in Mull, it will be a lunatic asylum for incurable abstainers."

"Now, now, Gerty," said her father; but all the same he rather liked to see his daughter get on her high horse, for she talked with spirit, and it amused him. "You must remember that Macleod looks on this as a holiday-time, and perhaps he may be a little lax in his regulations. I have no doubt it is because he is so proud to have you on board his yacht that he occasionally gives the men an extra glass—and I am sure it does them no harm, for they seem to me to be as much in the water as out of it."

She paid no heed to this protest. She was determined to give free speech to her sense of wrong, and humiliation, and disappointment.

"What has been the great event since ever we came here—the wildest excitement the island can afford?" she said. "The arrival of the pedlar! A snuffy old man comes into the room, with a huge bundle wrapped up in dirty waterproof. Then there is a wild clatter of Gaelic. But suddenly, don't you know, there are one or two glances at me; and the Gaelic stops; and Duncan, or John, or whatever they call him, begins to stammer in English, and I am shown coarse stockings, and bundles of wool, and druggat petticoats, and cotton handkerchiefs. And then Miss Macleod buys a number of things which I

know she does not want; and I am looked on as a strange creature because I do not purchase a bundle of wool or a pair of stockings fit for a farmer. The Autolykus of Mull is not impressive, pappy. Oh, but I forgot the dramatic surprise—that also was to be an event, I have no doubt. I was suddenly introduced to a child dressed in a kilt; and I was to speak to him; and I suppose I was to be profoundly moved when I heard him speak to me in my own tongue in this out-of-the-world place. My own tongue! The horrid little wretch has not an *h*."

"Well, there's no pleasing you, Gerty," said he.

"I don't want to be pleased; I want to be let alone," said she.

But she said this with just a little too much sharpness; for her father was, after all, a human being; and it did seem to him to be too bad that he should be taunted in this fashion, when he had done his best to preserve a wholly neutral attitude.

"Let me tell you this, madam," said he, in a playful manner, but with some decision in his tone, "that you may live to have the pride taken out of you. You have had a good deal of flattery and spoiling; and you may find out you have been expecting too much. As for these Macleods here, I will say this—although I came here very much against my own inclination—that I defy any one to have been more kind, and courteous, and attentive than they have been to you. I don't care. It is not my business, as I tell you. But I must say, Gerty, that when you make a string of complaints as the only return for all their hospitality—their excessive and almost burdensome hospitality—I think that even I am bound to say a word. You forget how you come here. You, a perfect stranger, come here as engaged to marry the old lady's only son—to dispossess her—very probably to make impossible a match that she had set her heart on. And both she and her niece—you understand what I mean—instead of being cold, or at least formal, to you, seem to me to think of nothing from morning till night but how to surround you with kindness, in a way that Englishwomen would never think of. And this you call persecution; and you are vexed with them because they won't talk to you about theatres—why, bless my soul! how long is it since you were yourself talking about theatres as if the very word choked you!—"

"Well, at least, pappy, I never thought you would turn against me," said she, as

she put her head partly aside, and made a mouth as if she were about to cry; "and when mamma made you promise to look after Carry and me, I am sure she never thought—"

Now this was too much for Mr. White. In the small eyes behind the big gold spectacles there was a quick flash of fire.

"Don't be a fool, Gerty," said he, in downright anger. "You know it is no use your trying to humbug me. If you think the ways of this house are too poor and mean for your grand notions of state; if you think he has not enough money, and you are not likely to have fine dinners and entertainments for your friends; if you are determined to break off the match—why, then do it!—but, I tell you, don't try to humbug me!"

Miss White's pathetic attitude suddenly vanished. She drew herself up with much dignity and composure, and said—

"At all events, sir, I have been taught my duty to you; and I think it better not to answer you."

With that she moved off towards the house; and Mr. White, taking to whistling, began to do as she had been doing—idly throwing bits of moss into the rushing burn. After all, it was none of his business.

But that evening, some little time before dinner, it was proposed they should go for a stroll down to the shore; and then it was that Miss White thought she would seize the occasion to let Macleod know of her arrangements for the coming autumn and winter. Ordinarily, on such excursions, she managed to walk with Janet Macleod—the old lady of Castle Dare seldom joined them—leaving Macleod to follow with her father; but this time she so managed it that Macleod and she left the house together. Was he greatly overjoyed? There was a constrained and anxious look on his face that had been there too much of late.

"I suppose Oscar is more at home here than in Bury Street, St. James's?" said she, as the handsome collie went down the path before them.

"No doubt," said he absently: he was not thinking of any collie.

"What beautiful weather we are having," said she to this silent companion. "It is always changing, but always beautiful. There is only one other aspect I should like to see—the snow-time."

"We have not much snow here," said he.

"It seldom lies in the winter."

This was a strange conversation for two

engaged lovers: it was not much more interesting than their talk—how many ages ago?—at Charing Cross station. But then, when she had said to him, "*Ought we to take tickets?*" she had looked into his face with those appealing, innocent, beautiful eyes. Now her eyes never met his. She was afraid.

She managed to lead up to her announcement skilfully enough. By the time they reached the shore an extraordinarily beautiful sunset was shining over the sea and the land—something so bewildering and wonderful that they all four stopped to look at it. The Atlantic was a broad expanse of the palest and most brilliant green, with the pathway of the sun a flashing line of gold coming right across until it met the rocks, and these were a jet black against the glow. Then the distant islands of Colonsay, and Staffa, and Lunga, and Fladda, lying on this shining green sea, appeared to be of a perfectly transparent bronze; while nearer at hand the long ranges of cliffs were becoming a pale rose-red under the darkening blue-grey sky. It was a blaze of colour such as she had never even dreamed of as being possible in nature; nothing she had as yet seen in these northern latitudes had at all approached it. And as she stood there, and looked at those transparent islands of bronze on the green sea, she said to him—

"Do you know, Keith, this is not at all like the place I had imagined as the scene of the gloomy stories you used to tell me about the revenges of the clans. I have been frightened once or twice since I came here, no doubt—by the wild sea and the darkness of the cathedral, and so forth; but the longer I stay the less I see to suggest those awful stories. How could you associate such an evening as this with a frightful tragedy? Do you think those people ever existed who were supposed to have suffocated, or slaughtered, or starved to death any one who opposed their wishes?"

"And I do not suppose they troubled themselves much about fine sunsets," said he. "That was not what they had to think about in those days."

"Perhaps not," said she lightly; "but, you know, I had expected to find a place from which I could gain some inspiration for tragedy—for I should like to try, once for all—if I *should* have to give up the stage—whether I had the stuff of a tragic actress in me. And, you know, in that case, I ought to dress in black velvet; and carry a taper through dungeons; and get accus-

tomed to storms, and gloom, and thunder and lightning."

"We have no appliances here for the education of an actress—I am very sorry," said he.

"Now, Keith, that is hardly fair," said she, with a smile. "You know it is only a trial. And you saw what they said of my *Juliet*. Oh, did I tell you about the new tragedy that is coming out?"

"No, I do not think you did," said he.

"Ah, well, it is a great secret as yet; but there is no reason why you should not hear of it."

"I am not anxious to hear of it," said he, without any rudeness.

"But it concerns me," she said, "and so I must tell you. It is written by a brother of Mr. Lemuel, the artist I have often spoken to you about. He is by profession an architect; but if this play should turn out to be as fine as some people say it is, he ought to take to dramatic writing. In fact, all the Lemuels—there are three brothers of them, you know—are like Michael Angelo and Leonardo—artists to the finger-tips, in every direction—poets, painters, sculptors and all the rest of it. And I do think I ought to feel flattered by their choice in asking me to play the heroine; for so much depends on the choice of the actress—"

"And you are still to act?" said he quickly, though he spoke in a low voice, so that those behind should not hear.

"Surely I explained to you?" said she in a pleasant manner. "After all, life-long habits are not so easily cast aside; and I knew you would be generous, and bear with me a little bit, Keith."

He turned to her. The glow of the sunset caught his face. There was a strange, hopeless sadness in his eyes.

"Generous to you?" said he. "You know I would give you my life if that would serve you. But this is worse than taking my life from me."

"Keith, Keith!" said she, in gentle protest, "I don't know what you mean. You should not take things so seriously. What is it after all? It was as an actress that you knew me first. What is the difference of a few months more or less? If I had not been an actress, you would never have known me—do you recollect that? By the way, has Major Stewart's wife got a piano?"

He turned and stared at her for a second, in a bewildered way.

"Oh, yes," said he, with a laugh, "Mrs. Stewart has got a piano. She has got a very

good piano. And what is the song you would sing now, sweetheart? Shall we finish up and have done with it, with a song at the end? That is the way in the theatre, you know—a dance and a song as the people go. And what shall our song be now? There was one that Norman Ogilvie used to sing."

"I don't know why you should talk to me like that, Keith," said she, though she seemed somewhat frightened by this fierce gaiety. "I was going to tell you that, if Mrs. Stewart had a piano, I would very gladly sing one or two songs for your mother and Miss Macleod when we went over there to-morrow. You have frequently asked me. Indeed, I have brought with me the very songs I sung to you the first time I saw you—at Mrs. Ross's."

Instantly his memory flew back to that day—to the hushed little room over the sunlit gardens—to the beautiful, gentle, sensitive girl who seemed to have so strange an interest in the Highlands—to the wonderful thrill that went through him when she began to sing with an exquisite pathos, "A wee bird cam' to our ha' door"—and to the prouder enthusiasm that stirred him when she sang, "I'll to Lochiel, and Appin, and kneel to them!" These were fine, and tender, and proud songs. There was no gloom about them—nothing about a grave and the dark winter-time, and a faithless lost love. This song of Norman Ogilvie's that he had gaily proposed they should sing now—what had Major Stewart, or his wife, or any one in Mull to do with "Death's black wine"?

"I meant to tell you, Keith," said she, somewhat nervously, "that I had signed an engagement to remain at the Piccadilly Theatre till Christmas next. I knew you wouldn't mind—I mean, you would be considerate, and you would understand how difficult it is for one to break away all at once from one's old associations. And then, you know, Keith," said she shyly, "though you may not like the theatre, you ought to be proud of my success, as even my friends and acquaintances are. And as they are all anxious to see me make another appearance in tragedy, I really should like to try it; so that when my portrait appears in the Academy next year, people may not be saying, 'Look at the impertinence of that girl appearing as a tragic actress when she can do nothing beyond the familiar modern comedy!' I should have told you all about it before, Keith, but I know you hate to hear any talk about the theatre; and I shan't bore you again, you may depend on that. Isn't it

time to go back now? See! the rose-colour is away from Ulva now; it is quite a dark purple."

He turned in silence and led the way back. Behind them he could faintly hear Mr. White discoursing to Janet Macleod about the manner in which the old artists mixed their own pigments.

Then Macleod said with a great gentleness and restraint,—

"And when you go away from here, Gertrude, I suppose I must say good-bye to you; and no one knows when we shall see each other again. You are returning to the theatre. If that is your wish, I would not try to thwart it. You know best what is the highest prize the world can give you. And how can I warn you against failure and disappointment? I know you will be successful. I know the people will applaud you, and your head will be filled with their praises. You are going forward to a new triumph, Gerty; and the first step you will take—will be on my heart."

CHAPTER XXXVII.—AN UNDERSTANDING.

"PAPPY dear," said Miss White to her father, in a playful way, although it was a serious sort of playfulness, "I have a vague feeling that there is a little too much electricity in the atmosphere of this place just at present. I am afraid there may be an explosion; and you know my nerves can't stand a shock. I should be glad to get away."

By this time she had quite made up that little difference with her father—she did not choose to be left alone at a somewhat awkward crisis. She had told him she was sure he had not meant what he said about her; and she had expressed her sorrow for having provoked him; and there an end. And if Mr. White had been driven by his anger to be for the moment the ally of Macleod, he was not disinclined to take the other side now and let Miss White have her own will. The vast amount of training he had bestowed on her through many long years was not to be thrown away after all.

"I told him last night," said she, "of my having signed an engagement till Christmas next."

"Oh, indeed," said her father, quickly looking at her over his spectacles.

"Yes," said she, thoughtfully, "and he was not so disturbed or angry as I had expected. Not at all. He was very kind about it. But I don't understand him."

"What do you not understand?"

"He has grown so strange of late—so sombre. Once, you know, he was the

lightest-hearted young man—enjoying every minute of his life, you know—and really, pappy, I think—"

And here Miss White stopped.

"At all events," said she quickly, "I want to be in a less dangerously excited atmosphere, where I can sit down and consider matters calmly. It was much better when he and I corresponded; then we could fairly learn what each other thought. Now I am almost afraid of him—I mean I am afraid to ask him a question. I have to keep out of his way. And if it comes to that, pappy, you know, I feel now as if I was called on to act a part from morning till night, whereas I was always assured that if I left the stage and married him it was to be my natural self and I should have no more need to pose and sham. However, that is an old quarrel between you and me, pappy, and we will put it aside. What's more to the purpose is this—it was half understood that when we left Castle Dare he was to come with us through at least a part of the Highlands."

"There was a talk of it."

"Don't you think," said Miss White, with some little hesitation, and with her eyes cast down, "don't you think that would be—a little inconvenient?"

"I should say that was for you to decide," he answered, somewhat coldly; for it was too bad that she should be continually asking his advice and then openly disregarding it.

"I should think it would be a little uncomfortable," she said demurely. "I fancy he has taken that engagement till Christmas a little more to heart than he chooses to reveal—that is natural—I knew it would be a disappointment—but then, you know, pappy, the temptation was very great, and I had almost promised the Lemuels to do what I could for the piece. And if I am to give up the stage, wouldn't it be fine to wind up with a blaze of fireworks to astonish the public?"

"Are you so certain you will astonish the public?" her father said.

"I have the courage to try," she answered readily. "And you are not going to throw cold water on my endeavours, are you, pappy? Well, as I was saying, it is perhaps natural for Sir Keith Macleod to feel a bit annoyed; and I am afraid if he went travelling with us, we should be continually skating on the edge of a quarrel. Besides, to tell you the truth, pappy—with all his kindness and gentleness, there is sometimes about him a sort of intensity that I scarcely like—it makes me afraid of him. If it were on the stage, I should say it was a splendid piece of acting

—of the suppressed vehement kind, you know; but really—during a holiday-time, when one naturally wishes to enjoy the fine weather and gather strength for one's work—well, I do think he ought not to come with us, pappy."

"Very well; you can hint as much without being rude."

"I was thinking," said she, "of the Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin who were in that Newcastle company, and who went to Aberdeen. Do you remember them, pappy?"

"The low comedian, you mean?"

"Yes. Well, at all events they would be glad to see us. And so—don't you think?—we could let Macleod understand that we were going to see some friends in the north? Then he would not think of coming with us."

"The representation would scarcely be justifiable," observed Mr. White, with a profound air, "in ordinary circumstances. But, as you say, it would be neither for his comfort or for yours that he should go with us."

"Comfort!" she exclaimed. "Much comfort I have had since I came here! Comfort I call quiet, and being let alone. Another fortnight at this place would give me brain-fever—your life continually in danger either on the sea or by the cliffs—your feelings supposed to be always up at passion pitch—it is all a whirl of secret or declared emotions that don't give you a moment's rest. Oh, pappy, won't it be nice to have a day or two's quiet in our own home, with Carry and Marie. And you know Mr. Lemuel will be in town all the summer and winter. The material for *his* work he finds within himself. He doesn't need to scamper off like the rest of them to hunt out picturesque peasants and studies of waterfalls—trotting about the country with a note-book in hand—"

"Gerty, Gerty," said her father, with a smile, "your notions are unformed on that subject. What have I told you often—that the artist is only a reporter. Whether he uses the pencil, or the pen, or his own face and voice to express the highest thoughts and emotions of which he is conscious, he is only a reporter—a penny-a-liner whose words are written in fire. And you—don't you carry your note-book too?"

"I was not comparing myself with an artist like Mr. Lemuel, pappy. No, no. Of course I have to keep my eyes open, and pick up things that may be useful. His work is the work of intense spiritual contemplation—it is inspiration—"

"No doubt," the father said, "the inspiration of Botticelli."

"Papa!"

Mr. White chuckled to himself. He was not given to joking: an epigram was not in consonance with his high sententiousness. But instantly he resumed his solemn deportment.

"A picture is as much a part of the world as a human face: why should I not take my inspiration from a picture as well as from a human face?"

"You mean to say he is only a copyist—a plagiarist!" she said, with some indignation.

"Not at all," said he. "All artists have their methods, founded more or less on the methods of those who have gone before them. You don't expect an artist to discover for himself an entirely new principle of art, any more than you expect him to paint in pigments of his own invention. Mr. Lemuel has been a diligent student of Botticelli—that is all."

This strange talk amid the awful loneliness and grandeur of Glen Sloich! They were idly walking along the rough road: far above them rose the giant slopes of the mountains retreating into heavy masses of cloud that were moved by the currents of the morning wind. It was a grey day; and the fresh-water lake here was of a leaden hue; and the browns and greens of the mountain-side were dark and intense. There was no sign of human life or habitation; there was no bird singing; the deer were far away in the unknown valleys above them, hidden by the mystic cloud-phantoms. There was an odour of sweet-gale in the air. The only sound was the murmuring of the streams that were pouring down through these vast solitudes to the sea.

And now they reached a spot from whence, on turning, they caught sight of the broad plain of the Atlantic—all wind-swept and white. And the sky was dark and low down; though at one place the clouds had parted, and there was a glimmer of blue as narrow and keen as the edge of a knife. But there were showers about; for Iona was invisible, and Staffa was faintly grey through the passing rain; and Ulva was almost black as the storm approached in its gloom. Botticelli! Those men now in that small lug-sailed boat—far away off the point of Gometra—a tiny dark thing apparently lost every second or so amid the white Atlantic surge, and wrestling hard with the driving wind and sea to reach the thundering and foam-filled caverns of Staffa—they were not thinking much of Botticelli. Keith Macleod was in that boat. The evening before Miss White had expressed

some light wish about some trifle or other ; but she had laughingly said that she must wait till she got back to the region of shops. Unknown to her, Macleod had set off to intercept the steamer : and he would go on board and get hold of the steward ; and would the steward be so kind as to hunt about in Oban to see if that trifle could not be found ? Macleod would not entrust so important a message to any one else : he would himself go out to meet the *Pioneer*.

"The sky is becoming very dark," Mr. White said ; "we had better go back, Gerty."

But before they had gone far, the first heavy drops were beginning to fall, and they were glad to run for refuge to some great grey boulders which lay in the moist moorland at the foot of the mountain-slopes. In the lee of these rocks they were in comparative safety ; and they waited patiently until the gale of wind and rain should pass over. And what were these strange objects that appeared in the grey mists far along the valley ? She touched her father's arm, she did not speak. It was her first sight of a herd of red-deer ; and as the deer had doubtless been startled by a shepherd or his dog, they were making across the glen at a good speed. First came the hinds, running almost in Indian file, and then with a longer stride came one or two stags, their antlered heads high in the air, as though they were listening for sounds behind them and sniffing the wind in front of them at the same time. But so far away were they that they were only blurred objects passing through the rain-mists ; they passed across like swift ghosts ; there was no sound heard at all. And then the rain ceased, and the air grew warm around them. They came out from the shadow of the rock—behold ! a blaze of hot sun on the moist moors, with a sudden odour of bracken, and young heather, and sweet-gale all about them. And the sandy road quickly grew dry again ; and the heavens opened ; and there was a flood of sunlight falling on that rushing and breezy Atlantic. They walked back to Dare.

"Tuesday, then, shall we say, pappy ?" she remarked, just before entering.

"Very well."

"And we are going to see some friends in Aberdeen."

"Very well."

After this Miss White became a great deal more cheerful ; and she was very complaisant to them all at luncheon. And quite by accident she asked Macleod, who had returned by this time, whether they talked Scotch in Aberdeen.

"Because, you know," said she, "one should always be learning on one's travels ; and many a time I have heard people disputing about the pronunciation of the Scotch ; and one ought to be able to read Burns with a proper accent. Now you have no Scotch at all here ; you don't say 'my dawtie,' and 'ben the hoose,' and 'twixt the gloaming and the mirk.'"

"Oh no," said he, "we have none of the Scotch at all, except among those who have been for a time to Glasgow or Greenock ; and our own language, the Gaelic, is unknown to strangers ; and our way of speaking English—that is only made a thing to laugh at. And yet I do not laugh at all at the blunders of our poor people in a strange tongue. You may laugh at us for our way of speaking English—the accent of it ; but it is not fair to laugh at the poor people when they will be making mistakes among the verbs. Did you ever hear of the poor Highlander who was asked how he had been employing himself, and, after a long time, he said, 'I wass for tree years a herring-fish, and I wass for four months or three months a broke stone on the road ?' Perhaps the Highlanders are not very clever at picking up another language ; but all the same that did not prevent their going to all parts of the world and fighting the battles of other people. And do you know that in Canada there are descendants of the Highlanders who went there in the last century—and they are proud of their name and their history—and they have swords that were used at Falkirk and Culloden—but these Macnabs and Mackays, and Camerons, they speak only French ! But I think, if they have Highland blood in them, and if they were to hear the '*Faillte Phrionsa !*' played on the pipes, they would recognise that language. And why were you asking about Aberdeen ?"

"That is not a Highland, but a Scotch way of answering my question," said she, smiling.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," said he hastily ; "but indeed I have never been to Aberdeen, and I do not know what it is they speak there, but I should say it was likely to be a mixture of Scotch and English such as all the big towns have. I do not think it is a Highland place, like Inverness."

"Now I will answer your question," said she. "I asked you because papa and I propose to go there before returning to England——"

How quickly the light fell from his face !

"——The fact is, we have friends there."

There was silence. They all felt that it was for Macleod to speak; and they may have been guessing as to what was passing in his mind. But to their surprise he said, in almost a gay fashion—

"Ah, well, you know they accuse us Highland folk of being rather too importunate as hosts; but we will try not to harass you; and if you have friends in Aberdeen, it would not be fair to beg of you to leave them aside this time. But surely you are not thinking of going to Aberdeen yet, when it is many a place you have yet to see about here. I was to take you in the *Umpire* to Skyc; and we had many a talk about the Lewis too."

"Thank you very much," said she, demurely. "I am sure you have been most kind to us; but—the fact is—I think we must leave on Tuesday."

"On Tuesday!" said he; but it was only for an instant that he winced. Again he roused himself—for he was talking in the presence of his mother and the cousin Janet—"You have not been quite fair to us," said he cheerfully; "you have not given yourself time to make our acquaintance. Are you determined to go away as you came, the Fionaghal? But then, you know, Fionaghal came and stayed among us, before she began to write her songs about the Western Isles; and the next time you come, that must be for a longer time, and you will get to know us all better, and we will not frighten you any more by taking you on the sea at night or into the cathedral-ruins. Ah!" said he, with a smile lighting up his face—but it was a constrained gaiety altogether—"do I know now why you are hurrying away so soon? You want to avoid that trip in the *Umpire* to the island where I used to think I would like my grave to be—"

"Keith!" said Lady Macleod with a frown, "how can you repeat that nonsense! Miss White will think you are mad!"

"It was only an old fancy, mother," said he gently. "And we were thinking of going out to one of the Treshnish islands, anyway. Surely it is a harmless thing that a man should choose out the place of his own grave, so long as he does not want to be put into it too soon."

"It will be time for you to speak of such things thirty years hence," said Lady Macleod.

"Thirty years is a long time," said he; and then he added lightly, "but if we do not go out to the Treshnish islands we must go somewhere else before the Tuesday; and

would you go round to Loch Sunart now; or shall we drive you to-morrow to see Glen More and Loch Buy? and you must not leave Mull without visiting our beautiful town—and capital—that is, Tobermory."

Every one was quite surprised and pleased to find Macleod taking the sudden departure of his sweetheart in this fashion; it showed that he had abundant confidence in the future. And if Miss White had her own thoughts about the matter, it was at all events satisfactory to her that outwardly Macleod and she were parting on good terms.

But that evening he happened to find her alone for a few moments; and all the forced cheerfulness had left his eyes, and there was a dark look there—of hopeless anxiety and pain.

"I do not wish to force you, Gerty—to persecute you," said he. "You are our guest. But before you go away, cannot you give me one definite word of promise and hope—only one word?"

"I am quite sure you don't want to persecute me, Keith," said she, "but you should remember there is a long time of waiting before us, and there will be plenty of opportunity for explaining and arranging everything when we have leisure to write—"

"To write!" he exclaimed. "But I am coming to see you, Gerty! Do you think I could go through another series of long months, with only those letters, and letters, and letters to break one's heart over? I could not do it again, Gerty. And when you have visited your friends in Aberdeen, I am coming to London."

"Why, Keith, there is the shooting."

"I do not think I shall try the shooting this year—it is an anxiety—I cannot have patience with it. I am coming to London, Gerty."

"Oh, very well, Keith," said she, with an affectation of cheerful content; "then there is no use in our taking a solemn good-bye just now—is there? You know how I hate scenes. And we shall part very good friends, shall we not? And when you come to London, we shall make up all our little differences, and have everything on a clear understanding. Is it a bargain? Here comes your cousin Janet—now show her that we are good friends, Keith. And for goodness' sake don't say that you mean to give up your shooting this year; or she will wonder what I have made of you. Give up your shooting! Why, a woman would as soon give up her right of being incomprehensible and whimsical and capricious—her right

of teasing people, as I very much fear I have been teasing you, Keith. But it will be all set right when you come to London."

And from that moment to the moment of her departure, Miss White seemed to breathe more freely, and she took less care to avoid Keith Macleod in her daily walks and ways. There was at last quite a good understanding between them, as the people around imagined.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.—AFRAID.

BUT the very first thing she did on reaching home again was to write to Macleod begging him to postpone his visit to London. What was the use? The company of which she formed a part was most probably going on autumn tour; she was personally very busy. Surely it would not much interest him to be present at the production of a new piece in Liverpool?

And then she pointed out to him that, as she had her duties and occupations, so ought he to have. It was monstrous his thought of foregoing the shooting that year. Why, if he wanted some additional motive, what did he say to preserving as much grouse-plumage as would trim a cloak for her? It was a great pity that the skins of so beautiful a bird should be thrown away. And she desired him to present her kind regards to Lady Macleod and to Miss Macleod; and to thank them both for their great kindness.

Immediately after writing that letter Miss White seemed to grow very light-hearted indeed, and she laughed and chatted with Carry, and was exceedingly affectionate towards her sister.

"And what do you think of your own home now, Gerty?" said Miss Carry, who had been making some small experiments in arrangement.

"You mean, after my being among the savages?" said she. "Ah, it is too true, Carry. I have seen them in their war-paint; and I have shuddered at their spears; and I have made voyages in their canoes. But it is worth while going anywhere and doing anything in order to come back and experience such a sense of relief and quiet. Oh, what a delicious cushion—where did you get it, Carry?"

She sank back in the rocking-chair out on this shaded verandah. It was the slumbering noontide of a July day; the foliage above and about the Regent's Canal hung motionless in the still sunlight; and there was a perfume of roses in the air. Here, at last, was repose. She had said that her notion of

happiness was to be let alone; and—now that she had dispatched that forbidding letter—she would be able to enjoy a quiet and languor free from care.

"Aha, Gerty, don't you know?" said the younger sister. "Well, I suppose, you poor creature, you don't know—you have been among the tigers and crocodiles so long. That cushion is a present from Mr. Lemuel to me—to me, mind, not to you—and he brought it all the way from Damascus some years ago. Oh, Gerty, if I was only three years older, shouldn't I like to be your rival, and have a fight with you for him!"

"I don't know what you mean!" said the elder sister sharply.

"Oh, don't you! Poor, innocent thing! Well, I am not going to quarrel with you this time—for at last you are showing some sense. How you ever could have thought of Mr. Howson, or Mr. Brook, or—you know whom—I never could imagine; but here is some one now whom people have heard of—some one with fame like yourself—who will understand you. Oh, Gerty, hasn't he lovely eyes?"

"Like a gazelle," said the other. "You know what Mr. — said, that he never met the appealing look of Mr. Lemuel's eyes without feeling in his pockets for a biscuit."

"He wouldn't say anything like that about you, Gerty," Carry said reproachfully.

"Who wouldn't?"

"Mr. Lemuel."

"Oh, Carry, don't you understand that I am so glad to be allowed to talk nonsense? I have been all strung up lately, like the string of a violin—everything *au grand sérieux*. I want to be idle, and to chat, and to talk nonsense. Where did you get that bunch of stephanotis?"

"Mr. Lemuel brought it last evening. He knew you were coming home to-day. Oh, Gerty, do you know I have seen your portrait, though it isn't finished yet; and you look—you look like an inspired prophetess. I never saw anything so lovely!"

"Indeed," said Miss White with a smile; but she was pleased.

"When the public see that, they will know what you are really like, Gerty—instead of buying your photograph in a shop from a collection of ballet-dancers and circus women. That is where you ought to be—in the Royal Academy: not in a shop-window with any mountebank. Oh, Gerty, do you know who is your latest rival in the stationers' windows? The woman who dresses herself as a mermaid and swims in a transparent tank, below water.

Fin-fin they call her. I suppose you have not been reading the newspapers?"

"Not much."

"There is a fine collection for you up-stairs. And there is an article about you, in the *Islington Young Men's Improvement Association*. It is signed *Trismegistus*. Oh, it is beautiful, Gerty—quite full of poetry. It says you are an enchantress striking the rockiest heart, and a well of pure emotion springs up. It says you have the beauty of Mrs. Siddons and the genius of Rachel."

"Dear me!"

"Ah, you don't half believe in yourself, Gerty," said the younger sister, with a critical air. "It is the weak point about you. You depreciate yourself, and you make light of other people's belief in you. However, you can't go against your own genius—that is too strong for you. As soon as you get on the stage, then you forget to laugh at yourself."

"Really, Carry, has papa been giving you a lecture about me?"

"Oh, laugh away; but you know it is true. And a woman like you—you were going to throw yourself away on a——"

"Carry! there are some things that are better not talked about," said Gertrude White curtly, as she rose and went in-doors.

Miss White betook herself to her professional and domestic duties with much alacrity and content, for she believed that by her skill as a letter-writer she could easily ward off the importunities of her too passionate lover. It is true that at times, and in despite of her playful evasion, she was visited by a strange dread. However far away, the cry of a strong man in his agony has something terrible in it. And what was this he wrote to her in simple and calm words?—

"Are our paths diverging, Gerty? and, if that is so, what will be the end of it for me and for you? Are you going away from me? After all that has passed, are we to be separated in the future, and you will go one way, and I must go the other way, with all the world between us, so that I shall never see you again? Why will you not speak? You hint of lingering doubts and hesitations. Why have you not the courage to be true to yourself—to be true to your woman's heart—to take your life in your own hands and shape it so that it shall be worthy of you?"

Well, she did speak, in answer to this piteous prayer. She was a skilful letter-writer.

"It may seem very ungrateful in an actress, you know, dear Keith, to contest the truth of anything said by Shakespeare; but I don't

think, with all humility, there ever was so much nonsense put into so small a space as there is in these lines that everybody quotes at your head—

'To thine own self be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.'

'Be true to yourself,' people say to you. But surely every one who is conscious of failings; and deceitfulness, and unworthy instincts, would rather try to be a little better than himself? Where else would there be any improvement, in an individual, or in society? You have to fight against yourself, instead of blindly yielding to your wish of the moment. I know I, for one, should not like to trust myself. I wish to be better than I am—to be other than I am—and I naturally look around for help and guidance. Then you find people recommending you absolutely diverse ways of life, and with all show of authority and reason, too; and in such an important matter ought not one to consider before making a final choice?"

Miss White's studies in mental and moral science, as will readily be perceived, had not been of a profound character. But he did not stay to detect the obvious fallacy of her argument. It was all a maze of words to him. The drowning man does not hear questions addressed to him. He only knows that the waters are closing over him—and that there is no arm stretched out to save.

"I do not know myself for two minutes together," she wrote. "What is my present mood, for example? Why, one of absolute and ungovernable hatred—hatred of the woman who would take my place if I were to retire from the stage. I have been thinking of it all the morning—picturing myself as an unknown nonentity, vanished from the eyes of the public, in a social grave. And I have to listen to people praising the new actress; and I have to read columns about her in the papers; and I am unable to say, 'Why, all that and more was written and said about me!' What has an actress to show for herself if once she leaves the stage? People forget her the next day; no record is kept of her triumphs. A painter now, who spends years of his life in earnest study—it does not matter to him whether the public applaud or not, whether they forget or not. He has always before him these evidences of his genius; and among his friends he can choose his fit audience. Even when he is an old man, and listening to the praises of all the young fellows who have caught the taste of the public, he can at all events show

something of his work as testimony of what he was. But an actress, the moment she leaves the stage, is a snuffed-out candle. She has her stage-dresses to prove that she acted certain parts; and she may have a scrap-book with cuttings of criticisms from the provincial papers! You know, dear Keith, all this is very heart-sickening; and I am quite aware that it will trouble you—as it troubles me, and sometimes makes me ashamed of myself—but then it is true, and it is better for both of us that it should be known. I could not undertake to be a hypocrite all my life. I must confess to you, whatever be the consequences, that I distinctly made a mistake when I thought it was such an easy thing to adopt a whole new set of opinions and tastes and habits. The old Adam, as your Scotch ministers would say, keeps coming back, to jog my elbow as an old familiar friend. And you would not have me conceal the fact from you? I know how difficult it will be for you to understand or sympathize with me. You have never been brought up to a profession, every inch of your progress in which you have to contest against rivals; and you don't know how jealous one is of one's position when it is gained. I think I would rather be made an old woman of sixty to-morrow morning than get up and go out and find my name printed in small letters in the theatre-bills. And if I try to imagine what my feelings would be if I were to retire from the stage, surely that is in your interest as well as mine. How would you like to be tied for life to a person who was continually looking back to her past career with regret, and who was continually looking around her for objects of jealous and envious anger? Really, I try to do my duty by everybody. All the time I was at Castle Dare I tried to picture myself living there, and taking an interest in the fishing and the farms and so on; and if I was haunted by the dread that, instead of thinking about the fishing and the farms, I should be thinking of the triumphs of the actress who had taken my place in the attention of the public, I had to recognise the fact. It is wretched and pitiable, no doubt; but look at my training. If you tell me to be true to myself—that is myself. And at all events I feel more contented that I have made a frank confession."

Surely it was a fair and reasonable letter. But the answer that came to it had none of its pleasant common sense. It was all a wild appeal—a calling on her not to fall away from the resolves she had made—not to yield to those despondent moods. There was but

the one way to get rid of her doubts and hesitations: let her at once cast aside the theatre and all its associations and malign influences, and become his wife, and he would take her by the hand, and lead her away from that besetting temptation. Could she forget the day on which she gave him the red rose? She was a woman; she could not forget.

She folded up the letter; and held it in her hand; and went into her father's room. There was a certain petulant and irritated look on her face.

"He says he is coming up to London, papa," said she abruptly.

"I suppose you mean Sir Keith Macleod," said he.

"Well, of course. And can you imagine anything more provoking—just at present, when we are rehearsing this new play, and when all the time I can afford, Mr. Lemuel wants for the portrait? I declare the only time I feel quiet, secure, safe from the interference of anybody—and more especially the worry of the postman—is when I am having that portrait painted; the intense stillness of the studio is delightful, and you have beautiful things all around you. As soon as I open the door, I come out into the world again, with constant vexations and apprehensions all around. Why, I don't know but that at any minute Sir Keith Macleod may not come walking up to the gate!"

"And why should that possibility keep you in terror?" said her father calmly.

"Well, not in terror," said she, looking down, "but—but anxiety, at least; and a very great deal of anxiety. Because I know he will want explanations and promises, and I don't know what—just at the time I am most worried and unsettled about everything I mean to do."

Her father regarded her for a second or two.

"Well?" said he.

"Isn't that enough?" she said, with some indignation.

"Oh," said he coldly, "you have merely come to me to pour out your tale of wrongs. You don't want me to interfere, I suppose. Am I to condole with you?"

"I don't know why you should speak to me like that, at all events," said she.

"Well, I will tell you," he responded, in the same cool, matter-of-fact way. "When you told me you meant to give up the theatre and marry Sir Keith Macleod, my answer was that you were likely to make a mistake. I thought you were a fool to throw

away your position as an actress ; but I did not urge the point. I merely left the matter in your own hands. Well, you went your own way. For a time your head was filled with romance—Highland chieftains, and gillies, and red-deer, and baronial halls, and all that stuff ; and no doubt you persuaded that young man that you believed in the whole thing fervently, and there was no end to the names you called theatres and everybody connected with them. Not only that, but you must needs drag me up to the Highlands to pay a visit to a number of strangers with whom both you and I lived on terms of apparent hospitality and goodwill, but in reality on terms of very great restraint. Very well. You begin to discover that your romance was a little bit removed from the actual state of affairs—at least, you say so——”

“I say so !” she exclaimed.

“Hear me out,” the father said patiently. “I don’t want to offend you, Gerty, but I wish to speak plainly. You have an amazing faculty for making yourself believe anything that suits you. I have not the least doubt but that you have persuaded yourself that the change in your manner towards Keith Macleod was owing to your discovering that their way of life was different from what you expected ; or perhaps that you still had a lingering fancy for the stage—anything you like. I say you could make yourself believe anything. But I must point out to you that any acquaintance of yours—an outsider—would probably look on the marked attentions Mr. Lemuel has been paying you ; and on your sudden conversion to the art-theories of himself and his friends ; and on the revival of your ambitious notions about tragedy——”

“You need say no more,” said she, with her face grown quickly red, and with a certain proud impatience in her look.

“Oh, yes, but I mean to say more,” her father said quietly, “unless you wish to leave the room. I mean to say this : that when you have persuaded yourself somehow that you would rather reconsider your promise to Sir Keith Macleod—am I right?—that it does seem rather hard that you should grow ill-tempered with him and accuse him of being the author of your troubles and vexations. I am no great friend of his—I disliked his coming here at the outset—but I will say he is a manly young fellow, and I know he would not try to throw the blame of any change in his own sentiments on to some one else. And another thing I mean to say is, that your playing the part of the

injured Griselda is not quite becoming, Gerty : at all events, I have no sympathy with it. If you come and tell me frankly that you have grown tired of Macleod, and wish somehow to break your promise to him, then I can advise you.”

“And what would you advise, then,” said she, with equal calmness, “supposing that you choose to throw all the blame on me?”

“I would say that it is a woman’s privilege to be allowed to change her mind ; and that the sooner you told him so the better.”

“Very simple !” she said, with a flavour of sarcasm in her tone. “Perhaps you don’t know that man as I know him.”

“Then you *are* afraid of him?”

She was silent.

“These are certainly strange relations between two people who talk of getting married. But, in any case, he cannot suffocate you in a cave, for you live in London ; and in London it is only an occasional young man about Shoreditch who smashes his sweet-heart with a poker when she proposes to marry somebody else. He might, it is true, summon you for breach of promise ; but he would prefer not to be laughed at. Come, come, Gerty, get rid of all this nonsense. Tell him frankly the position ; and don’t come bothering me with pretended wrongs and injuries.”

“Do you think I ought to tell him?” said she slowly.

“Certainly.”

She went away and wrote to Macleod ; but she did not wholly explain her position. She only begged once more for time to consider her own feelings. It would be better that he should not come just now to London. And if she were convinced, after honest and earnest questioning of herself, that she had not the courage and strength of mind necessary for the great change in her life she had proposed, would it not be better for his happiness and hers that the confession should be made?

Macleod did not answer that letter ; and she grew alarmed. Several days elapsed. One afternoon, coming home from rehearsal, she saw a card lying on the tray on the hall-table.

“Papa,” said she, with her face somewhat paler than usual, “Sir Keith Macleod is in London !”

CHAPTER XXXIX.—A CLIMAX.

SHE was alone in the drawing-room. She heard the bell ring, and the sound of some one being let in by the front door. Then

there was a man's step in the passage outside. The craven heart grew still with dread.

But it was with a great gentleness that he came forward to her, and took both of her trembling hands, and said—

“Gerty, you do not think that I have come to be angry with you—not that!”

He could not but see with those anxious, pained, tender eyes of his that she was very pale; and her heart was now beating so fast—after the first shock of fright—that for a second or two she could not answer him. She withdrew her hands. And all this time he was regarding her face with an eager, wistful intensity.

“It is—so strange—for me to see you again,” said he, almost in a bewildered way. “The days have been very long without you—I had almost forgotten what you were like—and now—and now—oh, Gerty, you are not angry with me for troubling you!”

She withdrew a step, and sat down.

“There is a chair,” said she: he did not seem to understand what she meant. He was trying to read her thoughts in her eyes, in her manner, in the pale face; and his earnest gaze did not leave her for a moment.

“I know you must be greatly troubled and worried, Gerty; and—and I tried not to come; but your last letter was like the end of the world for me. I thought everything might go then. But then I said, ‘Are you a man, and to be cast down by that?’ She is bewildered by some passing doubt; her mind is sick for the moment; you must go to her, and recall her, and awake her to herself; and you will see her laugh again!” And so I am here, Gerty; and if I am troubling you at a bad time—well, it is only for a moment or two; and you will not mind that? You and I are so different, Gerty! You are all-perfect. You do not want the sympathy of any one. You are satisfied with your own thoughts; you are a world to yourself. But I cannot live without being in sympathy with you. It is a craving—it is like a fire. Well, I did not come here to talk about myself.”

“I am sorry you took so much trouble,” she said, in a low voice—and there was a nervous restraint in her manner. “You might have answered my letter instead.”

“Your letter!” he exclaimed. “Why, Gerty, I could not talk to the letter. It was not yourself. It was no more part of yourself than a glove. You will forget that letter—and all the letters that ever you wrote—let them go away like the leaves of former autumns that are quite forgotten; and instead

of the letters, be yourself—as I see you now—proud-spirited and noble—my beautiful Gerty—my wife!”

He made a step forward; and caught her hand. She did not see that there were sudden tears in the imploring eyes. She only knew that this vehemence seemed to suffocate her.

“Keith,” said she, and she gently disengaged her hand, “will you sit down, and we can talk over this matter calmly, if you please; but I think it would have been better if you left us both to explain ourselves in writing. It is difficult to say certain things without giving pain—and you know I don't wish to do that—”

“I know,” said he, with an absent look on his face; and he took the chair she had indicated and sat down beside her; and now he was no longer regarding her eyes.

“It is quite true that you and I are different,” said she, with a certain resolution in her tone, as if she was determined to get through with a painful task—“very seriously different in everything, in our natures, and habits, and opinions, and all the rest of it. How we ever became acquainted I don't know; I am afraid it was not a fortunate accident for either of us. Well—”

Here she stopped. She had not prepared any speech; and she suddenly found herself without a word to say, when words, words, words were all she eagerly wanted in order to cover her retreat. And as for him, he gave her no help. He sat silent, his eyes downcast, a tired and haggard look on his face.

“Well,” she resumed, with a violent effort, “I was saying, perhaps we made a mistake in our estimates of each other. That is a very common thing; and sometimes people find out in time, and sometimes they don't. I am sure you agree with me, Keith?”

“Oh yes, Gerty,” he answered absently.

“And then—and then—I am quite ready to confess that I may have been mistaken about myself; and I am afraid you encouraged the mistake. You know, I am quite sure I am not the heroic person you tried to make me believe I was. I have found myself out, Keith; and just in time, before making a terrible blunder. I am very glad that it is myself I have to blame. I have got very little resolution; ‘unstable as water,’ that is the phrase: perhaps I should not like other people to apply it to me; but I am quite ready to apply it to myself, for I know it to be true; and it would be a great pity if any one's life were made miserable

through my fault. Of course, I thought for a time that I was a very courageous and resolute person—you flattered me into believing it; but I have found myself out since. Don't you understand, Keith?"

He gave a sign of assent; his silence was more embarrassing than any protest or any appeal.

"Oh, I could choose such a wife for you, Keith—a wife worthy of you—a woman as womanly as you are manly; and I can think of her being proud to be your wife, and how all the people who came to your house would admire her and love her——"

He looked up in a bewildered way.

"Gerty," he said, "I don't quite know what it is you are speaking about. You are speaking as if some strange thing had come between us; and I was to go one way, and you another, through all the years to come. Why, that is all nonsense! See! I can take your hand—that is the hand that gave me the red rose. You said you loved me, then; you cannot have changed already. I have not changed. What is there that would try to separate us? Only words, Gerty!—a cloud of words, humming round the ears and confusing one. Oh, I have grown heart-sick of them in your letters, Gerty; until I put the letters away altogether, and I said, 'They are no more than the leaves of last autumn: when I see Gerty, and take her hand, all the words will disappear then.' Your hand is not made of words, Gerty; it is warm, and kind, and gentle—it is a woman's hand. Do you think words are able to make me let go my grasp of it? I put them away. I do not hear any more of them. I only know that you are beside me, Gerty; and I hold your hand!"

He was now no longer the imploring lover: there was a strange elation, a sort of triumph, in his tone.

"Why, Gerty, do you know why I have come to London? It is to carry you off—not with the pipes yelling to drown your screams, as Flora Macdonald's mother was carried off by her lover, but taking you by the hand, and waiting for the smile on your face. That is the way out of all our troubles, Gerty; we shall be plagued with no more words then. Oh, I understand it all, sweetheart—your doubts of yourself, and your thinking about the stage: it is all a return of the old and evil influences that you and I thought had been shaken off for ever. Perhaps that was a little mistake; but no matter. You will shake them off now, Gerty. You will show yourself to have the

courage of a woman. It is but one step, and you are free! Gerty," said he, with a smile on his face, "do you know what that is?"

He took from his pocket a printed document, and opened it. Certain words there that caught her eye caused her to turn even paler than she had been; and she would not even touch the paper. He put it back.

"Are you frightened, sweetheart? No! You will take this one step, and you will see how all those fancies and doubts will disappear for ever! Oh, Gerty, when I got this paper into my pocket to-day, and came out into the street, I was laughing to myself; and a poor woman said, 'You are very merry, sir; will you give a poor old woman a copper?' 'Well,' I said, 'here is a sovereign for you, and perhaps you will be merry too'—and I would have given every one a sovereign if I had had it to give. But do you know what I was laughing at?—I was laughing to think what Captain Macallum would do when you went on board as my wife. For he put up the flags for you when you were only a visitor coming to Dare; but when I take you by the hand, Gerty, as you are going along the gangway, and when we get on to the paddle-box, and Captain Macallum comes forward, and when I tell him that you are now my wife, why he will not know what to do to welcome you! And Hamish, too—I think Hamish will go mad that day. And then, sweetheart, you will go along to Erraidh, and you will go up to the signal-house on the rocks, and we will fire a cannon to tell the men at Dubh Artach to look out. And what will be the message you will signal to them, Gerty, with the great white boards? Will you send them your compliments, which is the English way? Ah, but I know what they will answer to you. They will answer in the Gaelic; and this will be the answer that will come to you from the lighthouse—'*A hundred thousand welcomes to the young bride!*' And you will soon learn the Gaelic, too; and you will get used to our rough ways; and you will no longer have any fear of the sea. Some day you will get so used to us that you will think the very sea-birds to be your friends, and that they know when you are going away and when you are coming back, and that they know you will not allow any one to shoot at them or steal their eggs in the spring-time. But if you would rather not have our rough ways, Gerty, I will go with you wherever you please—did I not say that to you, sweetheart? There are many

fine houses in Essex—I saw them when I went down to Woodford with Major Stewart. And for your sake I would give up the sea altogether; and I would think no more about boats; and I would go to Essex with you if I was never to see one of the sea-birds again. That is what I will do for your sake, Gerty, if you wish—though I thought you would be kind to the poor people around us at Dare, and be proud of their love for you, and get used to our homely ways. But I will go into Essex, if you like, Gerty—so that the sea shall not frighten you; and you will never be asked to go into one of our rough boats any more. It shall be just as you wish, Gerty; whether you want to go away into Essex, or whether you will come away with me to the north, that I will say to Captain Macallum, ‘Captain Macallum, what will you do now?—that the English lady has been brave enough to leave her home and her friends to live with us; and what are we to do now to show that we are proud and glad of her coming?’”

Well, tears did gather in her eyes as she listened to this wild, despairing cry, and her hands were working nervously with a book she had taken from the table; but what answer could she make? In self-defence against this vehemence she adopted an injured air.

“Really, Keith,” said she, in a low voice, “you do not seem to pay any attention to anything I say or write. Surely I have prepared you to understand that my consent to what you propose is quite impossible—for the present, at least? I asked for time to consider.”

“I know, I know,” said he. “You would wait, and let those doubts close in upon you. But here is a way to defeat them all. Sweetheart, why do you not rise, and give me your hand, and say ‘Yes’? There would be no more doubts at all!”

“But surely, Keith, you must understand me when I say that rushing into a marriage in this mad way is a very dangerous thing. You won’t look or listen to anything I suggest. And really—well, I think you should have some little consideration for me—”

He regarded her for a moment, with a look almost of wonder; and then he said, hastily—

“Perhaps you are right, Gerty; I should not have been so selfish. But—but you cannot tell how I have suffered—all through the night-time thinking and thinking, and saying to myself that surely you could not be going away from me; and in the morn-

ing, oh! the emptiness of all the sea and the sky, and you not there to be asked whether you would go out to Colonsay, or round to Loch Scridain, or go to see the rock-pigeons fly out of the caves. It is not a long time since you were with us, Gerty, but to me it seems longer than half-a-dozen of winters; for in the winter I said to myself, ‘Ah, well, she is now working off the term of her imprisonment in the theatre; and when the days get long again, and the blue skies come again, she will use the first of her freedom to come and see the sea-birds about Dare.’ But this last time, Gerty—well, I had strange doubts and misgivings; and sometimes I dreamed in the night-time that you were going away from me altogether—on board a ship—and I called to you and you would not even turn your head. Oh, Gerty, I can see you now as you were then—your head turned partly aside; and strangers round you; and the ship was going farther and farther away; and if I jumped into the sea, how could I overtake you? But at least the waves would come over me, and I should have forgetfulness.”

“Yes, but you seem to think that my letters to you had no meaning whatever,” said she almost petulantly. “Surely I tried to explain clearly enough what our relative positions were?”

“You had got back to the influence of the theatre, Gerty—I would not believe the things you wrote. I said, ‘You will go now and rescue her from herself. She is only a girl, she is timid; she believes the foolish things that are said by the people around her.’ And then, do you know, sweetheart,” said he, with a sad smile on his face, “I thought if I were to go and get this paper, and suddenly show it to you—well, it is not the old romantic way, but I thought you would frankly say ‘Yes!’ and have an end of all this pain. Why, Gerty, you have been many a romantic heroine in the theatre; and you know they are not long in making up their minds. And the heroines in our old songs, too: do you know the song of Lizzie Lindsay, who ‘kilted her coats o’ green satin,’ and was off to the Highlands before any one could interfere with her? That is the way to put an end to doubts. Gerty, be a brave woman! Be worthy of yourself! Sweetheart, have you the courage now to ‘kilt your coats o’ green satin’? And I know that in the Highlands you will have as proud a welcome as ever Lord Ronald Macdonald gave his bride from the south.”

Then the strange smile left his face.

"I am tiring you, Gerty," said he.

"Well, you are very much excited, Keith," said she; "and you won't listen to what I have to say. I think your coming to London was a mistake. You are giving both of us a great deal of pain; and, as far as I can see, to no purpose. We could much better have arrived at a proper notion of each other's feelings by writing; and the matter is so serious as to require consideration. If it is the business of a heroine to plunge two people into life-long misery without thinking twice about it, then I am not a heroine. Her 'coats o' green satin'!—I should like to know what was the end of that story. Now really, dear Keith, you must bear with me if I say that I have a little more prudence than you; and I must put a check on your headstrong wishes. Now I know there is no use in our continuing this conversation: you are too anxious and eager to mind anything I say. I will write to you."

"Gerty," said he slowly, "I know you are not a selfish or cruel woman; and I do not think you would willingly pain any one. But if you came to me and said, 'Answer my question; for it is a question of life or death to me,' I should not answer that I would write a letter to you."

"You may call me selfish if you like," said she, with some show of temper, "but I tell you once for all that I cannot bear the fatigue of interviews such as this, and I think it was very inconsiderate of you to force it on me. And as for answering a question, the position we are in is not to be explained with a 'Yes' or a 'No'—it is mere romance and folly to

speak of people running away and getting married; for I suppose that is what you mean. I will write to you, if you like; and give you every explanation in my power. But I don't think we shall arrive at any better understanding by your accusing me of selfishness or cruelty."

"Gerty!"

"And if it comes to that," she continued, with a flush of angry daring in her face, "perhaps I could bring a similar charge against you, with some better show of reason."

"That I was ever selfish or cruel as regards you!" said he, with a vague wonder, as if he had not heard aright.

"Shall I tell you, then," said she, "as you seem bent on recriminations? Perhaps you thought I did not understand?—that I was too frightened to understand? Oh, I knew very well!"

"I don't know what you mean," said he, in absolute bewilderment.

"What!—not the night we were caught in the storm in crossing to Iona?—and when I clung to your arm you shook me off, so that you should be free to strike out for yourself if we were thrown into the water. Oh, I don't blame you! it was only natural. But I think you should be cautious in accusing others of selfishness."

For a moment he stood looking at her, with something like fear in his eyes—fear and horror, and a doubt as to whether this thing was possible; and then came the hopeless cry of a breaking heart—

"Oh, God, Gerty! I thought you loved me—and you believed *that!*"

THE "NEW LEARNING."

WHATEVER may be our admiration for the later or Lutheran Reformation, the earlier movement, known under the name of the "New Learning," must always greatly interest all thoughtful minds. Erasmus was as unlike Luther as could well be; no two men were ever more different in impulse, in mental conception, in practical aim (the main thing uniting them being a certain love of good cheer, and a vein of humour, very contrasted, yet equally genuine in each). So far, however, both wrought in the same cause—both had the same foes. Luther was the more powerful and deeply spiritual man of the two, and headed a movement which drew its strength from deeper principles. He made a mightier overthrow than the other either desired or contemplated. What is

known as the "Reformation" could never have proceeded from Erasmus. Yet there were features in the earlier movement, which, if they could only have been concentrated and energized, might have produced happier results than those which actually followed the revolution of the sixteenth century. The critical or historical study of Scripture as promoted by Erasmus, Colet, and More, the emphasis with which the simple truths of practical Christianity were enforced, the opposition not only to past forms of scholasticism, but to the technical argumentative and controversial spirit which underlay it, were all points which have made some historical students regret that the Reformation did not take an Erasmusian rather than a Lutheran character. Such

regrets are futile. The Erasmian movement failed for the plain reason that it had not sufficient motive power. It lacked strength of spiritual impulse—the enthusiasm of conviction. It was intellectual, critical, moral; but the spring which upheaves a continent must flow from deeper sources than these. Mediævalism lay upon Europe as a frightful burden, oppressing not merely its intellect and the instincts of personal and political freedom beginning to stir within it—from both of which influences Erasmus had himself suffered—but also stifling its con-

science and outraging the sense—dormant but everywhere awakening—of Divine righteousness. It was in these two points especially that it touched Luther and many kindred souls longing for the free grace of Jesus Christ to raise them out of the misery of their sins and give them life. And the mightier movement came out of the mightier source. The cry for spiritual light and freedom was heard where the cry for mere intellectual liberty, and a more simple biblical culture, could not reach. It is the business of the historical critic to recognise what was



good in each movement—what were the distinct and necessary forces of each—and not to disparage the one in comparison with the other. It is now sufficiently recognised that human history is an onward development of forces which take new shapes according to their strength—the “survival of the fittest” being the law here as elsewhere. This may not stamp the result as the best that could have been; there are forces of evil sometimes unhappily more powerful than good in the movements of human history; but, at any rate, it makes regret useless, or

transfers it from the achieved result to the mystery of good and evil which lies in human nature.

Our business now is with the earlier movement as impersonated in Erasmus and More, and especially in the two characteristic works which, within a few years of each other, proceeded from their pen. Erasmus's famous Satire first appeared in 1510 or 1511. More's “Utopia” was published in 1516, the same year in which his friend gave to the world his “Novum Instrumentum,” or edition of the Greek Testament. This era may be

said therefore to mark the culmination of the earlier movement of religious reform. Luther's "Theses" were made public in 1519.

The "Praise of Folly" is not a large work. In Le Clerc's well-known edition of the works of Erasmus (Lugduni Bat. 1703) it occupies about one hundred pages in double columns. The idea of the satire is that Folly repeats her own praise as the chief power in the world, in the Church, in courts, and in camp. In contrast to the famous personification of Wisdom in the Book of Proverbs, Erasmus conceives Folly as raising her voice and addressing the sons of men, declaring that whatever may be said of her she is the great delight of the world, the source of all power and happiness, the dispenser of favours, the arbiter of destiny. It is her pleasure "to act for a little the sophist" to celebrate her services and her servants, and above all to celebrate herself. For who can better tell about her than herself? Folly sustains her part with wonderful skill, and only forgets it now and then, and falls away from the personal attitude of making merry over the absurdities of mankind when some scandal or abuse worse than usual makes her change her tone, and the voice of Erasmus himself comes forth from behind the mask.

Passing in review the stages of humanity, Folly sees her image reflected in the carelessness of youth, the joys of manhood, in friendship, love, marriage, and war. "Is not war," says Folly, "the very source and fountain of all famous deeds? What can be more foolish than to engage in a contest from which both parties invariably carry away more hurt than advantage? I say 'carry away,' for no one thinks of those that perish." The amusements of the time, hunting—of which Erasmus himself yet owned the charm—"that hideous blowing of horns and baying of dogs which give to some more pleasure than anything else in the world;" the superstition of the time, the lying stories which so many delighted to tell of, "miracles and prodigious fables about spectres, ghosts, the place of future punishment, and a thousand such things, all the more readily credited the more remote they were from truth;" the merchants, grammarians, schoolmasters, poets, lawyers, and especially monks and theologians, all come in for their share of unsparing railery. The monks and divines upon the whole fare worst, and so the "Encomium Moriæ" has sometimes been called a satire against scholasticism. It was the scholastic spirit and its frivolous nonsense which no doubt specially provoked

the great humorist. The theologians, he says, "are extremely ingenious in explaining the profoundest mysteries, as by what process the world was created and fashioned; through what channel the plague spot of original sin was transmitted to posterity; in what manner and by what degree Christ was made perfect before birth (in the virgin's womb); how accidents can subsist in the consecrated wafer without any substance in which to inhere." "These," he says, "are but trifles; there are other questions far more abstruse and interesting, as to whether there is more than one filiation in Christ; whether the proposition, God the Father hates the Son, is a possible one; whether God could have taken upon him the form of a woman, of the devil, of a cucumber, of a flint stone. Supposing he had taken the form of a cucumber, how could he have preached, worked miracles, and been crucified?" The profane absurdity of such things is not to be attributed to Erasmus. He may not spare the picture, but such absurdities were common at the time, and are only found in his pages because they were so. "There were a thousand other niceties," he adds, "far more subtle than these about notions, relations, formalities, quiddities, asseities, which required a very sharp intelligence to apprehend, so as to discover in thickest darkness what has no existence whatever."

"It is a smaller crime with some theologians to commit a thousand murders than for a poor cobbler to put a stitch in a shoe on the Lord's day. And such exceedingly subtle subtleties are made more subtle still by the several sects of schoolmen—the Realists, Nominalists, Thomists, Albertists, Occamists, Scotists, whose doctrines are more involved and intricate than the windings of the Labyrinth, in all of which there is so much learning and so much abstruseness that methinks the Apostles themselves would need a new outpouring of the Spirit before they could engage in controversy with such divines. If the Apostles were questioned as to the *terminus a quo* and the *terminus ad quem*, the nature of transubstantiation, how the same body can be in different places at the same time, the difference between the attributes of the body of Christ in Heaven, on the Cross, and in the sacrament of the mass; at what moment transubstantiation takes place; whether the prayer through which it is effected is a discrete quantity, having no permanent functions—they would not, I fancy, answer so well as our divines. They were well acquainted with the mother

of Jesus, but which of them demonstrated, in the philosophical style of our divines, that she was preserved immaculate from original sin? . . . They baptized all nations, and yet they have nowhere taught us what is the formal, material, efficient, and final cause of baptism. They worshipped indeed, but it was not revealed to them that they must adore in one and the same act Christ himself in heaven, and His image painted upon a wall with two fingers stretched out, his hair uncut, and a circle with three marks on it round his head. To understand these mysteries requires six-and-thirty years spent in the study of Aristotle and the doctrines of the Scotists."

It is hardly necessary to point out what a true note of reformation rings in sentences like these, which are mere detached fragments of the famous satire. Nothing can exceed the clear light of sense and reasonable judgment which the writer brings to bear upon the superstitions and dogmatic nonsense of his time. There was a more burning conviction in Luther, but not the same clear daylight of reason, nor the same perception of the fundamental difficulties of all theological problems, and the necessity therefore for emphasising what was simple and plain rather than what was abstruse and dark. Erasmus, of the two, had more thoroughly risen above scholasticism. He not only saw the nonsense of the scholastic definitions of his day, but he had learned to doubt the value of theological definition altogether. His instincts, it must be confessed, were literary and critical, rather than spiritual or speculative. He writes like a man of the world, wise and clear-seeing rather than deep-thinking, all whose thoughts were tinged with a touch of satire, and whose perception of the weakness and absurdities of mankind was more lively than his faith in human improvement or religious progress. There is no difficulty in understanding how he found it impossible to agree with Luther, and how far more natural it was that they should fall into controversy than engage in a common cause.

In his "Colloquies,"* still better known, if not so significant as his great satire—he maintains the same tone of vivacious banter, the same good sense and humorous ironical observation of the world, united with the same vein of liberal insight and pure and lofty feeling in opposition to the prevailing theological narrowness. He

says that probably the spirit of Christ is more widely diffused than in our interpretation of Scriptures we are in the habit of supposing. He never reads Cicero on Old Age, or Friendship, or the Offices, or the Tusculan Disputations, without pausing now and then to kiss the page and pay homage to that holy soul whom God's spirit has so manifestly possessed. Referring to a saying of Socrates, "Whether God will approve our deeds I know not; but at least it has been our constant effort to please Him," he adds, by the mouth of one of the interlocutors, "When I read such passages as these I can hardly keep myself from saying, 'Sancte Socrates, ora pro nobis.'"

Still in the same sense he says elsewhere, "The sum of religion is peace and concord, which cannot easily be maintained unless we define but very few points, and in the greater number leave every one to form his own judgment. In old times faith consisted in the life rather than in the profession of a multitude of articles. By-and-by it became necessary to impose articles of faith, but these were at first few in number and of apostolic simplicity. At length faith was transferred to written documents. Articles increased, but sincerity decreased. Contention waxed warm, charity waxed cold."

It is difficult now to realise all the boldness of such utterances and the great advance which Erasmus made upon prevailing opinions. His Greek Testament alone was a daring innovation as well as a marvel of critical research for its time. The project created alarm amongst his friends as well as his enemies. They saw in it the utmost dangers to the faith—so settled and unreasoning was the belief in the inspired authority of the text of the Vulgate: "I adhere to the Latin," wrote his friend Dorpius, "because I cannot believe that the Greek are more correct than the Latin Codices. In very deed, my dear Erasmus, there is great harm in your work. If any error should be admitted to have crept into the Holy Scriptures what authority would be left to them?" But he is not to be moved from his task by such ignorant clamour. "How is it," he asks, "that Jerome, Augustus, and Ambrose all cited a text which differs from the Vulgate? . . . When Jerome cites a text according to the Greek version, when the oldest Latin versions do the same, when this reading suits the sense much better than that of the Vulgate, will you, treating all this with contempt, follow a version perhaps corrupted by some copyist?"

In his introduction he lays down clearly the great Protestant principle of a free and popular use of the Scriptures. "I utterly dissent," he says, "from those who are unwilling that the sacred Scriptures should be read by the unlearned, translated into their vulgar tongue, as though Christ had taught subtleties only to be understood by a few theologians, or as though the safety of Scripture rested in men's ignorance of it. I wish that simple women should read the Gospels, and also the Epistles of St. Paul. Would that the Scriptures were translated into all languages, that they might be read and known not only by Scots and Irishmen, but also by Turks and Saracens. I long that the husbandman should say portions of them as he follows the plough, that the weaver hum them to the tune of his shuttle, and the traveller beguile with their stories the tedium of his journey."

The "Utopia" of Sir Thomas More is well known in Burnet's old translation, and may be conveniently studied by the modern reader in an edition by Mr. Arber amongst the "English Reprints." The second and longer part of it is devoted to a description of the island and kingdom of "Nowhere." * The first part is a sort of introduction to the other, and was probably written after it. More describes how he was sent to Flanders on an embassy, to endeavour to adjust certain international disputes between England and the Hollanders. Nothing can be more easy or pleasant than his story—how he and the other delegate from England met at Bruges with those appointed to confer with them, and how when they could not come to an agreement they went on to Brussels and then to Antwerp, where many visited him; but one more acceptable than any others, "Peter Giles, born at Antwerp, a man of great honour and of good rank in the town, both a very worthy person and a very knowing man. His conversation was so pleasant and so innocently cheerful that his company did in a great measure lessen my longings to go back to my country and to my wife and children." One day, when returning from mass at St. Marie's, "the chief church and the most frequented of any in Antwerp," he saw this friend talking with a stranger of venerable appearance, with a black, sunburnt face, a large beard, a cloak hanging carelessly about him, whom, by his looks and habit, he judged to be a mariner. The supposed

sailor is not only a traveller, but a philosopher, of the name of Raphael, who had been a companion of Amerigo Vespucci, in those voyages to the New World that "be now in print and abroad in every man's hand." He had spent his life in "seeing the world." More was delighted with the opportunity of meeting such a travelled philosopher, and after they had exchanged the usual civilities, they went all three home, and "entering into the garden, sat down on a green bank and entertained one another in discourse." In this discourse Raphael told his friends many things concerning "those new-found nations" that he had visited, and especially of "the manner and laws of the Utopians," the description of which occupies the main part of the volume.

The spirit of the "Utopia" is extremely liberal, and shows how deeply the author had pondered the problems, not only of religion, but of government and society. The views, so far as they can be considered a genuine expression of More's own sentiments, point to an enlightened and tolerant communism in which the rights of labour are carefully secured, and free play is given at once to the gifts of individuals and the claims of the State.

It is, however, impossible to say how far the picture at any time answered to More's true convictions, and how far it was a mere play of speculative fancy "such as Plato has displayed in his Commonwealth." He is careful, even in the original sketch, to discriminate between the "Utopian" ideal, and such a State as that of England, "which is founded on property;" and in after years, when as a statesman he certainly fell far below his own imagination, he disclaimed somewhat sharply the interpretation which men had put upon such things as he had written "in play." He was so far changed, then, that he says he would not have put in English either the "Moræ" of Erasmus, or even what he had himself written, albeit there be no harm therein. The vision of a thoroughly tolerant and happy state had long vanished from his mind, if it ever fully possessed it.

All we can give our readers is a very brief summary of More's social picture. Every family in Utopia is conceived with a master and mistress set over it. Then over each twenty families there is a magistrate. Every year twenty of the family go to town, after they have stayed two years in the country, learning country work. Every city has so much ground around it, twenty miles at

* *ἔν* and *νόμος*; but the word, as Professor Scaliger said, is not formed according to true analogy.

least. All must learn something of agriculture, but some prefer to follow it rather than any other occupation, and are allowed to do so. These husbandmen labour the ground, breed cattle, hew wood and carry it away to the towns. They breed an infinite multitude of chickens in a very curious manner, for the eggs are hatched not under hens, but in large quantities in a gentle and equal heat. Corn is sown only for bread; for drink there is wine, cider, and perry, and water, sometimes pure and sometimes boiled with honey or liquorice, with which the country abounds. Every man, besides having some knowledge of agriculture, has some peculiar trade to which he applies himself. The fashion of clothes never alters, and every family makes their own. No man is allowed to be idle, yet they do not wear themselves out with perpetual toil, as if they were beasts of burden. Of the twenty-four hours, six are for work—three before and three after dinner. After that they sup, and at eight o'clock, counting from noon, they go to bed and sleep for eight hours. Other hours, besides those for work and sleep, are left to every man's discretion. There are public lectures and lessons before daybreak, but only those marked out for literature are obliged to attend them. "Yet a great many, both men and women of all ranks, go to hear lectures of one sort or another, according to the bent of their inclination." The working activity in Utopia is contrasted with the great company of idle priests, and of those called religious men, and rich men and nobles and gentlemen, with their families, who do nothing but go swaggering about in other countries. Out of these learned men they choose their ambassadors, their priests, their judges and counsellors, and the prince himself. All the women, when they grow up, are married out, but all the males, children and great-grandchildren, live still in the same house in obedience to their common parent. Limits are set to the growth of cities, the surplus population being sent over to a neighbouring continent. They count it a just cause of war if any nation will hinder others to come and possess a part of their soil of which they make no use, since every man has by the law of nature a right to such a waste portion of the earth as is necessary for his subsistence. Wives serve their husbands, children their parents, and always the younger serve the elder. They do not suffer anything that is foul or unclean to be brought into their house, lest the air should be infected by ill smells. The streets of the Utopian cities were twenty feet broad, the houses

backed by spacious gardens, and "curiously builded after a gracious and gallant sort, with plain and flat roofs."

The Utopians pay no respect to ancient descent, and do not understand the notion of those who are "pleased with the conceit that they are descended from ancestors who have been for some successions rich or have had great possessions." They have no lawyers among them, for they consider lawyers a sort of people whose profession is "to disguise matters as well as to wrest laws." Their laws are marked by extreme simplicity. "For to them it is all one not to make a law at all, and to couch it in such terms that without a quick apprehension and much study a man cannot find out the true meaning of it."

The Utopians "detest war as a very brutal thing, and which, to the reproach of human nature, is more practised by man than by any sort of beasts." They profess several sorts of religion, but it "is one of their antientest laws that no man ought to be punished for his religion. It seemed to them a very indecent and foolish thing for any man to frighten and threaten other men to believe anything because it seemed true to him; and in case that some religions were certainly true, and all the rest false, they reckoned that the native force of truth would break forth at last and shine bright, if it were conveyed only by the strength of argument and a winning gentleness."

It is melancholy to think how little More was able to realise his own political or religious dreams, and how rapidly the advancing movement of Reformation swept both him and Erasmus away. Seldom has a brilliant morning ended in deeper clouds than those which darkened the later years of both, and especially of More. A few words must suffice to bring the closing picture before our readers.

Of the later life of Erasmus little need be said. He settled finally at Basle (1520), where he continued his incessant literary labours, printed his New Testament, prepared and printed his "Familiar Colloquies," quarrelled with monks on one side, and with Ulrich von Hutten and Luther on the other, now fraternised with Æcolampadius, the Basle Reformer, and now seems to have avoided and disparaged him. The rising spirit of the Lutheran Reformation was as uncongenial to him, in his old age, as the superstitions of monkery and the pride of sacerdotalism had been in his earlier years. He saw nothing but violence, coarseness, and discouragement to learning in its progress,

although Luther and he for a time exchanged friendly letters, and he recognised in Melancthon a scholar whose name might yet throw his own into the shade. Melancthon in turn spoke of him as "the first to call back theology to her fountain-head." So long as he continued on friendly terms with Luther, he was always warning him against violence, and the progress of the religious revolution soon turned the two men into bitter and denunciatory foes. Colet besides was dead (Sept., 1519), and in him Erasmus probably lost not only one of his best friends, but his wisest religious counsellor. At length the evil tidings of what had taken place in England reached him, and he saw not only all his early dreams broken, but knew that his last friend had suffered on the scaffold. "And he too is gone," he said, and prepared himself to die. Finally, on the 12th July, 1536, he breathed his last, and was buried, amidst the lamentations of the university and the townfolk of Basle, in the cathedral where his remains still lie, near the choir—a spot sacred to many a scholarly pilgrim.

More's later years belong to the history of England, and form one of its most interesting and tragic chapters. He would fain, even after his visit to Flanders, have confined himself to private business; but the flatteries of the king and the exigences of the State proved too strong for him, and gradually he was drawn into the political career which at once proved his glory and his misery. Step by step, not without trembling, he mounted to the pinnacle of royal favour and civil power, and then he fell still more rapidly to his tragic end. He had resolved, says his friend, to be content with "his private station; but having gone on more than one mission abroad, the king, not discouraged by the unusual refusal of a pension, did not rest till he had drawn More into the palace. For why should I not say 'drawn,' since no man ever laboured with more industry for admission to a court than More to avoid it. The king would scarcely suffer the philosopher to quit him. For if serious affairs were to be considered, who could give more prudent counsel? or if the king's mind were to be relaxed by cheerful conversation, where could there be a more facetious companion?" His son-in-law Roper has preserved many traits of the special favour extended by Henry to More at this time and afterwards; how he used to call for him—after the council had supped—to be merry with him; how More had difficulty in getting away from the royal presence to visit his wife and children (whose company he most desired)

once a month; how the king even followed him to his retirement at Chelsea, and used to be seen "walking with him in his garden holding his arm about his neck." It was a trying position, difficult to enjoy, and more difficult to avoid: all the more trying that More never seems to have been deceived as to the essential character of the king, and would say to his son-in-law, when he was congratulated on the royal favour, "Son Roper, I may tell thee I have no cause to be proud thereof: for if my head would win him a castle in France, when there was war, I should not fail to go."

By degrees More advanced along the perilous line on which he had entered. In 1519 he abandoned his judicial office in the city of London, was made a knight and raised to the office of Treasurer of the Exchequer in 1521, an office resembling the modern one of Chancellor of the Exchequer. In the same year, and for some time, he was at Calais on an important mission along with Wolsey, and his influence at court seems to have been only second to that of the cardinal. Two years later—in 1523—we find him still asserting his independence, as Speaker of the House of Commons, on a famous occasion when Wolsey came to the House to ask for supplies. His speech on this occasion is in all respects remarkable, and shows him in one of his highest attitudes. The subsequent results of his great life, entangled as they are with the political events of the time, the labyrinthian negotiations about Henry's divorce, the fall of Wolsey in 1529, and his final elevation to the office of Lord Chancellor, may be all read in the pages of Froude or of Green.

It can hardly have been without misgiving even at the time that More found himself in the position vacated by the great cardinal. The unbridled appetites of the king, his lust of power, his determination at all hazards to carry out his own will; the steps one by one of violent and sanguinary authority, by which—with the help of his powerful minister, Thomas Cromwell, who succeeded to the real authority of Wolsey—he broke down every opposition, ecclesiastical or aristocratic, to his own supremacy in Church and State: all this must have been highly distasteful to More, long before he resigned the chancellorship in 1532.

It was his earnest desire, as it was that of his friends, to see the Church reformed, *purified* as they called it. But he was himself not only a devout, but a zealous churchman. Catholicism, as represented by the Roman

See, was, to him, always beautiful and authoritative beyond all other authority. He had, as he himself admitted, a "hatred" of sectaries, as he considered the followers of Luther to be. His chancellorship was signalised by harsh exactions towards those who favoured the movement in England; and he has even been accused of something like personal cruelty in his treatment of Baynham and other early martyrs. The charges against him are strongly put by Foxe in his famous Martyrology, and they have been echoed by Strype and Burnet. The latter, upon the whole a moderate writer, goes the length of saying, "When More was raised to the chief post of the ministry, he became a persecutor even to blood, and defiled those hands which were never polluted with bribes." Mr. Froude thinks the charges in certain cases made out.

It is a melancholy and saddening picture over which we would fain draw the veil—that the author of the *Utopia*, the friend of Erasmus, the translator of his "*Pico di Mirandola*," the man whose integrity and innocency, and wit and genius had been the theme of universal admiration when he became Lord Chancellor, should have sunk, as he himself admits, to the chastisement of children in his own house for teaching heresy, and consented to the death of many on the same charge—stretching even the power of the law to secure his fanatical aims! But More was a fanatic under all the coating of ideal rationalism that appears in the *Utopia*. Catholicism was so beautiful in his eyes, Lutheranism so hateful, that he thought almost any means justifiable in maintaining the one and putting down the other. Not only so, but when he penetrated the ultimate design of Henry and Cromwell, to destroy Catholicism in England, to place the sentence of the universities above the Pope, and the Parliament above Convocation—to put the Church, in short, under the State, and the king at the head of all, it was his unreasoning devotion to his own dream of a church, more than any other impulses, which moved his conscience and will to take their last stand; to refuse to acknowledge the king's marriage in defiance of Rome; to dally, if nothing more, with the ravings of the Joan of Kent, and to refuse to take the oath of submission prescribed by the Act of Succession. Beneath all the tender beauty of his manner, his facetious kindliness, his deep and loving humanity, there can be traced at the last, as at the first, a glow of a religious fanaticism which was deeper than all else in his nature, and which marks with all their

affinities the essential difference betwixt him and his friend Erasmus.

When I use the expression "fanaticism," I mean by it nothing necessarily dishonouring or unworthy. It is only enthusiasm touched with a zeal which is unreasonable; conviction which has ceased to think—merely feels, and holds fast.

The loving grace of More's end, his interview with his favourite daughter Margaret,* her great affection, how she clung to him and embraced him, unable to say any words but these: "My father, O my father!" how, "not satisfied with one farewell, but, like one who had forgotten herself, ravished with the entire love of so worthy a father, having neither respect to herself nor the press of people about him, she suddenly ran to him, took him about the neck, and many times together most lovingly kissed him—whereat he spake not one word; but carrying still his gravity, tears also fell from his eyes, nay, there were but few in all the throng who, at the sight of this, could refrain weeping, nor could the guard themselves;" his pleasantries at the last moment, as he moved away his beard from the block, saying it was a "pity it should be cut, that had never committed treason," and as he warned the executioner that "his neck was very short, and that he should take care, therefore, that he strike not awry:—all this forms an enduring picture in the great gallery of English heroic history, the lines of which will never fail to draw tears from young eyes, so long as the love of all that is noble and beautiful in character lives in English hearts.

As we stand by the bier of More we forget everything but the heroism of his life and death. His unreasoning devotion to a Church which would not have spared his own reforming tendencies had it been able to punish them; his harshness to the Protestant martyrs in his time of power: all this fades away. We see only the glory of a beautiful and solemn death, for what he believed to be the truth. And so far he fell in a great cause, even if the immediate occasion of his death was not great. His martyrdom was a protest to a world that looked on with awe as it saw the greatest Englishman of his time slaughtered at the will of an enraged sovereign and a Machiavellian minister—a protest that duty is mightier than will, and that there are moral forces of honour, love, and reverence, which no tyranny can quench and no execution destroy.

* Roper's wife

The later life of both Erasmus and More is less elevating than the earlier. They failed to measure the full strength of the forces that were moving forward the European world. These forces moved onward although they fell away. Yet we know now that it would have been better for Protestantism had it embraced more of the spirit of the New Learning which they represented. It would have become a freer movement had it learned

more of the spirit of their earlier and higher teaching. Less violent and dogmatic, it would have proved more beneficial. With all the faults of both men, their spirit—their work—was essentially noble; and our Churches are only now beginning to realise and own the blessings of certain radical Christian principles which they taught nearly four hundred years ago.

JOHN TULLOCH.

LETTERS FROM MAURITIUS.

By LADY BARKER.

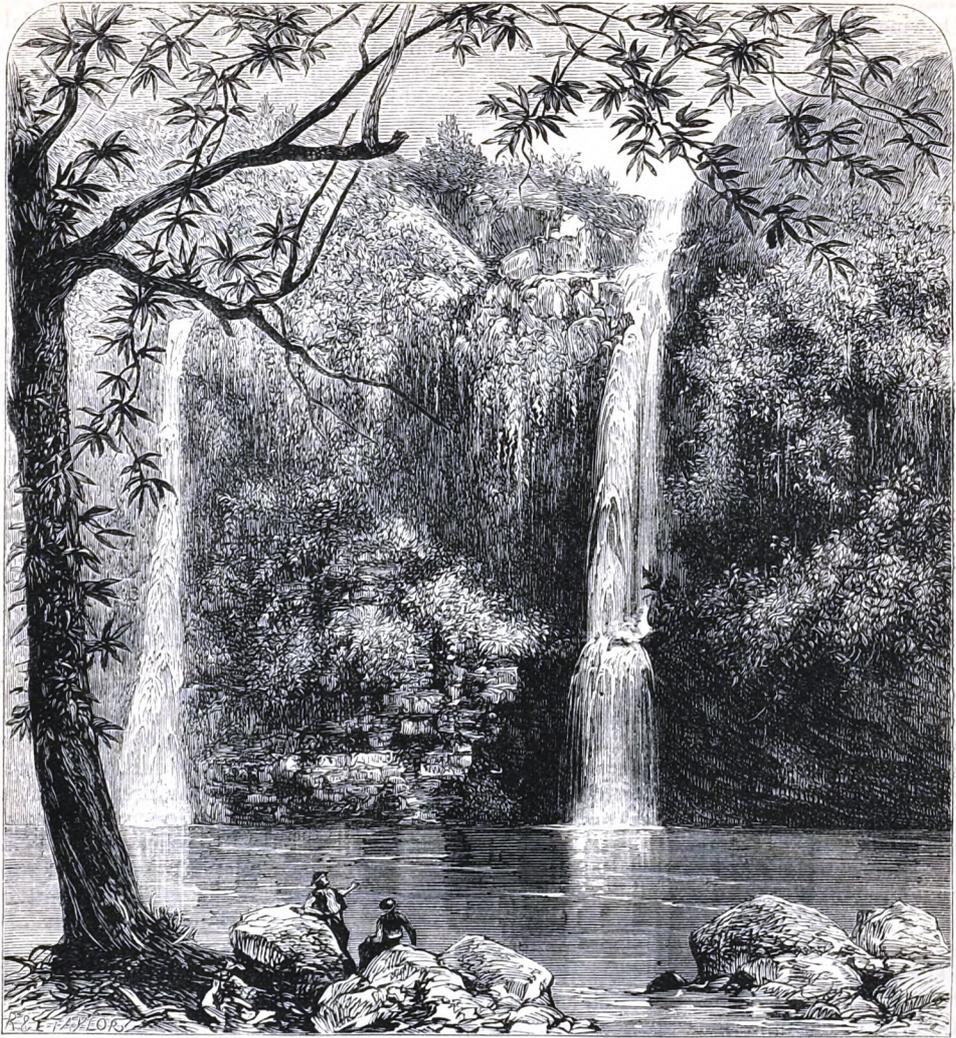
II.

BEAU BASSIN, June 20, 1878.

IT has never been my lot hitherto, even in all my various wanderings, to stand of a clear starlight night and see the dear old Plough shining in the northern sky, whilst the Southern Cross rode high in the eastern heaven. But I can see them both now; and the last thing I always do before going to bed, is to go out and look, first straight before me, where the Plough hangs luminous and low over the sea, and then stroll towards the right-hand or eastern side of the verandah, and gaze up at the beautiful Cross through the rustling, tall tree-tops. It is much too cold now to sit out in the wide verandah and watch either the stars, or try to catch a glimpse of the monkeys peeping up over the edge of the ravine in the moonlight, thereby awakening poor, rheumatic old Boxer's futile rage by their gambols. My favourite theory is that one is never so cold as in a tropical country, and I have had great encouragement in that idea lately. At present it is delightfully, bracingly cold in the morning and evening, and almost too cold for comfort at night, unless indeed you are well provided with blankets. We take long walks of three or four miles of an evening, starting when the sun sinks low enough for the luxuriant hedges by the roadside to afford us occasional shelter, and returning either in the starlight dusk or in the crisper air of a moonlight evening. In every direction the walk is sure to be a pretty one, whether we have the hill of the "Corps-de-garde" before us, with its distinctly marked profile of a French soldier of the days of the empire lying with crossed hands, the head and feet cutting the sky-line sharp and clear, or the bolder outlines of blue Mount Ory, or cloud-capped "Pieter Both." Our path always

lies through a splendid tangle of vegetation, where the pruning-knife seems the only gardening tool needed, and where the deepening twilight brings out many a heavy perfume from some hidden flower. Above us bends a vault of lapis-lazuli, with globes of light hanging in it, and around us is a heavenly, soft, and balmy air. Whenever I say to a resident how delicious I find it all, he or she is sure to answer dolefully, "Wait till the hot weather!" That there is some very different weather to be battled with is apparent by the extraordinary shutters one sees to all the houses. Imagine doors built as if to stand a siege, strengthened by heavy cross pieces of wood close together, and, instead of bolt or lock, kept in their places by solid iron bars as thick as my wrist. Every door and window in the length and breadth of the island is furnished with these *contre-vents*, or hurricane shutters, and they tell their own tale. So do the huge stones, or rather rocks, with which the roofs of the humbler houses and verandahs are weighted. My expression of face must have been something amusing when I remarked triumphantly the other day to one of my acquaintances, who had just observed that my house stood in a very exposed situation, "But it has been built a great many years, and must have stood the great hurricanes of 1848 and 1868." "Ah!" replied Cassandra cheerfully, "there was not much left of it, I fancy, after the '48 hurricane, and I know that the verandah was blown right over the house in the gale of '68!"

If any one asked me what was the serious occupation of my life here, I should answer without hesitation, "Airing my clothes." And it would be absolutely true. No one who has not seen it can imagine the damp



La Cascade, Beau Bassin.

and mildew which covers everything if it be shut up for even a few days. Ammonia in the box or drawer keeps the gloves from being spotted like the pard, but nothing seems to avail with the other articles of clothing. Linen feels quite wet if it is left unused in the *almirah*, or chest of drawers, for a week. Silk dresses break out into a measles-like rash of yellow spots. Cotton or muslin gowns become livid, and take unto themselves a horrible charnel-house odour. Shoes and books are speedily covered a quarter of an inch deep by a mould which you can easily imagine would begin to grow

ferns and long grasses in another week or so.

There is not much animal life astir around me in the Belle Isle. It is too cold still for the butterflies, and I do not observe much variety among the birds. There are flocks of minas always twittering about my lawn—glossy birds very like starlings in their shape and impudent ways, only with more white in the plumage, and with brilliant orange-coloured circles round their eyes. There are plenty of paroquets, I am told, and cardinal birds, but I have not yet seen them. A sort of hybrid canary whistles and chirps

in the early mornings, and I hear the shrill wild note of a merle every now and then. Of winged game there are but few varieties—partridges, quails, guinea-fowl, and pigeons making up the list; but, on the other hand, poultry seems to swarm everywhere. I never saw such long-necked and long-legged cocks and hens in my life as I see here; but these feathered giraffes appear to thrive remarkably well, and scratch and cackle around every Malabar hut. I have not seen a sheep or a goat since I arrived, nor a cow or bullock grazing. The milch cows are all stall-fed. The bullocks go straight from shipboard to the butcher; and the horses are never turned out. This is partly because there is no pasturage, the land being used entirely for sugar-cane, or else left in small patches of jungle. As might be expected from such a volcanic-looking island, the surface of the ground is extremely stony; but the sugar-cane loves the light soil, and I am told that it thrives best where the stones are just turned aside, and a furrow left for the cane-plant. After a year or so the furrow is changed by the rocks being rolled back again into their original places, and the space they occupied is then available for young plants. The wild hares are terrible enemies to the first shoots of the cane, and we pass picturesque *gardiens* armed with amazing *fusils*, and clad in every variety of picturesque rag, keeping a sort of boundary guard at the edges of the sprouting cane-fields.

The horses are better than I expected. When one hears that every four-footed beast has to be imported, one naturally expects dear and indifferent horses; but I am agreeably surprised in this respect. We have horses from the Cape, from Natal, and even from Australia, and they do not appear to cost more here than they would in their respective countries. I scarcely, however, ever see any one on horseback; people never seem to ride, to my great regret. I am assured that it will be much too hot to do so in the summer evenings, and that the hardness of the roads prevents riding from being an agreeable mode of exercise. Every village can furnish sundry *carrioles* for hire—queer-looking little conveyances like a minute section of a tilt-cart mounted on two crazy wheels, and drawn by a rat of a pony. Ponies are a great institution here, and are really more suitable for ordinary work than horses. They are im-

ported in large numbers from Pegu and other parts of Burmah, and also from Java, Timur, and different places in the Malay Archipelago. They stand about twelve or fourteen hands high, and are the strongest, healthiest, pluckiest little beauties imaginable, full of fire and go. Occasionally I meet a carriage drawn by a handsome pair of mules; and they are much used in the numerous carts, and for farm work, especially on the sugar estates. They are chiefly brought from South America and from the Persian Gulf, and have many admirers.

I must say I like Mauritius extremely. It is so *comfortable* to live in a place with good servants and commodious houses, and the society is particularly refined and agreeable, owing chiefly to the mixture of a strong French element in its otherwise hum-drum ingredients. I have never seen such a wealth of lovely hair, or such beautiful eyes and teeth, as I observe in the girls in every ball-room here; and when you add exceedingly charming—alas! that I must say foreign—manners, and a great deal of musical talent, you can easily imagine that the style of the society is a good deal above that to be found in most colonies.

What weighs upon me most sadly in the Mauritius is the solitude and the intense loneliness of the little island. We are very gay and pleasant among ourselves; but I often feel as if I were in a dream, as far as the rest of the world is concerned, or as if we were all living in another planet. Only once in a month does the least whisper reach us from the great outer world beyond our girdling reef of breaking foam; only once in four long weeks can any tidings come to us from those we love and are parted from, any news of the progress of events, any thrilling incidents of daily history; and it is strange how diluted the sense of interest becomes by passing through so long an interval of days and weeks—the force of everything is weakened, its strength broken. Can you fancy the position of a ship at sea, not voyaging towards any port or harbour, but moored in the midst of a vast, desolate ocean? Once in a weary while of thirty days another ship passes and throws some mail-bags on board, and whilst we stretch out clamorous hands and cry for fuller tidings, for more news, the vessel has passed out of our reach, and we are absolutely alone once more.



ETERNAL LIFE.

Sermon preached by the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Rochester.

"And this is the record, that God hath given to us eternal life, and this life is in His Son."—I JOHN V. II.

WHO understands these words, or believes them, or (much more) uses them? Understands them in their inexhaustible profoundness; believes them in their marvellous gladness; or uses them, in their supernatural power? They are so deep that none of us has ever got to the bottom of them; so wonderful, that most men pass them by, as too good to be true; so potent with life and grace, that even the Church herself sometimes asks herself if it is really all for her. For certainly, if only they are true, they are the most practical words in the Bible, telling us all we need to know about God and Christ, and ourselves; revealing God's mind, and what He has to give us; also the vast riches, which it is at once our duty and our privilege to receive.

The text contains four distinct and simple propositions, growing out of each other, in the order of the Divine thought. Life, eternal life, is the substance of the revelation; and being a gift, God's own gift, it is not a distant, a future gift—it is given now. It is a gift for all men, even for the race, and bestowed on them, and intended for them (so far as God's purpose is concerned), whether they know it and care for it, or not. Last, but chiefest of all, it resides in Christ.

I. WHAT IS THE MEANING OF ETERNAL LIFE?—There is a great deal about eternal life in the Bible. St. John tells us that it was with the Father, and was manifested unto us. Christ Himself says about it that its essence consists in the knowledge of the Father, and of Himself as sent by the Father. Indeed, it is the life which God Himself lives, and has lived from all eternity, and in which He has His blessedness, whose thought is truth, and its force life, and its nature love. As *truth* it contains and declares the essence and substance and relation of all things; as *light* it is the manifesting power, which doth and must make manifest by the very force and acting of its nature; as *love* it is that which cannot be contented with its own separate felicity and existence, but which finds its joy and satisfaction, even at the cost of infinite sacrifice, in going out of itself for the sake of others. In its aspect towards God it is God's own life, and light, and blessedness; in its aspect towards man, it is Divine truth for his understanding, quickening and penetrating it; Divine light

for his conscience, bringing God into it, to speak to him and deal with him there; Divine love to his heart, showing him how he is loved, and enabling him to love in return; a life, moreover, about which it should be further said that we *must* have it, or we perish. "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God."

II. ETERNAL LIFE IS THE GIFT OF GOD.—Here is the gospel in a sentence. We can earn death if we will: "The wages of sin is death." Life, if had at all, must be had by giving. "The gift of God is eternal life by Jesus Christ our Lord." It is given; it is given by God; and the gift is a past gift, given when Christ was given; and ever since on to the end. It is *given*, and no conditions either modify its freeness, or diminish its fullness, or water down its joy. It is given by *God*, Who knows what He is doing, and those for whom He is doing it; Who does not give away, either what does not exist, or what does not belong to Him; Who, though He never forces His gifts on any one, will do His best to persuade us to receive them; Who waits and hopes and tries for many a patient year with those who put it off from them; Who continually strengthens us, lest we should receive it in vain. What is even more to the purpose, it is not something that may or shall be given, it is something that has been given. While we may hope for its full fruition and growing development, the gift itself is ours now, and it is for us to decide when we shall make it ours by taking and using it. It is a full, and a free, and a *present* gift, this eternal life of the Father. The sooner we understand it for ourselves, and share it with our brethren, the more we shall get and give of its Divine joy. No doubt there are those who cavil at this; partly because they do not understand God, thinking Him to be one like themselves, partly because they do not trust Him, as if He were preaching a dangerous doctrine to us poor human creatures, whom though He made, He does not quite understand, whom though He loves, He is capable of misleading. There may also lurk in some hearts, unknown to them, a secret displeasure at being under an obligation even to God, in the matter of their salvation. They have an impression, reasonable no doubt in earthly things, that what is earned carries more value with it than what is given; and that what is

easily and quickly obtained is likely to be as easily lost. The answer to all which is a threefold one. *The wisdom of God* understands the human heart, and prefers to stir and rule it by generous love, rather than by servile terror. *The doctrine of the gospel* is justification by faith, not by works. We believe, and are saved, in order that we may work; we do not work that we may be enabled to believe, and so in the end be saved. The order of ideas here is of supreme importance, though the end to which they point is the same in either case. "The law is our schoolmaster to bring us unto Christ, that we might be justified by faith." *The results of experience*, which, as set forth in the three great parables in the fifteenth chapter of St. Luke's Gospel, and as manifested in daily life before our eyes, plainly teach us, that to bring out man's power of trust, and to help him to act upon it, is the true education of his moral nature; that gratitude is the noblest factor in human conduct; and that forgiving love, granted on account of repentance, and the hope that is stirred by it, is at once the safe, the prudent, and the effectual leverage in effecting the reformation of the lost.

III. IT IS A GIFT FOR THE RACE.—"God so loved *the world*," said Christ. "Hath given to us," *i.e.* not to us Jews only, but, as the apostle had been careful to explain in an earlier part of the epistle, "He is the propitiation for our sins; and not for ours only, but also for the sins of the whole world." This is a wonderful truth, seldom and imperfectly comprehended. Oddly enough, there is a confusion in many minds between the two entirely distinct acts of giving and receiving; and the idea prevails, that unless we receive a gift, the gift cannot have been bestowed. But a thing may be given, so far as the purpose and act of the giver are concerned, quite independently of our caring about it, or using it, when it is given, though there is a real sense in which it cannot be said to be ours until we have actually entered into possession. Yet, just so far as he who gives and he who receives are two distinct persons, the fact of the giving and the fact of the receiving are two distinct facts. It is true we cannot receive anything till it is given to us, and we may refuse to take it when it is given; yet our refusal does not destroy the fact of the gift, it simply prevents our enjoyment of it. The given benevolence is the same, and our relation to it; and that the thing has been given is an indestructible and inalienable fact which no conduct of ours can touch, modify, or destroy. The title-deeds of our

eternal inheritance are, in fact, placed before us, for us to accept or reject as we please. So far as God's mind and will have anything to do with the matter, He willeth our eternal life; but He will not force it on us; He will only persuade us to it. What His love bestows our faith must accept.

IV. THIS ETERNAL LIFE RESIDES IN CHRIST.—"This life is in His Son." Christ is the manifestation of God, and, through His incarnation, the depository of His life. Creation alone could not make God completely manifest; redemption made perfect what Creation had begun. This is what Christ continually claimed for Himself: and because He so claimed it, He was condemned to His Cross. "As the Father hath life in Himself, even so hath the Son life in Himself." "Ye will not come unto me that ye might have life." "I am the bread of life." Now do you wonder that the Church declares so resolutely and holds so tenaciously the Godhead of Christ? How could eternal life be in Christ, if He was only man? Nay, had He been only man, why did He admit as truly to be concluded from His claim to be one with the Father, instead of explaining that He meant nothing of the kind, the reproach for blasphemy, which the Jews cast at Him, and only with too good reason, if His claim was false? This life is in His Son, in His incarnate Person; and it comes to us through our union with His person, and it is maintained, and fed, and enlarged, and deepened in us, in proportion to the vitality and closeness of our union. And as one Sacrament, that of Baptism, when rightly received, grafts us as by an outward instrument into His Person, which by faith we inwardly embrace and adore, so by the other Sacrament, that of His Holy Supper, do we take to ourselves, as in the special refreshment of a meal, those divine benefits of His flesh and blood; whereof He says, in anticipation doubtless of the ordinance He was soon afterwards to institute, "He that eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood dwelleth in me and I in Him." Personal, spiritual, vital union with Christ—this means everything, both of the life we enjoy, the grace we receive, the fellowship we partake, the security we possess. Out of Christ, there is nothing for us; in Christ, there is the fulness of God.

To conclude: He who imparts to us this eternal life, and who witnesses about it when it is imparted, and makes it grow and abide in us from day to day, is He of whom the Creed testifies, "I believe in the Holy Ghost, the Lord and giver of life." In

Him, parents must trust when they bring their children to Holy Baptism. With Him pastors must plead if they, in dealing with their flocks, would penetrate the heart with the word of truth, and bow the will to the commandments of God. In Him the Church must live and move and have her being, if she is to rise to the level of her noble functions, testify for God in a crooked and perverse generation, empty hands filled with divine gifts over the countries of the heathen world, pronounce a divine benediction on the race for which Jesus suffered. Growth, progress, victory; these are at once the signs of life, and the methods of safety. The Church is a militant Church, and the sword of the Spirit is her one offensive weapon. Yet she has never even conceived the grandeur of her task, much less grappled with it. In this, the nineteenth century since the Lord went back to heaven, her enemies pleasantly scoff at her, that she still fights the new battles with the old weapons, hardly with the old courage and love. But if God the Holy Ghost bestows this eternal life on men, and it is God's purpose for them that they should have it, why are so few saved? It is the spirit of the world which in some men succeeds in effectually shutting out altogether the light and power of the gospel; in others, weakens its force, diverts its aim, and chills its fervour. As our Lord said to the Jews, "How can ye believe which seek honour one from another, and seek not the honour which cometh from God only?" Men have to choose between two worlds, and two masters, and two rewards. While some temporise and aim at both, and secure neither—certainly not eternal life; others, knowing what they want, and going straight for it, get it, but are poorly paid when life is done. Among Christians, those in whom this eternal life beats its thin weak pulses, how much loss of power and joy comes either through doubting God's word or slighting God's love! Indeed, we, none of us, have any notion of what this eternal life might mean and bring to us if we gave it full play, and suffered it dominion over our hearts. The joy God has for those who suffer for Him, and the peace for those who trust Him, and the light for those who look to Him, and the fellowship for those who walk with Him, and the service for those who love Him,

and the happiness for those who cling to Him—who shall say? But perhaps those who have most of these things are least conscious of having them, the soonest find out that they miss them, the most sadly cry for them to come back, the most humbly reproach themselves for their own shallowness. For this eternal life is a thought which there is no plumbing, a well which through all the age to come will never run dry.

And this being so, what a responsibility it is that it is given to us, and we do not take it; or that we take it, but take so little of it; or that we take the part (so to speak) that makes us safe, and as little as we can of the part that makes us holy, or useful; or if we take it and keep it, and in a way enjoy it, we will not pass it on to others; not seeing that God has no exclusiveness in His gifts, and that what He gives, He means to be shared.

My friends who read this sermon, I wish to put a question to you; and do not shirk it, but try honestly to answer it as in the presence of God. "How shall you escape if you neglect so great salvation?" It is given you, do you recognise it? It is given you, do you care about it? It is given you, do you mean to receive it? It is given you, are you willing to have it of it as much as you can? Eternal life—God's own life, in its moral beauty, in its divine perfections, in its illimitable thought—in its boundless gladness, love and hope, truth and righteousness; power that heals, and will that saves. Eternal life, so far as creatures can share it; eternal life, so far as grace can convey it; eternal life, in its length, breadth, and depth, and height, that passeth knowledge, as far as the love that bestows it does. My friends, this is all for you—nay, it is yours this day, laid at your feet, and pressed on your heart, by one Who to prove His sincerity and your preciousness died to procure it for you. If you will take it, and let it grow within you according to its own hidden law, you shall presently learn, long before you see it face to face, what the bliss of heaven means; for you will know what God gives, and heaven is the fruition of God. Neglect it, put it aside, let time slip by for a more convenient season, and your eternity will be but a sad remorse for what might have been yours, but which deliberately, and consciously, and finally you flung away!



NEW TESTAMENT TOWNS.

III.—BETHABARA BEYOND JORDAN.

IN attacking the authenticity of the "Gospel after John," as the fourth Gospel is called in the earliest MSS., the author of "Supernatural Religion" has not omitted to criticize the topography of the book, and especially with regard to Bethabara he has endeavoured to show that the evangelist had confused, in his own mind, places which could not possibly be identical, namely, Bethany in Judea, and Bethabara beyond Jordan.

The supposed position of Bethabara has indeed furnished hostile critics from an early period with an opportunity for carping at the Gospel narrative, and thus the question has an interest for general readers beyond that of a mere antiquarian discussion.

The defence of the fourth Gospel is materially strengthened by the information now obtainable, which is due to the recent survey explorations.

Bethabara is commonly supposed to have been the place at which Christ was baptized, but this is an inference from, rather than a direct statement of, the Gospel.

Bethabara is only once noticed, as a place where John was baptizing, and where our Lord passed two days, which are placed in the New Testament harmonies between the Temptation and the Miracle of Cana. Bethabara was "beyond Jordan," and the name suggests that it was in the vicinity of the river. The first syllable, *Beth*, shows that the place intended was probably a town or hamlet; while the second, *Abarah*, has the meaning of "passage" or "ferry," suggesting that the town stood near one of the Jordan fords. It is quite possible that such a ford was the scene of Christ's baptism, and that after the Temptation in the desert He may have returned to this same place in order to cross Jordan on His way to Galilee; but it is important to observe, that the incidents connected with the name occurred *after* the Temptation, and that while, for two days, Christ remained at Bethabara, "on the third day" he was at Cana of Galilee.

This order of the narrative furnishes us with a slight clue to the position of Bethabara, as it should apparently be sought near Jordan, and within a day's journey of Cana of Galilee.

The argument above stated has been used as a weapon against the Sacred Text, but the objection raised is founded on a fallacy.

The critics have taken for granted that the position of Bethabara was fixed with certainty, and measuring on their maps from the traditional site, they find the distance to Cana (at its traditional site) to be about eighty miles, which may be taken as rather over three days' journey. The fallacy lies in the assumption that the traditional site of Bethabara is of necessity the true one.

The tradition which fixes the site now generally shown as that of our Lord's baptism, can be traced back to the fourth century; but, like nearly all other ecclesiastical traditions connected with Palestine, it is not known at an earlier date, nor are there any indications of the reason which led to its being chosen by the fourth-century Christians, for the name Bethabara is not found in the neighbourhood.

The site is shown at the main Jordan ford, east of Jericho, and the place is not improbably that at which the children of Israel crossed the river, when first entering the promised land under Joshua. The scene annually presented, when the Greek and Latin pilgrims come down from Jerusalem to dip in Jordan, has often been described. The river is about twenty to thirty yards wide at the bend where the ford is found; on the west there is an open shingly beach, on the east a flat bank with a cliff of marl above; north of the ford, on the right bank, is a clump of very ancient tamarisks of unusual size, and little paths have been beaten by the pilgrims' feet through the underwood between the trunks. This spot, which is called by the Arabs "the Ford of Hajlah" (from the neighbouring 'Ain Hajlah—the ancient Beth Hogleh), is the only place for many miles where the brink of the river can be reached. Above and below the ford, Jordan lies hidden in a jungle of tamarisk and willow, and a thick cane brake extends down into the stream.

North of the pilgrims' bathing-place is an old crusading monastery in ruins, built on the foundations of a yet older structure. This place was called Saint John on Jordan, and even as early as 530 A.D. a monastery built by the Emperor Anastasius, and standing on vaults as a precaution against the spring overflow of the Jordan, is described by pilgrims. To this monastery Justinian added a fine reservoir, which remains intact outside the building on the west.

Such is the traditional site of Bethabara. How it came to be chosen we cannot now determine; but the great distance from the neighbourhood of Cana of Galilee (even if we place that town at the most southern of the possible sites), seems to render it impossible to accept the tradition.

There is another curious question connected with the name Bethabara, which furnishes us with a second possible indication of the position in which the place should be sought. In the oldest known MSS. of the fourth Gospel, the name Bethabara does not occur; but "Bethania" stands instead. Even as early as the time of Origen, this double reading was in existence, and he prefers the one now in use, while admitting the other to be that found in the older MSS. For this change there must be some substantial reason. The early fathers of the Church can hardly be supposed to have invented the reading Bethabara; and its genuine character is the more confirmed by the fact that the name occurs nowhere else in the Bible. Thus the alteration ranks on quite a different footing from those corruptions which have resulted in replacing an unknown word by the name of a famous site.

The easiest solution of this curious difficulty seems to be, that the original text contained both names, and that the reading should be "in Bethabara, in Bethania, beyond Jordan." Bethania was the Aramaic form of the old Hebrew Bashan, in use in the time of Christ. The word occurs in the Talmud, and in the Samaritan Pentateuch; and we may thus deduce a conclusion which agrees with the former indication of the position of Bethabara, placing the site in the upper part of the Jordan valley, between Lower Galilee and the broad district of Bashan.

It is in this very district that we find the name 'Abârah still existing and applied to a ford of Jordan. The fords were formerly almost unknown, and only four or five are marked on the best maps; but the Arabs know of about fifty fords in all, some of minor importance, only passable in summer, others quite as valuable as those already known to Europeans.

In 1874 the English survey party were employed for two months in laying down the course of Jordan and in marking the fords. They were the first Europeans who had ever lived so long in the Jordan valley; and much valuable information was collected as to the course of the tributary streams, and as to the formation of the great chasm in which Jordan flows. The shallowest part of the

river proved to be that immediately south of the point where the perennial stream from the Valley of Jezreel joins the Jordan. Here, in a distance of seven miles, there are no less than twenty-one fords, and in one place there is a small rapid breaking over boulders, which even in the month of April, after an exceptionally wet season, were showing above the surface.

Just north of the Jezreel stream is a ford by which the main road from Galilee to Bashan crosses the river. The stream flows between banks which reach up only a foot or two above the water, and a flat expanse of grassy ground scattered with a few bushes runs back from the brink. The steep muddy slopes of the second bank rise at a distance of about three hundred yards from the water, leading to the level of the plain of Beisan, about a hundred feet above Jordan. The current in spring is rapid, for the Jordan on leaving the Sea of Galilee has a fall of about forty feet to the mile, though in the district where the numerous fords above noticed are found the average fall is only about ten or twelve feet to the mile. The yellow turbid water slips rapidly and silently over its muddy bed, and the river is here seen to better advantage than farther south, for the cane brake and the thick tamarisk swamps do not here exist. There are two or three small islets in the middle of the stream in this part which are covered with low trees, but the banks are low and the ground near the river flat and open, in places cultivated with barley, in parts covered with the luxuriant wild vegetation which in spring extends over the whole valley.

The scenery on either bank is picturesque. On the east are the steep slopes which lead up to the Bashan plateau and the white gorge where the Hieromax flows down between sharp ridges and conical peaks of chalk and marl towards Jordan. On the west is the plain of Beisan, cultivated with barley, irrigated by numerous streams from the clear springs farther west, and dotted with stunted palms; to the north rises the steep black cliff on which, eighteen hundred feet above Jordan, stand the ruins of the basaltic fortress of Belvoir, built in the twelfth century by the Christian kings of Jerusalem.

Such is the scenery around the ford of 'Abârah, the name of which is identical with the Hebrew Abarah, or "passage." The open ground and the shallow stream alike seem to point to the spot as a likely site for the baptism of the crowds which came out to John in the desert. The distance to Cana

is within a day's march, and the main road leads from the ford up the open valley of Jezreel by Nain, Endor, and Tabor to Nazareth. The same road on the east leads into the district of Bethania, where the hamlet of Bethabara must have stood, "beyond Jordan;" but it is the ford rather than the village which is the place of main interest, for at the ford probably the baptism of Christ would have occurred.

The ford of Abarah is not the only one on Jordan which preserves an ancient name. The Damieh ford is generally held to preserve the name of the "city Adam," where the waters of Jordan were dammed up during the passage of Israel under Joshua. There is also a ford between these which has the curious name Fattah-Allah, "opened by God," connected probably with some tradition which seems now to be forgotten. Thus we have as it were a precedent for supposing the preservation of the ancient nomenclature of the Jordan fords; and among many interesting names which have lately been recovered and identified with scriptural sites, there is perhaps none which can rank in importance with that of the ford of Abarah.

It has been said with regard to this identification that the name being purely descriptive, it is not safe to consider it as certainly ancient, and that it is a title which may probably apply to more than one ford of Jordan.

To this the only answer is the map of Jordan showing the fords now known, and giving their names. The word used by the Arabs for a ford is *makhâdeh*, "the place of going through," and this term is applied to all passages practicable either on foot or on horseback.

The word 'Abârah is not used in any general sense by the Arabs as meaning a ford, and the name does not occur again among those of the fifty known fords, nor is it a word commonly occurring in the nomenclature of Palestine, for no other known instance of the existence of the word has been discovered.

The nomenclature of ancient, as of modern Palestine, was descriptive, and in that sense the name 'Abârah is descriptive, but in the sense of being a modern word in general use it is not.

There is thus fair reason to suppose that the ancient name still applies to that ford of Jordan where Christ was probably baptized, and that a site has been recovered which agrees in position with the requisites of the Gospel account. The charge of error which was supposed to have been proved against the evangelist recoils on the hostile critics of the Gospel, and the fallacy as to the position of Bethabara proves to be theirs, and not that of St. John.

CLAUDE R. CONDER, LIEUT. R.E.

DUNTROON.

A MAGICAL night, my masters !
A wild, magical night ;
And stern Duntroon,
By light of moon,
Shines out all stark and white.

A magical night, my masters !
A wild, magical night ;
The waves roll in,
With ceaseless din,
And leap to castle's height.

A magical night, my masters !
A wild, magical night ;
The sea-bird's cry
Sounds far on high,
A wail of pain and fright.

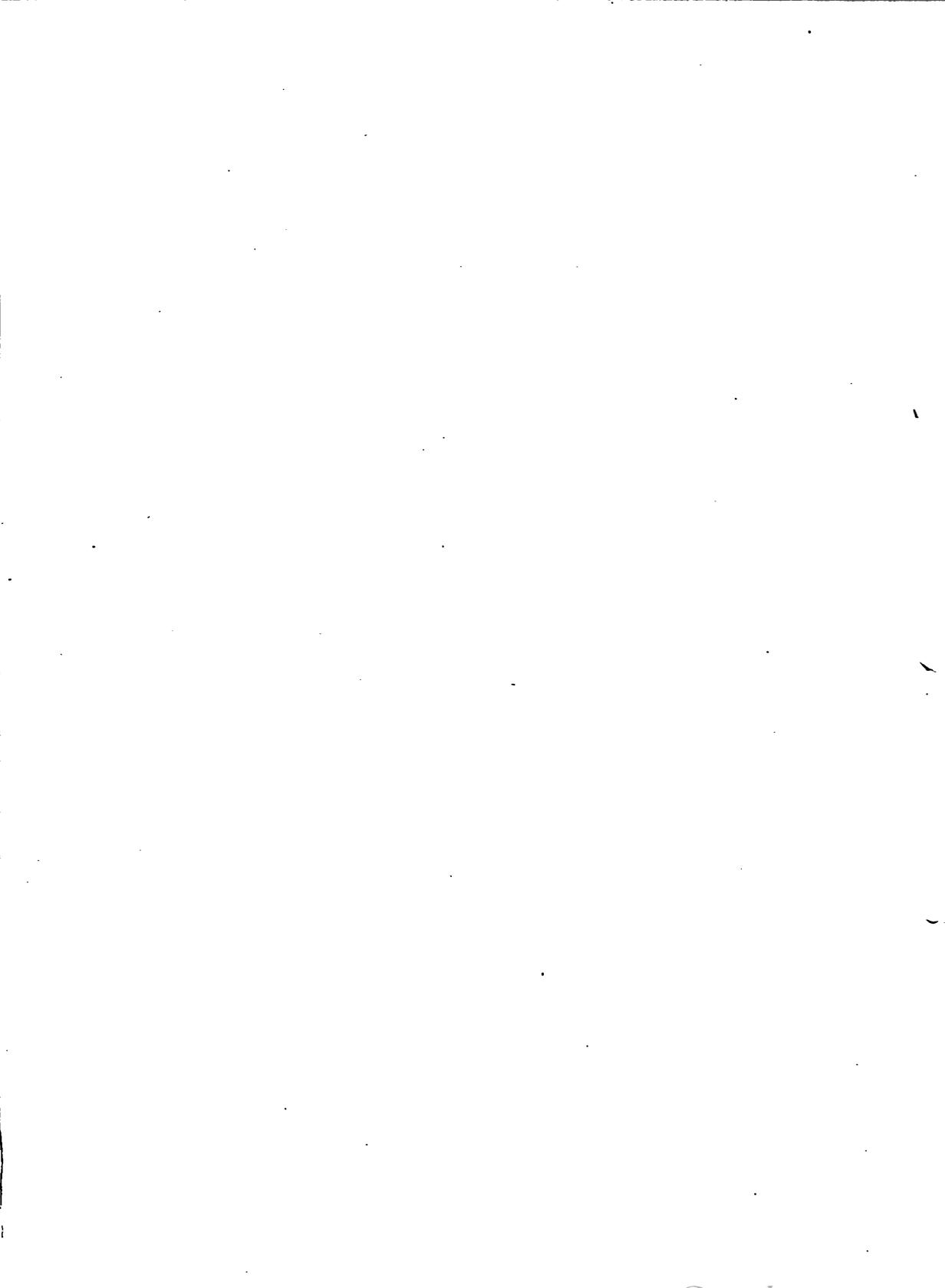
A magical night, my masters !
A wild, magical night.
Trees blown about
Do sing and shout
Of bloody Campbell's night.

A magical night, my masters !
A wild, magical night.
In grave unblest
He may not rest
Until the morning's light.

A magical night, my masters !
A wild, magical night.
To purge his sins,
When night begins
He leaves his grave to fight.

A magical night, my masters !
A wild, magical night.
Relentless time
Avenges crime,
And God defends the right.

CHARLES BLATHERWICK.





“ DUNTROON.”

THE PRACTICAL IMPORTANCE OF THE CONTROVERSY OF ST. ATHANASIUS WITH ARIANISM.

ONE of the most instructive methods of considering the great doctrines of theology is to view them in their relation to the age in which they were first fully developed. It has been by means of the accumulated experience of Christian life that the truths of our faith have been brought to the light of day and have been impressed upon the Christian conscience; and the greatest crises in the history of the Church have been those at which some grand doctrine has become prominent, has aroused all the spiritual and mental energies of the greatest men of the day, and has received at their hands its formal expression. This is eminently the case with the doctrine of the Trinity. Though that which is commonly called the creed of St. Athanasius cannot be considered as really his, nevertheless the assertion of the cardinal truth in the doctrine of the Trinity is indissolubly associated with his name. The character of that doctrine is in the present day much misapprehended, and seems to offer great difficulties to some minds. They regard it as a metaphysical speculation, and they do not discern its vital relation to Christian life. It may remove some of these difficulties, and will at least contribute to a comprehension of the real character and importance of the doctrine, if we consider it in relation to the age of St. Athanasius, and inquire what was the point of view from which he approached it.

For this purpose it will be desirable to attempt a general sketch of the main issues, both political and religious, which were at stake in the fourth century. That century has been designated by one of the principal of English ecclesiastical writers as *sæculum Arianum*, or the Arian century, and there can be no question of the substantial accuracy of this description of it. Arianism and the struggle which raged round it occupy the largest space in the Church history of the time. But it will at once be evident that such a designation indicates what may be called the negative aspect of the century, and that the true movement of thought and life within it must be sought in the positive principle against which Arianism contended, and which ultimately won the victory. That principle was the true divinity of our Lord Jesus Christ. This was the grand truth which was at stake in all the struggles, theological and even political, of

that time; and if the phrase were not ambiguous, it might not be amiss to describe this century as *sæculum Christianum*, the Christian century by special eminence. A single contrast will suffice to indicate the nature of the great victory which was won. The century opens with the spectacle of the whole civil authority of the empire engaged in a desperate attempt to stamp out the Christian faith. The most barbarous tortures, the most reckless bloodshed, and wholesale civil proscriptions, were brought to bear against the members of the Christian Church. Such was the commencement of the century; let us turn to its close. In the year 390, the Emperor Theodosius, in the plenitude of his power, had ordered an indiscriminate slaughter of at least seven thousand persons in the city of Thessalonica, in revenge for the murder of one of his officers by the mob of the city. St. Ambrose, the Bishop of Milan, at once addressed to the emperor an indignant remonstrance against such an act of cruelty, and declared that he could not celebrate the eucharist in his presence until by some public act of penance he had made amends to the Church for such an offence. The emperor accordingly performed public penance, stripping himself of his royal insignia, and praying for pardon with sighs and tears, and he is said not to have passed a day afterwards without grieving for his crime. The character of a period of history is often best appreciated by taking two characteristic scenes of this kind, and considering the distance of thought which separates them, and the space in human experience which must have been traversed before the one could have succeeded the other. What is that space in this instance? It is obvious that a totally new authority has been established, and this authority is that of Christ and Christ's ministers. St. Ambrose was, of course, destitute of any legal right to call Theodosius to account. He is simply representing his Master; that Master is recognised by Theodosius as his Lord and his God, and the monarch of the world submits himself to Christ's punishment and control. It is this which must be considered the grand result of the controversy with Arianism. Christ, at the beginning of the century, was to the world at large simply the object of the worship of a persecuted sect. At the end of the century, He is recognised publicly by the highest

authority of the empire as the Divine Lord of all.

If this consideration be kept in view, it may impart a unity to the confused struggles of this period which would otherwise be wanting. One grand result is really being worked out amidst all the disorganized passions, intrigues, controversies, and persecutions of the time. That result is the supreme moral and spiritual authority of Christ; and as the century passes away we see in the person of Innocent, the first great pope, the Christian Church, as the representative of that Divine name, assuming the control over the world which was fast dropping from the hands of all civil power. It is the greatness of Constantine to have conceived, however imperfectly, the possibility of some such revolution, and to have given the first impulse to it. His conception, indeed, involved the centralization of this new moral authority in the hands of the civil power, and this error led to all the contradictions of his reign. In his vision of a cross with the legend, "By this thou shalt conquer," more seems to be included than the mere promise of victory in battle; and to disparage that vision, as has been sometimes done, on the ground that the cross was unworthy to be associated with the bloody scenes of war, is to take too narrow a view of its significance. So far as it implied that the sole method by which any civil authority could for the future assert a permanent supremacy was by allying itself with the cross and the Church, it accurately symbolized not merely the crisis in Constantine's life, but the crisis which then prevailed in the history of the world. In this sense the vision remains true to the present day; and the time may come again when the civil power, craving once more for a solid support and a permanent basis for its authority, may recur to the pregnant vision of the first Christian emperor. Constantine has himself told us what was his main animating conception at the outset of his reign. "I proposed to myself," he said, "in the first place to unite under one form the opinion which all nations held of the Deity, and, secondly, to restore its former vigour to the whole body of the empire, which appeared to be affected by a grievous malady. Keeping these objects before me, I considered the one with the silent eyes of thought, and I endeavoured to attain the other by force of arms. For I conceived that if, as was my desire, I could establish a common agreement amongst all the worshippers of God, the administration

of public affairs would receive a beneficial change conformable to the pious feelings of all men."* His vision, accordingly, has been well described, whatever its real character, as "the response of faith to an interrogation of genius." From that moment his part was taken, and, with whatever inconsistency or ignorance, he sought thenceforwards in the Church the principle of unity and of authority which was escaping from the empire. This was the idea which he initiated, and by virtue of which he justly holds the title of "Constantine the Great." It was an idea only to be realised by a fierce and prolonged struggle, political and spiritual, ecclesiastical, intellectual, and social—a struggle amidst which not merely noble and wise deeds, but splendid errors, were inevitable; a struggle which called into play the greatest and deepest forces of the human spirit, and involved, little as it was foreseen, the subversion of one civilisation and the creation of another. It is imperative for us, if we would form any adequate conception of the nature of this period, and of the men who lived and worked in it, to disengage ourselves from the habit, so often indulged, of forming judgments on the great characters of such a time in accordance with the exigencies and the habits of wholly different periods and circumstances. The more we enter into those momentous struggles, the more—like men surveying a battle-field—shall we condone the passion, the blunders, the defects we may witness, and the more must our whole sympathy be given to the noble energies and the lofty thoughts which were inspiring the actors. The errors of Constantine were in great measure like the errors of Columbus. The Spaniard, animated by a vision of genius, started on a vast and mysterious sea in search of India. He did not find the Indies, but he did find a new continent, and he called into existence a new world. Constantine was attracted by the illusion that he could find in the Christian Church a permanent bond of union for the Roman State, and a new source of imperial authority. In the latter effort he was unsuccessful, and his successors failed still more signally. But he did set free the forces which were destined to create a new bond of union for human society, and to establish a permanent moral authority in the world.

But where was this authority to be centred? Constantine, as we have seen, conceived with justice that it could only be found in the re-

* Euseb., "Vit. Const." ii. 65.

cognition by all men of one supreme object of worship, and for this he looked to the Church. The cardinal question, therefore, of his reign, and of the century, was, what was the object of worship which the Church thus presented to the world? Of that there was no doubt. It was our Lord Jesus Christ, and the Godhead as incarnate in Him. The essence of Christian life up to that time had been the absolute devotion of the soul to its Divine Lord. The gospel had found the secret of evoking a love which absorbed all the heart, all the soul, all the mind, and all the strength; a love which transcended the limits of this life, the very bounds of space, of time, and all the conditions of human weakness, and which enabled men in deliberate consciousness, and in the full exercise of all their powers, to surrender themselves to the service of Christ. This is the main fact on which it behoves us to concentrate our attention, if we would do the least justice to the nature of the Arian struggle. It is a point which has been seized with singular clearness and force by Dr. Newman, who is doubtless the greatest English master of the history of this time. The force of this Divine vision is admirably depicted in a tale called "Callista," in which he describes the Christian life in the middle of the previous century, during the persecution of the time of Cyprian. The person of Christ had revealed to all the noble souls who had heard of it a vision of truth, of purity, of spiritual beauty and grace by which they were enraptured. In the first ardour of this vision, as yet unobscured by the formal garb which human weakness at length threw around it, they were stimulated to efforts of spiritual fervour and ascetic self-discipline which to us seem scarcely conceivable. Doubtless that enthusiasm led them into error; but it is a trial of patience to hear them coolly criticized. "He was a great man," said one statesman of another, "and I have forgotten all his faults." "They were great saints, and their faults were like spots in the sun," would, on the whole, be the just, as well as generous, judgment of the ecclesiastical historian on these characters.

The most conspicuous type of them is St. Antony, born about the year 250, the son of noble, opulent, and Christian parents. He was brought up as a Christian, and seems to have been from the first fascinated by the life and truth of the gospel. He could not bring himself to submit to the ordinary studies of a liberal education, such as philosophy and foreign languages; and at length his mind

became earnestly set on imitating, as he conceived to the letter, the apostles and their converts, who gave up their possessions and followed Christ. One day in the Gospel read in church he heard the text, "If thou wilt be perfect, go and sell that thou hast;" and soon afterwards the text, "Take no thought for the morrow;" and at length having sold all his personal property, and having entrusted his sister to the care of some pious women, he commenced a strictly ascetic life. He began by visiting other ascetics and learning from them. He is described as subjecting himself sincerely to the zealous men whom he visited, and marking, in his own thoughts, the special attainments of each in zeal and ascetic life—the refined manner of one, another's continuance in prayer, the meekness of a third, the kindness of a fourth, the long vigils of a fifth, the studiousness of a sixth. This one had a marvellous gift of endurance, that of fasting and sleeping on the ground. This was gentle, that long-suffering; and in one and all, it is added, he noted their devotion towards Christ, and love one towards another. Thus furnished, he returned to his own ascetic retreat, with the intention of combining in himself their separate exercises, and zealously minded to exemplify them all. Thus commenced a long and vehement struggle between an intensely powerful will and a noble heart devoted to Christ, on the one side, and on the other, the passions and weaknesses of the flesh, stimulated and strengthened, not weakened as was erroneously hoped, by austerities which disorganized the whole system, and disturbed the mental balance. Lashed, as is described, by the spirits whom he saw in his visions, he would cry out loudly, "Here am I, Antony. I do not shun your blows; though ye add to them, yet nothing shall separate me from the love of Christ." At last he attained comparative calm; and thus he lived to the age of more than a hundred years; and his last words reveal to us the secret and the passion of his life: "I, as it is written, go the way of my fathers, for I perceive I am called by the Lord. Ye, then, be sober, and forfeit not the reward of your long asceticism; but as those who have made a beginning, be diligent to hold fast your earnestness. Ye know the assaults of the evil one, how fearful they are, yet how powerless. Fear them not; rather breathe the spirit of Christ, and believe in Him always. Live as dying daily, take heed to yourselves, and remember the admonitions you have heard from me. Have no fellow-

ship with the schismatics, nor at all with the heretical Arians. Be diligent the rather to join yourselves, first of all, to the Lord, next to the saints; that after death they may receive you as friends and intimates into the eternal habitations. . . . Bury my body in the earth, in obedience to my word, so that no one may know the place except yourselves. In the resurrection of the dead it will be restored to me incorruptible by the Saviour.*

Such was the life of St. Antony. It was one intense and prolonged effort to subdue every passion and distraction of his soul which was unworthy of his Saviour, and which was inconsistent with union with Him. It would, as has been said, be a task as ungrateful as unnecessary to dwell on the errors of judgment by which such a life was attended. Perhaps the cardinal error was simply due to a lack of knowledge not at that day possessed by any one—to the supposition, namely, that the body could be best subdued by bringing it into a wholly unnatural condition; whereas, on the contrary, such a condition was the very one in which impulses and imaginations escape from the healthy control of the will. As to the monastic life itself, even in this extreme form, before its adoption at that time by men naturally inclined for it be adversely criticized, it would demand serious consideration whether in a state of society steeped in corruption, to an extent which, probably, we can none of us realise, some vehement revolt of this kind against the ordinary life of the world was not equally imperative and serviceable. These remarks will apply in great measure to the whole ascetic life of the period—to the lives of St. Basil and the Gregories, no less than to that of St. Antony. It was, perhaps, the most conspicuous and influential factor in Christian life at that time. It has been observed that all the greatest souls who guided the Church, and through the Church the world, through this momentous crisis, were trained like the Israelites of old in the desert. All, like Antony, were absorbed by that which our Elizabethan poet has described as the vision of heavenly love and beauty, and they wrestled with their souls and their bodies, with the men around them, and even with their parents, in order to attain to the revelation and the enjoyment of it. They were sensible only of the terrible barriers which the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life

interposed between themselves and the object of their lofty passion, and they dashed themselves, perhaps madly, against the bars of their earthly prison. The Church had to learn that it is not by breaking through the fetters which this life imposes on us, but by bearing them patiently and submitting meekly to our burdens, that the soul is, as a rule, destined to reach its home. But when all is said and all allowance made, the life of these ascetic saints of the fourth century is, of all the witnesses to the power which the love of Christ can exercise on the soul of man, among the greatest which has been described in authentic history since apostolic times. That men should have been capable of such devotion is a glory to humanity as well as a glory to the Church; and as we contemplate it, the famous exclamation of Tertullian rises thankfully to our lips, *O Testimonium animæ naturaliter Christianæ!*

It claims our attention, however, in the course of our present survey, for another reason. It was in the midst of this life of ascetic devotion to Christ that the seeds of St. Athanasius's character were sown. His mind, which was of the first order, had received the highest logical and rhetorical training of the day; and as two early treatises by him prove, he possessed a singular mastery of the philosophy of the ancient world. But when still an unknown deacon, attached to the person of Alexander, the Bishop of Alexandria, he was fond of retiring to the desert and refreshing himself with the society of St. Antony. He caught from Antony his spiritual ardour; and he has been justly described as inflamed from his youth with that passion which creates saints—the love of Jesus Christ. He recognised in the person of the Saviour, human and Divine, the revelation of the Divine glory, Divine wisdom, Divine goodness, Divine beauty; and on the recognition of this revelation, and the submission of the whole man to it, he discerned that the Christian life and the redemption of mankind depended. Only a Person who was both Divine and human, and who through His humanity could bring home the Godhead to the hearts of men, was capable of inspiring that absolute and that eternal devotion which possessed the souls of an Antony and an Athanasius. From this conviction, from this passion (we may be allowed to say), his whole career takes its start; and in this it finds its unity.

But St. Athanasius differed from St. Antony in possessing an intellect of which the grasp and the profundity equalled the depth and

* The liberty has been taken of quoting these translations from Dr. Newman's sketch of St. Antony in "The Church of the Fathers."

the tenacity of his affections. He discerned, as all the greatest minds have done, the immense power which intellectual conceptions exert over the imaginations and the hearts of men. Philosophy and religion take their rise, probably, in the instincts and impulses of the heart; but when once their main conceptions have been given a definite form, that form reacts on the heart itself, and supplies a mould in which the thoughts and the feelings of whole generations of men are cast. The Christian creed, in the brief form in which it already existed, had thus moulded unconsciously the thoughts and emotions of the Christian Church, and St. Athanasius recognised that an erroneous interpretation, once definitely affixed to that formulary, would exert a most far-reaching effect. It is the combination of these two convictions which animated his intense and life-long battle against the Arian party. The motive of that struggle was his instinctive sense and his clear conviction that the error set on foot by Arius, however disguised, struck at the root of that absolute devotion to the Saviour which, as we have seen, was the animating motive of his own life and of the life of the Church. The form which this struggle took—that of maintaining rigidly the Nicene creed—was due to the instinct of his age, justified by his own insight and wisdom, that the maintenance of a sound form of words, supplying, as it were, the stamp to be impressed on the minds of the whole Christian community, and directing and controlling their thoughts, is a cardinal necessity, if a great truth is to be rendered the central influence in society. Now the speculation of the Arians, as of all the secondary Arian sects, however modified, had one uniform result—that it attributed a created character to the superhuman part of our Lord's nature. He might be the most transcendent of all creatures, but a creature He remained; and as such there was at once established an infinite gulf between Him and God. If He were of the nature of a creature, then the belief in which St. Athanasius and St. Antony lived, that in surrendering itself to Him and in union and communion with Him, the soul entered into union with God, was a delusion, and the unlimited devotion which constituted the essence of Christian life was deprived of its celestial source.

This view cannot be better illustrated than by a reference to the parallel life of St. Hilary of Poitiers. He was the Athanasius of the West, and was similarly animated by a kind of passion for the divinity of Christ, inspired by

a sense of personal gratitude and peace. Not brought up in the Christian faith like St. Athanasius, he had been gradually drawn to it, first through his craving for something more satisfying to the noble impulses of his soul than the occupations or the philosophy of the time afforded him; and secondly, by the direct force of the Hebrew and the Christian Scriptures. "My soul," he says, "aspired to know the God from whom it derived its life, to consecrate itself entirely to Him, to ennoble itself in serving Him, to rest all its hopes upon Him, and to repose in Him, as in a friendly and safe harbour, against the storms of existence. To see and to know this God was the desire which inflamed me." This vision was at last opened to Him by the sacred words, "I am that I am;" but its first effect was simply to render him sensible of the infinite distance which separated a mere mortal from such a Being. In this state of despair he opened the Gospel according to St. John, and read the two statements, "The Word was God," and "The Word was made flesh." "Then," he exclaims, "my restless soul found more hope than it had dreamed of. . . . I comprehended that God the Word had been made flesh in order that through this Word incarnate the flesh might raise itself up to God; and to assure us that the Word incarnate is the true Word of God, and that the flesh which He has taken is not different from that of our own bodies, He has dwelt among us. . . . In deigning to take our flesh he loses not His own dignity; for as only Son of the Father, full of grace and truth, He is both perfect in His own nature and veritably endued with ours. Accordingly my soul joyfully embraced the doctrine of this Divine mystery, thus raising itself to God by means of the flesh, and called by faith to a new birth." If Christ had not been truly God, these transports of St. Hilary would have been based on an illusion.

Let it be observed, then, by way of further illustrating this view of the subject, that there could be no greater perversion of history than the accusation continually made against St. Athanasius, and against the Church of that day, that they set on foot rash speculations into the nature of the Godhead. It would be scarcely too much to say that in their view the nature of the Godhead was only indirectly, if at all, in question. That which was in question was the nature of Christ—the nature of that Being on whom ten generations of Christians had lavished a love, a devotion, a martyrdom which the human heart could render to none but to God in human form,

and with reverence and submission to whom every fibre of their being was intertwined. The speculation on the nature of God was all on the other side. It was Arianism which started from those speculations respecting the nature of God which have always had such a terrible fascination for the Eastern mind. It was in fact the last and the most subtle of those philosophical schemes which, for the first three or four centuries, beginning with Gnosticism, were designed to supplant the simple faith of Christians in Jesus Christ by systems of the universe, and schemes of the Divine nature, founded partly on existing philosophical doctrines, and partly on the facts of our Lord's life. It was always the great effort of the Church to avoid speculating on these mysterious points, which were felt to be wholly beyond our ken. The Christian doctrine of the Trinity is not regarded by St. Athanasius as an abstract statement of the nature of God. It is a statement of so much of His nature as is involved in the practical and cardinal truth of the Divine nature of Christ. The question with St. Athanasius was the evangelical one, What think ye of Christ? It was Arius and his followers who put that presumptuous and dangerous question, What think ye of the Deity? Let it once be recognised that it was this practical, personal, moral, and devotional question which was at issue in the Arian controversy, and that controversy at once loses the unreal and speculative character with which of late it has been sometimes invested. When the living occasion had passed, and the real issue was determined, it may have been prolonged unduly in verbal disputes; but in itself it arose out of the intensest, the deepest, the most human, and at the same time the most Divine impulses that ever stirred the heart of man. What controversy indeed, in any age, can compare with one which is to determine whether there shall be any limits to the devotion which the soul of man shall render to the Lord Jesus Christ, or to the trust which, for time and for eternity, it shall place in Him?

The question derived, moreover, an especial importance from the position occupied by Paganism and Pagan philosophy at that period. The Pagan religion and philosophy had been deeply affected by the moral life awakened by Christianity, and in this century it made a last, a desperate, and on the whole a generous effort to incorporate within itself, and to present in a new mould, the moral and spiritual impulses thus evoked. Perhaps its most remarkable characteristic for

our present purpose is to be found in the passionate efforts which it made to open to the soul of man, by its doctrines and its practices, the means of union with God. This was the grand object which Plotinus, the great master of the Neoplatonic philosophy, had in view. He and Porphyry and Iamblichus worked out an elaborate scheme which strove to embrace ancient forms of worship and of thought, but which culminated in the idea that in moments of ecstasy, an ecstasy to be produced by efforts similar to those of Christian asceticism, the vision of God might be attained. It is impossible to understand the history of human thought and human life, unless it be recognised that this craving for union with the Divine nature is an ineradicable instinct of man. It assumed at this moment, in Pagans and in Christians alike, the form of an overpowering passion; and Pagan philosophy was in this century competing with Christianity for the right of satisfying that passion. It is in this transformed Paganism, and in this incorporation of the nobler impulses of Christianity, that the melancholy apostacy of Julian finds its explanation. His history, too, is that of a struggling soul, confused amidst the mighty forces and impulses of his age. The first thing he would have heard of Christianity was that a Christian emperor had massacred nearly all his relatives. By his very position he was forced to suspect the dominant influences of the time; and it is to be remembered that, when such a suspicion was once aroused, Paganism had at that age a claim on the intellect which we cannot now appreciate. The greatest works of art, the greatest literary productions, were all Pagan. Christians had to seek in the schools of Pagan teachers the logical, rhetorical, and philosophical instruction they needed. Julian yielded to this immense temptation, and thought that a revived Paganism might incorporate in itself the best features of the Christian Church, while retaining the supremacy of the ancient ideas and of the ancient literature. It strangely illustrates the critical struggle of the time that his companions at the university of Athens, as we may call it, St. Basil and St. Gregory Nazianzen, were among the chief creators of a Christian literature, of which the glory has at least equalled, if it has not surpassed, that of the literature of the old world. But such was the crisis. The question was whether Christ should be the Lord of the world, or whether some new scheme of Pagan, or semi-Pagan, religion should be attempted, which would but pro-

long the dying agonies of the old civilisation. With such a scheme Arianism was in no way incompatible; for if Christ was a creature, His supremacy, even if admitted, might be only that of the first amidst a crowd of subordinate deities. It is to be remembered, as illustrating that danger, that not long after this date, even the great soul of St. Augustine was fascinated by Manichæism, which resembled Arianism in adopting, in many respects, the forms of Christian faith, while rejecting its essential principle. In a word, that which was at issue was the absolute and eternal supremacy of Christ over the hearts and minds of men, and it was for this supremacy that St. Athanasius contended.

That supremacy was finally determined by the two great councils of this century, that of Nice, in 325, and that of Constantinople in 381. Those councils expressed the adherence of the whole Christian world to that view of the nature of our Lord which involved the absolute submission of the human heart to His sway. It has been said that they failed to produce the unanimity for the purpose of which they were summoned. So must any expedient, short of a miracle. But they did not fail in establishing a creed which, from that day to this, has dominated the thoughts, determined the feelings, and guided the devotion of the Christian world. The Creed of Nice (which is really the creed of St. Athanasius) or that of Constantinople, is a short document, a slight form of words. But it has been like the mustard-seed, which, when it is sown, is indeed the least of all

seeds; but it is the seed of a mighty tree. Under the shade of which the nations of Christendom have lodged.

Such is the general result of the fourth century. It is the establishment as the cardinal principle of belief, of worship, of thought, and of life, that in our Lord Jesus Christ is to be found the incarnation, and, for our present condition, the ultimate revelation of the Godhead. It is consequently the establishment of the principle that the whole of life must be regulated and guided in obedience to Him, and that He is the one being whom men may love and obey with all their heart, with all their soul, and all their strength. We commenced by considering the aim of Constantine to establish, by means of the Christian Church, a new authority and a new centre of unity. A new authority and a new centre of unity were established. But they were established in Christ and not in Roman emperors; and without disparagement to the great statesman who opened the way to such a triumph of the cardinal truth of Christianity, the real author of that triumph is not Constantine, but St. Athanasius. From this point of view it will appear that the dogma for which St. Athanasius contended, instead of being a metaphysical subtlety, involves the very substance of Christian life and practice. The issues at stake in the contest were primarily moral, and the result was one of the greatest moral and spiritual victories in the history of the Church. Such is still the essential significance and importance of the doctrine of the Trinity in Unity.

HENRY WACE.

A QUARTETTE OF SONNETS.

IN DRURY LANE.

I.

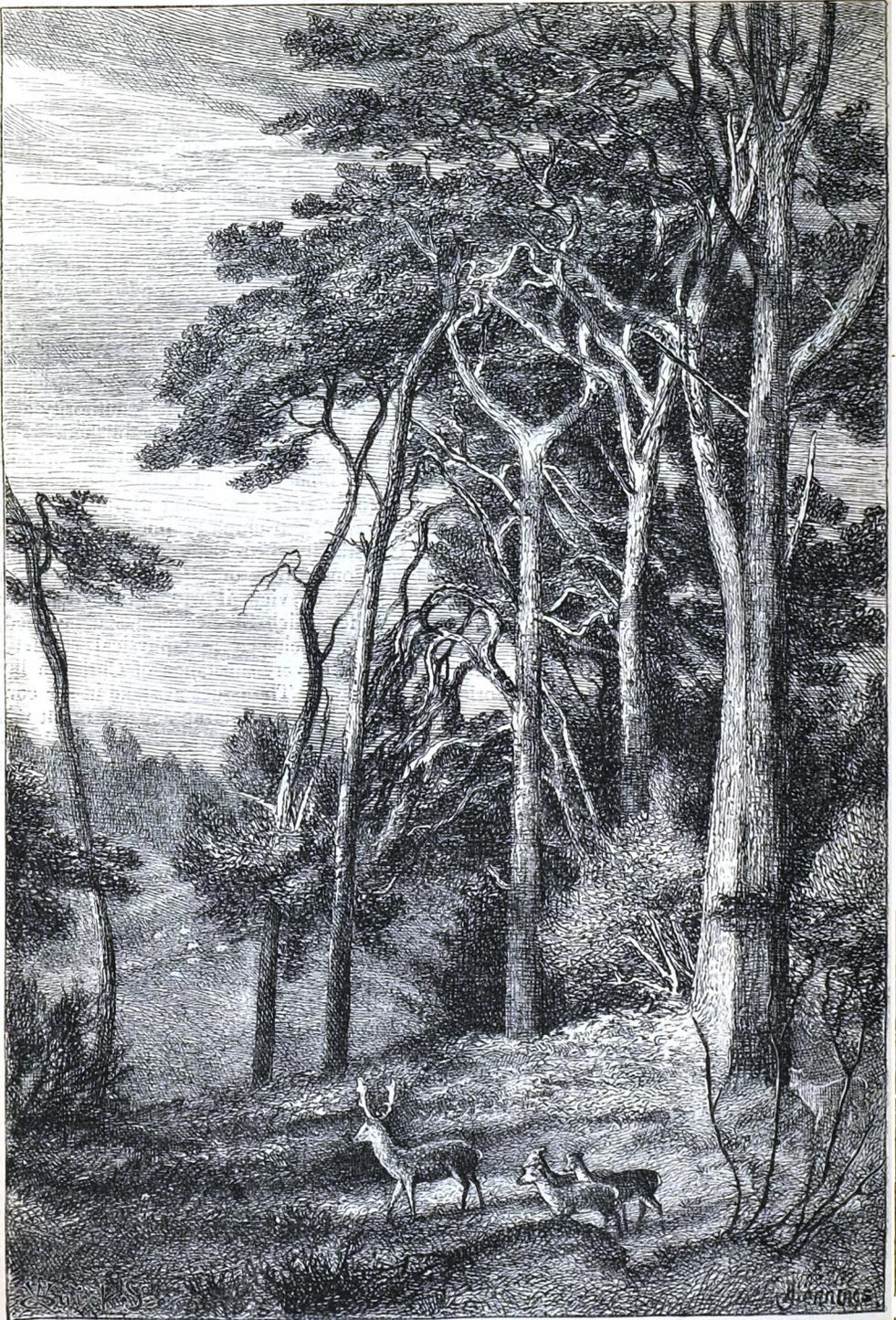
ONE day I walked amid the sweltering heat
Of later June, in feverish Drury Lane:

The sun smote fiercely on the dusty pane,
And drowsy seemed the watchman on his beat.

Around was nothing that looked choice or neat:
The keepers of the dingy stores seemed fain
To doze, and dogs lay gasping in the chain,
When sudden broke on me a sight full sweet.

A stream of children, single file, came on,
Each bearing in his hand the mimic wheel
That wind makes turn; and tots of two came last:

In poor array, some shoeless, thin and wan,
But o'er their faces pleasant smiles did steal—
Such smiles as made me smile too as I passed.



“Autumn in the Woods.” Page 689.

II.

For there I saw before me fair in act
 A parable of loftiest ideal,
 That, spite the grimmest burden of the real,
 Makes Poesy bloom from out the barren fact.

O little children ! by no conscious tact
 Your pleasures with our blisses do ye seal,
 Yet in simplicity, the law reveal
 That makes true poems potent to attract.

Ye seek your joy, and smile as ye pass by
 To see your mimic mills move round and round,
 And dream not that ye make some cool wind stir.

Ye cheer the heart, and also please the eye ;
 Making a spot of light on darkened ground :
 And little more can genius minister.

III.

AUTUMN IN THE WOODS.

The memory of the spring is like a dream
 Of some fair world that only poet knew.
 The mists rise upwards, marrying the blue
 Of highest heaven to purpled hill and stream.

O'er reddening hillside darts the sudden gleam
 Of arrowy lights that bring a brighter hue
 On dull grey trunks—all summer to outdo ;
 Rich Nature thus her losses would redeem.

The squirrel pauses o'er me, drops his prize,
 And slily screens himself on yonder bough ;
 The wood-doves flash across like living light.

And lo ! the nimble deer afar descries
 By subtler sense my presence ; pauses now,
 His head erect—a joy to human sight !

IV.

IN MEMORIAM. J.D.

(Sept. 11th, 1877.)

Good friends remain ; but thou, ah ! thou art dead,
 My friend and more than brother, sagely-wise ;
 Such patience lay within thy quiet eyes
 That violence lived not near thee. Now my tread
 Must be more measured ; as a wife her head
 I mourn for thee. 'Mid vainly urgent cries
 And changes of this world, I can despise
 Ambition's haste, by which a man is led
 From task to task, and Love falls faintly by,
 And Fever kills out Joy. I humbly wait,
 And muse upon the blessings of that state
 Where I shall join thee in the upper sky,
 Intent on duty till the time to come
 When thou, familiar there, shalt lead me home.

ALEX. H. JAPP.

A MISSIONARY MEETING AT "STIFT HEILIGEN GRABE."

By Miss BELLSON.

"RUMOURS of wars" faintly heard around us, cries of change, reform, progress, hourly in our ears, gloomy visions of approaching Socialism, and defiance of all religion and order before us, the race after money and power growing wilder every day—these are the most striking features that go to make up the life of to-day! Not a pleasing picture truly, and it may be both profitable as well as refreshing to dwell for a moment on a little oasis of rest and peace in the midst of all this turmoil and confusion, where time appears to have stood still, and where the motto, "First yourself, and then your neighbour," is yet unknown.

"Stift Heiligen Grabe" is such an oasis both inwardly and outwardly, for its beautiful green meadows and velvety turf, overshadowed by splendid beeches and oaks, reminding us forcibly of an English park, are in striking contrast with the sandy desert around. Hidden away, deep in the country, five-and-twenty miles from the nearest railway station, the very county of North Germany in which Stift Heiligen Grabe lies has probably never been heard of by the English reader. Its laws and privileges, habits and customs, have remained the same, with very trifling innovations, since the Reformation; whilst its abbey, church, and cloisters have not materially changed since the day when an old German prince vowed that he would build a church and convent, for a thank offering to the Virgin, for having protected him from great danger whilst out hunting. Shortly after this the prince was shown a spot where a Jew had buried the host he had stolen off the altar of the little Church of Techow, and which had bled so incessantly that he could only stop it by putting it in the ground. But his hands, from which no water would wash off the bloody stains, betrayed him after all, and he was made to pay the penalty of his guilt by being hung over the place where he had hidden the sacred host. "Here," said the prince, "I will build my church and convent," and forthwith began to fulfil his vow. For many centuries a fine old tree was said to mark the exact spot where the host lay interred, and by its side grew up the abbey and the church. An old tradition, still found in the legends of the abbey, forbade the felling of that tree, "for," it said, "on the day the old tree falls, Stift Heiligen Grabe's days will be numbered." Up to within a

very few years the tree was propped and tended with all possible care, and although there was actual danger to the neighbouring roof in letting it stand, the abess would not hear of its being cut down. At last she was taken very ill, and her substitute allowed the sacrilege to be committed! Strange things have happened since in Heiligen Grabe, and there are those who believe that stormy times are coming even for that quiet little community, and that it might have been better to have left the old trunk alone!

The convent was dedicated to the "Holy Sepulchre," in allusion to the buried host, and was soon inhabited by Cistercians, that strict and severe order which does not even allow its nuns a coffin, but simply lays the bodies in the ground with only a wooden platter over their faces. Many generations of abbesses and nuns lie in the square court within the cloistered abbey, but not a stone or sign of any kind shows that it was ever used as a burying-ground. At the time of the Reformation, more than two centuries after its erection, the nuns were turned out of their convent, as they would not accept the alternative of conforming to the new faith. But after a short time they returned, headed by their abess. Either the great hardships they had endured had been too severe a trial, or perhaps their ideas really had undergone a change; at any rate they undertook to conform, outwardly at least, with what was demanded of them. Upon this they were formally reinstated in their old home, and became the first of a long line of Lutheran abbesses, prioresses, and "Stifts-Damen" (Foundation Ladies) of the "Stift zum Heiligen Grabe" (Foundation of the Holy Sepulchre).

The Cistercians, severe and frugal as were their lives within the convent walls, must have had excellent men of business outside, for at the time of the Reformation they were very wealthy, and had an immense income drawn from vast estates, with numerous villages and great tracts of forest land. This property was not confiscated like that of so many other convents, but was ordered by the crown to be appropriated for the use and maintenance of the new "Stift."

Thus the old Roman Catholic convent turned into a Lutheran endowment, regulated by conventual rules and laws. The "ladies" are styled "conventuals" in formal docu-

ments to this day, whilst their stipend is called their "prebende;" they attend daily "horæ" in their chapel, and they take the ecclesiastical rank of bishops at court, and their title is "Hochwürden" (right reverend). Noble birth is the *sine quâ non* of their appointment by the reigning sovereign, and they are always portionless daughters of men who have served the king. Up to the beginning of this century, the daughters of those who had endowed the convent with lands at different times in the Roman Catholic days, were considered to have a certain right to appointments in the "Stift."

All these circumstances, combined with rigid feudal conservatism as to politics and orthodox Lutheranism as to creed, and being shut off from the outer world by the distance from any great centre of "progress," have combined to make Stift Heiligen Grabe what we find it to-day: the home of those whose lives are marked by extreme simplicity and good faith, ready to receive every new idea calculated to spread religion or philanthropy, but completely deaf to the possibility of any change in the political government of their country being *right*; generous to a fault, ever ready to join any movement to alleviate suffering and distress in the whole country-side, although having very limited incomes; worshipping their emperor, and disagreeing and disapproving steadily with everything done by Bismark, since he, once thoroughly one of their own set, forsook them and went over to the opposition—a state of things for which there is no condoning in Stift Heiligen Grabe.

The "ladies" of Heiligen Grabe, as they are called *par excellence*, take no vows in the usual sense of the word, but they are solemnly installed in the abbey church by the chaplain, who blesses their entrance into the community, and before whom they publicly promise to conform to the statutes, to wear the prescribed dress, and to be tractable and amenable to the wishes of their lady-abbess. They may marry if they wish to do so, but then they must give up all "Stift" benefits. The business of the "Stift" is carried on by the abbess with some gentlemen advisers, whose duty it is to come to Heiligen Grabe and look into things several times a year, when the abbess is bound to call a chapter meeting, which all the ladies attend, and where a majority of votes decides the questions under discussion. These chapter meetings are, however, only convened for the graver points of "Stift" legislation. In the minor affairs of everyday life the abbess

reigns supreme. The dress of the order is black with a white cap, only woollen materials being allowed "in residence." This simple dress is supplemented on grand occasions, such as presentations at court, installations of "ladies," funerals, &c., by a white tarlatan veil, which envelops them entirely, reaching from the crown of the head down to the edge of the long black train; it is left sufficiently open in front to show the insignia of the order—a broad black silk ribbon edged with silver, with a kind of double St. Andrew's cross in red enamel and silver attached to it, whilst a large silver star with the same cross upon it is fastened to the dress near the left shoulder. The whole costume is exceedingly picturesque. The long veil hides all deficiencies, especially the regulation cap, which without it is simply hideous, being an ugly imitation of an old-fashioned widow's cap, with the addition of a fluting passed under the chin, giving the whole a most martial and helmet-like appearance. This appendage to the dress was invented by the late Queen Dowager, then patroness in chief of Stift Heiligen Grabe. She found on her first visit to the place that very worldly habits and ways of dressing had crept in during the reigns of her predecessors, so she altered the cap to what it is now, thinking it more correct for an ecclesiastical body.

There are twelve "ladies" in residence, and twelve "ladies" who live wherever they choose. They all receive a small yearly stipend, varying according to the prices of corn, generally under £50, and very rarely above it; but only those in residence have a house and three different gardens, in which they grow everything they want for the year's housekeeping, in the shape of vegetables and fruit. Some "ladies" keep cows, and those who do not, receive an equivalent in money for the hay and straw supplied to the others. They also have an almost unlimited supply of firewood. All the fruit-trees of the "Stift" not actually in a lady's garden, as well as the contents of the ponds, and a certain part of the game shot on the convent estates, are common property, and are strictly divided by the ladies themselves, who take it in turn to be the "division lady" of the season.

There was always a large surplus in the convent revenues, after everything was paid, which used to go to the government. More than thirty years ago the lady-abbess petitioned the late king for permission to use these surplus funds for the establishment of a free-school in her abbey. She proposed to feed, clothe, and educate about twenty girls,

from any age at which they might be brought to her up to their entrance into the world, by which time they should be perfectly able to gain their own living as governesses, teachers, or companions. They were to be taught by the younger ladies, supplemented by the chaplain and occasional paid teachers. Indispensable conditions for entering to be poverty and noble birth. "But you will never find children enough!" said Frederick William IV., who, though ever ready to give his aid to good works, could not imagine that any number of children, so poor and wretched as these were to be, could ever be found among the ancient names of his kingdom. "Your Majesty," answered the abess, "I will fetch them out of the cellars, if need be!" And she was found to be right; searching was quite unnecessary, the only difficulty being to limit the number of those wishing for admittance. Thus, for the last thirty years, merry young voices have been heard in the gloomy convent halls, quick young feet patter along the cloisters where in bygone days dark-robed nuns were wont to tell their beads, walking slowly round and round the flat square plot of ground forming their inner court, and containing the remains of former generations of nuns, among whom they would soon find a resting-place themselves. A dreary, narrow range of vision that! as different to the pretty peaceful churchyard of to-day, nestling in the shadow of the fine old trees and under the eaves of the church, as was the inner difference between the two sets of women for whom those plots of ground were and are intended: the one looking forward darkly, blindly to retribution and purgatory, with rest so far in the distance as to be barely perceptible; the other glancing upwards eagerly to the light and glory of heaven, and being "ever with the Lord;" the one gazing blankly on the smooth surface, searching in vain for a sign of the dead sister lying beneath; the other standing at the foot of the tall white cross, which tells her of the faith the lost friend died in, and points upwards for the mourner to follow in her steps. The contrasts of darkness and light meet us at every turn, if only we had time—we who live outside in the bustle of life—to meditate upon them.

It is the eve of the fifth Sunday after Trinity, and the long-expected "Missions-Fest" (Missionary Festival), and a good evening for seeing Stift Heiligen Grabe for the first time. All the ladies have come out in the balmy summer evening to walk in the "Damen Platz" (Ladies' Place), and dis-

uss the arrangements of the morrow. The "Damen Platz" is an oblong square, of which the abbey, church, and churchyard form one long side, the remaining three being taken up by the ladies' houses. An elderly woman, neatly dressed in a print gown and bare-headed, is just disappearing within the cloister-gate. She has been round from house to house in the "Place," and has given "the Countess X.'s compliments, and she hopes that Fraulein von — will do her the honour of taking coffee with her to-morrow afternoon in the chapter hall, immediately after service." The same message has been delivered to each of the friends staying with the ladies, and of course, everybody has accepted the invitation with "their best thanks, and they will do themselves the honour of appearing." The Countess X. is the head of the abbey school, and also the representative of the abess. That poor lady herself has been hopelessly ill for some years past, and as the statutes do not provide for such an emergency, the abess cannot be superseded, but must be represented until her death, when, according to the statutes, the ladies will elect a new abess from among themselves.*

The important matter of the invitation being over, the ladies stroll about with their friends in parties of two and three. They are of all ages and shades of character. Among them may be found some of the oldest names in Germany, from the simple "von" up to the countess with nine points to her coronet. Some have lived very varied and eventful lives in the world before they came to settle down in this peaceful abode; others have hardly known another home, having, perhaps, been brought up in the abbey, or entered it very young as teachers, and then become "Minorinen," after which they have been installed as full "Stifts Damen." But, whatever their previous lives may have been, they now amalgamate as naturally with the life within the precincts, as if that were the natural haven to which their course had tended. We see the former lady superior of a Berlin hospital on the Kaiserswerth system, walking arm and arm with a lady who has lived within the precincts for upwards of thirty years with scarcely a break. A little beyond there is another group. The late head of the Berlin "Magdalenium," now blind, alas! supported on either side by daughters of general officers, whose names have been well known for

* Since the above was written the abess has died, and no new one has been elected in her stead at present.

generations in their country's annals. The elder ladies seldom travel—locomotion is not easy for old folks when there are no railways near—but they are as much interested in books and politics, and especially in good works, as ever they were in their youth. They are cultivated women, and show it from the dainty cleanliness of their well-kept little houses, to their delight in a new book, or any stray piece of art which finds its way down to Stift Heiligen Grabe.

The coming day is one of great importance. There is only one Mission Festival every three years at Heiligen Grabe, and as there will be many guests, every one is hospitably intent in wishing the old convent to do its visitors honour. No lady ever thinks of finishing her evening walk without a stroll through the churchyard. The ladies love their churchyard, with its beautiful trees waving in the breeze, throwing long flickering shadows on the pure white marble crosses, and they tend the graves lovingly—they have known many of those now lying beneath the ivy-covered mounds, and they know that some day they themselves will find a last resting-place beside them, and that their graves will in turn be tended by a younger generation. Children con their lessons in the shadows of the crosses on summer afternoons, and never dream of being afraid of walking amongst the graves after dark.

The ladies are satisfied with the look of everything this evening; the walks are swept, and the flowers on the graves are fresh and sweet. The moon rises whilst the last rays of the setting sun still linger in the west, it bathes the old abbey in its silvery light, and makes the strollers look weird-like, in their sable garments and white caps, as they hurry in from the night dews, to finish the evening in their pretty cosy rooms with books and music, and pleasant talk. As ten o'clock sounds from the church tower the gates of the convent walls, enclosing the abbey with its houses and gardens, are shut, and the watchman appears on the scene. Viewed by daylight this official is a peculiarly limp and puny-looking little individual. No one knows when he sleeps, for he acts as postman to the village and convent in the day-time, and varies that employment by doing every stray bit of work that he can find to earn a penny by. But at night, enveloped in a long garment, surmounted by a tall fur cap (at every season of the year), with an immense iron-spiked pole in his hand, half as long again as himself, and a bunch of enormous keys of ancient date attached to his belt, he is sup-

posed to appal the stoutest heart. At his heels there trots a large black poodle, an uncanny-looking dog that is never seen by day, and that seems to grow and elongate in the moonlight like the famous poodle in Goethe's "Faust." This poodle is the terror of the ladies, and they devoutly hope of the thieves of the neighbourhood as well. The poodle prowls about suspiciously the moment his master releases him from the chain, by which he has led him through the village to the convent gates. Suddenly he makes a dart at a figure entering a house; it is only an old lady fumbling at her own lock, but flurried and flustered by the poodle's appearance, but, as "the poodle never bites a lady,"—so the watchman says—he only gives a little sniff, then turns and makes a raid into the nearest bushes, whilst the old lady closes her door behind her, and the "Platz" is given up entirely to the watchman, the moon, and the poodle.

The next morning ushers in a perfect summer's day; hot, with a constant breeze to temper the heat; sunny, but with light fleeting clouds to tone down the glare. For some unknown reason there is no morning service in the abbey church to-day. There is a decided flavour of autocratic supremacy mixed up with the apparently mild abbey rule! Etiquette is a strong point in the "Stift," and as asking questions about the reasons of abbey fiats would be much against it, everybody remains in ignorance as to why they should be obliged to walk down to the little village church, a mile off—the very same from which the Jew stole the host in days of yore—if they wish to go to church at all. In spite of the German propensity to early rising, we only hear of two inhabitants of the convent who are courageous enough to go down for the service at 8.30 A.M.

At about eleven o'clock people begin to arrive from all sides, on foot and in every sort of conveyance that can possibly be imagined on wheels—always excepting the modern carriages in vogue in England. These various vehicles deserve to be photographed, so unique are they, and so entirely do they belong to the relics of a bygone time. How some of these loosely-made waggons and carts hold together is a secret only known to their builders. The harness, too, is of the most primitive kind, largely represented by ropes, cords, and chains. Lanterns are things only just beginning to be used in that district, because they have been officially ordered. But the people have a rooted aversion to them; "the horses don't

like them," they say, and so you are rattled along on pitch-dark nights over stones and across ruts, which are alarming enough in the daytime on those cross-country roads, but which in the impenetrable darkness inspire you with a continual dread of what may come next, from the beginning of your journey to its end. Meeting a heavy cart with its owner fast asleep becomes a kind of nightmare, after you have once come in contact with one, and have found it very difficult to disentangle your wheels, without even a star to brighten up the scene. The horses attached to the vehicles are generally strong, serviceable animals, well fed and not groomed at all; but they can be made to go a fair pace, should their driver chance to be in a hurry.

By two o'clock the churchyard and the "Damen Platz" are inundated with strangers, who all wish to see the convent, as the place is still familiarly called in the neighbourhood. The ladies' little front gardens are full of exquisite roses, and these excite much attention, and so do the grand old walnut and lime trees, beneath which the ladies and their friends sit on warm evenings, or have their weekly readings on summer afternoons. At three o'clock the church-bell rings, and everybody tries to be at the church-door first, so as to secure a place. But they need not have hurried so, for when once everybody is comfortably seated, it is rumoured that the bell has been rung too early by mistake! We do not hear the reason why till afterwards, nor, happily for our comfort, do we know that we shall have to wait a whole hour to come! It was not the missionary's carriage at all that had rattled into the village, and occasioned the order for ringing to go forth from the abbey; but, being ignorant of this fact, everybody is only too happy to have found a seat in the crowded building to think of being too early. And so we sit and look about us.

The first thing that strikes an English Churchman in a Lutheran place of worship, is its singular mixture of advanced Ritualism and austere Puritanism. With its lighted candles and its crucifixes, its wafers and "high" eucharistic ritual, the congregation sits to sing, stands to pray, and takes no part whatever in the whole service, not even to saying an "Amen," with the exception of a few sentences in the short Liturgy, in which occasionally a voice may be heard falling in among the worshippers. Whilst the very long hymns are slowly and painfully got through, the clergyman retires into

the vestry. This church in particular has a striking peculiarity—it has two altars, but from the simplest of motives. The church is long, and it is a great exertion for the clergyman to make himself heard from the old Roman Catholic high altar, and as it could not be moved out of the chancel, these simple and practical people have placed a second smaller altar nearer to the middle of the church. It has never occurred to any ecclesiastical authority that this is not perfectly admissible, so now both the altars are used, the little one for the usual services, and the larger one for the celebration of the Holy Communion. The latter is in the worst style of the Renaissance, whilst the rest of the church is Gothic. The reredos rises up pyramidically to within a few feet of the vaulted ceiling, but to-day its bad architectural points are completely hidden behind flowers and green. Bright scarlet geraniums embedded in a background of rich dark foliage cover the white and golden bishops, surmounted by golden and white angels. They cluster round the old pulpit that projects out of the reredos midway over the altar, and they climb up to the very summit, where the whole structure culminates in a figure of the Risen Lord. The flowers extend downwards to the lowest steps of the altar, and sideways to the outer edge of the carpet. The altar itself is covered with tiny blue blossoms, contrasting well with the deep claret-coloured altar-cloth, bordered by a plain gold fringe. Out of the midst of the blue flowers rise the great gilt crucifix and tall candlesticks. The whole has an exquisite effect and brightens up the rest of the dreary whitewashed church, with its ugly uncomfortable pews, its red brick floor, and rickety organ gallery, which looks ready to fall if the organ were handled a little too roughly. The smaller altar has a corresponding cloth with the larger one, but it has an iron crucifix and candles and is not decorated with flowers. It is evidently for use! The pulpit from which the sermon is preached stands near it, for the small one in the reredos is never used, and opposite to it is a very large and singular-looking pew, like a little room, with large glass windows now open; this kind of pew, belonging to the patrons of churches, is denominated a box or stall. In this "box" there are twelve arm-chairs, most of them occupied just now by the ladies, who sit according to seniority of installation. They have on the regulation cap, and wear their large stars in honour of the occasion. Between them and the pulpit are twenty chairs

reserved for the clergy, behind which are low forms for the abbey orphanage children, and behind these again pews for the abbey school-girls, all dressed alike and looking very cool and fresh in their white dresses and large round straw hats; behind them are the abbey teachers' pews, "Stift" servants' and peasants' seats, all the way down to the west door. The north aisle is reserved for the men, whilst the south is devoted to friends staying with the ladies, and visitors generally.

As the time passes on we look round in astonishment. Having to wait for an hour in a stifling atmosphere, after a long dusty drive or walk, would have destroyed the pleasure of the service and afternoon to most people; but here, in good North Germany, folks are patient, and can wait, as they are doing now, with the greatest equanimity. At last there is a slight stir among the choir in the gallery. Evidently some of the little people have been disporting themselves outside, and have come in to bring tidings of an approaching event. A moment more, and the bells ring their second call to church, during which time the missionary walks in from the vestry, escorted by about fifteen clergymen, some in gowns and some without. Most of them bow to the occupants of the "box," and then shake hands with those few who have been quietly sitting here waiting throughout the weary hour. Having accomplished this preliminary ceremony, they also sit down and wait. At last the organ peals out, and then strikes up a hymn, at the end of which the chaplain enters and reads the Liturgy, standing with his back to the altar, which is the rule in all Lutheran churches. After a second hymn the missionary ascends the pulpit and begins his address. He is a man who has worked hard in South Africa for sixteen long years without a break, and he is so interesting and so delights his hearers, that they do not think his sermon of an hour and five minutes a whit too long. We not being similarly constituted, do confess to a little fatigue before the end. But even that comes at last; the final hymn is sung, the final prayer and blessing spoken from the altar, and the congregation pours out of church into the pleasant summer air—cool by comparison with the atmosphere of the church, where no window opens, therefore airing is next to impossible. Some saunter into the handsome vaulted cloisters communicating with the church, others ramble about the churchyard and the surrounding grounds and abbey gardens. By degrees the various

groups converge to one point of the cloisters: it is the door of the chapter-hall, where coffee and refreshments are about to be served, for on this day all respectable strangers are the abbey guests, and need only be taken to the door by one of the ladies. The hall is long and low, with a vaulted ceiling, and deep windows in walls of enormous thickness. Around hang pictures of defunct abbesses and ladies in very unecclesiastical long-pointed bodices, much *décolletées*, smiling down serenely on their successors in the quiet woollen dresses and pretty white caps, for directly after church the regulation cap has been exchanged for something more becoming and pleasant to the eye. The helmety head-dress is reserved entirely for church and state occasions. From the ceiling hangs a floating angel, matching his brethren on the high altar. He holds a crown, beneath which the ladies stand for part of the installation ceremony, we are told. Now this floating figure looks down upon three narrow tables, occupying the whole length of the room, and groaning beneath the weight of piles of plates and dishes, cups, cans, and glasses. It takes some time before such a number of people find their places, for here again etiquette is very strict, and rank and seniority are severely attended to. At last we all settle down, the ladies, the clergy, and the distinguished guests occupying the centre table, and radiating downwards on both sides, from the representative of the lady abess, and the missionary, the guest of the day. Everybody else does as he or she pleases at the two side tables. Silence is requested, and the "superintendent" of the neighbouring town, an old grey-headed pastor, says a curious old grace in rhyme, after which everybody sits down, and a whole regiment of abbey maid-servants, aided and directed by some of the elder abbey school-girls, hand round coffee with pyramids of cake of all kinds, for the abbey is famous for its delicious cakes and good things generally. Everybody is very hungry, and there is a sudden lull after the storm of many voices, and the pyramids disappear with remarkable celerity, but only to be replaced by others; and then, at last, the missionary is called upon to relate some of his African experiences. This he responds to well and pleasantly, and so that each one of the hundred and fifty people can hear him easily, though his voice is not much raised. The children have flocked in from the next room, where they have been regaled with their share of the feast, and they stand wide-

eyed and open-mouthed at the extraordinary anecdotes and adventures of the narrator ; and so do the servants and peasants that are crowding round the hall-door. At last the missionary points to a large parcel lying on the table before him, and explains that time forbids his telling them half the interesting things connected with his life in Africa, for he must be off by seven o'clock, in order to reach a distant station that night, but should they feel an interest in the matter, here are various accounts of the work now going on in South Africa. The prices of the little books vary from a halfpenny to sixpence, they are therefore within reach of all. In a few minutes the whole pile has disappeared, bought up to the last copy. The missionary's strongly-marked face lights up with its genial smile. It is a face burnt to a dusky brown beneath an African sun, and it has a firm and rather sad expression in repose—the reflection of constant hardships and trials, undauntedly met and overcome by the power of faith and prayer, but leaving life-long scars discernible, nevertheless, in the care-worn steadfast gaze ; but when the smile does come, it is sweet enough to have won the heart of many a heathen, and to have induced them to listen to the "Old, old story" that kindly face had to tell, just as it wins the hearts of all around him now, when he smiles at the interest which is displayed in his beloved mission. It is in great want of funds, and every little helps, even the selling of these halfpenny leaflets. Whilst everybody looks at their purchases a slight pause ensues, quickly filled up by the handing round of whole batteries of cold sweet dishes of every colour and shape, together with immense bowls of strawberries ; then a pastor proposes some singing, and forthwith several lovely old German sacred songs are sung in parts and by heart by all present, and they end with that touching dismissal hymn, "Lass mich gehen" ("Let me depart"); then a pastor asks leave to tell an anecdote, which I cannot do better than repeat here. He called it, "The Power of Love."

"A short time ago, a missionary in New Zealand assembled all his converts for a farewell service, for he was going to leave them. The service ended with a celebration of the Holy Communion. Among the first to come up to the altar was a man who knelt down at the farther end of the row. Hardly, however, had he got there, when he rose up again and retraced his steps, having to cross the whole length of the church before he could regain his seat. The missionary was greatly

astonished, but before he could quite recover from his surprise at such extraordinary conduct, the man had returned to his place before the altar, and, kneeling down, received the Holy Sacrament. On asking the native after service what could be the motive for his curious conduct, the missionary received this answer : "When I went up to the altar I had no idea by whom I was going to kneel ; but when I had knelt down, I looked up suddenly and saw a man beside me whom, but a few short years ago, I swore to kill the next time he crossed my path ; he had killed my father and drank his blood ! Now, can you imagine what I felt, when I found him kneeling beside me so unexpectedly ? An awful dread took possession of me, so that I could not bear to stay, and felt compelled to return to my seat. But when I got there the heavens seemed to open before me, and I saw the last great Supper of the Lamb, and I heard a voice saying to me, "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another." That quite overpowered me, and then at the same moment I seemed to see a second vision—a cross, and a man nailed to the cross, and again I heard a voice saying, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." And then I returned to my place before the altar, with all my dread gone and peace in my heart."

This little story of the working of Divine Love in the heart of a savage makes a strong impression on all the listeners, and causes a few minutes' silence ; then the chaplain returns thanks to the kind hostess, in the name of all the guests, for their hospitable reception, grace is said, and all rise to go. Before leaving the chapter-hall, however, each one goes up to the Countess X., and makes her a very low curtsey or bow, as the case may be, and then kisses her hand in the polite old German fashion. In a few minutes the hall is deserted.

It is getting dusk, and there is a general calling and looking for conveyances, and those who have far to go set off as fast as possible, lest they should be overtaken by darkness, as the moon will not rise early to-night. By degrees the old stillness regains possession of the precincts, horses and wheels are only heard in the far-off distance, and the ladies and their friends are left to take their usual evening stroll. They talk over the events of the day and compare it with former festivals, and all agree that this one has quite equalled the others. The waiting certainly was a little trying, that every one allows, still the sermon was worth it afterwards ; and then

the collection at the doors has been so good! On the whole it has been a great success. And we feel sure that all who visited the old convent to-day shared in their satisfaction.

Alas! there are signs of coming changes even in this old conservative stronghold of simple and frugal habits and customs, and doubtless the time is drawing near when the place will undergo a "thorough reform;" it will have a bran-new constitution, with bran-

new laws, admitting every one, "Jews, Turks, and Infidels,"—and this latter is the ladies' great dread. But when it comes to pass, as come to pass it will sooner or later, the framers of the new reforms will consider that they have advanced the institution many steps on the road to "progress." For ourselves, we shall be sorry to see any "advance" of the kind, and shall deplore it almost as much as the last ladies under the present régime.

LONDON GRAVES.

WHAT we call the present is ever changing: the past is an accomplished fact, over which some minds better love to brood than to flutter about in the bustle of to-day. To such folk it is pleasant, as they "moon" along London streets, to sponge out, so to speak, their present busy traversers; to re-people them with their former inhabitants in obsolete attire and with more leisurely faces; to halt and linger where any more or less well-known item in mankind's majority lived, died, or was buried.

To some of these dreamers it is, perhaps, pleasanter to come upon a memorial that keeps nothing but a name, a date, in memory, or, perchance, has had its record altogether obliterated by the brushing of Time's wing, and round it wreath a history of their own fancy. In the heart of Whitechapel—the drab arches of the Blackwall Railway straddling, its frequent trains shuttling past it—there is, behind the Seventh Day Baptist Meeting House, a little green graveyard, shaded by ancient trees, over whose worn grey tombstones I could pore for hours. In it lies the founder of the chapel, released from prison when John Bunyan obtained his liberty; and its ministers' vault contains the corpses of its pastors down to the time when intramural interment was forbidden.

But it is of more famous dead who have found their resting-places in "London" that this little paper is to treat.

The Tower's dreary register is too well known for recapitulation in a brief sketch like this, which will also omit the modern cemeteries. Hard by roughly rollicking Ratcliff Highway, dreamy Swedenborg, gossiping Colley Cibber were buried, the one in the Danish, the other in the Swedish church. St. Magnus, protruding its dial over Thames Street, holds the ashes of its whilom rector, Miles Coverdale, removed hither when St.

Bartholomew's by the Exchange was pulled down. If his ghost walks and has not gone back to his grave before Billingsgate Market opens, the Biblical translator must be horrified by the amount of misused Biblical language he hears around him.

In recently restored St. Helen's, Bishopsgate, rests Sir John Crosby, founder of neighbouring Crosby Hall, where Sir Thomas More once lived, and Richard of Gloucester before him*—a place still famous for "royal visits," although it has become a restaurant. Here, too, is laid Sir William Gresham, the site of whose house over the way has been turned into a rabbit warren of dim offices, with another restaurant in the basement from which unctuous odours float up into the main corridor, which has become a main thoroughfare between Bishopsgate Street and Broad Street. In Bethlehem churchyard, Moorfields, were laid that remarkable theologian, Ludwick Muggleton, and John Lilburn, carried to his grave from the then Quaker-frequented Bull and Mouth, where a controversy arose as to whether or not the coffin should be covered with a pall; the result being that the Friends amongst his funeral train carried their point, *i.e.* their recently made convert's coffin uncovered to the burial-ground.

After midnight, when cabs have ceased to rattle, omnibuses, carts, drays, vans to rumble, and tram-cars to hum along the City Road, I know few places more impressive to look upon by "the struggling moonbeams' misty light" than Bunhill Fields burial-ground. The dim huddled stones look like risen ghosts standing sentry over their corpses. In this cemetery, Defoe's "great pit in Finsbury," Defoe lies, in company with Goodwin, Owen, John Bunyan, George Fox of leather-suit fame, Dr. Watts,

* *Glo.* That it may please you leave these sad designs
To him that hath more cause to be a mourner,
And presently repair to Crosby Place.

Richard III. l. 2.

and that remarkable mother who could teach her children, "when turned a year old" (and some before), to "cry softly," Mrs. Susannah Wesley. On the other side of the road lies her son John, who lay in state in canonicals in City Road chapel, thousands flocking to see him, and (to prevent people from squeezing and treading one another to death) was buried at five o'clock on a bitter winter's morning; and even then hundreds were present.

Hard by Bunhill Fields burial-ground lived one of the most illustrious of cockneys, John Milton, born in Bread Street, buried at St. Giles's, Cripplegate, where Oliver Cromwell was married, and where Book of Martyrs Fox also was buried. At St. Michael's, Wood Street, James IV. of Scotland was buried; at St. Lawrence's, Jewry, Archbishop Tillotson; at St. Mary's Woolnoth, Cowper's pipe-smoking, hymn-writing Evangelical friend, "John Newton, clerk, once an infidel and libertine, a servant of slaves in Africa," and eke master of a slaver.

Pepys, whose flies still seem to buzz in the amber of his gossip, sleeps, after his fussy life, at St. Olave's, Hart Street; another gossip of a different calibre, at St. James's, Clerkenwell.

At St. Catherine Cree's, sweet once a year with purer incense than the Ritualists use, the breath of the bouquets and button-holes brought to the Flower Sermon, lies Holbein; at St. Andrew's Undershaft, Stow, whose folios at the British Museum have need of their brass edgings—so often are they lugged out from their ground-floor lodgings by those who (myself included) go in for antiquarianism made easy.

At Christ Church, Newgate Street, the author of the "Saint's Rest" was buried; at St. Mary's, Aldermanbury, Judge Jefferies; at St. Sepulchre's, Roger Ascham; Vanbrugh, at St. Stephen's, Walbrook; Inigo Jones, at St. Bennet's, Paul's Wharf.

Of the illustrious dead in St. Paul's there is no need to speak.

Richardson, who lived in Salisbury Square hard by, lies at St. Bride's, where in the pre-Wren church had been laid Wynkin de Worde, the compiler of *Baker's Chronicle*, only by death released from gaol, and Lovelace. Goldsmith is buried in the Temple, and there, or elsewhere, close to the Fleet Street which he loved so well, or at St. Clement Danes just outside, where he worshipped, and Otway was buried, Dr. Johnson *ought* to have been buried. The graveyard in Portugal Street was the burial-place of Joe Miller.

At St. Mary's-le-Savoy, Gawain Douglas, George Wither, and the French Earl of Faversham, whose men defeated Monmouth, lie together in queer companionship, and, if not in common odour of sanctity, almost within scent of Rimmel's perfume shop and factory. (It is odd that so many Londoners have never seen the village-church-like Savoy Chapel Royal, though the papers mention it every Saturday, in their "Preachers for to-morrow" paragraph, even now that a thoroughfare runs past it from the Embankment.) St. Paul's, Covent Garden, Inigo Jones's barnlike church, has garnered a sheaf of celebrities: the author of "Hudibras," Sir Peter Lely, Wycherley, Grinling Gibbons, Dr. Arne, Peter Pindar. At St. Martin's-in-the-Fields and in its outlying burial-ground were laid Nell Gwynne, the Honourable Robert Boyle, Farquhar, Lord Mohun, Jack Sheppard, Dibdin, Roubiliac, John Hunter, and James Smith. At St. Giles's-in-the-Fields, and in its outlying graveyard, and the adjoining railway-troubled and trampled old St. Pancras burial-ground, Lord Herbert of Chisbury; Chapman, the translator of Homer; Flaxman, his illustrator; Andrew Marvell, the garden-steps of whose cottage may still be seen on Highgate Hill; Dick Penderell, Jeremy Collier, General Paoli, Dictionary Walker; and in the last-named cemetery Godwin and his wives were buried, but their remains have been removed. Coleridge lies at Highgate, Rogers at Hornsey. Joanna Southcott was buried at St. John's, St. John's Wood; Mrs. Whitefield at the Tabernacle, Tottenham Court Road; Lord George Gordon, at St. James's, Hampstead Road.

St. James's, Westminster, contains another cluster of celebrities: Charles Cotton, Sydenham, Arbuthnot, Akenside, Sir William Jones, James Gilray.

Of Westminster Abbey's tombs, as of those of the Tower and St. Paul's, it is unnecessary to make mention here. In St. Margaret's, Westminster, lie William Caxton and Sir Walter Raleigh (beheaded on a frosty morning in Old Palace Yard hard by, after begging the sheriff to let him have his head cut off quickly, lest his ague-fit should come on, and the earls and others assembled to see the show think that he shook through fear). St. Margaret's suggests the name of Cromwell. He was buried at the gallows-foot (magnanimous revenge!) at the Tyburnia corner of the Edgware Road, with stern Bradshaw and gloomy Ireton, whose handsome red brick mansion on Highgate

Hill has been turned into a cheerful Home for the Great Ormond Street Sick Children's Hospital's convalescent patients.

Before crossing the water, we may note that Dr. Sacheverell lies at St. Andrew's, Holborn, that very different ecclesiastic, Lawrence Sterne (most inappropriate of surnames), in Bayswater burial-ground, Mrs. Siddons in old Paddington churchyard, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu (in company with that squinting but irresistible ladies' man, Jack Wilkes), in South Audley Street Chapel, and Hoyle, of whist fame, in old Marylebone churchyard.

"According-to"-Cocker was buried at St. George's, Southwark. St. Saviour's, Southwark (Minster of the Priory of St. Mary Overy, o' the Ferry, which looks like a cathedral, and may become one) was the burial-place of Gower, Fletcher, and Masinger. Kit Marlow lies at Deptford, General Wolfe at Greenwich; and above bridge, Sir Thomas More and Sir Hans Sloane rest at Chelsea, Hogarth and Ugo Foscolo at Chiswick, and Gainsborough, the great painter, at Kew.

RICHARD ROWE.

THE WORKHOUSE AND THE PLAY.

THACKERAY has written delightfully of the pleasures of a pantomime when enjoyed with children; but what is the rapture of softly-nurtured darlings, even if introduced to fairy-land for the first time, compared to that of little workhouse waifs and strays transported from dreary wards to the mysterious, gay, indescribable stage? Nothing could be more strangely contrasted than the two scenes. One, alas! perpetual, the past, present, and future of a workhouse child's existence; the other fleeting and dream-like, a very soap-bubble of fascination, on which the eye rapturously fastens for a moment, to lose it the next for ever! Most people, it is to be supposed, have had curiosity or philanthropy enough to make the acquaintance of a workhouse once in their lives. They have been politely conducted through scrupulously clean dormitories; have seen the inmates of both sexes and all ages in their clean, wholesome, and not uncomfortable uniforms; have inspected the schools, kitchens, and grounds, and have probably come away with the satisfied feeling that, after all, a workhouse is a comfortable place enough, and much more than could be expected by those, or the children of those, whom providence or misfortune have deprived of something better.

All this is natural, and, in a great measure, based on common sense. Compared with a French *asyle* for aged and helpless paupers, our workhouses are desirable abodes; and the object of this paper is not to show up workhouse abuses, which doubtless exist in large numbers. But, do the casual visitors to a workhouse at all realise the life of the children born, bred, or at least reared within its dreary precincts? This requires something more than an occasional visit, and

something more than a mere summing-up of outward facts and material considerations. That a workhouse child is housed, clothed, fed, and even instructed, does not at all imply that its existence is in the least degree what the existence of a young human being ought to be; what, indeed, the life of many a little savage, as well as that of the princeling, undoubtedly is—namely, free, beloved, playful, happy. These young things, condemned by evil fate, and no fault of their own, to a treadmill of daily duties, penalties, and privations, know of no freedom beyond that accorded the prisoner, no love in any shape, no playfulness worthy the name, no joyousness. Their only enjoyment is limited to the merest materialism and the satisfaction of animal requirements. Fear is their teacher, not love; and by fear their evil instincts and passions are kept in check for a time. The physiognomy of a workhouse child is the saddest thing I know in the world except one, and that is the face of a little orphan in a French *orphelinat*, under the control of nuns and priests.

Fortunately, there are breaks in the dreary picture we have been contemplating, and a little incident witnessed by the present writer lately, is to form the text of what may pass as a moral discourse, preached by a lover of little children to the rich, the idle, and the childless. The scene is the pavilion of a fashionable sea-side pier on a Saturday afternoon, where extravaganzas and comediettas on a small scale, with the accompaniment of a very fair orchestra in front of the stage, attract crowds of people, mostly of the better classes, who eke out their days by means of such amusements, novel-reading, driving, riding, the skating-rink, eating ices at confectioners' shops, &c. Well, among

the audience happened to be three or four pairs of small workhouse children, each boy and girl being under the care of the kind lady who, we presume, had volunteered the treat. They were good-looking children on the whole, and were neither emaciated nor sallow; but what particularly struck an observer was their seriousness and evident unaccustomedness, if we may use the word, to being amused. It was only by a very great effort indeed that they could throw heart and soul into their surroundings—gay banners and stage decoration, crowds of well-dressed people, loud and cheerful music, lastly, little bits of light comedy, with actors and actresses appropriately got up for the occasion. The other children—and there were scores of all ages, down to mere babies unable to lisp out their admiration—were at home immediately. They knew within a little what was coming, and how to enjoy; but with the six little men and women in monotonous brown stuff and corduroy it was quite otherwise. One boy's face I could but observe attentively. He was older than his companions, perhaps eleven years old, and had an intelligent, amiable expression, mixed with deep sadness. For a long time he sat like one in a dream, unable to shake off his depression, not at all realising the gaiety and liveliness around him. But at last he was won over to a child's mood of unconscious, self-forgetting mirth, and actually laughed aloud! The comic situations, jokes, and gay dresses of the little troupe had a magical, but momentary effect, and he forgot awhile that he was fatherless, motherless, futureless, a workhouse child! The sedate, painfully sensitive, and brooding little face melted into downright merriment and audible laughter, perhaps for the first time in his life, or, at least, for the first time of his workhouse career. That boy was of unmistakably reputable birth, and had inherited something in the way of capacities and character. But he could not forget the ignominy of his position. In the midst of

the happy, careless, enjoying world, he was conscious of being only a social unit, a pauper, a workhouse boy!

His companions, especially the little girls, were much gayer, and no less delightful was the expression of contentment and quiet pleasure on the faces of their protectors. As the kind, good ladies, bending over their little charges, explained this difficulty and that, I thought they wore the look of angels. There was no reciprocity of favours here. All the love, pity, and benefit were on one side, and the reward—a child's smile.

These sea-side theatrical entertainments are short, and when the crowd broke up I picked out dozens of elegantly dressed women of the better ranks of society who might have looked like angels too, had they led by each hand one of these little waifs. As it is, there is no more melancholy spectacle or subject for contemplation, than that of a thoroughly idle female population in a fashionable watering-place. "No work to do," would, indeed, be as appropriate from the lips of such ladies and young girls as those of frozen-out market-gardeners in winter time. Why not exchange the dreary task of amusement-seeking for that of pleasure-giving, and follow the good example here pointed out? To have made half-a-dozen workhouse children thoroughly happy for a couple of hours would, at least, redeem a whole day's selfish idleness, and earn a keener enjoyment for the morrow. Pleasure, when cultivated as such, palls on the appetite, but the pleasure we bestow on others is a tonic we cannot indulge in too often, if of a proper kind and the recipients are deserving. Let the circulating-library novel and the useless bit of fancy work, therefore, be laid aside once a week during the fine weather, and some little orphan's dreary life be turned into fairy-land for awhile! There cannot be two opinions on such philanthropy as this, and against it Liberal or Conservative, Churchman or Dissenter, have not a word to say.

M. BETHAM-EDWARDS.

AT SEA.

BY ONE OF THE AUTHORS OF "CHILD-WORLD."

THOU, the angry sea that stillest,
 Stillest only by a word,
 Hear us, save us, if thou wiltest,
 Save us, hear us, gracious Lord!

In a storm as wildly raging,
 Saviour! thou thy flock didst save,
 By a word the storm assuaging,
 By a look subdued the wave.

Let, oh! let our anguish reach thee,
 Give the look and speak the word.
 Save us, hear us, we beseech thee,
 Hear us, save us, gracious Lord!

THE KAFIR RISING.

BY CAPTAIN HENRY HALLAM PARR.

PART I.

THE session of the Cape Parliament of '77 was a stormy one. There had been a great battle on the question of frontier defence, and for a short time the issue had seemed doubtful, and the fate of the ministry trembled in the balance.

To a bystander it was all very perplexing. Members of the Eastern provinces of the Cape Colony, who lived in the midst of the Kafirs, rose in the House of Assembly to make vehement speeches, prophesying "that a Kafir rising was imminent, that no preparation to meet it had been made by Government, that the frontier police were useless, that our Fingo allies were unwilling to fight, and that if they *were* willing to fight they had only assegais to fight with, while the Kafirs were well armed; that it was all very well for Western members to sneer, but if they (the Western members) had the lives of *their* wives and children in jeopardy on the frontier instead of comfortably situated five or six hundred miles away, they might, perhaps, look at the question from a different point of view."

Then a Western member, a supporter of the ministry, would rise and say "that really he was ashamed to hear such panic-stricken utterances; that there was no ground at all for supposing the Kafirs had the slightest idea of rising; on the contrary, they were getting more peaceably inclined every day; that ever so many little Kafir children went to school; that there were ever so many thousand rifles on the frontier, that the police force was in a most efficient state, and that he had great pleasure in assuring the House that the great Gaika chief, Sandilli, whenever he was sober, always expressed himself strongly in favour of peace" (some discontented and obstinate member would here murmur that, as the gentleman in question was nearly always drunk, he did not think this particularly good news), "and that, in fact, there was not the slightest danger of any sort or kind."

This was all very confusing. At first we glowed with sympathy with the Eastern members at the thought of their blazing homesteads and murdered wives and children, and then became red-hot with indignation at the cry of "wolf" being kept up in so obstinate and pertinacious a manner.

However, the rights of the case were soon to be made clear to every one.

The session came to an end, and the members of the House scattered to their different homes—some by rail to snug old Dutch country towns in the west, some by steamer to the coast and border towns of the east, some by the weary ox-waggon to lone farms in the interior; the Governor and ministers started for the Eastern province, and the metropolis of Cape Colony passed into its dull season.

Shortly, however, this dulness was enlivened by sinister rumours from the frontier. There had been, it was said, a fight between Fingoes and Kafirs at a beer-drinking. The Kafirs had gone away vowing vengeance, the magistrates were doubtful whether they could keep the peace, the war spirit seemed rising, and affairs seemed of sufficient gravity to demand the presence of the Governor and ministers at King William's Town, the chief town of the Eastern frontier.

Now this was to be a "light" article, innocent of statistics and hard names, but we are perforce driven to enter into some explanation of what the disturbing elements on the frontier were composed, and of the whereabouts of the country disturbed, or our story, such as it is, will not be intelligible.

It must first be understood that it is only in the eastern part of the Cape Colony that there are native settlements or "locations." In the west there are natives employed as labourers, railway navvies, and so forth, but it is only when one gets to the eastward of the Great Fish River that tribes are found in villages, or kraals, living on land allotted to them. Here lies, it may be remarked, the reason for the great want of sympathy between the Eastern and Western provinces of Cape Colony. With the bitter memories of the old Kafir wars still vivid in his mind, with the swarming Kafir population surrounding him, the colonist of the Eastern province looks at every matter in the light it stands with reference to the native question; whereas the Western province merchant or farmer (whose only knowledge of native races is drawn from the industrious Malay or the half-caste Dutch Hottentot) can with difficulty be brought to understand that it is a matter of life and death—or, more prosaic-

ally speaking, solvency or ruin—to his Eastern brother that a sound native policy and an efficient system of defence should be maintained on the frontier.

Between the Fish River, then, and the Great Kei (the eastern boundary of the Cape Colony), and between the Great Kei and the river Bashee, dwell natives who have until very lately been engaged in fighting for and against British rule. These natives consist of the Fingoes and various subdivisions of the great Amaxosa tribe.

More than fifty years ago, when the blood-thirsty Zulu king, Chaka, was devastating Zulu Land, Natal, and tracts of country still more to the west and north-west, a stream of migration set in towards the country now called "the Transkei" and "the Eastern Frontier," consisting of Zulus flying from the vengeance or the tyranny of their king. The Amaxosa were not, it appears, particularly glad to receive them. They were themselves beginning to wish for more land, and the influx of population was, to say the least, inconvenient. Eventually the refugees were allowed to settle down in the Amaxosa country, but only as hewers of wood and drawers of water, and they were given the contemptuous name of "Fingoes," or "Dogs."

At the end of the first Kafir war, the British released the Fingoes from their bondage, gave them tracts of land in various parts of the country, and set English magistrates over them. These people have made great advances towards civilisation and prosperity, and are regarded by the different branches of the Amaxosa nation with the most intense jealousy and hatred. They have always been considered "Government people," and have always fought on our side in the Kafir wars.

The Amaxosa are divided into the following tribes, whose names the present war has made pretty familiar to English ears.

The Galekas, whose country lies between the Kei and the Bashee, and whose chief, Kreli, is regarded as the paramount chief of the Amaxosa nation; and the Gaikas, who are located in different parts of the frontier, chiefly, however, in the King William's Town district, where their chief Sandilli has his "big place."

It must be remembered that the great difference between the Galekas and the Gaikas is, that the Gaikas (although they have not probably realised the fact very clearly) are British subjects, while the Galekas were before the war only under British protection. Besides the Gaikas and Galekas there are also the Tambookies and the Tembus, who

are two nearly related tribes, but located, like the Gaikas and Galekas, on different sides of the river Kei. The Tembus, whose location is the Transkei north of Galeka Land, have fought with us against the Galekas; while most of the Tambookies, who are located in the neighbourhood of Queen's Town, a town lying about one hundred and twenty miles almost due north of King William's Town, revolted, and, under the chief Gongutella, created a diversion in favour of the Gaikas.

All these tribes are more or less uncivilised, and in some parts we have, by permitting the chiefs to hold so much power, allowed the Kafirs to remain as wild and as barbarous as before a white man entered their country.

The physique, language, and descent of all the Kafir tribes, from the westernmost part of the eastern province of Cape Colony to the easternmost border of Zulu Land are nearly the same.

They seem to have no religious forms and few beliefs. They have a vague idea of a "Great-great-great-one," but they never pray and hardly ever allude to him: they have a misty notion that their forefathers are dwelling in another land, and believe to a certain extent in ghosts and a spirit-world. In their fables or fairy-tales an individual something between Puck and "Rumpelstilzkin" figures largely, who is very small and mischievous, milks cows, damages cattle, and torments the men and animals who come in his way, playing them all manner of tricks. He has not apparently any definite name, and it is not very clear whether he is believed in or regarded as a myth.

The most active, and indeed almost the only belief of the Kafirs is in the power of the witch-doctors, who are responsible for most of the evil worked among the tribes. When any untoward event occurs the witch-doctors profess to find out the man responsible for it, and his life is made a burden to him if in the Cape Colony; if in Zulu Land he undergoes a process yclept "smelling out;" his goods are as a matter of course forfeited to the Crown, and he is lucky if he escapes with a whole skin. Curiously enough men who do not own plenty of cattle and substance are hardly ever "smelt out." Before going to war the warriors of a tribe are doctored all round by the principal witch-doctor. With many and intricate forms a charm is either given or marked on each man to render them invulnerable. The faith of these people in their chiefs and witch-doctors was shown, our readers may remember, by the suicidal acts of the Gaikas and Galekas in

the old war. Their chiefs and witch-doctors preached a gospel to the effect that the time had come when the white man was really to be driven into the sea, that if the Kafirs killed every head of cattle that they possessed, when the last beast was slain all the ancient warriors of their tribe would rise from the sea in tens and tens of thousands, and with their assistance they would drive the hated invader from their land. The result was not as they expected; warriors did come out of the sea, but they were white warriors and fought on the side of their enemies, and the Kafirs were put in desperate straits for food for some time to come: but we are digressing from the war of 1877.

The news then that there were likely to be disturbances on the frontier created great excitement in Cape Town, where an extraordinary amount of vagueness exists about frontier affairs.

The number of warriors Krelil could put in the field were multiplied tenfold, and their fighting powers spoken of with dread.

Public opinion seemed to be doubtful whether it would be prudent to protect the Transkei Fingoes. Were we strong enough? If we took the side of the Fingoes, would not the Gaikas take the part of the Galekas and rise against us? However, we soon heard that British subjects (although only Fingoes) were not to be allowed to be at the mercy of any chief in the Transkei, whoever he might be; for news came down that Krelil had been informed that the Fingoes were British subjects, and that if his people attacked them the police would act against the Galekas.

However, this warning had had as yet no results, and at Cape Town we anxiously expected the news of the first engagement, or that Krelil had disbanded his army. The morning of the 27th of September was very stormy, and consequently the telegraph lines worked badly and gave in the slowest and most tantalising manner possible the news of an action in the Transkei two days before, and an order for reinforcements to be sent up to the frontier at once. This action was called afterwards "The Battle of the Guadana."

The Galeka army, in number about four or five thousand, had attacked a mixed force of eighty police and one thousand five hundred Fingoes near Ibeka, the principal police post in Galeka Land.

The Fingoes fought with indecision, and on the carriage of the gun the police had with them breaking down, they gave way and

fled, frightening some of the police horses and unsettling some of the lads who had lately joined the police and who were in charge of them. On this the police were obliged to retreat on Ibeka. On the arrival of this news it was very evident that the question of peace or war was now definitely settled, and the mail steamer leaving Table Bay that day received a good many passengers bound for the frontier to see what was to be seen.

There are many uncomfortable positions one may find one's self in without being in actual danger or positive pain.

The following has its merits. A blazing sky, a blinding dust, the possession of the third of a box-seat of a Cape cart intended to hold two persons, the two other thirds of the said seat being occupied, the left-hand third by a Hottentot boy armed with a cudgel and a cowhide, the right-hand third by a Hottentot driver who had been pitched out of the mail-cart the day before and half killed. Both "Totties" (as they are called at the Cape) being dressed in aged corduroys. (Oh, reader! you cannot imagine what old corduroys and old Hottentots smell like).

This was not pleasant, yet when one felt inclined to break out, the sight of the poor old Totty driver patiently urging on his four miserable horses, bandaged up and plastered, one eye entirely concealed, and the blood oozing from a wound in his head, kept one silent.

Six hours of jolting, flogging, and harness-snapping, of dust, sun, and hot wind, had passed before the poor worn-out horses had brought the Cape cart to the hill above Graham's Town, and before the journey from Port Elizabeth (two-thirds of which had been accomplished by rail) was finished. As the descent of the hill was commenced, and as the pretty little town was caught sight of in the hollow below, it became apparent that something unusual was going on by the numbers of led horses and volunteers in semi-uniform who were passing down into the town.

It turned out that volunteers had been called for, and that a committee of the town were busy buying horses' equipment, &c., for the men who had come forward.

On leaving Graham's Town the next morning it was soon evident that the country was deserted. There was nothing stirring round any of the farm-houses, not a white man was to be seen, the farmers had evidently "trekked."

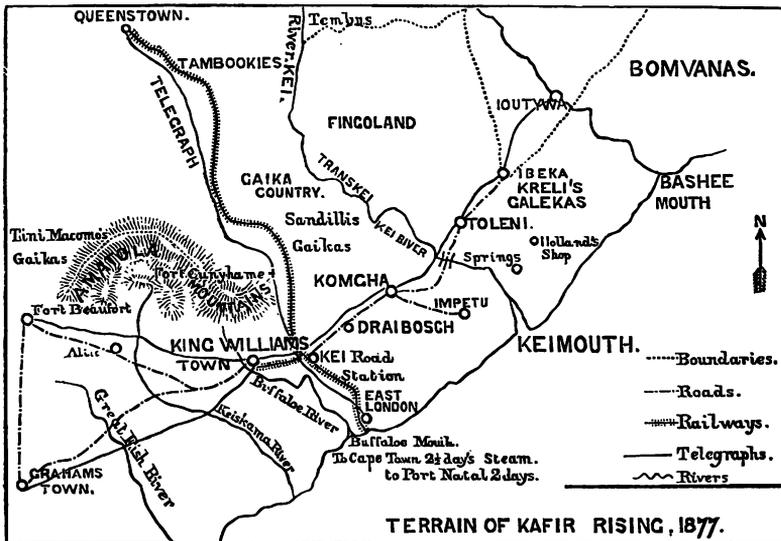
The road from Graham's Town to King William's Town is historic ground, and the

scene of many skirmishes and fights in the old wars; and on this subject the driver of the Cape cart, in the deliberate manner of those of Dutch blood, told many a story. The cart would have caused a good deal of curiosity if it had appeared on the wood pavement of Piccadilly. It was like a cab (not a four-wheeler or a hansom, but the cab which preceded the mail-phæton, T-cart, and gig), only much larger and with a low seat in front for the driver; the horses were four wiry little hackneys, the harness plain, coarse leather.

Four-in-hand English coachmen might look down on the stolid, stout-built man in a broad-brimmed hat and short jacket, sitting under his horses' tails; and I dare say he

would not have looked well on the top of one of the well-appointed coaches which start every summer's morning from Hatchett's, but there was no doubt of his being in the right place where he was—and how he made his horses travel! Before sundown they had made nearly sixty-five miles, and showed but little signs of distress, and amply repaid their owner for the trouble and care he took of them at every stage, and for the judicious way he handled them on the road.

There was no breakfast to be had at the usual halting-place at Great Fish River. The man at the wayside inn was just "trekking," and his waggon was loaded ready to start, so another hour saw the cart toiling



with hungry occupants through the Fish River bush.

Here it was the Kafirs gave us such trouble last war, for its dense cover gave them innumerable opportunities to attack and harass the convoys and bodies of troops which had constantly to make use of the road running through it. It was near here, too, that the only real chance of catching the enemy in the open during the war occurred, and it was not thrown away. The 7th Dragoon Guards charged and recharged the enemy, who said that the mounted warriors must be all chiefs, on account of their size and the beauty of their horses.

An empty stomach does not conduce to bright views of things in general, and we

could not help thinking that if in the last Kafir war of 1851-52, between fifteen and twenty thousand troops were required in different parts of the colony, we should be rather short of men now, especially as the Kafirs were reported to be far better armed than formerly.

It was not very long before our seven-pounder mountain guns and our Sniders showed how prodigiously the weapons of the day had strengthened our hands.

At mid-day the half-way house was reached and the hungry travellers were greeted by an old lady of nearly ninety. "You have not trekked then, ma'am?" "Trekking, is it? may God forgive me if ever I trek and run from a pack of cowardly niggers. I and

my sons 'll stop here, an' shame may be 'll strike the cowards who have trekked when they see an ould woman of near ninety standing her ground." After this one could only hope that the volunteers and burghers at the front would be animated with a like spirit as this gallant old lady, who kept her word, and she and her sons held their ground and set an example to the country-side during the whole time of the disturbance on the frontier. At six in the evening the halting-place for the night was reached, and at eight next morning the cart drove into King William's Town.

It was evident that the gravity of the situation was realised. Every man strong enough to handle a rifle, and who did not already belong to a volunteer corps, joined the burgher corps then being raised for the defence of the town, and came up to drill twice a day at the barracks until pronounced efficient in the rudiments of drill and shooting; and the manner in which middle-aged and even old men accustomed evidently to sedentary occupations stuck to their drill until they had obtained their certificate of efficiency, showed how real they considered the danger to be.

The whole town was crowded with all the white people of the neighbouring districts, and it was pitiable to listen to the story of some of the farmers' wives, who could not afford the expense of lodgings and had to live on the outskirts of the town under their waggons—husband and perhaps eldest son gone to join some volunteer corps, and house and land abandoned to the mercy of fortune.

The feeling of nervousness and excitement throughout the districts containing Kafir locations was very great, and was spreading to those comparatively remote from the frontier. The Government endeavoured to induce people who were at a safe distance to remain on their farms, but with little success, for the conviction seemed universal that, though the Kafirs within the colony were as yet quiet, they were only waiting the signal from their chief Sandilli to rise and make common cause with the Galekas; and the press, with very few exceptions, by publishing all manner of rumours increased to a very great extent the feeling of alarm and insecurity.

At this juncture, luckily for the colony, it had as the Queen's representative a man who was no stranger to perilous times, who twenty years before in another dependency of the empire had been face to face with

dangers a hundred-fold greater than those which now menaced the colony of the Cape of Good Hope.

The situation, it must be granted, was not encouraging. The police force, on which the frontier depended, numbered about one thousand two hundred men, who were scattered all over the frontier, it was hardly known where, and it appeared by the few hundreds which could be got together that this force had been organized on a plan not suitable for the material of which it was composed. In the old Cape war, Sir Walter Currie's police were a most valuable and efficient body of men, numbering a few hundred men. The men were all colonists, hardy, robust, grown men, used to the rifle and the saddle from boyhood, men who could "spoor" a lost ox, day and night, with eyes like a hawk and ears like a hare. These men did not want anybody to put them up to Kafir tricks and Kafir warfare, or any to show them how to take care of themselves or their horses on a journey of two or three hundred miles.

After a time, when it was decided that her Majesty's troops should be gradually withdrawn from the Cape and that the colony should prepare to undertake its own defence, the authorities then decided to increase largely the police force, and recruits not being available in the colony in sufficient numbers, they had recourse to England for men.

Recruits came forward, but they were of a different stamp and required a different handling. The boy of eighteen, fresh out from a merchant's desk, who could shoot perhaps a little, had belonged to an English volunteer corps, and had ridden with his sister along the sands at a watering-place, would require a careful training before he could come up to the young colonist who had been accustomed to horses and rifle from boyhood, who had been amongst Kafirs all his life, and whose father had probably fought in the old Kafir wars. The idea was that the recruits did not require any special training or instruction on joining, but that he should be taught to "rough" it; and "rough it" he certainly did, and to some purpose, as after a patrol of two or three months' duration through Galeka Land some three years ago, the startling number of twenty per cent. of the police lads were invalidated. The word lad is used advisedly, as those who joined the police generally only remaining three years in the force, the average age of the men was very young.

Beside the police force there was on the

frontier a battalion of the line (the 24th) and at Cape Town another battalion (the 88th Connaught Rangers), and a few artillerymen.

There were also various mounted volunteer corps, who were, as it proved, of immense value, being very much the stamp of Sir Walter Currie's police, without, however, one important quality, viz., their discipline.

Although the Galekas, under their chief Kreli, were the only avowed enemy at present (numbering, it was supposed, about eight thousand fighting men), the other tribes in and beyond the colony were, it was acknowledged by those who took the most hopeful view of the case, only waiting to see which way the wind was blowing, and a trifling reverse to our arms would probably increase our enemies tenfold.

The only natives who were heart and soul on our side were the Fingoes, and these having no chiefs to egg them on to obtain arms, as in the Kafir tribes, were not exten-

sively armed, nor were they considered equal to the Kafirs in fighting qualities.

The force then at the disposal of the authorities was small; but had there been a settled plan of action, a proper chain of responsibility or defined duties for those in command of the Colonial forces, and for the native magistrates and residents; could all hands have been piped to quarters as in a properly found vessel on the alarm of fire, the outlook would not have been so bad. This, however, was impossible. The magistrates seemed to have nothing to do with the police or the police with the magistrates, nor had the officer commanding her Majesty's troops on the frontier direct connection with any civil authority. No one knew whom to look to for authority, assistance, or information, and matters were going on from bad to worse when luckily Sir Bartle Frere arrived at King William's Town, and with one of his ministers and the general commanding, commenced evolving some sort of order out of the chaos.

SUSAN'S SUNDAY IN.

By J. MILNER FOTHERGILL, M.D.

WHO that takes a true interest in others, their life and their life-history, has ever driven along the suburbs of a city, on a Sunday afternoon, without being deeply struck by the expression on the faces of those solitary maid-servants whose duty it is to be "in" that day? It is of course necessary that a house should have some one in it to attend to any call and to supplement the guardianship of the police; and it is but fair that this duty should be taken in turn. There can be no question as to the unavoidable necessity for this female warden; but while admitting this, it is open to question how far the irksome duty is made less repulsive to her than it might be; and how far, under ordinary circumstances, the guardian is not seldom a direct source of danger.

Her expression is too frequently one of weariness tinged with envy. To the girl sitting wearily at the window in search of some amusement, some means of passing away the solitary hours, every group that passes is a source of envious dissatisfaction. They are full of conversation; their faces are lighted up by mirth; they are evidently enjoying themselves—while she is left alone. She is miserable, or comparatively so, in being alone: they must be happy, for there

are several of them, and they are out! She sees their happiness by contrast with her own subjective sensations; she feels wearied and heartsick, and this subjective attitude causes her to magnify the pleasures of those who are out. All the pleasant Sundays rise to her recollection, while the less satisfactory ones remain in the shade of the background of her memory. Things are great or small, pleasant or disagreeable, by comparison; and the pleasures of the Sunday out and the irksomeness of the Sunday in become painfully distinct to her. The sphere of her comprehension is not a large one, and her stock of intellectual resources is far from inexhaustible. She has but few things beyond her duties to occupy her mind; her recollections are of her home, her parents, and her young friends. An occasional letter brings her a bare and meagre account of the main facts affecting them; but correspondence is not a pleasure to her so much as a duty. She scarcely feels inclined to relieve the tedium of her "Sunday in" by the filial duty of writing a letter to her parents. Writing a letter is too commonly to her an arduous task very imperfectly carried out. Then of course she has her sympathies and her aspirations. The large empty space of

a maid-servant's heart is usually occupied, more or less completely, by the image of one or perhaps sometimes more, of her youthful acquaintance. Nature abhors a vacuum, we are constantly being told, and the vacuum in a girl's bosom is sure to become filled with something or other, and with what so natural as the image of some youthful male friend? There is nothing wrong in this; it is natural, it is in many respects commendable. That her choice is not always a wise one does not make the maid-servant singular in that respect. But the absence of other matters for thought renders her young man perhaps a more all-absorbing matter to the female domestic than to any other girl. Many excellent housekeepers assert that maid-servants never get about their work so well, so cheerfully, and so willingly, as when they have a sweetheart to think about. Of course being in love is more distracting to some maidens than to others; and while some take it in a fairly rational form, it plays sad havoc with the memories and the mental processes of others. This may seem all very commonplace and what everybody knows quite well. Just so, and that is the best of all reasons for taking the matter into consideration.

These girls when left alone have so very few resources to occupy their thoughts with, so little to engage their attention, that the imagination runs riot. They may conjecture impossible combinations, or foster wild hopes started by unrealisable aspirations, and fed by the sensational fiction of the day, and encouraged by stray stories of love at first sight, and the wonderful rise in the world of some girl, who was courted by a gentleman in disguise. The sober views of realities held by those who have much acquaintance with the world, are not always those of an inexperienced and imperfectly educated maid-servant. Much, too, goes by contact and association, and the girls who exercise the greatest influence over the minds of other young girls of their acquaintance, are often not those for whose opinion more experienced persons are likely to have a very great respect. It will be admitted, too, that with many whose lives have had in them little of variety, they give the rein freely to their imagination; and if given to read fiction, revel most in the study of that life which is farthest away from, and which contrasts most strongly with, their own life. Consequently the solitary and often not very happy maid is, during these wearisome hours, too frequently an open prey—at the mercy of her fancy and her imagination; while

she has but imperfectly developed reasoning powers and a restricted experience to control and guide them. It is well that this subjective attitude, with its causal associations and its natural consequences, be clearly recognised, if we desire to improve upon the existing state of matters.

That isolated girl, weary of being alone, having exhausted the few materials at her disposal, or having utterly tired herself in search of amusement, is tempted in two distinct directions. One—and to her a very serious one—is that of having a lover to keep her company. Now even if her young man is a perfectly well-conducted youth, it is scarcely desirable that two young people should be thrown together alone for hours, without much probability of being disturbed. Humanity is frail, and we all are at the mercy of circumstances far more than we like to admit; and in the history of humanity many good people even have fatally miscalculated and over-estimated their power of resisting temptation under certain circumstances. An intolerable sense of weariness is often, then, the commencement of a long train of troubles with far-reaching consequences.

Not only is this temptation a source of danger in itself to both parties, but it leaves a simple-hearted and guileless girl at the mercy of an unscrupulous man who may take advantage of her simplicity. If the truth were known, how many of the thefts which are committed by maid-servants could be traced to the evil counsel of associates with whom they should never have been acquainted? When we think of these long lines of suburban houses, each with its pair of domestics, at the doors of which no young man calls except the baker's or butcher's boy, the milkman and greengrocer's man, we can estimate the amount of temptation under which these girls are placed; and we can also conjecture how haphazard necessarily must be their opportunities of making male acquaintances, and how little they can possibly know about them. Driven to make chance acquaintances or none at all, the risk of falling into the hands of bad and unscrupulous men is terribly great. Where do the wages of the bulk of our domestics go? Too often not to the savings-bank, it is to be feared. My experience of the out-patient department of two London hospitals tells me with but too painful distinctness that very many female domestics are practically penniless. Yet they command good wages, and their expenses in clothes do not often exhaust their wages. Where does the balance go? It goes to the

men who systematically prey upon these girls! There are men so called, and plenty of them, who lay themselves out to plunder girls, if they do them no further injury. When a man who knows his way about town is about to enlist, he gives careful attention to the subject of what arm of the service he should enlist in, with reference to the get up of his uniform and its commercial value with the sex. My attention was first drawn to this subject by the talk of officers at a well-known military mess-table. The Sunday's pay of a life-guardsmen is at the rate of five shillings, a horse-artilleryman three-and-sixpence, while a driver can only command eighteen pence. This sum is paid by the girl, and is irrespective of the day's expenses, all of which are borne by her. Her Sunday out often costs a long way to ten shillings; a large sum for her, but then she measures it by its bliss and the attentions of a handsome soldier, who is an adept at love-making. Now, when there are others than soldiers who are ready to relieve the girl of her wages, and who reach them through her affections—the thing being quite well recognised, not in England only, by any means, but as much round the barracks of the life-guards at Berlin as around Knightsbridge—it is easy to comprehend how a certain proportion of men readily go a step farther. Having no scruples about robbing the girl, they are not fastidious about benefiting by her employer. To see the girl when in alone, to have lunch and beer at her master's or mistress's expense, is but a venial affair. This probably is still, within a defensible line, sanctioned by custom. Doubtless there are many households where this is legitimately done, and commonly when Susan's sweetheart turns up at rare intervals and has come some distance, he is provided with some refreshment at her master's expense, and with her mistress's full cognizance. But such custom is elastic, and the cook helps herself to the contents of the pantry for the policeman, who not uncommonly has a wife and children at home; while the housemaid fails to see any objection to treating her artisan lover with like hospitality. By such means the sharp line betwixt *meum* and *tuum* gets blurred and obscured. Where the men are fairly decent fellows, probably the thing stops here and goes no farther; but if the sweetheart is a scoundrel, and the poor girl is only too fond of him—as he well knows how to make her—then mischief is soon set on foot; and the deluded girl is perhaps led on to crime, for which she suffers, while the tempter who has led her on plays on her

affections and her sense of honour, and so she conceals his part, and he escapes—probably to try the same game on elsewhere.

Or, on the other hand, the girl, from want of means of self-entertainment, gives way to her curiosity, gets fiddling with the keys if she can, opens the escritoire, and becomes familiar with other people's letters, and often learns other people's secrets, which she probably finds it very hard to keep. The knowledge she has acquired is very disturbing; and she differs from the youth who after infinite pains captured a young eagle, but found his possession so troublesome that he decided to let it go again, in that she can't let her acquisition go again, but must stick to it. Or, if she does not pry into letters, she is tempted to look into things not intended for her critical survey, and gets herself scolded for having disturbed something she should not have touched, or accidentally breaks something she ought to have left alone. Even if no untoward accident happens, there is the consciousness of having done what she ought not to have done, and the deteriorating loss of self-respect which inevitably follows such conduct, even if undiscovered. The knowledge remains within the individual's consciousness, and works destructively. It is the old story—"having once tasted stolen honey, you can't buy innocence with money." Self-respect, a quality to which the old pagans attached so very high an importance, is only to be maintained by constant accessions from the consciousness of upright conduct; and it is steadily ground down by actions of which the conscience cannot approve. Wherever there must be concealment, there is danger of a disintegrating process being set up. The matter to be concealed constantly tends to entrench upon other matters which are incidentally brought into contact with it, and so the vicious moral leper-spot spreads. To prevent the first centre of infection is by far the most successful method of dealing with the malady. Society is bound together by mutual confidence and good faith, and distrust and concealment readily produce "a house divided against itself."

Having reviewed the nature of the temptations to which domestics are thus exposed, it follows that something should be suggested that would tend to improve the existing state of things. If what has just been said is well based on fact, it is clear that the great source of danger to these girls, when left alone, is their lack of mental resources. The fancy work, which is so largely patronised by many women, is very often merely something to

occupy the attention. Their industry is the measure of their want of intellectual resources, not of their mental capacity. The writer can never forget once going by boat from Ryde to the Needles, and observing two girls who plied their crochet-needles most industriously all the day, with perfect indifference to the many objects of interest around them. Often, no doubt, such occupation is useful, and affords distraction to the mind that otherwise would be hatching mischief. But even such mild distraction as this is forbidden on the Sunday afternoon, doubtless for good and valid reasons; but it leaves a maid-servant often almost destitute of resources of self-amusement. She is thrown upon such other resources as she may possess, and notably reading. Who that has paid attention to this subject has not seen "Pamela; or, Virtue Rewarded," with its first forty pages evidently thumbed, the commencing pages well thumbed, indicating the numerous attempts that have been made to read the little book; while the spotless purity of the bulk of the volume tells of so many unsuccessful efforts? A similar condition of other like books issued from the cheap press at Halifax, and sold by pedlars and hawkers, is found at least in most Northern households. A leather-bound copy of Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" usually bears evidences of many a strenuous intellectual effort, some of which have evidently been successful in reaching the conclusion. The condition of these books tells us how many efforts have been made, but how little has been achieved. Each time the task is essayed it is doomed to failure. The conditions of success are absent, and failure is the necessary result. The art of reading has never been thoroughly acquired, so as to make its practice a source of pleasure; just as many of us know well how much labour and how little pleasure is found in the reading of works in foreign languages the acquaintance with which is very imperfect, and yet books in our language are entertaining enough. Probably even bookworms at times shirk the literature they are anxious to read, but then the strange tongue deters them, and they prefer some less irksome study. So her own language is often a toilsome business to many a girl, and the long words and the hard words bother her into despair, and she closes the book. The fiction—which, to those who are capable of feeling interested in literature of a higher character, is so objectionable—is acceptable to the imperfectly educated as much by its being within their capacities, as in the sensational plots which

alone can sustain their attention. The latter is not to be overlooked in estimating the value or the perniciousness of this sensational literature. The beautiful bits of padding in George Eliot's novels, perfect works of art or gems as they are felt to be by those competent to appreciate them, would be passed over by the ordinary domestic as dry and uninteresting; and why? Because they are unintelligible and incomprehensible, and, therefore, furnish no delight. The rapidly-moving incident of sensational fiction sustains an attention that is readily wearied.

A great lady-doctor, well known across the Atlantic, and who bears an honoured name,* states, and reiterates the statement, that "sustained attention is a difficult matter for woman," and traces much of physical ill-health in her sex to the pursuit of occupations which require hours of sustained intellectual attention, and compares this with the health which obtains where the occupation is diversified and changed at brief intervals; and sustained attention in a purely intellectual effort—for such it is, however puny it may seem to those who have attained to higher things—is very trying to these imperfectly educated girls, and the attempt to read is ere long abandoned. The book is laid down, resumed, tried again and again, and finally given up, while the attention is fixed upon passing circumstances. It is in such subjective conditions that everything occurring outside is invested with a charm and an attractiveness quite unreal. To the eye of the weary girl everything appears not as it actually is, but what her imagination makes it.

Thus the happiness of those outside is immensely exaggerated, and what probably are earnest attempts at trying to enjoy themselves and make the most of their outing, are interpreted by her as the spontaneous outcome of a high state of pleasurable excitement. If she had a better-founded subjective attitude she would realise matters more accurately, would appraise better their enjoyment, and have less acute sympathy for her own monotonous position. She would know that their outdoor happiness was not so intense as it might seem; that she herself was not so unfortunate as she was inclined to suppose. But for this further culture is absolutely requisite. The attempts of the school boards to educate all children up to a certain point are deserving of all praise, and the growing determination to enable each social unit to make the most of itself and its

capacities is to be fostered and commended. From what are many girls and women cut off by the sparseness of their culture, the grossly imperfect state of their education! women, too, who have naturally good abilities, and who would have keenly appreciated intellectual pleasures, had they only been within their reach! Hitherto, women have been debarred as by some stern doom from the earthly Paradise of intellectual pleasures which has been comparatively open to men; but a small proportion of women reach or enjoy this happiness, which so many more could appreciate if its portals and the lines of ingress were only practically open to them. All have their social rights as well as duties; and if all have to obey the laws of the State, in turn they have a right to demand that their intellectual faculties shall have a chance at least offered to them. We appreciate, as regards men, the benefits that have accrued to society from the constant ascension of men of the humbler classes, who have been enabled to make their way upward by solid and durable work. Why then should women be debarred from doing likewise? It is not to be supposed that women would do public work like men; but would a housemaid make a worse wife, a more indifferent mother, a less capable housewife, because she could enjoy the intellectual pleasure of the perusal of good, well-known English works? Until a distinctly affirmative answer can be given, there are good reasons for holding that she would not: that indeed her capacities, her usefulness, her influence for good upon her husband, her children, and her neighbours, would be increased and enlarged thereby. I once heard an omnibus-driver tell in a most matter-of-fact way, and yet with much true pathos, how his wife had taught him to write after he had married; how, after his long hours of labour, there was the copy-book awaiting him at home; the cheerful welcome, the ready word of encouragement and approval, the kiss that rewarded his efforts; until, as he said, he could soon write a letter he was not ashamed of for a man of his class. Nor had her subsequent management of her family been less skilful or less successful. A happier man in his domestic arrangements I have never met; and the cheery way he bore his long hours of toil, and the keen satisfaction with which he looked forward to the end of his last journey for the day, and the scene awaiting him at home, told how greatly woman's influence can be strengthened by the increase of her capacities by culture—and that, too, in the humbler spheres

of life, where it is so desirable that such influence should be encouraged in every way.

In this practical age, when the Christian doctrine of the strong helping the weak is being so practically carried out, there seem good reasons for supposing that much of that energy which finds an outlet in district visiting, in Dorcas meetings, in congresses "for the purpose of discussing the best means of assisting and watching over young girls of good character," might be well utilised in a domestic direction. Why should not an energetic young lady, who is anxious to do some good, and to see her life made useful, gather the domestics under her father's roof together for an hour every evening, and encourage them to read, or give them elementary lessons in history and geography, to her own advantage and their profit? Why should not the work of the school board be furthered and added to by private enterprise? Such communionship could never be injurious if the effort were an earnest one, and true pains were taken. The effects of enthusiasm are very catching, and the earnestness of the teacher would soon be felt and caught up by the taught. Not only would such teaching be a good training for the teacher, but the effects upon the taught would be useful in every way. The rivalry to which it would naturally give rise would tend to counter-balance already existing rivalries, and would lead to the formation of a new and often more accurate equilibrium. Emulation is justifiable, is desirable indeed, if well directed. Were such plan or some like plan established, a great boon would be conferred on that large body—our domestics. Soon the girls would learn to take an interest in their studies; as their power developed the satisfying character of intellectual pleasures would gradually unfold themselves; and they would realise an intense pleasure from whose delights at present they are practically shut out. By-and-by they would learn to feel their "Sunday in" no longer an irksome duty, but a pleasant period of rest, during which they could have the time to read some interesting book; or, still more, write to their relatives or friends. No reform can arrive from mere repression in itself, or dogmatic orders *not* to do certain things; it can only be achieved by educating the girls to a higher point, thus giving them higher ideals and better standards for their imitation and guidance. In so doing not only would the lives of domestics be improved, rendered less burdensome to them, and made positively happier; but the employers would find their direct advantage

in trustier servants, for whom there would be diminished temptation with greater and more developed powers of resistance.

It is not in domestics only that the wearisomeness of the Sunday evening is evidently felt. Whoever has traversed an unpretentious suburb where the main road is lined by small shops cannot have failed to observe an expression allied to dissatisfaction on the faces of a sadly large proportion of the persons seen at the windows. The book often still retained in the hand tells of the effort made, but abandoned. The great aim seems to be to seek amusement in something at which a laugh may be raised. They are keenly on the outlook for some peculiarity or oddity in the appearance, gait, or bearing of the passers-by; and the more the physical defect is pronounced the greater the satisfaction apparently it confers—if this is to be measured by the mirth evoked. This source of amusement, and the pleasure derived from something to be laughed at with the laugh of ridicule or scorn, are ever the indications of very imperfect culture, or no culture, on the one hand; or of a mind of naturally very lowly type or conformation, on the other. This mental attitude is one of the first things removed by culture, by the growth of self-respect, that approach to the *noblesse oblige* towards which all self-education naturally tends. In education there is not only the attainment of higher things, but there are the subordination and subduing of lower impulses achieved.

The great desirability of some reform or change is evident to every mind. The prayer against temptation is one that each and all of us must have often put up with bitterness and intense emotion; and if there is one service which one human being can render to another that is invaluable and beyond all price, it is aid in enabling them to resist temptation, in whatever form it

manifests itself—the more alluring the more dangerous. The dangers to which domestics are specially liable are demonstrable and patent enough; the more reason, then, why something should be done to decrease the dangers which beset, and to positively increase the benefits which, under a proper system of education, would accrue to all girls from their “Sunday in.” The education—that is, the leading out, which is the literal meaning of the word—of every one to the full extent of the capabilities of each, is one of the first of State duties. This is now being recognised; but the State can never do the work thoroughly; its efforts must be supplemented by the exertions of individuals imbued with the spirit of the enthusiasm of humanity. Many women feel their intellectual inferiority to men very keenly. Charlotte Brontë feelingly writes: “Women are supposed to be very callous generally; but women feel just as men feel; they need exercise for their faculties, and a field for their efforts as much as their brothers do; they suffer from too rigid a restraint, too absolute a stagnation, precisely as men would suffer; and it is narrow-minded in their more privileged fellow-creatures to say that they ought to confine themselves to making puddings and knitting stockings, to playing on the piano and embroidering bags.” Some, perhaps, prefer to remain in this state of intellectual slavery; but the majority have higher aspirations. This is seen in the present movement in the direction of the higher education of women, and all must wish the movement well. But while attention is now justly given to the aspirations of women who have already a certain amount of education, little heed is paid to the wants of the humbler classes of women, and practically nothing is being done to lessen Susan’s sense of weariness during her “Sunday in.”

THE MICROPHONE.

THE past twelve or eighteen months have been crowded with scientific surprises. Probably no period of corresponding duration in the history of the world has ever brought forth so many startling applications of well-known scientific principles. It is somewhat difficult to believe that only last year, at the British Association meeting at Plymouth, the first articulating telephone was tried in England. It was then that the

beautiful and simple form of Professor Graham Bell’s telephone, which has since become so familiar, was described by its inventor, and the incredulous convinced of its success by conversing as easily with friends miles away as if they were *vis-à-vis*. A few months later, just before this year broke, came the news of the invention of the phonograph, and still greater incredulity was expressed until the instrument reached

this country in the spring. Scepticism on this point had scarcely been put to flight—by actual and repeated trial confirming the fact that articulate speech or intricate music could, by the simplest mechanism, leave upon this instrument an impress that enabled the speech or music to be correctly reproduced at any future time,—when another wonder was announced. This was the microphone, which, it was asserted, not only caught up every whisper in its neighbourhood and sent it forward with augmented strength to some remote telephonic receiver, but also revealed sounds hitherto inaudible—such as the footfalls of a fly, or the growth of crystals. And quite recently the principle of the microphone has, we hear, been applied to such widely diverse things as the detection of minute intervals of space and infinitesimal traces of heat.

This, then, is the instrument we propose for the subject of the present paper. The discovery of the microphone is due to Professor Hughes, the inventor of a most perfect and wonderful telegraphic instrument, which prints in Roman type the telegraphic message as it is received, and this with greater rapidity than can be attained by the ordinary signalling. Other claimants of the microphone have, it is true, appeared, notably Mr. Edison, who has for a long time past been on the verge of this invention. So that whilst Mr. Hughes must receive immense credit (and, let us add, sincere thanks for presenting his discovery to the public as a free gift, unrestricted by any patent), we must not forget the labours of Mr. Edison, who long before had practically applied and it appears independently discovered the principle that underlies the action of the microphone, and to which we shall presently refer.

Let us first examine the construction of this instrument. Its extreme simplicity is its most striking feature, for one can hardly imagine so rude a thing can be so marvellously sensitive. A little pencil of coke (coke that is found lining the inside of the retorts used in making coal-gas is the best) is sup-

ported on a board between two small coke cups, as shown in Fig. 1. From each coke cup a wire leads, on the one hand to a small voltaic battery, and on the other to a distant telephone, and from the telephone a return wire proceeds to the other pole of the battery, and thus completes the electric circuit. If now the slightest sonorous or other disturbance be made near the coke pencil, the telephone announces the fact by a sound louder than that which may have originated the electric disturbance. Nor is coke necessary; almost any conductor lightly placed on another conductor answers nearly as well. And not only noises, but musical, and even articulate sounds are capable of transmission in the same way. Whistling is admirably transmitted even though the person whistling may be several feet from the instrument; and in like manner speaking can be heard with perfect

fidelity at the remote telephone. Hence the supreme advantage which the microphone possesses is that it transmits articulation even when the speaker is at some distance from the instrument.

The explanation of the astonishing results obtained by this simple instrument has been the subject of some discussion. The cause originally assigned by Mr. Hughes, viz. the direct conversion of sonorous vibrations into electricity, did not meet with much acceptance, and is now abandoned in favour of the principle of "variable resistance." Here a brief digression is necessary. In order to close or reverse an electric circuit a contact breaker or key is employed (it is the working of the various keys that produces the clattering heard in telegraph offices); and it has generally been considered that, so long as any two surfaces are in clean contact, pressing them more tightly together would produce no alteration in the strength of the current which is transmitted. This, however, is not quite the case, for so long ago as 1856, Count du Moncel, a well-known and most indefatigable French electrician, whilst investigating the electric resistance between the points of contact of two conductors (that

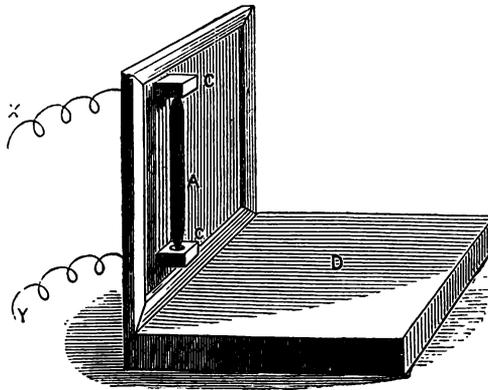


Fig. 1.

is, the greater or less freedom with which the current passes), found that the strength of the transmitted current varied with the amount of pressure exerted upon the surfaces in contact. Furthermore, in experimenting with brass, iron, platinum, and carbon conductors, M. du Moncel found that the effect of variations in pressure was most marked in bodies that had the highest electrical resistance, that is to say, in the worst conductors. Ten years later, in 1866, M. Clérac employed the foregoing principle in order to construct a simple machine for altering the strength of the current in a given circuit. This instrument, technically known as a rheostat, consisted of a tube filled with ordinary black-lead or powdered carbon, and more or less com-

pressed by a piston which was moved by a screw. In this way the resistance of the circuit in which the tube was introduced could be altered at pleasure. Again, after another decade, Mr. Edison invented his carbon telephone, wherein the vibrations of the metallic disc against which the voice is directed are imparted to a little carbon button, through which an electric current is passing to the distant receiver. The vibratory motion of the disc produces corresponding alterations in the resistance of the carbon, and thus in the strength of the transmitted current. By this means Mr. Edison has successfully spoken through great distances; but difficulties arose in the practical working of the instrument, to the removal of which



Fig. 2.—Page 714.

Mr. Edison was addressing himself when the discovery of the microphone was announced. This instrument, as we have seen, differs essentially from Edison's or any other telephone in the entire absence of a diaphragm or of any special apparatus or mechanical contrivances. But there can be little doubt that the same principle is at work: an imperceptible agitation of the carbon pencil causing variations in the strength of the current, and these are revealed by the telephone.

Even with all the adjuncts of the ordinary articulating telephone, it is very wonderful that the swift and subtle motions of the aerial particles to which speech gives rise should be able faithfully to impress themselves upon a metallic diaphragm, and

through its oscillation to generate electric waves, the image of those that had existed in the air; but that a similar receptivity should be possible simply by the agency of one fragment of coke loosely resting upon another fragment, transcends all our previous experience, and in a moment enormously enlarges our scientific horizon; for what possibilities may yet lie before us, when we find merely a couple of cinders, traversed by a steady electric current, becoming a scientific instrument of unrivalled delicacy.

The unscientific reader will now be in a position to understand the behaviour of the microphone. When any disturbance, either a mechanical shock or a sonorous vibration, reaches the light wooden stand to which the

little instrument is attached, a quiver is imparted to the fragments of coke which alters, though undiscernibly, their relative position; new points of contact are brought into play, a better or worse pathway for the current is made, a corresponding variation in the electric flow occurs, and conducting wires convey this variation to, and round and round, the magnet of a distant telephone; by this means fluctuations are produced in the attraction exerted by the magnet upon the adjoining iron disc of the telephone, and thus finally the iron tympanum, moved to and fro, gives birth to an agitation of the air analogous to that which excited these Protean changes.* The individuality of the motion has not been lost, the form of the wave has been preserved, though the wave has passed from the gaseous particles of the air to the solid wood and carbon, thence to the impalpable and as yet unknown medium which is the vehicle of an electric current, thence it has affected the molecular disposition of the magnet, is then translated into an inscrutable motion of the iron disc, and this finally into a vibratory motion of the particles of the air.

Here the question may be justly asked, Why should the sounds be intensified through the agency of the microphone? It will be obvious there is nothing in the principle of the microphone in any way related to that of the microscope,—nothing resembling an acoustic lens. The cause of the augmentation of the sound may rather be said to resemble the violent effects produced by the finger in pulling the trigger of a loaded gun. Energy that has been stored in the powder is suddenly liberated, and it is the conversion of this potential energy into the energy of motion that produces the explosion. In fact, a performance on the organ is a familiar illustration of a similar action, gentle pressure on the keys giving birth to a volume of sound from the stored energy in the wind chest. So in the microphone the feeblest mechanical motion of the carbon alters the steady flow of electric energy *supplied by the voltaic battery*, and it is the effect of this liberated or suppressed energy which the telephone reveals, and which reaches our ears as sound.

The discovery of the microphone would have been practically impossible until the telephone placed in the hands of investigators an instrument responsive to the minutest variations in the strength of an

electric current. It is because the telephone is so marvellously sensitive to electric changes that the microphone possesses such extraordinary powers.*

And now let us turn to one or two experiments with the microphone. When a watch is placed on the stand of the instrument, the ticking is heard even more audibly in the remote telephone than when the ear is close to the watch; in like manner a sand-glass affords a striking experiment—the trickling of the sand and the falling down of the heaped-up cone is heard like the roar of an avalanche; even the motion of a single hair drawn over the coke-pencil produces a perfectly audible disturbance. But its extreme sensitiveness to minute sounds is perhaps best shown by enclosing a fly in an empty matchbox, when, upon listening at the attached telephone, every movement of the fly is heard as a loud noise. Fig. 2 exhibits the experiment, and behind the inverted glass (a match-box is better) is seen a “hammer and anvil” form of microphone. A friend of the present writer, Mr. L. J. Crossley, of Halifax, has succeeded in hearing the tramping of a fly from a distance twice as great as that between Bradford and Halifax—that is, over some twenty miles of telegraph wire. Mr. Crossley also made the following interesting experiment with this instrument:—On Sunday, June 2nd, he placed a microphone in the place of worship he attends, and carried wires to his house, about a mile distant. Upon listening at the attached telephone in his home, the whole of the service was heard, with the exception of a few words, the breaks being caused by the movements of the preacher shaking the microphone, of the presence of which he was unaware. This has led to arrangements being made by which an invalid lady can have the pleasure of hearing, in her own room, the service and the words of a sermon preached in a church over a mile distant from her house. So that it is not impossible that, at some future day, speeches in Parliament may, by a battery of microphones, be heard in distant parts of the country.

Among the uses to which the microphone has been applied, with some promise of

* We have assumed, for the sake of simplicity, that the receiving telephone disc trembles to and fro like the sending telephone disc, but the precise nature of the vibratory motion in the former has not yet been decided; to this we shall allude later on.

* In a former article we called attention to the almost prohibitive price, so absurdly disproportionate to the actual cost, which the patentees of the telephone were charging for their instrument. It is, therefore, but just to say that since our article appeared, the present proprietors of the patent—the Telephone Company of Cannon Street, London—have determined to sell the instrument for a much lower and more reasonable sum. The same company have just brought out a complete and inexpensive arrangement of microphone, telephone, and battery, so that experiments can be made without fear of any infringement of the patent.

success, has been its action as a "relay" to the telephone. A "relay" is a telegraphic instrument which picks up feeble signals and sends them on afresh, and with increased vigour, through the energy derived from a second, or "local," battery. If the vibrations of the telephone disc were of sensible magnitude it would be easy to transmit telephonic messages through any distance by the aid of a relay. Such a plan has been frustrated hitherto by the want of a relay sufficiently sensitive to respond to the imperceptible motion of the iron diaphragm of the telephone; but, by attaching a little "pencil" microphone to the iron disc, it is found possible to send forward with augmented strength any faint sound received by the telephone.* In fact, if the iron diaphragm of the telephone be entirely removed, an attached microphone still enables sounds to be heard and articulation to be distinguished, as Mr. Hughes has lately proved. This experiment certainly appears to favour the view, supported with much ability by M. du Moncel, that the sounds given by the telephone are due to the effect of molecular motions, rather than to any drum-like mechanical vibrations of the diaphragm. Other experiments of a more crucial character require, however, to be made before this question can be considered as decided; for, as Lord Rayleigh has shown, an audible sound can be produced by a vibration of infinitesimal amplitude.†

An interesting evidence of this fact is given by a form of microphone which enables sounds to be audibly *received* as well as transmitted. A fragment of charcoal is pressed by means of a spring on to a lower fragment of charcoal, which rests upon a small parchment drum-head; no telephone is here necessary, only a small voltaic battery and another microphone; articulation can be heard by this system, though not so clearly as with the telephone. Professor Hughes accounts for sounds being audible in this microphone receiver on the supposition that when the

intermittent current passes, either from the effect of expansion or molecular causes, some slight motion of the carbon is set up—probably an alternate swelling and shrinking at the points of contact—this minute motion is unable to stir the upper piece of carbon, and accordingly throws the parchment drum-head into vibration. Other forms of receiver have been devised; for example, merely an "electro-magnet" with its keeper attached, inserted in circuit with the microphone and battery, answers to some extent, and it is very obvious that much may yet be done by further researches in this direction.

Space will not permit us to allude to the other uses and possibilities which open up before this simple instrument. Already it has been employed with much promise of ultimate success in surgical cases, and in certain experimental inquiries lying on the borderland of physics and chemistry; and there can be little doubt that in various ways it will be found of considerable value as a new weapon in the armory of the explorer of physical science.

Already the indefatigable Mr. Edison has applied the principle which underlies both his carbon telephone and the microphone to the detection of minute traces of heat, by means of an instrument which he terms the *tasimeter*. This arrangement consists essentially of a firm iron frame, which supports a little button of carbon, held between two platinum surfaces, one of which is fixed and the other movable. A piece of vulcanite, or, better, of horn, is supported so as to abut against the movable piece of platinum; by this means, the pressure resulting from the expansion of the horn acts upon the carbon button. A voltaic cell and a delicate galvanometer (an instrument for detecting small variations in the strength of a current) are in electric communication with the instrument, so that the slightest expansion or contraction of the strip of horn or vulcanite is indicated by the movement of the galvanometer needle. Pressure that is inappreciable by other means, is distinctly indicated by this instrument. The heat from the hand held at the distance of a foot is said to give a large indication. It is with this instrument that Mr. Edison has been making some observations on the heat radiated from the corona during the recent eclipse of the sun; and though, at present, the delicacy of the instrument is such that the skilled hand of its inventor seems necessary for its successful use, it is not too much to hope that before long the *tasimeter* may

* It is due to Mr. Edison to state that at Midsummer last year he invented and published the description of a relay, unlike the microphone in aim and construction, but doubtless based upon the same principle, namely, the enormous alteration in conducting power which finely divided carbon, in the form of plumbago, undergoes when subjected to slight pressure.

† The point to be settled is whether the sound heard when the iron diaphragm is in position arises from its transverse motion or the crepitation which accompanies the act of magnetisation. Inasmuch as the latter sound almost disappears when a certain strain is given to the iron, re-appearing, as the present writer has found, at a still greater strain, the question would seem to be one admitting of ready solution. Probably a transverse motion of the diaphragm will be found to be associated with a longitudinal motion of the core.

become an important addition to the cabinet of the physicist.

In conclusion, it may be of interest to recall the fact that the word microphone was first used by Sir Charles Wheatstone, in a paper entitled "Some Experiments on Audition," which was published so long ago as 1827. Wheat-

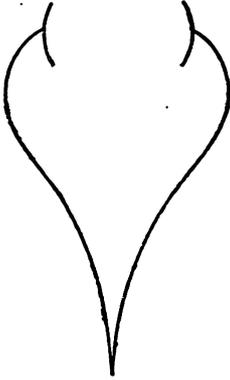


Fig. 3.—Binaural Sound Conductor, named by Wheatstone the Microphone in 1827.

stone's instrument was entirely different from Hughes's microphone, for it consisted of a simple arrangement for conducting sound to the ear by means of a V-shaped metal rod, to which metal discs in the form of ear-pieces were attached. The shape of the instrument is

shown in Fig. 3. When a feeble sound is to be detected, the point is pressed upon the object, the sonorous vibrations being conducted to the ears by the metal rod. With this instrument the present writer has found that many of the experiments made with Hughes's microphone may be repeated; such, for example, as the detection of the movements of a fly in a cage, &c.*

Here we must bring this series of papers to a close. The precise value of each discovery and the merits of each discoverer will, doubtless, become more clear as time passes on.† And, even if the successive discovery of three such novel and wonderful instruments as the telephone, the phonograph, and the microphone does not lead to the extended practical results that were the first expectation, their discovery has been of inestimable value in awakening a wide-spread interest in science, and in directing public attention to the rich reward that nature offers to all those who faithfully and diligently explore her secret recesses.

W. F. BARRETT.

* It may be convenient to state that this instrument may now be procured for a trifling sum from Mr. Yeates, of King Street, Covent Garden.

† In passing we may remark that to Mr. Elisha Gray, of Chicago, enough credit has not been given in relation to the discovery of the telephone. Mr. Gray, it would appear, independently discovered it if he did not actually anticipate the essential features of Bell's telephone.

THE DIVINE IDEAL OF DUTY:

A Study of Ezekiel the Prophet.

A LITTLE colony of Jewish captives is established on the banks of the river Chebar, probably in Upper Mesopotamia. Year after year has rolled slowly on, finding and leaving them captives still. To the unusual consideration of a heathen monarch they are indebted for the quiet possession of this plot of green on the cool, moist margin of the waters. Old memories of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob have sanctified the traditional employment of watching flocks and herds—an occupation doubly necessary to a people whose outward form of religion lay so largely in the sacrifice of animal life. True alike to their past history, and forecasting their future destiny, they remained in large measure distinct from their conquerors. Like the noted river, which preserves the peculiar hue of its waters even in its rapid flow through the larger lake, these captives remained a peculiar people, whether in Egyptian bondage or Assyrian slavery. The fringe

of their garments might become soiled by Gentile dust, as some souls might grow contaminated by familiarity with gross surrounding idolatry; but at heart they were Israelites still, proud of all that had been, yet more proud of all that might be. They found it hard to trace the intimate and necessary connection between national unfaithfulness in the past and present degradation, and the stern voice of prophetic rebuke was alike unwelcome and unregarded.

Among these captives there passed in and out a man about thirty years of age, one with them in their captivity, sitting where they sat, or receiving the elders at his own house in solemn assembly. The vehicle through whom the Spirit of God chastised in scathing words the abominations of the people, and whose visions alternated between the glories of the living creatures whom he "knew to be the cherubim," and a view of the abominations of the Lord's house, where

sat the "women weeping for Tammuz," unmoved apparently by either revelation, and probably detailing to the astonished men around him what his eyes alone saw, an event occurs which shakes the composed attitude of the prophet, and lays bare the warm, national, loving heart of the captive Jew. Ere the last words of the prophecy he is then uttering die on his lips, the judgment of God smites one of the princes of the people, and "Pelatiah, the son of Benaiah, died." The prophetic mantle drops for the time, and the man, with a man's heart for his fellows, and a patriot suffering for his country's degradation, stands there instead. The judgment, of which he cannot see the full purpose, wrings from him a bitter cry. Ezekiel, the priest, falls down upon his face, and ventures, in the loud voice of agonized astonishment, an expostulation with the Lord God.

Three years and four months add their tale to the years. No material change has passed over the condition of the captives on Chebar's banks, and there are still certain of the elders of Israel who come to inquire of the Lord. We may well believe that prophetic denunciations had ceased to startle by their novelty, and that, unless aroused by some newer sign, public ministrations then, as now, failed for the most part to excite public interest. But on one morning the prophet set himself to the utterance of the parable which was the message of God to the people that day, with a burden on his heart, which was his alone. As he sat with the elders, the patient mouthpiece of their inquiries of God, as he spake unto the people in the morning hours while the dew yet lay on the grassy fields, and the careful sheep had not yet bleated for the little lamb to seek shelter from the hot Assyrian noon, while the women poised their water pitchers gracefully on their shoulder, and the children played about the streets, his gaze turned ever and again to the sun-dial (it may have been an imitation of that of Ahaz in distant Jerusalem) and he noted the passing of the shadow. No keen scrutiny could detect the slightest difference in the fire and energy of his utterance that day. No weakling tremor of the voice betrayed that his power as a prophet had for once been turned in upon himself. Slowly, slowly, slowly, the shadow on that sun-dial stole on its silent daily march. Surely the man who cried out at the death of Pelatiah can never behold unmoved the gorgeous colours in yon western sky, which is to be the

funeral pall for "the desire of his eyes." The people know the man even better than they know the prophet. As a tender, loving husband, to whom the dark-eyed Jewish maiden had been as sent from God, heaven-allowed to fill all of heart and life not peremptorily claimed by the prophetic office, he was nearer to them, more easily felt to be one with them; and they knew *her*, the exultant yet trembling sharer of his isolation, the oft-times wonderer, we may well believe, how to reconcile the awful warnings of the son of man with the loving endearments of Ezekiel the son of Buzi. And the day's work is over. The maidens return singing as is their wont, each little lamb is safe folded from Assyrian wolves, and the prophet enters his home, to find the prophecy of the morning a mournful fact at night. He must speak to the people as of old. No dimming of eye must obscure the clearness of prophetic sight, no cry of a lonely heart take the place of the parable unto the rebellious house. By one sharp stroke the desire of his eyes is become but a blessed memory. No word escapes from the compressed lips, neither sigh is heard nor shiver marked, as with reverent, though necessary haste, the body is borne to its burial. From the first hours of lonely midnight darkness, how lonely some hearts still know, he passes out again the next morning to speak to the house of Israel, though the desire of his eyes is beyond his sight and the people may question the reality of his love. Always slow to bring his home and himself before the people, scorning to dwell on the night of a sacrifice of which the Lord alone knew the agony, Ezekiel dismisses the whole subject with the brief comment, "I did in the morning as I was commanded."

These are pre-eminently the days of great talk about duty. It lies on the surface of all our catechisms and is at the foundation of every creed. The little child is taught to lisp a prayer that it may be helped to do what it ought to do. History leaves it as the epitaph of one of her heroes, not always clear-sighted about his own way, that all a country can expect of her bravest and best sons is to do their duty. What does the word imply?

It has many phases, so to speak, and commonly in each phase of development can be approached from either of two sides. A child has its duty to its parents; but there is also parental duty to children. A citizen owes a certain duty to the State; but the

State is also under obligation, which is but another word for duty, to the citizen. It is the same with master and servant, employer and employee, constituency and representative, and so on. In each and every instance we think duty pre-supposes a consciousness, more or less clearly defined, of a certain line of conduct to be adopted, a given course to be pursued for the attainment of a desired object, a certain relationship to be entered into for the achievement of certain results. The objects, relationships, results, may have no possible connection with each other, and may be regarded by no two individuals in precisely the same light, or as possessing the same value; but to each there must be an underlying sense of risk. It is optional for me to select that mode of action, but the consequences must follow as a matter of course, and are beyond my control. If I feel impelled to a certain line of conduct in any direction, I tacitly admit that there is a power outside myself which makes that, if I have a conscience at all, the right thing for *me*. More than that, a power which within certain limits will allow me to reap weal or woe, according to the amount of conscience which I bring to bear upon the right performance of that line of conduct. In other words, duty implies a command, suggests the possibility and wisdom of obedience, and shadows the consequences of failure in success. To some such duty lies plain on the very surface of things. To others it is only brought home by providences, as peculiar as the speaking ass of Balaam, the obstinate prophet.

To all who profess and call themselves Christians, the question, What is duty? narrows itself into a very small circle. It matters not at what point of our own life we are brought into contact with that circle and touch its outer line. It revolves ever on one fixed idea, "the word of our God." The clouds which so constantly obscure the path of duty lie for the most part very close to our own vision. It is not so generally the way that needs to be made plain, as the eyes

that need purging to see what is close at hand. The word is so nigh as to have its soft whisper crushed by more tumultuous though far-off sounds, and there are many instances of spiritual far-sightedness which fail to see a narrow path with a strait gate for entrance.

So we think Ezekiel stands out as a singular and most unique example of thorough conformity with the will of the Supreme. It cannot be said of him that the man was wholly absorbed in the prophet, nor was his marriage in any sort symbolic, as was the case with other prophets. This wife—age, name, history, all unknown—stands out in one way with a character as marked as her husband. She is "the desire of his eyes," so described by no word of man but by "the word of the Lord." Yet she is to pass away suddenly, we may well believe without even the last fond words which are so treasured in loving hearts, and with no sign of the regret with which love loads the memory of the dead. We may not fail to contrast with this the story of the Evangelist. A certain man who has been the ready excuse for much sentiment, offers to follow the living Christ, if he may first bury his dead father. And the repulse is but the New Testament commentary on this incident in the life of Ezekiel: a plain direction followed to the very letter,—over a grave it may be, but what does that matter? If it be God-given, it will be blessed of God in the doing; and happy indeed are they who can close the chapters of their life, as the years shut them down, with the simple comment of Ezekiel, "I did in the morning as I was commanded." That is duty; no evasion of a plainly indicated path, no temporizing as to when or how, no calling of attention to the personal sacrifice involved in the act of obedience; a simply unconditional submission to the word of the Lord, the doing "as I was commanded," without sign of falter, though a wondering people might scoff at the calm cross-bearing, and express their vacant wonderment "that thou doest so."

M. B. MARTIN.



IN A MINOR KEY.

I.—MY FRIEND : A PORTRAIT.

NOT of the happy souls who sing
 Is he my heart loves best ;
 His speech is not a magic thing,
 His thoughts but poorly drest.

His path lies not among the great,
 Their praise he doth not speak ;
 He dwells 'mid those of mean estate,
 The lowly and the meek.

He is not beauteous as a god,
 As nature's kings should be ;
 No eye would note him in a crowd,
 Nor heart leap up to see.

No guerdons of the world are his,
 Nor honours, wealth, nor praise ;
 Small is his share of outward bliss,
 Laborious are his days.

But ah ! could others read aright
 That mind so pure and fair,
 How would they envy his delight,
 His joy beyond compare !

Whilst we aspire to heavenly things,
 In vision faint and dim,
 His spirit mounts on golden wings,
 And all is clear to him.

Whilst we lament man's evil days,
 By pain and wrong opprest,
 His lips are ever proud to praise,
 Bright hopes burn in his breast.

His joys come hardly once a year,
 Whilst sorrows crowd apace—
 To him each day is glad and fair,
 The world a blessed place.

So small, so great, his pleasures are,
 Alternate sage and child,
 He looks with rapture on a star,
 A tiny floweret wild.

What marvels poets see and hear,
 All learn when he is by :
 Music affects the heedless ear ;
 Beauty the careless eye.

He chooseth not, but teaches all,
 And gladdens without heed ;
 His mind like dews of heaven fall,
 On those who stand in need.

Ill fortune halteth at his door,
 And sorrows pass not by ;
 They leave him tranquil as before,
 With spirit calm and high.

His treasure none can take by stealth,
 His portion none destroy,
 Since things unseen are all his wealth,
 And nature all his joy !

Nor is he niggard of his hoard,
 He largely gives his own :
 A beauteous thought, a kindling word,
 A glimpse of worlds unknown.

For none so full of love as he,
 His wisdom hath no end ;
 The proudest on his bended knee
 Might pray for such a Friend.

M. B.

II.—AT NIGHTFALL.

COMING along by the meadows,
 Just after the sun went down,
 Watching the gathering shadows
 Creep over the hillsides brown ;

Coming along in the gloaming,
 With never a star in the sky,
 My thoughts went a-roaming, a-roaming
 Through days that are long gone by ;

Days when desire said, " To-morrow,
 To-morrow, heart, we'll be gay ! "
 Days ere the heart heard the sorrow
 Which echoes through yesterday.

Life was a goblet burnished
 That with love for wine was filled ;
 The cup is bruised and tarnished,
 And the precious wine is spilled.

But to the traveller weary,
 Just coming in sight of home,
 What does it matter how dreary
 The way whereby he has come ?

Coming along by the meadows,
 And watching the fading day,
 Duskiest than night's dusky shadows
 Fell shadows of yesterday.

In the northern sunset's glimmer
 The Great Bear opened his eyes ;
 Low in the east a shimmer
 Showed where the full moon would rise.

Lights in a window were gleaming,
 And some one stood at a gate,
 Said, " Why do you stand there dreaming ?
 And why are you home so late ? "

Yesterday's shadow and sorrow
 That moment all vanished away !
 Here were to-day and to-morrow—
 What matter for yesterday ?

M. A. H.



“MACLEOD OF DARE.”

MACLEOD OF DARE.*

BY WILLIAM BLACK, AUTHOR OF "MADCAP VIOLET," "A PRINCESS OF THULE," ETC.

CHAPTER XL.—DREAMS.

THIS long and terrible night : will it never end? Or will not life itself go out, and let the sufferer have rest? The slow and sleepless hours toil through the darkness; and there is a ticking of a clock in the hushed room; and this agony of pain still throbbing and throbbing in the breaking heart. And then, as the pale dawn shows grey in the windows, the anguish of despair follows him even into the wan realms of sleep, and there are wild visions rising before the sick brain. Strange visions these are, the confused and seething phantasmagoria of a shattered life; himself regarding himself as another figure, and beginning to pity this poor wretch who is not permitted to die. "Poor wretch—poor wretch!" he says to himself. "Did they use to call you Macleod; and what is it that has brought you to this?"

* * * * *

See now! He lays his head down on the warm heather, on this beautiful summer day; and the seas are all blue around him; and the sun is shining on the white sands of Iona. Far below, the men are singing "*Fhir a bhata*" and the sea-birds are softly calling. But suddenly there is a horror in his brain; and the day grows black; for an adder has stung him!—it is *Rìghinn*—the Princess—the Queen of Snakes. Oh, why does she laugh, and look at him so with that clear, cruel look? He would rather not go into this still house where the lidless-eyed creatures are lying in their awful sleep. Why does she laugh? Is it a matter for laughing that a man should be stung by an adder, and all his life grow black around him? For it is then that they put him in a grave; and she—she stands with her foot on it! There is moonlight around; and the jackdaws are wheeling overhead; our voices sound hollow in these dark ruins. But you can hear this, sweetheart: shall I whisper it to you? "*You are standing on the grave of Macleod.*"

* * * * *

Lo! the grave opens! Why, Hamish, it was no grave at all, but only the long winter; and now we are all looking at a strange thing away in the south, for who ever saw all the beautiful flags before that are fluttering there in the summer wind? O sweetheart!—your hand—give me your small, warm, white

* The right of translation is reserved.

hand! See! we will go up the steep path by the rocks; and here is the small white house; and have you never seen so great a telescope before? And is it all a haze of heat over the sea; or can you make out the quivering phantom of the lighthouse—the small grey thing out at the edge of the world? Look! they are signalling now; they know you are here; come out, quick! to the great white boards; and we will send them over a message—and you will see that they will send back a thousand welcomes to the young bride. Our ways are poor; we have no satin bowers to show you, as the old songs say—but do you know who are coming to wait on you? The beautiful women out of the old songs are coming to be your handmaidens—I have asked them—I saw them in many dreams—I spoke gently to them—and they are coming. Do you see them? There is the bonnie Lizzie Lindsay, who kilted her coats o' green satin to be off with young Macdonald; and Burd Helen—she will come to you pale and beautiful; and proud Lady Maisry that was burned for her true love's sake; and Mary Scott of Yarrow that set all men's hearts aflame. See, they will take you by the hand. They are the Queen's Maries. There is no other grandeur at Castle Dare.

* * * * *

Is this Macleod? They used to say that Macleod was a man! They used to say he had not much fear of anything. But this is only a poor trembling boy, a coward trembling at everything, and going away to London with a lie on his lips. And they know how Sholto Macleod died, and how Roderick Macleod died, and Ronald, and Duncan the Fair-haired, and Hector; but the last of them—this poor wretch—what will they say of him? "Oh, he died for the love of a woman!" She struck him in the heart; and he could not strike back; for she was a woman. Ah, but if it was a man now! They say the Macleods are all become sheep; and their courage has gone; and if they were to grasp even a Rose-leaf they could not crush it. It is dangerous to say that; do not trust to it. Oh, is it you, you poor fool in the newspaper, who are whirling along behind the boat? Does the swivel work? Are the sharks after you? Do you hear them behind you—cleaving the water? The men of Dubh-Artach will have a good

laugh when we whisk you past. What! you beg for mercy?—come out, then!—you poor devil! Here is a tarpaulin for you. Give him a glass of whisky, John Cameron! And so you know about theatres; and perhaps you have ambition, too; and there is nothing in the world so fine as people clapping their hands? But you—even you—if I were to take you over in the dark, and the storm came on: you would not think that I thrust you aside to look after myself? You are a stranger; you are helpless in boats: do you think I would thrust you aside? It was not fair—oh, it was not fair: if she wished to kill my heart, there were other things to say than that. Why, sweetheart, don't you know that I got the little English boy out of the water; and you think I would let you drown! If we were both drowning, now, do you know what I should do? I should laugh; and say, "Sweetheart, sweetheart, if we were not to be together in life, we are now in death, and that is enough for me."

* * * * *

What is the slow, sad sound that one hears? The grave is on the lonely island; there is no one left on the island now; there is nothing but the grave. "*Man that is born of a woman hath but a short time to live, and is full of misery.*" Oh no, not that! That is all over; the misery is over; and there is peace. This is the sound of the sea-birds, and the wind coming over the seas, and the waves on the rocks. Or is it Donald, in the boat, going back to the land? The people have their heads bent; it is a Lament the boy is playing. And how will you play the *Cumhadh na Cloinne* to-night, Donald?—and what will the mother say? It is six sons she has to think of now; and Patrick Mòr had but seven dead when he wrote the Lament of the Children. Janet, see to her! Tell her it is no matter now; the peace has come; the misery is over; there is only the quiet sound of the waves. But you, Donald, come here. Put down your pipes; and listen. Do you remember the English lady who was here in the summer-time; and your pipes were too loud for her, and were taken away? She is coming again. She will try to put her foot on my grave. But you will watch for her coming, Donald; and you will go quickly to Hamish; and Hamish will go down to the shore, and send her back. You are only a boy, Donald; she would not heed you; and the ladies at the Castle are too gentle, and would give her fair words; but Hamish is not afraid of her—he will drive

her back—she shall not put her foot on my grave—for my heart can bear no more pain.

* * * * *

And are you going away—*Rose-leaf—Rose-leaf*—are you sailing away from me on the smooth waters to the south? I put out my hand to you; but you are afraid of the hard hands of the northern people; and you shrink from me. Do you think we would harm you, then, that you tremble so? The savage days are gone. Come—we will show you the beautiful islands in the summer-time; and you will take high courage, and become yourself a Macleod; and all the people will be proud to hear of Fionaghal the Fair Stranger who has come to make her home among us. Oh, our hands are gentle enough when it is a *Rose-leaf* they have to touch. There was blood on them in the old days; we have washed it off, now: see—this beautiful red rose you have given me is not afraid of rough hands! We have no beautiful roses to give you, but we will give you a piece of white heather, and that will secure to you peace and rest and a happy heart all your days. You will not touch it, sweetheart? Do not be afraid! There is no adder in it. But if you were to find, now, a white adder, would you know what to do with it? There was a sweetheart in an old song knew what to do with an adder. Do you know the song? The young man goes back to his home, and he says to his mother, "Oh, make my bed soon; For I'm weary, weary hunting, and fain would lie doon." Why do you turn so pale, sweetheart? There is the whiteness of a white adder in your cheeks; and your eyes—there is Death in your eyes! Donald!—Hamish! help! help!—her foot is coming near to my grave!—my heart!—

* * * * *

And so, in a paroxysm of wild terror and pain, he awoke again, and behold, the ghastly white daylight was in the room—the cold glare of a day he would fain have never seen. It was all in a sort of dream that this haggard-faced man dressed, and drank a cup of tea, and got outside into the rain. The rain, and the noise of the cabs, and the gloom of London skies: these harsh and commonplace things were easier to bear than the dreams of the sick brain. And then, somehow or other, he got his way down to Alder-shot, and sought out Norman Ogilvie.

"Macleod!" Ogilvie cried, startled beyond measure by his appearance.

"I—I wanted to shake hands with you,

Ogilvie, before I am going," said this hollow-eyed man, who seemed to have grown old.

Ogilvie hesitated for a second or two; and then he said vehemently—

"Well, Macleod, I am not a sentimental chap—but—but—hang it! it is too bad. And again and again I have thought of writing to you, as your friend, just within the last week or so; and then I said to myself that tale-bearing never came to any good. But she won't darken Mrs. Ross's door again—that I know. Mrs. Ross went straight to her the other day. There is no nonsense about that woman. And when she got to understand that the story was true, she let Miss White know that she considered you to be a friend of hers, and that—well, you know how women give hints——"

"But I don't know what you mean, Ogilvie!" he cried, quite bewildered. "Is it a thing for all the world to know? What story is it—when I knew nothing till yesterday?"

"Well, you know now: I saw by your face a minute ago that she had told you the truth at last," Ogilvie said. "Macleod, don't blame me. When I heard of her being about to be married, I did not believe the story——"

Macleod sprang at him like a tiger, and caught his arm with the grip of a vice.

"Her getting married?—to whom?"

"Why, don't you know?" Ogilvie said, with his eyes staring. "Oh yes, you must know. I see you know. Why, the look in your face when you came into this room——"

"Who is the man, Ogilvie?"—and there was the sudden hate of ten thousand devils in his eyes.

"Why, it is that artist-fellow—Lemuel—you don't mean to say she hasn't told you? It is the common story! And Mrs. Ross thought it was only a piece of nonsense—she said they were always making out those stories about actresses—but she went to Miss White. And when Miss White could not deny it, Mrs. Ross said there and then they had better let their friendship drop. Macleod, I would have written to you—upon my soul, I would have written to you—but how could I imagine you did not know? And do you really mean to say she has not told you anything of what has been going on recently—what was well known to everybody?"

And this young man spoke in a passion, too: Keith Macleod was his friend. But Macleod himself seemed, with some powerful effort of will, to have got the better of his

sudden and fierce hate; he sat down again; he spoke in a low voice; but there was a dark look in his eyes.

"No," said he slowly, "she has not told me all about it. Well, she did tell me about a poor creature—a woman-man—a thing of affectation, with his paint-box and his velvet coat, and his furniture: Ogilvie, have you got any brandy?"

Ogilvie rang, and got some brandy, some water, a tumbler, and a wine-glass placed on the table. Macleod, with a hand that trembled violently, filled the tumbler half-full with brandy.

"And she could not deny the story to Mrs. Ross?" said he, with a strange and hard smile on his face. "It was her modesty. Ah, you don't know, Ogilvie, what an exalted soul she has. She is full of idealisms. She could not explain all that to Mrs. Ross. I know. And when she found herself too weak to carry out her aspirations, she sought help. Is that it? She would gain assurance and courage from the woman-man?"

He pushed the tumbler away; his hand was still trembling violently.

"I will not touch that, Ogilvie," said he, "for I have not much mastery over myself. I am going away now—I am going back now to the Highlands. Oh! you do not know what I have become since I met that woman—a coward, and a liar! They wouldn't have you sit down at the mess-table, Ogilvie, if you were that: would they? I dare not stay in London now. I must run away now—like a hare that is hunted. It would not be good for her or for me that I should stay any longer in London."

He rose, and held out his hand: there was a curious glazed look on his eyes. Ogilvie pressed him back into the chair again.

"You are not going out in this condition, Macleod—you don't know what you are doing. Come now, let us be reasonable; let us talk over the thing like men. And I must say, first of all, that I am heartily glad of it, for your sake. It will be a hard twist at first; but, bless you! lots of fellows have had to fight through the same thing, and they come up smiling after it, and you would scarcely know the difference. Don't imagine I am surprised—oh, no. I never did believe in that young woman; I thought she was a deuced sight too clever; and when she used to go about humbugging this one and the other with her innocent airs, I said to myself, 'Oh, it's all very well; but *you* know what you are about.' Of course, there was no use talking to you. I believe at one

time Mrs. Ross was considering the point whether she ought not to give you a hint, seeing that you had met Miss White first at her house, that the young lady was rather clever at flirtation, and that you ought to keep a sharp look-out. But then you would only have blazed up in anger. It was no use talking to you. And then, after all, I said that if you were so bent on marrying her, the chances were that you would have no difficulty, for I thought the bribe of her being called Lady Macleod would be enough for any actress. As for this man Lemuel, no doubt he is a very great man, as people say; but I don't know much about these things myself; and—and—I think it is very plucky of Mrs. Ross to cut off two of her lions at one stroke. It shows she must have taken an uncommon liking for you. So you must cheer up, Macleod. If women take a fancy to you like that, you'll easily get a better wife than Miss White would have made. Mind you, I don't go back from anything I ever said of her. She is a handsome woman, and no mistake; and I will say that she is the best waltzer that I ever met with in the whole course of my life—without exception. But she's the sort of woman who, if I married her, would want some looking after—I mean, that is my impression. The fact is, Macleod, away there in Mull you have been brought up too much on books and your own imagination. You were ready to believe any pretty woman, with soft English ways, an angel. Well, you have had a twister; but you'll come through it; and you will get to believe after all that women are very good creatures, just as men are very good creatures, when you get the right sort. Come now, Macleod, pull yourself together. Perhaps I have just as hard an opinion of her conduct towards you as you have yourself. But you know what Tommy Moore, or some fellow like that, says—'Though she be not fair to me, what the devil care I how fair she be?' And if I were you, I would have a drop of brandy—but not half a tumbler-full."

But neither Lieutenant Ogilvie's pert common-sense, nor his apt and accurate quotation, nor the proffered brandy, seemed to alter much the mood of this haggard-faced man. He rose.

"I think I am going now," said he in a low voice. "You won't take it unkindly, Ogilvie, that I don't stop to talk with you—it is a strange story you have told me—I want time to think over it. Good-bye!"

"The fact is, Macleod," Ogilvie stammered, as he regarded his friend's face, "I

don't like to leave you. Won't you stay and dine with our fellows? Or shall I see if I can run up to London with you?"

"No, thank you, Ogilvie," said he. "And have you any message for the mother and Janet?"

"Oh, I hope you will remember me most kindly to them. At least, I will go to the station with you, Macleod."

"Thank you, Ogilvie; but I would rather go alone. Good-bye, now."

He shook hands with his friend—in an absent sort of way—and left. But while yet his hand was on the door, he turned and said—

"Oh, do you remember my gun that has the shot barrel and the rifle barrel?"

"Yes, certainly."

"And would you like to have that, Ogilvie?—we sometimes had it when we were out together."

"Do you think I would take your gun from you, Macleod?" said the other. "And you will soon have plenty of use for it now."

"Good-bye, then, Ogilvie," said he, and he left, and went out into the world of rain and lowering skies, and darkening moors.

And when he went back to Dare it was a wet day also; but he was very cheerful; and he had a friendly word for all whom he met; and he told the mother and Janet that he had got home at last, and meant to go no more a-roving. But that evening, after dinner, when Donald began to play the Lament for the memory of the five sons of Dare, Macleod gave a sort of stifled cry, and there were tears running down his cheeks—which was a strange thing for a man; and he rose and left the hall, just as a woman would have done. And his mother sate there, cold, and pale, and trembling; but the gentle cousin Janet called out, with a piteous trouble in her eyes—

"Oh, auntie, have you seen the look on our Keith's face, ever since he came ashore to-day?"

"I know it, Janet," said she. "I have seen it. That woman has broken his heart—and he is the last of my six brave lads."

They could not speak any more now; for Donald had come up the hall; and he was playing the wild, sad wail of the *Cumhadh na Cloinne*.

CHAPTER XLI.—A LAST HOPE.

THOSE sleepless nights of passionate yearning and despair—those days of sullen gloom broken only by wild cravings for revenge that

went through his brain like spasms of fire: these were killing this man. His face grew haggard and grey; his eyes morose and hopeless; he shunned people as if he feared their scrutiny; he brooded over the past in a silence he did not wish to have broken by any human voice. This was no longer Macleod of Dare. It was the wreck of a man—drifting no one knew whither.

And in those dark and morbid reveries there was no longer any bewilderment. He saw clearly how he had been tricked and played with. He understood now the coldness she had shown on coming to Dare; her desire to get away again; her impatience with his appeals; her anxiety that communication between them should be solely by letter. "Yes, yes," he would say to himself—and sometimes he would laugh aloud in the solitude of the hills, "she was prudent. She was a woman of the world, as Stewart used to say. She would not quite throw me off—she would not be quite frank with me—until she had made sure of the other. And in her trouble of doubt, when she was trying to be better than herself, and anxious to have guidance, *that* was the guide she turned to—the woman-man, the dabbler in paint-boxes, the critic of carpets and wall-papers!"

Sometimes he grew to hate her. She had destroyed the world for him. She had destroyed his faith in the honesty and honour of womanhood. She had played with him as with a toy—a fancy of the brain—and thrown him aside when something new was presented to her. And when a man is stung by a white adder, does he not turn and stamp with his heel? Is he not bound to crush the creature out of existence, to keep God's earth and the free sunlight sweet and pure?

But then—but then—the beauty of her! In dreams he heard her low, sweet laugh again; he saw the beautiful brown hair; he surrendered to the irresistible witchery of the clear and lovely eyes. What would not a man give for one last, wild kiss of the laughing and half-parted lips? His life? And if that life happened to be a mere broken and useless thing—a hateful thing—would he not gladly, proudly fling it away? One long, lingering, despairing kiss; and then a deep draught of Death's black wine!

One day he was riding down to the fishing-station when he met John Macintyre the postman, who handed him a letter, and passed on. Macleod opened this letter with some trepidation, for it was from London; but it was in Norman Ogilvie's handwriting.

"DEAR MACLEOD,—I thought you might like to hear the latest news. I cut the enclosed from a sort of half-sporting, half-theatrical paper our fellows get; no doubt the paragraph is true enough. And I wish it was well over and done with, and she married out of hand; for I know until that is so, you will be torturing yourself with all sorts of projects and fancies. Good-bye, old fellow. I suppose when you offered me the gun, you thought your life had collapsed altogether, and that you would have no further use for anything. But no doubt, after the first shock, you have thought better of that. How are the birds? I hear rather bad accounts from Ross; but then he is always complaining about something.

"Yours sincerely,

"NORMAN OGILVIE."

And then he unfolded the newspaper cutting which Ogilvie had enclosed. The paragraph of gossip announced that the Piccadilly Theatre would shortly be closed for repairs; but that the projected provincial tour of the company had been abandoned. On the re-opening of the theatre, a play, which was now in preparation, written by Mr. Gregory Lemuel, would be produced. "It is understood," continued the newsman, "that Miss Gertrude White, the young and gifted actress who has been the chief attraction at the Piccadilly Theatre for two years back, is shortly to be married to Mr. L. Lemuel, the well-known artist; but the public have no reason to fear the withdrawal from the stage of so popular a favourite, for she has consented to take the chief *rôle* in the new play, which is said to be of a tragic nature."

Macleod put the letter and its enclosure into his pocket; and rode on. The hand that held the bridle shook somewhat; that was all.

He met Hamish.

"Oh, Hamish!" he cried, quite gaily. "Hamish, will you go to the wedding?"

"What wedding, sir?" said the old man; but well he knew. If there was any one blind to what had been going on, that was not Hamish; and again and again he had in his heart cursed the English traitress who had destroyed his master's peace.

"Why, do you not remember the English lady that was here not so long ago. And she is going to be married. And would you like to go to the wedding, Hamish?"

He scarcely seemed to know what he was saying in this wild way; there was a strange

look in his eyes, though apparently he was very merry. And this was the first word he had uttered about Gertrude White to any living being at Dare ever since his last return from the south.

Now what was Hamish's answer to this gay invitation? The Gaelic tongue is almost devoid of those meaningless expletives which, in other languages, express mere annoyance or temper; when a Highlander swears, he usually swears in English. But the Gaelic curse is a much more solemn and deliberate affair.

"*May her soul dwell in the lowermost hall of perdition!*"—that was the answer that Hamish made; and there was a blaze of anger in the keen eyes and in the proud and handsome face.

"Oh, yes," continued the old man in his native tongue, and he spoke rapidly and passionately, "I am only a serving-man; and perhaps a serving-man ought not to speak; but perhaps sometimes he will speak. And have I not seen it all, Sir Keith?—and no more of the pink letters coming; and you going about a changed man, as if there was nothing more in life for you? And now you ask me if I will go to the wedding! And what do I say to you, Sir Keith? I say this to you—that the woman is not now living who will put that shame on Macleod of Dare!"

Macleod regarded the old man's angry vehemence almost indifferently; he had grown to pay little heed to anything around him.

"Oh, yes, it is a fine thing for the English lady," said Hamish, with the same proud fierceness, "to come here and amuse herself. But she does not know the Mull men yet. Do you think, Sir Keith, that any one of your forefathers would have had this shame put upon him? I think not. I think he would have said, 'Come, lads, here is a proud madam that does not know that a man's will is stronger than a woman's will; and we will teach her a lesson. And before she has learned that lesson, she will discover that it is not safe to trifle with a Macleod of Dare.' And you ask me if I will go to the wedding! I have known you since you were a child, Sir Keith; and I put the first gun in your hand; and I saw you catch your first salmon; it is not right to laugh at an old man."

"Laughing at you, Hamish? I gave you an invitation to a wedding!"

"And if I was going to that wedding," said Hamish, with a return of that fierce

light to the grey eyes, "do you know how I would go to the wedding? I would take two or three of the young lads with me. We would make a fine party for the wedding. Oh, yes, a fine party! And if the English church is a fine church, can we not take off our caps as well as any one? But when the pretty madam came in, I would say to myself, 'Oh, yes, my fine madam, you forgot it was a Macleod you had to deal with, and not a child, and you did not think you would have a visit from two or three of the Mull lads?'"

"And what then?" Macleod said with a smile—though this picture of his sweetheart coming into the church as the bride of another man had paled his cheek.

"And before she had brought that shame on the house of Dare," said Hamish excitedly, "do you not think that I would seize her—that I would seize her with my own hands? And when the young lads and I had thrust her down into the cabin of the yacht—oh, yes, when we had thrust her down and put the hatch over, do you think the proud madam would be quite so proud?"

Macleod laughed a loud laugh.

"Why, Hamish, you want to become a famous person! You would carry off a popular actress, and have all the country ringing with the exploit! And would you have a piper, too, to drown her screams—just as Macdonald of Armadale did when he came with his men to South Uist and carried off Flora Macdonald's mother?"

"And was there ever a better marriage than that—as I have heard many a man of Skye say?" Hamish exclaimed eagerly. "Oh, yes, it is good for a woman to know that a man's will is stronger than a woman's will! And when we have the fine English madam caged up in the cabin, and we are coming away to the north again, she will not have so many fine airs, I think. And if the will cannot be broken, it is the neck that can be broken; and better that than that Sir Keith Macleod should have a shame put on him."

"Hamish, Hamish, how will you dare to go into the church at Salen next Sunday?" Macleod said; but he was now regarding the old man with a strange curiosity.

"Men were made before churches were thought of," Hamish said curtly; and then Macleod laughed and rode on.

The laugh soon died away from his face. Here was the stone bridge on which she used to lean to drop pebbles into the whirling clear water. Was there not some im-

pression even yet of her soft warm arm on the velvet moss? And what had the voice of the streamlet told him in the days long ago—that the summer time was made for happy lovers; that she was coming; that he should take her hand and show her the beautiful islands and the sunlit seas before the darkening skies of the winter came over them. And here was the summer sea; and moist, warm odours were in the larch-wood; and out there Ulva was shining green, and there was sunlight on the islands and on the rocks of Erisgeir. But she—where was she? Perhaps standing before a mirror; with a dress all of white; and trying how orange-blossoms would best lie in her soft brown hair. Her arms are uplifted to her head; she smiles;—could not one suddenly seize her now by the waist, and bear her off, with the smile changed to a blanched look of fear? The wild pirates have got her; the Rose-leaf is crushed in the cruel northern hands; at last—at last—what is in the scabbard has been drawn, and declared, and she screams in her terror!

Then he fell to brooding again over Hamish's mad scheme. The fine English church of Hamish's imagination was no doubt a little stone building that a handful of sailors could carry at a rush. And of course the yacht must needs be close by; for there was no land in Hamish's mind that was out of sight of the salt water. And what consideration would this old man have for delicate fancies and studies in moral science? The fine madam had been chosen to be the bride of Macleod of Dare; that was enough. If her will would not bend, it would have to be broken. That was the good old way; was there ever a happier wife than the Lady of Armadale, who had been carried screaming down-stairs in the night time, and placed in her lover's boat, with the pipes playing a wild pibroch all the time?

Macleod was in the library that night when Hamish came to him with some papers. And just as the old man was about to leave Macleod said to him—

"Well, that was a pretty story you told me this morning, Hamish, about the carrying off of the young English lady. And have you thought any more about it?"

"I have thought enough about it," Hamish said, in his native tongue.

"Then perhaps you could tell me, when you start on this fine expedition, how you are going to have the yacht taken to London? The lads of Mull are very clever, Hamish,

I know; but do you think that any one of them can steer the *Umpire* all the way from Loch-na-Keal to the river Thames?"

"Is it the river Thames?" said Hamish, with great contempt. "And is that all—the river Thames? Do you know this, Sir Keith, that my cousin Colin Laing, that has a whisky-shop now in Greenock, has been all over the world, and at China and other places; and he was the mate of many a big vessel; and do you think he could not take the *Umpire* from Loch-na-Keal to London? And I would only have to send a line to him and say, 'Colin, it is Sir Keith Macleod himself that will want you to do this;' and then he will leave twenty or thirty shops, ay, fifty and a hundred shops, and think no more of them at all. Oh, yes, it is very true what you say, Sir Keith. There is no one knows better than I the soundings in Loch Scridain and Loch Tua; and you have said yourself that there is not a bank or a rock about the islands that I do not know; but I have not been to London. No, I have not been to London. But is there any great trouble in getting to London? No, none at all—when we have Colin Laing on board."

Macleod was apparently making a gay joke of the matter; but there was an anxious, intense look in his eyes all the same—even when he was staring absently at the table before him.

"Oh, yes, Hamish," he said, laughing in a constrained manner, "that would be a fine story to tell. And you would become very famous—just as if you were working for fame in a theatre; and all the people would be talking about you. And when you got to London, how would you get through the London streets?"

"It is my cousin who would show me the way: has he not been to London more times than I have been to Stornoway?"

"But the streets of London—they would cover all the ground between here and Loch Scridain; and how would you carry the young lady through them?"

"We would carry her," said Hamish curtly.

"With the bagpipes to drown her screams?"

"I would drown her screams myself," said Hamish, with a sudden savageness; and he added something that Macleod did not hear.

"Do you know that I am a magistrate, Hamish?"

"I know it, Sir Keith."

"And when you come to me with this proposal, do you know what I should do?"

"I know what the old Macleods of

Dare would have done," said Hamish, proudly, "before they let this shame come on them. And you, Sir Keith—you are a Macleod, too; ay, and the bravest lad that ever was born in Castle Dare! And you will not suffer this thing any longer, Sir Keith; for it is a sore heart I have from the morning till the night; and it is only a serving-man that I am; but sometimes when I will see you going about—and nothing now cared for, but a great trouble on your face—oh, then, I say to myself, 'Hamish, you are an old man, and you have not long to live; but before you die you will teach the fine English madam what it is to bring a shame on Sir Keith Macleod!'"

"Ah, well, good-night now, Hamish; I am tired," he said; and the old man slowly left.

He was tired—if one might judge by the haggard cheeks and the heavy eyes; but he did not go to sleep. He did not even go to bed. He spent the live-long night, as he had spent too many lately, in nervously pacing to and fro within this hushed chamber; or seated with his arms on the table, and the aching head resting on the clasped hands. And again those wild visions came to torture him—the product of a sick heart and a bewildered brain; only now there was a new element introduced. This mad project of Hamish's, at which he would have laughed in a saner mood, began to intertwist itself with all these passionate longings and these troubled dreams of what might yet be possible to him on earth; and wherever he turned it was suggested to him, and whatever was the craving and desire of the moment, this, and this only, was the way to reach it. For if one were mad with pain, and determined to crush the white adder that had stung one, what better way than to seize the hateful thing and cage it so that it should do no more harm among the sons of men? Or if one were mad because of the love of a beautiful white Princess, and she far away, and dressed in bridal robes, what better way than to take her hand, and say, "Quick, quick, to the shore! For the summer seas are waiting for you; and there is a home for the bride far away in the north"? Or if it was only one wild, despairing effort, one last means of trying, to bring her heart back? Or if there was but the one fierce, captured kiss of those lips no longer laughing at all? Men had ventured more for far less reward, surely? And what remained to him in life but this? There was at least the splendid joy of daring and action.

The hours passed; and sometimes he fell into a troubled sleep as he sat with his head bent on his hands—but then it was only to see those beautiful pictures of her that made his heart ache all the more. And sometimes he saw her all in sailor-like white and blue, as she was stepping down from the steamer; and sometimes he saw the merry Duchess coming forward through the ball-room, with her saucy eyes and her laughing and parted lips; and sometimes he saw her before a mirror; and again she smiled—but his heart would fain have cried aloud in its anguish. Then again he would start up, and look at the window. Was he impatient for the day?

The lamp still burned in the hushed chamber. With trembling fingers he took out the letter Ogilvie had written to him, and held the slip of printed paper before his bewildered gaze. "The young and gifted actress." She is "shortly to be married." And the new piece that all the world will come to see, as soon as she is returned from her wedding tour, is "of a tragic nature."

* * * *

Hamish, Hamish, do you hear these things? Do you know what they mean? Oh, we will have to look sharp if we are to be there in time. Come along, you brave lads; it is not the first time that a Macleod has carried off a bride. And will she cry, do you think—for we have no pipes to drown her screams? Ah, but we will manage it another way than that, Hamish! You have no cunning, you old man! There will be no scream, when the white adder is seized and caged.

* * * *

But surely no white adder! O sweetheart, you gave me a red rose! And do you remember the night in the garden, with the moonlight around us, and the favour you wore next your heart was the badge of the Macleods? You were not afraid of the Macleods then; you had no fear of the rude northern people; you said they would not crush a pale Rose-leaf. And now—now—see! I have rescued you; and those people will persuade you no longer; I have taken you away—you are free! And will you come up on deck, now; and look around on the summer sea? And shall we put in to some port, and telegraph that the runaway bride is happy enough; and that they will hear of her next from Castle Dare? Look around, sweetheart: surely you know the old boat. And here is Christina to wait on you; and Hamish—Hamish will curse you no

more—he will be your friend now. Oh, you will make the mother's heart glad at last: she has not smiled for many a day.

* * * *

Or is it the proud madam that is below, Hamish; and she will not speak; and she sits alone in all her finery? And what are we to do with her now, then—to break her will? Do you think she will speak when she is in the midst of the silence of the northern seas? Or will they be after us, Hamish? Oh, that would be a fine chace, indeed; and we would lead them a fine dance through the western isles; and I think you would try their knowledge of the channels and the banks. And the painter-fellow, Hamish, the woman-man, the dabbler—would he be in the boat behind us?—or would he be down below, in bed in the cabin, with a nurse to attend him? Come along, then!—but beware of the overfalls off Tiree, you southern men! Or is it a race for Barra Head; and who will be at Vatersay first? There is good fishing-ground on the Sgriobh-bhan, Hamish; they may as well stop to fish as seek to catch us among our western isles! See, the dark is coming down; are these the Monach lights in the north?—Hamish, Hamish, we are on the rocks!—and there is no one to help her! O sweet-heart!—sweetheart!—

* * * *

The brief fit of struggling sleep is over; he rises, and goes to the window; and now, if he is impatient for the new day, behold! the new day is here. O see, how the wan light of the morning meets the wan face! It is the face of a man who has been close to Death; it is the face of a man who is desperate. And if, after the terrible battle of the night, with its uncontrollable yearning and its unbearable pain, the fierce and bitter resolve is taken?—if there remains but this one last despairing venture for all that made life worth having? How wildly the drowning man clutches at this or that, so only that he may breathe for yet a moment more. He knows not what miracle may save him; he knows not where there is any land; but only to live—only to breathe for another moment—that is his cry. And then, mayhap, amid the wild whirl of waves, if he were suddenly to catch sight of the shore; and think that he was getting near to that; and see awaiting him there a white Princess, with a smile on her lips, and a red rose in her outstretched hand? Would he not make one last convulsive effort before the black waters dragged him down?

CHAPTER XLII.—THE WHITE-WINGED DOVE.

THE mere thought of this action, swift, immediate, impetuous, seemed to give relief to the burning brain. He went outside, and walked down to the shore; all the world was asleep; but the day had broken fair and pleasant, and the sea was calm and blue. Was not that a good omen? After all, then, there was still the wild, glad hope that Fionaghal might come and live in her northern home; the summer days had not gone for ever; they might still find a red rose for her bosom at Castle Dare.

And then he tried to deceive himself. Was not this a mere lover's stratagem? Was not all fair in love as in war? Surely she would forgive him, for the sake of the great love he bore her, and the happiness he would try to bring her all the rest of her life? And no sailor, he would take care, would lay his rough hand on her gentle arm. That was the folly of Hamish. There was no chance in these days for a band of northern pirates to rush into a church and carry off a screaming bride. There were other ways than that, gentler ways; and the victim of the conspiracy, why, she would only laugh in the happy after-time and be glad that he had succeeded. And meanwhile, he rejoiced that so much had to be done. Oh yes, there was plenty to think about now, other than those terrible visions of the night. There was work to do; and the cold sea-air was cooling the fevered brain, so that it all seemed pleasant and easy and glad. There was Colin Laing to be summoned from Greenock, and questioned. The yacht had to be provisioned for a long voyage. He had to prepare the mother and Janet for his going away. And might not Norman Ogilvie find out somehow when the marriage was to be, so that he would know how much time was left him?

But, with all this eagerness and haste, he kept whispering to himself counsels of caution and prudence. He dared not awaken her suspicion by professing too much forgiveness or friendliness. He wrote to her—with what a trembling hand he put down those words, *Dear Gertrude*, on paper, and how wistfully he regarded them!—but the letter was a proud and cold letter. He said that he had been informed she was about to be married; he wished to ascertain from herself whether that was true. He would not reproach her either with treachery or deceit; if this was true, passionate words would not be of much avail. But he would prefer to be assured,

one way or another, by her own hand. That was the substance of the letter.

And then, the answer! He almost feared she would not write. But when Hamish himself brought that pink envelope to him, how his heart beat! And the old man stood there, in silence, and with gloom on his face: was there to be, after all, no act of vengeance on her who had betrayed Macleod of Dare?

These few words seemed to have been written with unsteady fingers. He read them again and again. Surely there was no dark mystery within them?—

"Dear Keith, I cannot bear to write to you. I do not know how it has all happened. Forgive me, if you can; and forget me. G."

"Oh, Hamish," said he, with a strange laugh, "is it an easy thing to forget that you have been alive? That would be an easy thing, if one were to ask you? But is not Colin Laing coming here to-day?"

"Oh, yes, Sir Keith," Hamish said, with his eyes lighting up eagerly, "he will be here with the *Pioneer*, and I will send the boat out for him. Oh, yes, and you are wanting to see him, Sir Keith?"

"Why, of course!" Macleod said. "If we are going away on a long voyage, do we not want a good pilot?"

"And we are going, Sir Keith?" the old man said; and there was a look of proud triumph in the keen face.

"Oh, I do not know yet," Macleod said, impatiently. "But you will tell Christina that, if we are going away to the south, we may have lady-visitors come on board, some day or another; and she would be better than a young lass to look after them, and make them comfortable on board. And if there is any clothes or ribbons she may want from Salen, Donald can go over with the pony; and you will not spare any money, Hamish; for I will give you the money."

"Very well, sir."

"And you will not send the boat out to the *Pioneer* till I give you a letter; and you will ask the clerk to be so kind as to post it for me to-night at Oban; and he must not forget that."

"Very well, sir," said Hamish; and he left the room, with a determined look about his lips, but with a glad light in his eyes.

This was the second letter that Macleod wrote; and he had to keep whispering to himself "Caution! caution!" or he would have broken into some wild appeal to his sweetheart far away.

"DEAR GERTRUDE," he wrote, "I gather from your note that it is true you are going to be married. I had heard some time ago; so your letter was no great shock to me; and what I have suffered—well, that can be of no interest to you now, and it will do me no good to recall it. As to your message, I would forgive you freely; but how can I forget? Can you forget? Do you remember the red rose? But that is all over now, I suppose; and I should not wonder if I were after all to be able to obey you, and to forget very thoroughly—not that alone, but everything else. For I have been rather ill of late—more through sleeplessness than any other cause, I think; and they say I must go for a long sea-voyage; and the mother and Janet both say I should be more at home in the old *Umpire*—with Hamish and Christina, and my own people round me—than in a steamer; and so I may not hear of you again until you are separated from me for ever. But I write now to ask you if you would like your letters returned; and one or two keepsakes; and the photographs: I would not like them to fall into other hands; and sometimes I feel so sick at heart that I doubt whether I shall ever again get back to Dare. There are some flowers, too; but I would ask to be allowed to keep them, if you have no objection—and the sketch of Ulva, that you made on the deck of the *Umpire*, when we were coming back from Iona, I would like to keep that, if you have no objection. And I remain your faithful friend, KEITH MACLEOD."

Now at the moment he was writing this letter, Lady Macleod and her niece were together; the old lady at her spinning-wheel, the younger one sewing. And Janet Macleod was saying—

"Oh, auntie, I am so glad Keith is going away now in the yacht; and you must not be vexed at all or troubled if he stays a long time; for what else can make him well again? Why, you know that he has not been Keith at all of late—he is quite another man—I do not think any one would recognise him. And surely there can be no better cure for sleeplessness than the rough work of the yachting; and you know Keith will take his share, in despite of Hamish; and if he goes away to the south, they will have watches, and he will take his watch with the others, and his turn at the helm. Oh, you will see the change when he comes back to us!"

The old lady's eyes had slowly filled with tears.

"And do you think it is sleeplessness, Janet," said she, "that is the matter with our Keith? Ah, but you know better than that, Janet."

Janet Macleod's face grew suddenly red; but she said hastily—

"Why, auntie, have I not heard him walking up and down all the night, whether it was in his own room or in the library? And then he is out before any one is up: oh, yes, I know that when you cannot sleep, the face grows white, and the eyes grow tired. And he has not been himself at all—going away like that from every one; and having nothing to say; and going away by himself over the moors. And it was the night before last, he came back from Kinloch, and he was wet through, and he only lay down on the bed, as Hamish told me, and would have slept there all the night, but for Hamish. And do you not think that was to get sleep at last—that he had been walking so far, and coming through the shallows of Loch Scridain, too? Ah, but you will see the difference, auntie, when he comes back on board the *Umpire*; and we will go down to the shore; and we will be glad to see him that day."

"Oh, yes, Janet," the old lady said, and the tears were running down her face, "but you know—you know. And if he had married you, Janet, and stayed at home at Dare, there would have been none of all this trouble. And now—what is there now? It is the young English lady that has broken his heart; and he is no longer a son to me, and he is no longer your cousin, Janet; but a broken-hearted man, that does not care for anything. And you are very kind, Janet; and you would not say any harm of any one. But I am his mother—I—I—well, if the woman was to come here this day, do you think I would not speak? It was a bad day for us all that he went away—instead of marrying you, Janet."

"But you know that could never have been, auntie," said the gentle-eyed cousin, though there was some conscious flush of pride in her cheeks. "I could never have married Keith."

"But why, Janet?"

"You have no right to ask me, auntie. But he and I—we did not care for each other—I mean, we never could have been married. I hope you will not speak about that any more, auntie."

"And some day they will take me, too, away from Dare," said the old dame, and the spinning-wheel was left unheeded, "and I

cannot go into the grave with my five brave lads—for where are they all now, Janet?—in Arizona one, in Africa one, and two in the Crimea, and my brave Hector at Königgrätz. But that is not much; I shall be meeting them all together; and do you not think I shall be glad to see them all together again just as it was in the old days; and they will come to meet me; and they will be glad enough to have the mother with them once again? But, Janet, Janet, how can I go to them? What will I say to them when they ask about Keith—about Keith, my Benjamin, my youngest, my handsome lad?"

The old woman was sobbing bitterly; and Janet went to her and put her arms round her, and said,—

"Why, auntie, you must not think of such things. You will send Keith away in low spirits if you have not a bright face and a smile for him when he goes away."

"But you do not know—you do not know," the old woman said, "what Keith has done for me. The others—oh, yes, they were brave lads; and very proud of their name, too; and they would not disgrace their name wherever they went; and if they died—that is nothing; for they will be together again now; and what harm is there? But Keith, he was the one that did more than any of them; for he stayed at home for my sake; and when other people were talking about this regiment and that regiment, Keith would not tell me what was sore at his heart; and never once did he say, 'Mother, I must go away like the rest,' though it was in his blood to go away. And what have I done now?—and what am I to say to his brothers when they come to ask me? I will say to them, 'Oh, yes, he was the handsomest of all my six lads; and he had the proudest heart, too; but, I kept him at home—and what came of it all? Would it not be better now that he was lying buried in the jungle of the Gold Coast, or at Königgrätz, or in the Crimea?'"

"Oh, surely not, auntie! Keith will come back to us soon; and when you see him well and strong again, and when you hear his laugh about the house—surely you will not be wishing that he was in his grave? Why, what is the matter with you to-day, auntie?"

"The others did not suffer much, Janet, and to three of them, anyway, it was only—a bullet—a cry—and then the death-sleep of a brave man, and the grave of a Macleod. But Keith, Janet—he is my youngest—he is nearer to my heart than any of them: do you not see his face?"

"Yes, auntie," Janet Macleod said, in a low voice. "But he will get over that. He will come back to us strong and well."

"Oh, yes, he will come back to us strong and well!" said the old lady, almost wildly, and she rose, and her face was pale. "But I think it is a good thing for that woman that my other sons are all away now; for they had quick tempers, those lads; and they would not like to see their brother murdered."

"Murdered, auntie!"

Lady Macleod would have answered in the same wild passionate way; but at this very moment her son entered. She turned quickly; she almost feared to meet the look of this haggard face. But Keith Macleod said, quite cheerfully—

"Well now, Janet, and will you go round to-day to look at the *Umpire*? And will you come too, mother? Oh, she is made very smart now; just as if we were all going away to see the Queen."

"I cannot go to-day, Keith," said his mother, and she left the room before he had time to notice that she was strangely excited.

"And I think I will go some other day, Keith," his cousin said gently; "just before you start, that I may be sure you have not forgotten anything. And, of course, you will take the ladies' cabin, Keith, for yourself; for there is more light in that; and it is farther away from the smell of the cooking in the morning. And how can you be going to-day, Keith, when it is the man from Greenock will be here soon now?"

"Why, I forgot that, Janet," said he, laughing in a nervous way. "I forgot that, though I was talking to Hamish about him only a little while ago. And I think I might as well go out to meet the *Pioneer* myself, if the boat has not left yet. Is there anything you would like to get from Oban, Janet?"

"No, nothing, thank you, Keith," said she; and then he left; and he was in time to get into the big sailing-boat before it went out to meet the steamer.

This cousin of Hamish, who jumped into the boat when Macleod's letter had been handed up to the clerk, was a little black-haired Celt, beady-eyed, nervous, but with the affectation of a sailor's bluntness, and he wore rings in his ears. However, when he was got ashore and taken into the library, Macleod very speedily found out that the man had some fair skill in navigation, and that he had certainly been into a good number of ports in his lifetime. And if one

were taking the *Umpire* into the mouth of the Thames, now? Mr. Laing looked doubtfully at the general chart Macleod had; he said he would rather have a special chart which he could get at Greenock; for there were a great many banks about the mouth of the Thames; and he was not sure that he could remember the channel. And if one wished to go farther up the river, to some anchorage in communication by rail with London? Oh, yes, there was Erith. And if one would rather have moorings than an anchorage, so that one might slip away without trouble when the tide and wind were favourable? Oh, yes, there was nothing simpler than that. There were many yachts about Erith; and surely the pier-master could get the *Umpire* the loan of moorings. All through Castle Dare it was understood that there was no distinct destination marked down for the *Umpire* on this suddenly-arranged voyage of hers; but all the same Sir Keith Macleod's inquiries went no further, at present at least, than the river Thames.

There came another letter, in dainty pink; and this time there was less trembling in the handwriting; and there was a greater frankness in the wording of the note.

"DEAR KEITH," Miss White wrote, "I would like to have the letters; as for the little trifles you mention, it does not much matter. You have not said that you forgive me; perhaps it is asking too much; but believe me you will find some day it was all for the best. It is better now than later on. I had my fears from the beginning; did not I tell you that I was never sure of myself for a day? and I am sure papa warned me. I cannot make you any requital for the great generosity and forbearance you show to me now; but I would like to be allowed to remain your friend. "G. W."

"P.S.—I am deeply grieved to hear of your being ill; but hope it is only something quite temporary. You could not have decided better than on taking a long sea-voyage. I hope you will have fine weather."

All this was very pleasant. They had got into the region of correspondence again; and Miss White was then mistress of the situation. His answer to her was less cheerful in tone. It ran thus:—

"DEAR GERTRUDE,—To-morrow morning I leave Dare. I have made up your

letters, &c., in a packet; but as I would like to see Norman Ogilvie before going farther south, it is possible we may run into the Thames for a day; and so I have taken the packet with me, and, if I see Ogilvie, I will give it to him to put into your hands. And as this may be the last time that I shall ever write to you, I may tell you now there is no one anywhere more earnestly hopeful than I that you may live a long and happy life, not troubled by any thinking of what is past and irrevocable.

"Yours faithfully,

"KEITH MACLEOD."

So there was an end of correspondence. And now came this beautiful morning, with a fine north-westerly breeze blowing, and the *Umpire*, with her main-sail and jib set, and her gay pennon and ensign fluttering in the wind, rocking gently down there at her moorings. It was an auspicious morning; of itself it was enough to cheer up a heart-sick man. The white sea-birds were calling; and Ulva was shining green; and the Dutchman's Cap out there was of a pale purple-blue; while away in the south there was a vague silver mist of heat lying all over the Ross of Mull and Iona. And the proud lady of Castle Dare and Janet, and one or two others more stealthily, were walking down to the pier to see Keith Macleod set sail; but Donald was not there—there was no need for Donald or his pipes on board the yacht. Donald was up at the house; and looking at the people going down to the quay, and saying bitterly to himself, "It is no more thought of the pipes now that Sir Keith has, ever since the English lady was at Dare; and he thinks I am better at work in looking after the dogs."

Suddenly Macleod stopped, and took out a pencil, and wrote something on a card.

"I was sure I had forgotten something, Janet," said he. "That is the address of Johnny Wickes's mother. We were to send him up to see her some time before Christmas."

"Before Christmas!" Janet exclaimed; and she looked at him in amazement. "But you are coming back before Christmas, Keith!"

"Oh, well, Janet," said he carelessly, "you know that when one goes away on a voyage, it is never certain about your coming back at all; and it is better to leave everything right."

"But you are not going away from us with thoughts like these in your head, surely?" the cousin said. "Why, the man from Greenock says you could go to America in the *Umpire*;

and if you could go to America, there will not be much risk in the calmer seas of the south. And you know, Keith, auntie and I don't want you to trouble about writing letters to us; for you will have enough trouble in looking after the yacht; but you will send us a telegram from the various places you put into."

"Oh, yes, I will do that," said he somewhat absently. Even the bustle of departure and the brightness of the morning had failed to put colour and life into the haggard face and the hopeless eyes.

That was a sorrowful leave-taking at the shore; and Macleod, standing on the deck of the yacht, could see, long after they had set sail, that his mother and cousin were still on the small quay watching the *Umpire* so long as she was in sight. Then they rounded the Ross of Mull; and he saw no more of the women of Castle Dare.

And this beautiful white-sailed vessel that is going south through the summer seas: surely she is no deadly instrument of vengeance, but only a messenger of peace? Look, now, how she has passed through the Sound of Iona; and the white sails are shining in the light; and far away before her, instead of the islands with which she is familiar, are other islands—another Colonsay altogether, and Islay, and Jura, and Scarba, all a pale transparent blue. And what will the men on the lonely Dubh-Artach rock think of her as they see her pass by? Why, surely that she looks like a beautiful white dove. It is a summer day; the winds are soft; fly south, then, White Dove, and carry to her this message of tenderness, and entreaty, and peace! Surely the gentle ear will listen to you; before the winter comes, and the skies grow dark overhead, and there is no white dove at all, but an angry sea-eagle, with black wings outspread, and talons ready to strike. O what is the sound in the summer air? Is it the singing of the sea-maiden of Colonsay, bewailing still the loss of her lover in other years? We cannot stay to listen; the winds are fair; fly southward, and still southward, O you beautiful White Dove, and it is all a message of love and of peace that you will whisper to her ear!

CHAPTER XLIII.—DOVE OR SEA-EAGLE?

BUT there are no fine visions troubling the mind of Hamish as he stands here by the tiller in eager consultation with Colin Laing, who has a chart outspread before him on the deck. There is pride in the old man's face. He is proud of the performances of the yacht

he has sailed for so many years; and proud of himself for having brought her—always subject to the advice of his cousin from Greenock—in safety through the salt sea to the smooth waters of the great river. And indeed this is a strange scene for the *Umpire* to find around her in the years of her old age. For instead of the giant cliffs of Gribun and Bourg there is only the thin green line of the Essex coast; and instead of the rushing Atlantic there is the broad smooth surface of this coffee-coloured stream, splashed with blue where the ripples catch the reflected light of the sky. There is no longer the solitude of Ulva and Colonsay, or the moaning of the waves round the lonely shores of Fladda, and Staffa, and the Dutchman; but the eager, busy life of the great river—a black steamer puffing and roaring, russet-sailed barges going smoothly with the tide, a tug bearing a large green-hulled Italian ship through the lapping waters, and everywhere a swarming fry of small boats of every description. It is a beautiful summer morning, though there is a pale haze lying along the Essex woods. The old *Umpire*, with the salt foam of the sea encrusted on her bows, is making her first appearance in the Thames.

“And where are we going, Hamish,” says Colin Laing, in the Gaelic, “when we leave this place?”

“When you are told, then you will know,” says Hamish.

“You had enough talk of it last night in the cabin. I thought you were never coming out of the cabin,” says the cousin from Greenock.

“And if I have a master, I obey my master without speaking,” Hamish answers.

“Well, it is a strange master you have got. Oh, you do not know about these things, Hamish. Do you know what a gentleman who has a yacht would do when he got into Gravesend as we got in last night? Why, he would go ashore, and have his dinner in a hotel, and drink four or five different kinds of wine, and go to the theatre. But your master, Hamish, what does he do? He stays on board; and sends ashore for time-tables, and such things; and what is more than that, he is on deck all night, walking up and down. Oh, yes, I heard him walking up and down all night, with the yacht lying at anchor!”

“Sir Keith is not well. When a man is not well he does not act in an ordinary way. But you talk of my master,” Hamish answered proudly. “Well, I will tell you about my master—that he is a better master than any

ten thousand masters that ever were born in Greenock, or in London either. I will not allow any man to say anything against my master.”

“I was not saying anything against your master. He is a wiser man than you, Hamish. For he was saying to me last night, ‘Now, when I am sending Hamish to such and such places in London, you must go with him, and show him the trains, and cabs, and other things like that.’ Oh, yes, Hamish, you know how to sail a yacht; but you do not know anything about towns.”

“And who would want to know anything about towns? Are they not full of people who live by telling lies and cheating each other?”

“And do you say that is how I have been able to buy my house at Greenock,” said Colin Laing, angrily, “with a garden, and a boat-house, too?”

“I do not know about that,” said Hamish; and then he called out some order to one of the men. Macleod was at this moment down in the saloon, seated at the table, with a letter enclosed and addressed lying before him. But surely this was not the same man who had been in these still waters of the Thames in the bygone days—with gay companions around him, and the band playing “A Highland Lad my Love was born,” and a beautiful-eyed girl, whom he called Rose-leaf, talking to him in the quiet of the summer noon. This man had a look in his eyes like that of an animal that has been hunted to death, and is fain to lie down and give itself up to its pursuers in the despair of utter fatigue. He was looking at this letter. The composition of it had cost him only a whole night’s agony. And when he sate down and wrote it in the blue-grey dawn, what had he not cast away?

“Oh no,” he was saying now to his own conscience, “she will not call it deceiving! She will laugh when it is all over—she will call it a stratagem—she will say that a drowning man will catch at anything. And this is the last effort—but it is only a stratagem: she herself will absolve me—when she laughs and says, ‘Oh, how could you have treated the poor theatres so?’”

A loud rattling overhead startled him. “We must be at Erith,” he said to himself; and then, after a pause of a second, he took the letter in his hand. He passed up the companion-way; perhaps it was the sudden glare of the light around that falsely gave to his eyes the appearance of a man who had been drinking hard. But his voice was clear and precise as he said to Hamish—

"Now, Hamish, you understand everything I have told you?"

"Oh, yes, Sir Keith."

"And you will put away that nonsense from your head; and when you see the English lady that you remember, you will be very respectful to her, for she is a very great friend of mine; and if she is not at the theatre, you will go on to the other address, and Colin Laing will go with you in the cab. And if she comes back in the cab, you and Colin will go outside beside the driver, do you understand? And when you go ashore, you will take John Cameron with you, and you will ask the pier-master about the moorings."

"Oh, yes, Sir Keith; have you not told me before?" Hamish said, almost reproachfully.

"You are sure you got everything on board last night?"

"There is nothing more that I can think of, Sir Keith."

"Here is the letter, Hamish."

And so he pledged himself to the last desperate venture.

Not long after that Hamish, and Laing, and John Cameron went in the dingy to the end of Erith pier; and left the boat there; and went along to the head of the pier, and had a talk with the pier-master. Then John Cameron went back; and the other two went on their way to the railway-station.

"And I will tell you this, Hamish," said the little black Celt, who swaggered a good deal in his walk, "that when you go in the train you will be frightened. For you do not know how strong the engines are; and how they will carry you through the air."

"That is a foolish thing to say," answered Hamish, also speaking in the Gaelic. "For I have seen many pictures of trains; and do you say that the engines are bigger than the engines of the *Pioneer* or the *Dunara Castle* or the *Clansman* that goes to Stornoway? Do not talk such nonsense to me. An engine that runs along the road, that is a small matter; but an engine that can take you up the Sound of Sleat, and across the Minch, and all the way to Stornoway, that is an engine to be talked about!"

But nevertheless it was with some inward trepidation that Hamish approached Erith station; and it was with an awestruck silence that he saw his cousin take tickets at the office; nor did he speak a word when the train came up and they entered and sat down in the carriage. Then the train moved off, and Hamish breathed more freely: what was this to be afraid of?

"Did I not tell you you would be frightened?" Colin Laing said.

"I am not frightened at all," Hamish answered indignantly.

But as the train began to move more quickly, Hamish's hands, that held firmly by the wooden seat on which he was sitting, tightened and still further tightened their grasp; and his teeth got clenched; while there was an anxious look in his eyes. At length, as the train swung into a good pace, his fear got the better of him, and he called out—

"Colin—Colin—she's run away!"

And then Colin Laing laughed aloud; and began to assume great airs; and told Hamish that he was no better than a lad kept for herding the sheep who had never been away from his own home. This familiar air reassured Hamish; and then the train stopping at Abbey Wood proved to him that the engine was still under control.

"Oh, yes, Hamish," continued his travelled cousin, "you will open your eyes when you see London; and you will tell all the people when you go back that you have never seen so great a place; but what is London to the cities and the towns and the palaces that I have seen? Did you ever hear of Valparaiso, Hamish? Oh, yes, you will live a long time before you will get to Valparaiso! And Rio: why, I have known mere boys that have been to Rio. And you can sail a yacht very well, Hamish; and I do not grumble that you would be the master of the yacht—though I know the banks and the channels a little better than you; and it was quite right of you to be the master of the yacht; but you have not seen what I have seen. And I have been where there are mountains and mountains of gold——"

"Do you take me for a fool, Colin?" said Hamish, with a contemptuous smile.

"Not quite that," said the other; "but am I not to believe my own eyes?"

"And if there were the great mountains of gold," said Hamish, "why did you not fill your pockets with the gold; and would not that be better than selling whisky in Greenock?"

"Yes; and that shows what an ignorant man you are, Hamish," said the other with disdain. "For do you not know that the gold is mixed with quartz, and you have got to take the quartz out? But I dare say now you do not know what quartz is: for it is a very ignorant man you are, although you can sail a yacht. But I do not grumble at all. You are master of your own yacht; just as I

am the master of my own shop. But if you were coming into my shop, Hamish, I would say to you, 'Hamish, you are the master here; and I am not the master; and you can take a glass of anything that you like.' That is what people who have travelled all over the world, and seen princes and great cities and palaces, call *politeness*. But how could you know anything about *politeness*? You have lived only on the west coast of Mull; and they do not even know how to speak good Gaelic there."

"That is a lie, Colin," said Hamish, with decision. "We have better Gaelic there than any other Gaelic that is spoken."

"Were you ever in Lochaber, Hamish?"

"No, I was never in Lochaber."

"Then do not pretend to give an opinion about the Gaelic—especially to a man who has travelled all over the world, though perhaps he cannot sail a yacht as well as you, Hamish."

The two cousins soon became friends again, however. And now, as they were approaching London, a strange thing became visible. The blue sky grew more and more obscured. The whole world seemed to be enveloped in a clear brown haze of smoke.

"Ay, ay," said Hamish, "that is a strange thing."

"What is a strange thing, Hamish?"

"I was reading about it in a book many a time—the great fire that was burning in London for years and years and years: and have they not quite got it out yet, Colin?"

"I do not know what you are talking about, Hamish," said the other, who had not much book-learning, "but I will tell you this, that you may prepare yourself now to open your eyes. Oh, yes, London will make you open your eyes wide; though it is nothing to one who has been to Rio, and Shanghai, and Rotterdam, and other places like that."

Now these references to foreign parts only stung Hamish's pride; and when they did arrive at London Bridge he was determined to show no surprise whatever. He stepped into the four-wheeled cab that Colin Laing chartered, just as if four-wheeled cabs were as common as seagulls on the shores of Loch-na-Keal. And though his eyes were bewildered and his ears dinned with the wonderful sights and sounds of this great roaring city—that seemed to have the population of all the world pouring through its streets—he would say nothing at all. At last the cab stopped; the two men were opposite the Piccadilly Theatre.

Then Hamish got out and left his cousin

with the cab. He ascended the wide steps; he entered the great vestibule; and he had a letter in his hand. The old man had not trembled so much since he was a schoolboy.

"What do you want, my man?" some one said, coming out of the box-office by chance.

Hamish showed the letter.

"I was to hef an answer, sir, if you please, sir, and I will be opliged," said Hamish, who had been enjoined to be very courteous.

"Take it round to the stage-entrance," said the man carelessly.

"Yes, sir, if you please, sir," said Hamish; but he did not understand; and he stood.

The man looked at him; called for some one; a young lad came, and to him was given the letter.

"You may wait here then," said he to Hamish; "but I think rehearsal is over, and Miss White has most likely gone home."

The man went into the box-office again; Hamish was left alone there, in the great empty vestibule. The Piccadilly Theatre had seldom seen within its walls a more picturesque figure than this old Highlandman, who stood there with his sailor's cap in his hand, and with a keen excitement in the proud and fine face. There was a watchfulness in the grey eyes like the watchfulness of an eagle. If he twisted his cap rather nervously, and if his heart beat quick, it was not from fear.

Now when the letter was brought to Miss White, she was standing in one of the wings, laughing and chatting with the stage manager. The laugh went from her face. She grew quite pale.

"Oh, Mr. Cartwright," said she, "do you think I could go down to Erith and be back before six in the evening?"

"Oh yes, why not?" said he carelessly.

But she scarcely heard him. She was still staring at that sheet of paper, with its piteous cry of the sick man. Only to see her once more—to shake hands in token of forgiveness—to say good-bye for the last time: what woman with the heart of a woman could resist this despairing prayer?

"Where is the man who brought this letter?" said she.

"In front, miss," said the young lad, "by the box-office."

Very quickly she made her way along the gloomy and empty corridors, and there in the twilit hall she found the grey-haired old sailor with his cap held humbly in his hands.

"Oh, Hamish," said she, "is Sir Keith so very ill?"

"Is it ill, mem?" said Hamish; and quick

tears sprang to the old man's eyes. "He iss more ill than you can think of, mem; it iss another man that he iss now. Ay, ay, who would know him to be Sir Keith Macleod?"

"He wants me to go and see him—and I suppose I have no time to go home first—"

"Here is the list of the trains, mem," said Hamish eagerly, producing a certain card. "And it iss me and Colin Laing, that'ss my cousin, mem; and we hef a cab outside; and will you go to the station? Oh, you will not know Sir Keith, mem; there iss no one at all would know my master now."

"Come along then, Hamish," said she, quickly. "Oh, but he cannot be so ill as that. And the long sea-voyage will pull him round, don't you think?"

"Ay, ay, mem," said Hamish; but he was paying little heed. He called up the cab; and Miss White stepped inside; and he and Colin Laing got on the box.

"Tell him to go quickly," she said to Hamish, "for I must have something instead of luncheon if we have a minute at the station."

And Miss White, as the cab rolled away, felt pleased with herself. It was a brave act.

"It is the least I can do for the sake of my bonnie Glenogie," she was saying to herself, quite cheerfully. "And if Mr. Lemuel were to hear of it? Well, he must know that I mean to be mistress of my own conduct. And so the poor Glenogie is really ill. I can do no harm in parting good friends with him. Some men would have made a fuss."

At the station they had ten minutes to wait; and Miss White was able to get the slight refreshment she desired. And although Hamish would fain have kept out of her way—for it was not becoming in a rude sailor to be seen speaking to so fine a lady—she would not allow that.

"And where are you going, Hamish, when you leave the Thames?" she asked, smoothing the fingers of the glove she had just put on again.

"I do not know that, mem," said he.

"I hope Sir Keith won't go to Torquay or any of those languid places. You will go to the Mediterranean, I suppose?"

"Maybe that will be the place, mem," said Hamish.

"Or the Isle of Wight, perhaps," said she carelessly.

"Ay, ay, mem—the Isle of Wight—that will be a ferry good place now. There was

a man I wass seeing once in Tobbermorry, and he wass telling me about the castle that the Queen herself will hef on that island. And Mr. Ross, the Queen's piper, he will be living there too."

But, of course, they had to part company when the train came up; and Hamish and Colin Laing got into a third-class carriage together. The cousin from Greenock had been hanging rather in the background; but he had kept his ears open.

"Now, Hamish," said he, in the tongue in which they could both speak freely enough, "I will tell you something; and do not think I am an ignorant man; for I know what is going on. Oh, yes. And it is a great danger you are running into."

"What do you mean, Colin?" said Hamish; but he would look out of the window.

"When a gentleman goes away in a yacht, does he take an old woman like Christina with him? Oh no; I think not. It is not a customary thing. And the ladies' cabin; the ladies' cabin is kept very smart, Hamish. And I think I know who is to have the ladies' cabin."

"Then you are very clever, Colin," said Hamish, contemptuously. "But it is too clever you are. You think it strange that the young English lady should take that cabin. I will tell you this—that it is not the first time nor the second time that the young English lady has gone for a voyage in the *Umpire*, and in that very cabin too. And I will tell you this, Colin—that it is this very year she had that cabin; and was in Loch Tua, and Loch-na-Keal, and Loch Scridain, and Calgary Bay. And as for Christina—oh, it is much you know about fine ladies in Greenock! I tell you that an English lady cannot go anywhere without some one to attend to her."

"Hamish, do not try to make a fool of me," said Laing, angrily. "Do you think a lady would go travelling without any luggage? And she does not know where the *Umpire* is going!"

"Do you know?"

"No."

"Very well, then. It is Sir Keith Macleod who is the master when he is on board the *Umpire*, and where he wants to go, the others have to go."

"Oh, do you think that? And do you speak like that to a man who can pay eighty five pounds a year of rent?"

"No, I do not forget that it is a kindness to me that you are doing, Colin; and to Sir Keith Macleod too; and he will not forget

it. But as for this young lady, or that young lady, what has that to do with it? You know what the bell of Scoon said, '*That which concerns you not, meddle not with.*'"

"I shall be glad when I am back in Greenock," said Colin Laing moodily.

But was not this a fine, fair scene that Miss Gertrude White saw around her when they came in sight of the river and Erith pier?—the flashes of blue on the water, the white-sailed yachts, the russet-sailed barges, and the sunlight shining all along the thin line of the Essex shore. The moment she set foot on the pier she recognised the *Umpire* lying out there, the great white mainsail and jib idly flapping in the summer breeze: but there was no one on deck. And she was not afraid at all; for had he not written in so kindly a fashion to her; and was she not doing much for his sake, too?

"Will the shock be great?" she was thinking to herself. "I hope my bonnie Glenogie is not so ill as that; for he always looked like a man. And it is so much better that we should part good friends."

She turned to Hamish.

"There is no one on the deck of the yacht, Hamish," said she.

"No, mem," said he, "the men will be at the end of the pier, mem, in the boat, if you please, mem."

"Then you took it for granted I should come back with you?" said she, with a pleasant smile.

"I was thinking you would come to see Sir Keith, mem," said Hamish gravely. His manner was very respectful to the fine English lady; but there was not much of friendliness in his look.

She followed Hamish down the rude wooden steps at the end of the pier; and there they found the dingy awaiting them,

with two men in her. Hamish was very careful of Miss White's dress as she got into the stern of the boat; then he and Colin Laing got into the bow; and the men half paddled and half floated her along to the *Umpire*—the tide having begun to ebb.

And it was with much ceremony, too, that Hamish assisted Miss White to get on board by the little gangway; and for a second or two she stood on deck and looked around her while the men were securing the dingy. The idlers lounging on Erith pier must have considered that this was an additional feature of interest in the summer picture—the figure of this pretty young lady standing there on the white decks and looking around her with a pleased curiosity. It was some little time since she had been on board the *Umpire*.

Then Hamish turned to her, and said, in the same respectful way—

"Will you go below, mem, now? It iss in the saloon that you will find Sir Keith, and if Christina iss in the way, you will tell her to go away, mem."

The small gloved hand was laid on the top of the companion, and Miss White carefully went down the wooden steps. And it was with a gentleness equal to her own that Hamish shut the little doors after her.

But no sooner had she quite disappeared than the old man's manner swiftly changed. He caught hold of the companion-hatch; jammed it across with a noise that was heard throughout the whole vessel; and then he sprang to the helm, with the keen grey eyes afire with a wild excitement.

"— her; we have her now!" he said, between his teeth; and he called aloud: "Hold the jib to weather there! Off with the moorings, John Cameron! — her, we have her now!—and it is not yet that she has put a shame on Macleod of Dare!"

THE KAFIR RISING.

BY CAPTAIN HENRY HALLAM PARR.

PART II.

THE action of the Guadana, as has been mentioned, was fought on the 24th of September. By the first week in October matters looked considerably brighter: the general commanding had been definitely placed in command of all colonial forces in the colony and Transkei; Mr. Griffith, a gentleman of considerable experience, and who possessed to the utmost the confidence of the colonists,

had been placed under him, in command of the colonial troops in the Transkei, and had fought on the 29th of September a defensive but successful action with the Galekas. The Galeka chief, Kreli, had attacked the police station at Ibeka, which was thirty-five miles from the Great Kei River, and about eighty-three miles by main road from King William's Town. Ibeka was the nearest station to

Kreli's great place, and was a position of no strength, situated in a country of isolated hills. It lay, however, pretty high, the ground falling away on three sides, and there was fortunately no cover near for the enemy to assemble and make a rush from on the position. At 3 P.M. on the 29th of September, the Galeka army, armed with muzzle-loaders of all descriptions and assegais, in number about seven or eight thousand, advanced in three points against Ibeka with considerable determination, and singing their war-cry and shouting defiance. The force they attacked consisted of one hundred and eighty frontier police with three seven-pounder mountain guns and rockets, and of about two thousand Fingoes. The guns did good execution, and the Fingoes stood their ground, and at dark the Galekas retired, carrying nearly all their dead with them. Our loss was trifling. This action had its due effect on the other tribes, and Sandilli, the chief of the formidable "fighting Gaikas," as the colonists called them, assured his resident that he meant, always had meant, and always did mean to "sit still."

In the meantime proper dispositions of her Majesty's troops had been made to guard the line of communications to the Transkei and to cover the line of railway, and hold the most important roads leading towards the impregnable Amatolas Mountains, to which the Gaikas had always resorted in former wars with their cattle when hostilities fairly began.

Part of the 88th had been ordered up from Cape Town, and a body of marines and sailors and two field-pieces were landed from her Majesty's ship *Active*. (Among the sailors were a party of West Coast natives—"Kroomen," and these were regarded by the natives in King William's Town with the greatest curiosity. "Hottentots we know, and Malays we know, but who be these?")

It may be thought by some readers that her Majesty's troops were hardly in their proper place while the colonial troops were doing the fighting. Much to their disgust and disappointment the soldiers were kept in the colony, and for many a sound reason. Infantry are entirely unsuited for Kafir warfare, and to endeavour to oblige Kafirs to fight when they don't want to, unless you can hem them in, is to weary and exhaust your men to no purpose. It was of the greatest importance that there should be a sufficient force to overawe the Kafirs within the colony, and prevent the tribes other than the Galekas from rising. And,

besides, the Government of the colony were desirous that the outbreak should be regarded as a mere affair of police, which could be settled without having recourse to the active agency of the regular troops.

The action at Ibeka was fought on the 29th of September, and for some days there was a lull in the operations.

Supplies of all kinds, especially ammunition for the Fingo levies, were urgently needed, and much difficulty was experienced in furnishing them.

There was no colonial commissariat, or the nucleus of one, and this important department had to be hastily organized; in theory the police were supposed to find their own rations, which system might work in peace time, but for men to scatter in an enemy's country, to refurbish themselves with food when their first supply was exhausted, was obviously ridiculous.

Supplies came up slowly owing to the length of time ox-waggons took to traverse the eighty-three miles from King William's Town to the *dépôt* at Ibeka, and from the frequent mistakes due to carelessness and want of method. For instance: a waggon, bound with stores for Ibeka, but part loaded with tents for a station sixty-six miles from King William's Town, would load up with the tents at the bottom, and the man in charge would either forget all about the tents or have to unload his entire cargo to get at them.

On the 9th of October, however, Commandant Griffith, whose strength was about four hundred and fifty police and about one hundred mounted volunteers and a strong body of Fingoes, advanced against Kreli's great place, which was about six miles from Ibeka. The Galekas were driven out of this position by the guns and rockets, the kraals burnt, a quantity of grain and some horses captured, without any loss and little fighting.

A body of about one hundred and twenty volunteers, however, who were advancing to join Commandant Griffith's column, suddenly fell in with a considerable number of Galekas, who advanced to the attack with spirit, lengthening their front as they approached the white men, so as to threaten one or both flanks. Luckily the shooting of the Galekas was very bad, and the volunteers stood their ground firmly and made excellent practice with their Sniders, and the Galekas slowly drew off. As it was, the Kafirs were in such force that they managed to get very close to our men. About fifty Kafirs were killed and

many wounded; our loss being two men severely and two men slightly wounded, one horse killed and three or four wounded.

After these actions, it was felt that there was no longer much danger of Kreli carrying out the plan rightly or wrongly attributed to him, *i.e.* of crossing the river Kei and entering the colony and the Gaika location, and then making an attack against the Government forces with the Gaika and Galeka warriors combined. After the actions of the 9th of October it was not quite clear what had become of the Galeka army. There was no means of obtaining good intelligence, as there was no properly organized spy or secret service either in the police or native department. It was said, however, Kreli and his forces were making towards the river Bashee, and would give battle in this neighbourhood. Commandant Griffith's forces by the middle of October had been increased to about one thousand mounted men, police, and volunteers, and a force of Fingoes varying from four to five thousand.

On the 17th of October this force, having received sufficient supplies, advanced farther into Galeka Land, moving first down towards the mouth of the river Kei, in order to drive before them a part of the enemy's forces who might be hiding in the neighbourhood. The movements were not very rapid. There were hardly any roads, so that although the country was as a rule open and undulating, sometimes a broken piece was met with which necessitated the waggons making a long detour.

Though to one accustomed only to regular troops the force might seem rather strange, yet had there been a little more organization and discipline to start with, a better force for native warfare could not be found.

Each morning shortly after daybreak, preparations were made for a start—horses driven in, oxen collected, tents struck, and waggons loaded, and the Fingoes sent off to scour the country. About six o'clock the columns were ready to march. There was a halt for two or three hours at about ten or eleven, and then a halt for the night about four or five.

Every evening a good deal of firing would occur, as they marched to their camping ground, amongst the Fingoes, and would create a good deal of curiosity in the mind of any one not used to this peculiarity. These people have a dislike to leaving their charges in more than one day, and no Fingo ever went about with his gun unloaded, so there was a great deal of unnecessary expenditure

of ammunition amongst our native auxiliaries. If at a safe distance one did not feel the waste so deeply; but if one chanced to be in their vicinity and near enough to observe the vague manner in which they pointed their weapons and the curious distinctness with which the bullets whistled about, one felt there was something very reprehensible in this needless waste.

The Fingoes had faults, but they were invaluable allies. They fought with more decision and self-dependence at every skirmish, and made excessively good light troops. During a march they scoured the country to the front and on the flanks, thus saving the white troops much work. At night they bivouacked on two, sometimes three, sides of the camp, and much reduced the danger of a night attack; such an attack by Kafirs is, however, almost unknown, as they have a strong objection to fighting in the dark, though they will travel and steal cattle and horses at night.

The moment the position of the camp was chosen the dismount was ordered, and horses were off-saddled, knee-haltered, and driven off to water, and messengers sent off to guide the waggons to the camping ground. Horses in South Africa are not picketed or hobbled, but "knee-haltered," that is, the "reim," or piece of bullock's hide, is hitched round one of the horse's fore legs just above the knee. He can feed or roll, but cannot go very fast if haltered short enough. It is a funny sight, six hundred or seven hundred horses moving off together, all their heads solemnly nodding, being pulled down to their knees as the haltered fore-knee is placed on the ground.

As no food could be got until the waggons arrived they were anxiously looked for, and every one brightened up when the advanced guard of their escort were seen. Then soon the cracks of the formidable whips, and then the cries of the waggon-drivers urging on their tired spans, were heard.

The first quality, it may be remarked, of a good waggon-driver is to be able to swear in Dutch. As French is the language of diplomacy, as Italian is the language of love-making, so is South-African Dutch the language of waggon-driving. No amount of flogging and English seems to affect a tired team. An energetic and stalwart Englishman may flog away and use tolerably vehement language, but the oxen don't care; he does not know their individualities, and they despise him as an ignorant foreigner who does not know their language. See him hand his ponderous

whip to that meagre little Dutch Hottentot. "Crack" above his own head as a prelude, then a volley of the most astonishing guttural and evil-sounding words, winding up with the name of the ox, who shivers with affright and plunges into the yoke. "Blesbòk!" Whack! "Ah! Englànd, verdompt Englànd!" and crack! down comes the heavy lash on the unfortunate "Englànd." (The most worthless ox in the team of a Dutch boer is generally dubbed "Englànd.") The whole team is suddenly seized with an intense desire for progress, and the waggon, to the delight of those who are waiting for its contents, rolls into camp.

Cattle are the riches of the Kafirs, and round them is concentrated most of their interests. Cattle and women (and politics in exciting times) are the topics of the Kafirs. They have innumerable names for differently marked cattle; where we have to say "a white and brown ox, with a black patch over his right eye," they would use one word to describe the animal. The way a Kafir lad manages a large herd of cattle which would require ever so many English drovers and their dogs to handle is astonishing. It is a curious sight, too, to watch a well-trained span of oxen driven up to be inspanned or yoked. They are driven close up to the forewheels of the waggon with their heads towards it, by the foreloupper, or leader (the man who leads the first pair of oxen during the journey, generally a Kafir lad), the waggon-driver calls by name each ox, who slouches forward to have his weary neck put again in the yoke. Poor brutes! A Neapolitan cab-horse, a Moorish pack-animal, are both to be pitied, but the miseries of a trek ox surpasses theirs: everlasting toil, when the grass is poor or dry insufficient food, the ponderous whip, the blood-sucking tick, the heavy load, and, as a rule, a callous master, combine to make the life of the ox of a South African transport rider (as the owner of transport waggons are called) one of the most uninviting in the world.

While Commandant Griffith and his forces scoured Galeka Land with the Galekas and all their cattle and women retreating before them, affairs were not very comfortable on the frontier. Though the alarm occasioned by the fear of Kreli's invading the colony had subsided, yet the colonists felt very insecure, and none of those who had left their farms thought it safe to return to them.

There were two great lines of opinion on the frontier—the smaller and Optimist party, and the larger and Pessimist party. The first

held "that the disturbances were nearly over; that by recent events it was proved that the Galekas were nothing wonderful in the fighting way; that if the Gaikas had been going to rise they would have taken advantage of the opportunity when the Galekas first broke out; that the Kafirs wanted to be quiet, and plant their crops, but the farmers leaving their farms, and the false reports and rumours which got about, were almost frightening the Kafirs into rising. There had been, it must be owned, a good many stock thefts, but these occurred because of the drought, which prevented the natives from ploughing, and because some of them were really starving."

To this the Pessimist party (among which, by the way, were almost all the older and more experienced colonists) replied that "the Galekas were not yet beaten, but were flying across the Bashee to save their cattle and leave their women and children, as they had done in the last war, and that they would return to fight unencumbered. That then the Gaikas would rise; that, perhaps, some of the Kafirs did wish for peace, but there was a strong war party among the young men, and Sandilli was treacherous, and if he moved for war every man of his tribe would follow him. As for the stock stealing, it was the ordinary prelude to every Kafir war."

The stock thefts on the frontier were certainly increasing, and, combined with losses from the droughts, were driving the farmers nearly wild. Cases of Gaika Kafirs having turned out armed to prevent stolen oxen being "spooed" (tracked) near their kraals were reported, and noted as a very bad sign. Business, too, was very much at a standstill; and, altogether, the year 1877 drew near its close with no very bright prospects for the colony.

From the disturbed state of the frontier the Government decided to send an officer through the most exposed districts to raise Burgher corps, organize measures of defence in the towns and villages, and give any assistance that was possible in forming and carrying out projects for resisting attacks, in case of a general rising of the Kafirs.

Accordingly, one morning at daybreak, about the middle of December, an officer in undress might be seen leaving King William's Town, followed by an orderly; in the sombre garb of black corduroy which distinguishes the Mounted Police, leading a spare horse.

It was a pleasant change for the officer (whom we will, for simplicity's sake, call the Lieutenant), from a hot and dusty office to

the open country, from the chair to the saddle, and he and his companions—biped and quadruped—proceeded in the best temper possible in the direction of the famous Amatola Mountains.

It will be readily understood that preparations for a journey in South Africa are somewhat different from those for European travel.

Dressing-bags with brushes, razors, and scent; boot-boxes, portmanteaus, and hat-boxes, with all sorts of contrivances for keeping shirts without crumpling and hats unruffled, are discovered to be unnecessary.

By hair cut close and a growing beard, brushes and razors are rendered useless. One shirt on and one shirt off, the same allowance of socks and silk handkerchiefs, a loose pair of trousers and shoes, soap, towel, and tooth brush, completes the kit. Let us add—to be really independent—biscuits, sausage, chocolate, and flask.

A man should want nothing more—it being always understood he has waterproof sheet, blanket, canteen, and water-bottle fixed on his saddle, comfortably for himself and his horse. This latter, by the way, also manages to do with very few of the comforts his dandy relations in England require. He is not hard to please; he only stipulates for two or three conditions; if he is expected to do hard work day after day (hard work, be it understood, is from thirty-five and forty to fifty-five and even sixty miles a day), he demands that he be not hurried directly he leaves his stable, with his stomach full of food and water, that his load (he generously leaves its weight to the conscience of his master) is placed firmly and comfortably on his back, and that he is well fed.

These conditions granted, the South African horse waves all luxury, he does not want to have his mane water-brushed and his hoofs oiled before he is mounted, nor any hot water for his legs when he comes in after his long day. He asks that you should walk him the last half mile of his journey—off saddle him directly he is arrived at his destination (never mind his back not being cool), let him have a good roll in the most dusty place you can find, a moderate drink of water, and with a sigh of relief he will turn to at his evening meal, enabling you to go in doors in search of yours with a conviction that you will find him fit to travel at day-break next morning.

Does some one, who likes the day well-aired for him repeat in horror "at day-break?" Experience shows that if you make an early start on your day's journey,

everything will go well with you, start late and the misfortunes of a month will crowd themselves into that day. On that day you will lose your road, on that day your saddlery will give way, you will lose your favourite hunting knife, your horse will fall lame, and you and your companions, human and equine, will arrive at your destinations in a thoroughly unchristian frame of mind.

Our friend, the Lieutenant, we have said was in good spirits—indeed, he would have been a surly mortal if he had not been on such a lovely morning; the sun appearing above the horizon as a friend and not as a fiery enemy; and though the country around him lay parched and burnt, the beautiful green mountains into whose cool shade he hoped to get the next day, tempted him onwards. Indeed, there was not much near at hand to distract him from watching the night mists clear away from the mountain peaks.

A span of gloomy oxen, debating apparently whether it was better to lie still and rest until their master came to inspan them, or whether the dried-up grass was worth the trouble of rising; a waggon, underneath which the transport drivers were still sleeping rolled up in their blankets; a Kafir boy, dressed in the usual Kafir costume (a curious combination of civilised and savage dress) of old tunic and an apron or kilt of skin and hair, watching some half-starved sheep; some Kafir women from a neighbouring kraal wrapped in filthy blankets, their bodies and faces smeared with red clay and carrying fire-wood on their heads, were the only objects to be seen.

By the afternoon the Lieutenant had arrived at the pretty village of Alice, where he found every man and boy so anxious to be organized into something or other that matters were soon arranged.

Close to Alice is situated the Lovedale Mission station, which the good work of Steward, Buchanan, and others has made so well known amongst those who take any interest in South Africa and its native question. In truth, there is more done at Lovedale towards spreading civilisation amongst the natives than at half the remaining stations in South Africa put together. Lovedale is in fact a large industrial school for boys and girls. Religious instruction is combined with instructions in trades, and the specimens of carpentering, waggon-making, book-binding, printing, &c., executed by the natives are not to be despised.

Departing on his way next day, the Lieutenant soon found himself among the green

Amatolas, a delightful change from the parched and weary lowlands, crying out for rain. Here grateful clouds and mists kept the land green, and shadows of great rocks and pleasant breezes kept the traveller and his horses cool.

A Fingo policeman beguiled the journey by stories of the scenes which occurred in the neighbourhood during the old wars, and the Lieutenant regarded "Pieffer's Kop," "Kafir Kop," "Zwart Kop," and other mountains, with increased respect as he journeyed amongst them, listening to their previous history.

By sundown Eländ's Post (the "land" in "Eland" to be pronounced as in Dutch, like the French "lande," or the character of the name is lost) was reached.

Perhaps—though it is hard to believe, so bare is the country of game—elands used, not many years ago, to abound round the old-fashioned village and the little fort of Eland's Post, and on the banks of Eland's River; but now, alas! elands are scarce, and must be sought far away from towns and civilisation.

The Lieutenant was saddened by thinking on this subject as he approached the village, for it recalled unpleasant memories to him. Some years before, when he and his comrades were about to start for South Africa for the first time, they took to reading with great avidity all the books they could lay hands on about travel and sport in South Africa, and were one and all bitten with a desire to out-do Gordon Cumming, and slay more elephants and lions than any one who had yet been. Accordingly they one and all invested in an elaborate assortment of guns and rifles, and rendered the life of their colonel and the life of their adjutant wearisome by requesting leave on urgent private affairs, and the hearts of the gun-makers were gladdened by the extensive orders for destructive implements given by these misguided individuals.

Alas! when they arrived at where they expected to find the happy hunting-grounds, where they intended to bowl over a lion before breakfast and an elephant during their afternoon's stroll, they found that in the forty years which had elapsed between the publication of their books of reference and their arrival, that the elephants, lions, hippopotami, elands, and their friends, had had the bad taste to leave the neighbourhood, and had, in the most pusillanimous and unsociable manner retired some hundreds of miles into the interior of the country.

Now round Eland's Post there is almost entirely a Dutch population, and these Boers

had been demanding arms and ammunition from the Government, and, because this request was not at once granted, there was some feeling of irritation in the neighbourhood. The Dutch farmers wanted to be supplied with arms and ammunition on the simple terms of "free gratis, for nothing," holding that, as they were in danger, the Government was bound to protect them.

The Government view of the case, however, was somewhat different. The Government held that, in the first place, the farmers ought to have bought arms and ammunition for themselves, as their forefathers would have done, and that they ought not to have remained contentedly without means of defence until a war was imminent. It was also thought only fair that the farmers should, if arms were issued to them, consent to be formed into some organization or another, and give some guarantee that the arms should not be made away with, but should be returned to Government when required.

But the Dutch farmers did not wish to give any return for the guns, and were very suspicious of any proposal emanating from Government.

The Civil Commissioner of the district had called a meeting of the farmers for the next day, at which the Lieutenant was to state the wishes of the Government; "but I don't think they will ever be got to join a Burgher corps," said the Civil Commissioner, whose cheery face and good advice had prevented many a scared farmer from deserting his farm. "They have an unconquerable dislike to restraint of any kind, and it is almost impossible to convince them that, if they joined a corps, they could not be ordered away from their own homes; and, though quite loyal, many of the men even hesitate at the prospect of taking the oath of allegiance, saying they have never taken an oath, and that they do not like binding themselves to anything."

Accordingly, next morning the Court House was crammed full of huge, large-jointed, loose-limbed men, with long beards and hair, the latter growing low down on their foreheads, in some cases nearly to the eyebrows, and with stolid and expressionless faces.

When the Civil Commissioner arrived, the list of those men who had applied for arms was called over, and "Ya" was answered to such names as "Jacobus Henricus Nell," or "Fredericus Johannes Marx."

When the roll was finished, after some introductory words by the Civil Commissioner, the Lieutenant, speaking in English, told his

business, the Commissioner translating into Dutch sentence by sentence.

The Lieutenant said the Government wished to help the farmers, and would supply them with arms and ammunition, but on certain conditions. The Government did not want them to leave their homes, nor did they want them to become soldiers; they were required to form themselves into a Burgher corps under officers elected by themselves. They must promise not to take the arms out of the district, and to return them in good order to the Government when ordered; and they must attend a certain number of drills and shooting meetings.

When the Lieutenant had done speaking, a huge wild-looking young man stepped out from amongst the farmers, and said "he wanted to know why all these conditions were required, and why they were wanted to drill. He could ride and shoot with any man, and would fight the Kafirs to the last drop of his blood, but he would *not* be made a soldier of. He and his fathers had always been free, and he wanted to remain so."

The other farmers did not apparently pay much attention to this man, but when a grey-headed man with a hook nose and an excited eye stepped forward, he was evidently regarded as a spokesman.

He spoke at length, and as he warmed to his subject, with much energy: "They were all glad Government had sent some one to them to settle about the arms; but the Government terms were hard. Why did the Government think so much of drill? They knew as well the use of arms as their fathers before them, and would fight as well as they did. "You, mynheer" (turning to the Civil Commissioner), "you know us all; you know we are all true men and would fight to the death, but we do not want to become soldiers. Their fathers had never been made soldiers, nor did they want to become soldiers." Who knows what would become of them if they once joined a Burgher corps! They might be sent away from their wives and children they wanted to defend. Times were hard; they had lost much cattle, and the drought was doing them much damage. They had to work with pick and hoe themselves, and to drill twice a week was too much. Would not the 'offizeer' arrange to have a muster once a month? they would all meet and bring their guns, to show that they had got them, and they would have some shooting, but no drill like the soldiers. No! no drill!" and there was a low chorus of "Ya, ya! dat ist goot! no drill."

The Lieutenant then got up again, and told them that "in four or five drills any man who tried could learn the little that was required; that they might have their drills close to them, so as not to take up their time; that they must not think the Government wanted to deceive them, for the Governor and Government wanted to give them as much help as possible, and these regulations had been made for their good. They were not wanted to leave their farms, nor had the Government any power to make them, but they were wanted to stay near their own homes and to guard them and to fight together for their wives and children."

At this the spokesman said, "Ya, ya! to stay near our homes and fight for our wives and children! What the 'offizeer' says there is good," and all the other boers murmured, "Ya! dat ist goot!"

After a few other questions as to whether the "offizeer" could promise that they would not be ordered away from their homes if they formed a Burgher corps; whether they might form a "laager" (place of defence), where they liked within the district, and after receiving satisfactory answers, the spokesman asked that the burghers might have "dree minuten" to make up their minds. On this the Civil Commissioner and the Lieutenant retired; and when they returned to receive the decision, the spokesman announced that the burghers had agreed to the Government conditions, the detested drill included.

The Civil Commissioner then administered the oath of allegiance to each burgher (as is the custom before any man is admitted into a Volunteer or Burgher corps); and very solemn about it each boer was, as if he was selling his freedom. "Ik, Henricus Johannes Nell, sveer," &c., &c.

At the commencement of the swearing in the tall young man who spoke first did nothing but fidget about the room, repeating "that he had always been free and didn't want to be made a soldier of, and would *not* be drilled." However, he pushed in amongst the others before half the men had been sworn in, and eventually took the oath quite cheerfully.

The conclusion of the ceremony was three cheers for her Majesty the Queen, three cheers for his Excellency the Governor, and even one cheer more for the "offizeer."

"The best of those fellows is," said the Civil Commissioner when departing, "that although it is hard to lead them and impossible to drive them, when they once give their word they always stick to it."



SING ON!



SING on, sweet lark!
Though evening clouds come upward from the sea,
Though keen north winds pipe ever fitfully,
Though all the flowers of spring
Forget to blow,
Though swiftly come the showers
Of blinding snow,
Though for the cuckoo's herald strain
We listen eagerly—in vain, in vain, in vain!—
Still sing, sweet lark!

Sing on, my soul!
Though darkest shadows gather round thy path;
Though every hour doth fiercely test thy faith;
Though all the flowers of life
Lie blighted, dead,
And round thy bleeding feet are strewn
Sharp thorns instead;
Although thy Father's hand doth chasten thee
For many a sin;
Though holds he to thy lips a cup to drain
Of deadly wine;
Though thou art left alone—
No voice to cheer,
No heart to lean on in this wilderness
So wide and drear;
Though God permits the wicked to prevail—
To smite thee sore—
Yet think of One they smote more cruelly,
Of how He bore;
Yea, think of Him
And of His love for thee—
Of all his tender love
Think ceaselessly,
And doubt it not, nor for one moment fear
That it can change;
E'en though thou griev'st Him by thy worldliness,
Thy wanderings strange,
His love for thee still burns with brightening glow,
With living heat;
Then come to Him—come now—lie down in peace
At His dear feet,
And rest thee there, safe from the troubled waves
That wildly roll;
Look not to them, but look with faith on Him,
And sing, my soul!
Yea, sweetly sing, my soul!

A VISIT TO ONE OF THE PRISONS OF CAYENNE.

By J. MUNRO, C.E.

CAYENNE, or French Guiana, although it has been in the hands of the French since the year 1604, is still almost a *terra incognita*. Only the general features of its interior and the seaboard of its littoral region can be said to be known. Situated on the north-east shoulder of South America, it is hemmed in on the north by Surinam, or Dutch Guiana, and on the south by Maranon, or Brazilian Guiana; but from the Atlantic on the east it is free westward to the branches of the Rio Negro and the forest plains of the Amazon. Two miniature archipelagoes, the islands of Remire and of Salut, guard the coast-line, which is flat, muddy, and fringed with thickets of mangrove, whose stilted roots are left bare by the ebb-tide. From the sea inland the country is low and flat for hundreds of miles backward to the Highlands of Guiana, with here and there an isolated hill rising out of the plain. A dense virgin forest of tropical luxuriance clothes the whole region from the fringing sea to the highest crests of the hills. It is broken only by the sluggish rivers which roll down from the interior to the ocean, charged with the silt and spoils of the wilderness. These forests stand like a wall on the banks of the broader rivers, and sometimes overarch the smaller ones entirely. The *grand bois*, where the sunshine does not penetrate the canopy of glossy leaves, are still, silent, deserted, like the aisles of an empty cathedral—a vast colonnade of stems without undergrowth or sign of animal life. But the *gnaiments*, where the rays of the sun have gained an entrance to the soil underneath, are almost impenetrable. The sunshine has called into existence a bewildering wealth of tropical vegetation; a fierce undergrowth has started up, eager for the light above, and battenning on the decay beneath; tortuous *lianes* festoon the branches of the trees, or knot and twist around themselves like the serpents of the Laocoon; a rich drapery of flowering creepers, mosses, and parasites invests the whole, and adds a savage beauty full of startling contrast; while over all rise the giant trunks of the forest monarchs, crowned with a thick wreath of glittering leaves. This jungle is the haunt of venomous reptiles and insects, jaguars, boas, tapirs, monkeys, and flocks of gaudy-plumaged birds and brilliant beetles, which are killed by the Indians and taken to the town of Cayenne for the use of milliners of Paris.

The climate is equatorial in character, and the year is divided into a dry and a wet season. From June to November very little rain falls. For weeks, sometimes, there is not the slightest wisp of cloud in the sky to temper the throbbing heat of the sun, whose vertical rays bake the earth till it almost crackles beneath the foot. From November till June rain falls almost incessantly. The forests are drenched, the rivers swollen, the sea turbid; and low-lying tracts are flooded by the deluge. At the beginning and end of the rainy season, however, the rains are less continuous, and shower and shine alternate. Now a deep blue sky, flecked with dazzling white clouds, extends over the green forest and the sparkling sea; the snowy egret flashes in the sunshine, or the scarlet ibis comes forth to dry his plumage on the beach; the air is fresh, cool, and elastic, and all rain seems over, when, as if by magic, thick grey clouds suddenly obscure the whole face of the sky with a low-hanging canopy, and the tropic shower comes down in bucketfuls.

The middle of the dry season is the healthiest time of the year at Cayenne; and the transition periods between the dry and the wet season are the unhealthiest times, especially that at the end of the wet season. In June, when the rains cease, the floods drain off from the woods, leaving the vegetable mould, which has been soaking for months, to break up and fester under the burning sun. Malaria fever of a malignant type makes fearful ravages amongst the inhabitants at this period. At all times of the year Cayenne is one of the unhealthiest localities on the earth; fever, leprosy, cholera, and tropical anemia are present of a very virulent type, and claim many victims; but at the end of the rainy season the mortality, especially amongst those who live in the woods, is exceptionally great. To my own knowledge a party of four hundred and sixty gold miners, who went up to the forest diggings on the Sinamari River, in the month of February, had lost a third of their number when the dry season set in.

The principal settlement in French Guiana is the town of Cayenne, situated on a part of the coast isolated from the mainland by three connected rivers, and hence called the Isle of Cayenne. It has long been the chief penal settlement in the colony—the Botany Bay of France. There are several prisons at

or near Cayenne, and one or two on the banks of the most important rivers. It was formerly the custom to send political prisoners to Cayenne, and many an illustrious Frenchman has found an exile's grave in its stony ground; but it is given out that political prisoners are now all sent to New Caledonia. Nevertheless, we were told at Cayenne that many Communists were to be found in its prisons, and some were even pointed out to us. The great majority of the Cayenne *forçats*, or convicts, however, are criminals condemned to penal servitude for the worst crimes, some for eight years or less, and the rest for life. A sentence of upwards of eight years involves perpetual residence in the colony. The object of the French Government is to settle the country with the convicts. Many attempts to found establishments in the woods with the liberated convicts have been made hitherto, but they have all been to a certain extent failures. The convicts, although nominally free, have always been under military surveillance, and this mock freedom could not but have a dispiriting effect upon them. Worse than all, however, was the fatal malaria which lurks in the forest soil. The *linceul des Européens*, or winding-sheet of the European, as the chill night fogs which wrap the forest are called, soon shrouded the poor convict, and put an end to whatever dreams he may have had of founding a home for himself in the new country, and leading an honest life. To-day the colony is almost entirely devoid of whites, except the prisoners, the soldiery guarding them, the government officials, and a few ex-convicts and old soldiers who have settled down in Cayenne. The majority of the inhabitants are negroes and mulattoes. The colony is going back in the world rather than forward. Fifty years ago it was in its palmy days, and there are still to be seen the ruins of many fine spice plantations on the river banks. The cloves, cinnamon, and pepper of Cayenne were once a famous export. The liberation of the slaves killed this ancient prosperity. A few negroes still linger in the overgrown clearings of these old estates; here and there is a convict establishment, a Jesuit mission-church, a camp of gold prospectors; but the great body of the country belongs to the wild beast and the Indian. The people huddle in the town, which is falling to decay; and the finest French possession is still a mere convict settlement, while Demerara and Surinam are thriving colonies, with a large and prosperous white and coloured population. Cayenne is well

fitted to produce all the usual tropical vegetables—sugar-cane, indigo, spices, tobacco, cacao, and cotton. The forests are rich in timber and the rocks in minerals. Only energy, skill, and capital are needed to make it another Demerara. Gold and precious stones have recently been found on all the principal rivers; and it is well that it is so, for the cry of gold will do more to colonize the country than all the efforts of the French Government.

In January, 1875, I visited Cayenne on board the telegraph ship *Hooper*, whose mission was to connect that place by a submarine cable to Demerara. It was the middle of the rainy season; we could get no observations, and the *Hooper* made the coast by aid of the sounding-line. In the midst of heavy rains and deep gloom we crawled along over repulsive-looking dull-green seas. A huge threatening nimbus cloud overhung the whole sky, its dusky edges teased out into an ominous fringe of rain, and sudden squalls were whitening the sea on every side, and deluging the ship with torrents of soft water. We were uncertain of our position, and had to grope at half-speed towards the land, which lay somewhere ahead, behind the enveloping mists and showers. The islands of Remire and the mountains of Mahuri first appeared to us, like darker portions of the rain clouds. But by-and-by the rain faired off, and the sea assumed a silvery hue, on which the green islets of Remire stood out in clear contrast, and loomed darkly against the strangely lit sky. We could now distinctly trace the savage outline of some isolated hill wrapped in white clouds, and the low woody shores which stretch away southwards to the Amazon, and northwards to the Orinoco.

There is a strange allurements in the appearance of these virgin forests of South America, so gloomy, so grand, and so lonely. From the deck of the passing ship the voyager is never tired of gazing at the sombre wilds which he may never penetrate, but which hide under their sullen shade so much to excite the imagination. It is not the interest attaching to a land of ancient and faded glory which he feels; but to one of brilliant promise; not to a region of artificial romance, but to one of stirring adventure; not to a dead land embalmed in the pages of history, but to a free and unknown wilderness fresh from the hands of Nature. Even these mountains of Guiana, all muffled as they were in fog, these dull shaggy forests soaking with wet, had some

of the poetry of a savage wilderness for us. They had the peculiar aspect of secret possession which a tropical forest has above all others, and which is so suggestive of the wild denizens which lurk in its gloomy recesses—the jaguars which lair in its thickets, the deadly snakes which glide through its wet glistening leaves, the wonderful orchids which bloom there unheeded, the gaudy birds which enliven its green foliage with the colours of the rainbow, and the red-brown Indians who rove under its dripping branches, or lie in hammocks under the shelter of their palm-leaf ajoupahs, and croon, through the long rainy day, some legendary chant of their tribe. Nor is the element of association entirely wanting. The golden city of Manoa, the El Dorado of Elizabethan times, was situated in the heart of this region. The names of Humboldt and Raleigh brood over it. In these forests, Charles Waterton, the naturalist, wandered, and Robert Schomburgk pitched his tent.

Such were the thoughts which our first glimpse of Guiana called forth. Our real experience of it was destined to be of a different kind.

We were short of water, and as the harbour of Cayenne, whose red-tiled roofs and palm-trees we could now distinguish, was too shallow for the *Hooper*, we ran for the anchorage at the Salut Islands, thirty miles north-west of the town. The "glint" of clear weather we had had did not last long, and soon the huge nimbus settled down over the whole sky again, its rim breaking away in torrents of rain, which travelled with the rapid squall, and enveloped the whole sea in a whitish mist. The ship's sparring looked like a rainy wood dripping in every twig. We rolled about in the heavy swell on an apparently shoreless waste, seeing no living thing but a persevering shark stealthily creeping round the ship, a flock of sea-fowl on the wing, or a fleet of small violet Portuguese men-of-war floating on the sputtering water. This first experience of the New World was anything but enchanting. It was a slight change for the better when we came to anchor in still water behind the Salut Islands.

The *Iles du Salut* are three small islands situated about twelve miles from the mainland. They formerly bore the uninviting name of *Isles du Diable*, and their change of name was due to a sad episode in the history of the colony.* In 1763, under the ministry of the

* Armand Jusselain.

Duke de Choiseul, there gathered upon the pavements of Paris, and in the eastern departments of France, twelve or thirteen thousand unfortunates who, lured by flattering prospectuses, consented to leave for Cayenne. These people, of all kinds and conditions of life, were landed on the coast of Kourou, opposite the *Iles du Diable*, and face to face with the virgin forest. It was the dry season, and for a time they enjoyed a kind of summer picnic, camping out on the beach, and making excursions into the woods. "I have seen," says an eye-witness, "these wilds as busy as the Palais-Royal. Ladies in trailing robes and elegant beaux sauntered with a light step along the sand; and for a month the Kourou presented a most gallant and magnificent spectacle. The accommodation they had erected was not spacious enough, and three or four hundred persons herded together. In a short time disease commenced its ravages; pestilence and fever struck them down indiscriminately, and at the end of some months ten thousand of them had perished." The remainder fled for their lives to the neighbouring islands, which proved for them a haven of health and safety, and they called them the *Iles du Salut*. These islands were formerly wooded to the water-edge, but they are now mere rocks devoid of all vegetation, except a few cocopalms, mangoes, weeds, and bushes. Together they form one of the principal convict stations in the colony, and it would be difficult anywhere else to find a fitter natural prison. The largest island, or *Ile Royale*, is the seat of the main prisons and buildings. It is formed of two twin hillocks, on one of which stand the barracks of the soldiery, the officers' quarters, and the residence of the commandant of the islands, while on the other are the vast prisons of the convicts, the hospital for the sick, the Roman Catholic chapel, and the quarters of the chaplain. In the hollow between the two hillocks an embattled wall has been built as a defence in case the convicts should surprise the sleeping soldiery; and, indeed, the whole island is more or less fortified and strictly guarded. *Ile Joseph*, the next largest island, is the prison for maniacs and convalescents, and the only buildings upon it are a few cabins on the summit, and an old dilapidated summer residence of the Governor of Guiana. The third island still bears the ancient name of the group. The *Ile du Diable* is a mere shoal of sand and gravel, half a league from the rest, and swept by all the winds and storms of the sea. It was once the custom to exile

there all the incorrigible convicts, and it is said that some twenty years ago the few political convicts that remained in Guiana were transferred to it. They were supplied with implements and materials for the building of their houses, and it was arranged that a canoe should carry provisions to them twice a week. "You have now a unique opportunity," said the commandant to them when they were ready to depart, "for putting in practice the different systems which ought to insure the happiness of humanity, and to install yourselves at ease in a democratic and social republic; ay, even in communism, if the ideas of Fourier smile for you still." It is to be feared that this pleasantry would hardly be appreciated by men who had paid for their political ideas by a ruined life.

We were anchored between the Salut Islands and the Kourou coast. On the one hand rose the ruddy igneous rocks of the islands clothed with green weeds and scrub, with here and there a cocoa-palm, banana, or mango-tree beside the barracks and clustering cottages. On the other hand stretched as far as eye could see the forest-shrouded Kourou, with here and there a sulky-looking mound rising out of the flat interior, like a raincloud on the horizon. We had not anchored long when we were visited by some officers of the garrison and the chief doctor of the hospital. They came to the ship in a small boat rowed by four convicts. An erect iron grating separated them from the convicts, and as an additional measure of safety a soldier accompanied them with a loaded rifle in his hands. The dress of the convicts was a flannel blouse open at the breast, cotton pantaloons, and a wide-brimmed straw hat; that of the soldiers was a blue tunic and white pantaloons. The islands are in a state of perpetual siege, but our guests waived all formality and invited a party of us from the telegraph ship to visit them. So next day, which was Sabbath, the sun having shone out after a heavy shower, we seized the occasion and started for the jetty of *Ile Joseph*. The green foliage of the cocoa-palms glittered brightly in the watery sunshine as we approached the island. The only inhabitant we could see was a clayey-looking Arab convict squatted on a rock by the shore fishing; but when we landed a few soldiers made their appearance. The soldiers of the Cayenne garrisons are mere youths, and we could not but remark the listless, forlorn, and even sickly look that many of them had. The climate is very fatal to them, and with each year's further residence in the country the

percentage of mortality amongst them largely increases. Leaving our sailors to fraternise with them under the tamarind-trees, and make the best of a foreign "lingo," we made our way to the barracks, where we met the officers and the doctor who had invited us. They took us to the mess-room, a bare apartment with a billiard-table and some Parisian cartoons pasted on the walls. Here we pledged each other in *vermouth*, and the doctor out of compliment to us extracted two of our national melodies, "God save the Queen" and "The Perfect Cure," from a cracked fiddle, whose tone had not been improved by a residence in Guiana.

Being Sunday, the convicts were nearly all indoors, but we saw a party of them mustering to go to chapel. Sunday is a day of rest and religious exercises amongst them. There are some twelve hundred convicts confined on these small islands, and they are drawn from France and her colonies, Algeria, Saigon, and Pondicherry. From the moment he sets foot in Guiana the individuality of each man is lost; and he becomes a machine subject to the strictest discipline, suspicion, and the severest penalties. If he is unruly he is chained like a dog; if violent he is shot. He is known by his number, which is painted over his sleeping hammock and stamped on his clothes. A coarse sack hung on a nail over his bed contains all his worldly goods. He rises at five each morning, and after a morsel of bread and soup attends muster in the prison-yard at 5.30 A.M. From 6 A.M. till 10 A.M. he labours, making boots, clothes, furniture, if he is a tradesman, or navying, filling water-kegs, loading ships with patent fuel if he is unskilled; for the Salut Islands are a kind of *dépôt* for ships and for the other convict establishments of Cayenne. At 10.30 A.M. he eats a *déjeuner* of soup, bread, and a bit of lard, salt beef, or fresh meat when it has been brought from Pará in Brazil. Till 2 P.M., during the heat of noon, he is free to take his *siesta* indoors, or earns a little pocket-money to help to sweeten his hard lot, by fabricating little curiosities, such as carved cocoa-nuts, bracelets of seeds or shells, and straw mats. From 2 P.M. till 6 P.M. he labours at the government works again, and then dines as he did in the morning. After dinner he is free till 8 P.M., when he is called into the prison, which is brightly lit up inside for safety, or if it be a clear moonlight night he is allowed to chat or sing with his companions in the prison enclosure till ten or eleven o'clock. A little wine or beer is allowed him daily, but no

tobacco. In this way, day after day, the monotonous years pass by. If his sentence has been eight years or under, and he should outlive it, the convict is free to leave the country or to settle in Cayenne, provided he can show the authorities that he possesses 600 francs to enable him to start an honest means of livelihood. When he dies his body is given to the sharks which swarm round the islands. *Evasions* are frequently attempted by the more daring of the convicts, but it is an almost hopeless enterprise. To try to swim to the neighbouring coast is to fall a ready prey to the sharks, and even if, by means of a boat, the Kourou is reached, death by starvation, fever, or wild beasts, await him in the impenetrable forests. Sharks literally besiege the islands. All the refuse is thrown in to them, and, as we have said, the remains of convicts and also of the common soldiers are buried in the sea, for the soil of the island is too scant to afford a graveyard for so many. It is said that when the funeral boat bears the corpse to its grave in the deeps, the sharks can be seen flocking after it like a troop of famished wolves. Every day shoals of them circled round and round the *Hooper*, preserving always the same stealthy, cat-like pace; and when night came on we could see them in the phosphorescent water, like enormous luminous masses, still keeping up their horrid vigils. While we stayed at the Salut Islands a newly-arrived French vessel anchored close beside us, and one day the ship's boy, innocent of the presence of these monsters, was sitting on the gangway dangling his bare feet in the tepid sea, when a shark seized him by the leg. The boy shrieked and clung so desperately to the gangway that the shark was frightened off; but the mutilated limb had to be amputated below the knee.

After we had learned these things about the every-day life of the *forçats*, the good doctor took us round the hospital; a large building, and very full of patients. *Fèvre du pays*, or intermittent fever, elephantiasis, cholera, and above all tropical anemia are the prevalent diseases. The anemia, or white blood, generally attacks white subjects after several years' residence in the country; and a speedy return to colder climes is the only means of saving the patient's life. Since that is the case, we need hardly say that there is no hope for the anemia-stricken convict. We walked through long wards filled with these unfortunate men, some propped up in a fixed attitude, others stretched out rigid and motionless upon their trundle beds, all

ghastly pale, and with staring eyes whose intelligence alone betokened life—life linked with death. The quiet, cleanliness, and comfort of the wards was remarked by us all. The nursing is in the hands of some kind Sisters of Charity, who have voluntarily exiled themselves to undertake this truly Christian work. Here and elsewhere among the prisons of Guiana, these Sisters of Charity have shown a self-sacrificing devotion which is far above praise.

After visiting the hospital we left the *Ile Royale* and crossed to the *Ile Joseph*. We rambled round the gardens about the Governor's residence, a tumbledown wooden building with verandahs, in which the Governor of Cayenne spends a few weeks every summer. It stands on a rocky eminence overlooking the sea, with a view of the distant mainland. The day was now fine, and a brilliant sunshine filled the little garden. The cocoa-palms shading the verandah and the vine-trellised arbour waved their green crowns in the sea-breeze against the blue sky. The avenues of mimosa thorns in blossom scented the warm air, and the humming-bird quivered over the cactus flowers, like a beam of prismatic light. It was the only "bit" of tropical paradise we saw at Salut.

On the top of a little rise behind the Governor's residence stands the little chapel with its belfry, and the prisons of *Ile Joseph*. As we have said, this island is devoted to the maniacs and convalescent prisoners. Accordingly, the prisons here are merely a row of narrow stone cells with bare plastered walls. Each contains a few cubic feet of space, just room for a single inmate, for solitary confinement is the rule. There is no window or ventilator in the cell, all light and air makes its way in by the open door. A rude wooden bench covered with a dirty blanket appeared to be the only furniture, a chunk of coarse bread and a calabash of water the only fare provided. All the maniac prisoners were manacled round both ankles and chained to the walls. In the first cell lay a confirmed idiot—an Arab—his eyes half closed and besieged with flies, his feet swollen and suppurating with che-goes, a tropic pest which pierces the flesh and breeds under the nails. There was no sign of life about the man, nor even of intelligence. He did not seem to observe our presence. The attendant gave him a kick to stir him up the better for us to see, and remarked, as he did so, "The sooner he dies the better."

In the next cell lay a low-browed man who had been transported for murder. He was half naked, and had heavy irons on his bare ankles. He was reading, and never raised his eyes from the book, nor moved a muscle to speak or show that he was aware that we were looking on. The book was an old torn copy of the Bible. He, too, received a slap like an animal when it is made to rise up. He told us that he was a Frenchman, and had been condemned for life. The doctor then examined an open sore on his shoulder—it was another insect ravage—and he relapsed into his old attitude of insensibility to outward things. The noon-day heat poured in through the narrow doorway. There was here not a sound or breath of air stirring the lazy tropic oppressiveness.

In a third cell was a poor murder-maniac with wild yet melancholy eyes. He was growing grey, but still was tall and powerful. He was closely chained, for we were told that the sight of his own species serves to madden him. In other cells were a French convict in irons for stealing cocoa-nuts on the island, a Kabyle from Algeria, a harmless-looking Pondicherry coolie, and one little old man with a child-like smile, who told us that he was very sick. Some of the prisoners had covered the walls of their cells with pictures in charcoal, emblems, and scraps of the Koran.

As we were about to leave these saddening sights we were arrested by a strange procession of convicts winding up the rocky path in single file under the blazing sun. The last of the band riveted our attention at once. Under the wide brim of his palmetto hat his jet-black hair fell in wavy ringlets on his shoulders. His features were small, nervous, and refined; his complexion pale and bloodless. His whole mien wore a settled expression of deep seriousness and woe. Round his bare neck, which was burned to a fiery red by the sun, a little brass crucifix was tied by a leather thong. He walked with slow and measured step, his hands folded before him, his eyes cast upon the ground. When he came up we stopped and spoke with him. He told us his story in French with great earnestness, never altering the serious and settled expression of his face. His voice was soft and resigned.

"I am," he said, "a superior being sent to teach mankind; but I have been persecuted by the Jesuits. They have disembowelled me, they have turned my blood to water, and they have crucified me. But

they cannot kill me. My inspiration keeps me alive. The sun has burned into my breast, and tried to scorch up my heart; but I will not give way to nature."

"Who are you?" we asked.

"Je suis plus de Christ."

We left him standing motionless, with his eyes fixed upon the parched earth in a kind of trance. He was a victim to religious mania.

On leaving the prison our party took its way round the island skirting the shore. *Île Joseph* is covered with weeds, rocks, and bushes; and a few cocoa-palms grow along the roadway. A convict, one of the convalescents, sold us a few cocoa-nuts for some tobacco, which was a great prize to him. We did not know till afterwards that these cocoanuts were government property, and that he had stolen them. We saw little of interest to any one but a botanist on our way, except a brown snake sunning itself on a rock, and a bush of the famous cayenne pepper, until we came to the graveyard of the French officers. A more lonely resting-place it would be difficult to find. It is close by the beach in a little recess of the shore, exposed to the full fury of the tempest and the ocean, whose discoloured surges roll in and thunder on the rocky coast. Tall wooden crosses, painted with tear-drops and heartsease, marked the heads of the graves. Out of each earthy mound grew a lusty bunch of prickly pear, with crimson fruit on its thick green lobes—a crude and unseemly emblem, surely never planted by the tender hand of love. It was a kind of relief to see here and there, amongst these repulsive cacti, a plant of the *Rose du Chien*, with its grand scarlet blooms. Under the mournful "ci-git" we read the names of many young officers who had succumbed to the fatal climate, and found a premature grave in this dreary spot—

"Sur la côte, là-bas où sont les tombes."

While we were waiting at the landing-place for the boat to take us back to the ship, we observed several convicts near us sheltering under some mango-trees from the rain, which now began to come on again. They appeared to be utterly listless, idle, and downhearted. One of them excited our interest immediately. He was a young man about thirty years of age, with finely-chiselled features, and a look of refinement and distinction which marked him off strikingly from the other convicts we saw. He seemed to regard us with a wistful expression, as one who would fain speak but dared not. The doctor called him up, and we interrogated

him. He told us that his name was Adolphe Jean F——, that he came from Paris, and had been a mechanical fitter by profession. One night he had been to the café with a comrade who paid court to the same young girl as he did. They had both taken too much *absinthe*, and began to quarrel about the girl. In a fit of jealous frenzy Adolphe Jean drew his knife and stabbed his rival. He was at once seized by the loungers in the café, and delivered to the gendarmes. The wounded man lingered for a time, but ultimately expired. Adolphe Jean was tried for manslaughter, and condemned to five years' penal servitude in Cayenne.

"How long have you been here?"

"Eight years, monsieur."

"Eight years! that is three years beyond your sentence. How is that?"

"Because I cannot get six hundred francs, monsieur. I was free to go at the end of five years if I could have shown the Commandant that I possessed that sum—as much as would take me to Brazil, or Demerara, or Trinidad, or enable me to start an honest living in Cayenne. But I have not that sum. I was ashamed to write my friends when I was transported, and now I cannot find them, or they will not own me. I cannot get that

sum, and I must therefore stay all my life here."

His breast heaved with excitement, and his eye kindled.

"Is he a lunatic?" we asked of the doctor.

"Oh, no! monsieur," said the convict, who overheard us, with a melancholy smile.

"You are anxious to be free?" we said.

"Monsieur, I would give my arm to be free," he replied, clenching his right hand, and his whole frame trembling with hope.

At this moment our boat arrived. The doctor corroborated the convict's story in every particular, and further added that his conduct had been most exemplary all the time he had been a prisoner. We could not help thinking there was something wrong in a penal system which continued to imprison a man after he had expiated his crime, and wasted a young life in the bitterness of a degrading and hopeless exile, because he did not possess a ready sum of twenty-four pounds. The case enlisted our sympathies, and a subscription was started on board the ship. The necessary amount was all but subscribed, and the necessary steps taken, when a telegram came ordering the *Hooper* to sea, and our attempt to buy the man his freedom was nipped in the bud.

J. MUNRO.

A SAILOR'S SWEETHEART.

"GOD bless you, lass!" once more they kissed,
And straight aboard he sprung;

The sails shook out, the glad waves hissed,

The quivering cordage sung.

She watched the vessel round the pier,

And waved her last good-byes,

And turned away with spirit drear,

And hard, unmoistened eyes.

She sat within, forlorn and weak—

There came not any sound,

And yet his kiss was on her cheek,

His strong arms clasped her round.

"Ah, little heart I love the best,

No more we part for aye!"

She leant her head against his breast,

And let the tears have way.

FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE.





"A SAILOR'S SWEETHEART."

THE SIGH OF OUR LORD.

"And looking up to heaven, he sighed, and saith unto him, Ephphatha, that is, Be opened."—MARK vii. 34.

"The Son of God in doing good
Was fain to look to heaven and sigh."

PERHAPS some of our saddest hours are the fruit of our efforts or failures in the same arduous but most blessed work. One would think at first sight that the world's chief benefactors must be the happiest and most joyous of human spirits; their peace always perfect, their sunlight always cloudless, their spring always exuberant, their life one long draught of the purest pleasure, through the contemplation of the blessing which their ministry wins for and bestows on mankind. Thus we would ordain it for them, were the world under the rule of our hand. They should go crowned as Olympic victors; the world should strew flowers before the footsteps of its godlike priests and kings! That is our vision of what a good man's life should be, and of the measure of the homage which he should command from mankind. And yet, had we lived in the age and the country of "The Good One," whose life was as the fountain from which all human goodness flows, how many of us would have been shouting, "Away with him, away with him! we will not have this man to be our king!" How many of us would have hated what we are now trained to revere, and spurned that which we now stir ourselves to crown! Thus much Christianity, the Gospel of the Good One, has done for the world which crucified Him. But one thing remains yet unaccomplished in this region of man's experience. "Doing good," the purest Christian ministry, is still sorrowful, though most blessed work.

The true Christian ministry, that which has Christ for its pattern and its spring, is purely a matter of inward impulse and pressure of the spirit. Every such servant of his age says simply, as Paul said, Necessity is laid upon me to do it; yea, woe is unto me if I do it not; or like the Master, in human measures, who said, "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" and, "My meat is to do the will of Him that sent me, and to finish His work." The reckoning which some are, I think too readily, supposed to make, "These deeds of mercy and charity are acceptable to God, and will pay me well in eternity," will carry a man but a little way in a life of self-denying devotion to mankind. They are not the multitude who care enough about the future in com-

parison with the present, to make such a calculation the practical basis of life. It might inspire some works of beneficent scope and influence, though inspiration is the wrong word—inspiration is just what these works of mercy want which proceed on calculations, they may have the form of goodness about them, but no glow of its life—but it will help a man but a little way in doing good to men. There are poor, penniless ministering spirits about the world, who could say with Peter, "Silver and gold have I none, but such as I have give I thee," who are doing infinitely more to help and to bless suffering hearts and households by look, touch, and tone, than a millionaire could accomplish by showers of gold. We often hear it said of the Romanist good works, that they are of this calculating order, that they are good investments in celestial securities, with a view to rich interest in the kingdom of God on high. I am always disposed to question this judgment, at least, on the large scale which it assumes in the works of Protestant controversialists. We may be sure that tender Romanist ministries to sickness and sorrow, as a rule, come forth from a deeper and purer spring.

There are mainly two classes of these ministering spirits, though in the depth the two are one.

1. Those who are born to it, in whom the vocation lies deeply imbedded in the nature, like Moses, Samuel, Paul, Timothy, Bernard, and Francis of Assisi; in whom in human measure, as in the Master in divine measure, a resistless inward impulse moved them towards works of mercy and charity, to words and deeds by which, no matter at what cost to themselves, man might be helped, healed, and saved. Such are never so much in their native element, never so at one with themselves, as when they are about their Father's business; they count no cost, they know no weariness, beyond that of the moment, in their ministry to mankind.

2. There are those who turn to it resolutely when Christ has laid His constraints upon them; who "know the grace of the Lord Jesus," and have measured, as far as man may measure, His Love. The cry of their spirit is, Lord, what can I do for thee?

They find a pure, constant, ever-flowing spring of energy and of inspiration in the thought of what Christ has done for them and for the world. But in both cases the inspiration, the movement, is from within. "Hereby have we knowledge of love, because He hath laid down His life for us, and we ought to lay down our lives for the brethren." It is no bargain with heaven, this ministry, it is a living inspiration—a life. They must do it as the sun must shine, as the dew must fall, and as some of you eager energetic spirits must be instant in your daily work.

But whence comes this sadness which steals over our hearts in connection with our best and purest ministry, and which found expression in the sigh of our Lord? "And they bring unto Him one that was deaf, and had an impediment in his speech; and they beseech Him to put His hand upon him. And He took him aside from the multitude, and put His fingers into his ears, and he spit, and touched his tongue; and looking up to heaven, He sighed and saith unto him, Be opened. And straightway his ears were opened, and the string of his tongue was loosed, and he spake plain."

Evidently it is not altogether a sense of powerlessness; it is not the feeling that we can do nothing; neither is it just the bitter sorrow with which a man looks on successful wrong, which he is compelled to watch while his hand is powerless to stay. It was in doing good, in a successful effort to alleviate infirmity and pain, that the Saviour looked up to heaven and sighed. We are not powerless, blessed be God! in this matter. A virtue goes forth from every self-denying effort which Christ inspires, as it went forth from Him; and that virtue has healing power, farther than we are able to trace it, it staunches the wounds, it dries the tears, it lifts the burden of the misery of mankind.

But there is ever present with such the vision of the mass of pain and misery which is behind that which they seek to assuage. One deaf ear unstopped, one silent tongue unloosed! and then, what of the myriads which remain? Their case seems all the sadder for this healing—that there should be the power to heal this one, while the vast throng remains uncured. We can walk through the city streets as we go about our daily tasks, with no consciousness of the hearts that are pressed to breaking strain, and the bodies that are racked by pain, that we jostle as we pass by. But when we try to

help them, when we have a commission from Christ to search out, that we may try at any rate to heal, the sin-sickness of the world, then the sense of the vast mass of misery that surrounds us presses in upon us with overwhelming force; and the hand, in the very moment of supreme effort, is in danger of being paralyzed by the thought of how much, when its utmost is done, there remains for it to do. We may be sure that this was one spring of the human sorrow of our Lord. He was a man with all the human infirmities and limitations. He could but heal where He lived in some kind of human contact with the object of his compassionate care and tenderness. To speak the word, and to heal all sickness and soothe all pain everywhere, would have been in direct defiance of the method by which alone His divine wisdom taught Him that the great world could be redeemed. "Jesus went about all the cities and villages, teaching in their synagogues, and preaching the gospel of the kingdom, and healing every sickness and every disease among the people. But when He saw the multitudes, He was moved with compassion on them, because they fainted and were scattered abroad, as sheep having no shepherd. Then saith He to his disciples, The harvest truly is plenteous, but the labourers are few; pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that He will send forth labourers into his harvest." The harvest is there waiting, the harvest of the healed, the comforted, the saved; and there are but a few weak arms and faint hearts to gather it. The sense of all that is behind the individual suffering rises up within us in moments of effort; we feel with dire disproportion that our utmost ministry is but as a drop of balm in a great ocean of bitterness, and we are tempted to cry, "I had better stay my hand at once, than take this great, this crushing burden on my heart."

Nor while the mass of the human woe and anguish which claims our ministry appals us, can we hide from ourselves the deep dark spring out of which the sinner's suffering flows. The Lord, at any rate, knew all of which the deaf ear and the palsied limb were the sign. He knew that ultimately sin was at the root of all the anguish of the world. The real healing that man needs lies in deeper regions of his nature than the disease which a word or a touch could cure. The suffering we can deal with in a measure, but how shall we deal with the moral state out of which ultimately all that is bitter in the suffering springs? Here is an abiding

cause of sadness in Christ's most faithful almoners to the world. It is but a little, after all, that they can cure, but little that they can save. They can relieve to-day's destitution, but how can they inspire the energy and industry which will make a brighter tomorrow? They can make the home clean and bright for the moment; but how can they hinder confusion worse confounded next week? They may help this one or that one out of the rut or the ditch, and set their feet on firm foundations; but who can keep them there, and forbid a second and direr wreck? And so we get weary of efforts which seem to touch only the symptoms of the disorder, and leave the fountain of the mischief uncured. The sorrows of the world seem hydra-headed. Let one be cut off, a hundred spring in its room. The Son of God even in touching this deaf ear sighed to think how much there was in that poor frame, in that poor soul, which would remain as a fountain of other woes and a cause of other privations, till the fleshly part, at any rate, should be healed by the hand of death. There is a certain sadness even in the act of blessing when we realise the narrow limits within which our power ranges, and the barriers which are set up against it by the passion and the selfishness of mankind. There are moments when it would be an infinite relief to the overcharged heart if, as we help some infirmity, dry some tears, heal some wounds, of which we know that sin has been the parent, we could say, with a voice that carried with it the emphasis of Divine authority, and could compel obedience, "Go, and sin no more!"

And we must bear our share of the Divine burden—the long, slow, and painful method which the Divine wisdom has ordained for the healing of the disease of the great human world. "Speak the word only, and all shall be well," is ever our appeal to the Almighty Redeemer. "My Father worketh hitherto, and I also work," is ever the answer of the Lord. There is a profound and far-reaching method at work which is destroying, and will destroy, the works of the devil, not from this earth only, but from the universe. "How long, O Lord, how long?" our impetuous spirits cry as we watch the patient process, and measure the ages which lie between us and the fulfilment of our hope and God's hope for mankind. Each act of our ministry is part of the great Divine ministry; each cure of sickness is part of the great Divine cure which will one day heal all the wounds and dry all the tears of the world. We can-

not contemplate our individual efforts in their isolation. The most earnest would go mad if they could not feel that they were working on the basis and in the line of a glorious, far-reaching Divine plan, which aims beyond the range of our thought at a universal ministry to men. And as we strive in this direction, the thought will steal over us and sadden us, how much will it cost, and how long? The vision of all that lay between the Lord and the end of His ministry saddened His spirit. "I have a baptism to be baptized with, and how am I straitened until it be accomplished." It is the soul's agony and the world's, this baptism of sorrow by which, through all the ages, it is being redeemed. That sigh of Christ was the beginning of the groan, "Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me;"—"nevertheless not my will, but thine, be done;" and thus the groan was tuned to praise. More than eighteen centuries have passed since that sigh was breathed; think of the tears and groans which have wearied heaven through all these ages, and the hope is still, as then, in the far future. But, blessed be God, it is there—the coming of the Lord Jesus "the second time" without sorrow as well as "without sin unto salvation;" nor are we forbidden to turn our sigh into the prayer, "Even so, come quickly, Lord Jesus!"

But why should man brace and task himself to efforts which cost so much strain and pain? It is the question of the world in all ages—"Am I my brother's keeper?" And it can only be answered by the life of the Divine man, who came "not to be ministered unto but to minister, and to give His life as a ransom for many." There are some noble words in "Romola" on this subject, in which the authoress, after her fashion, utters a great truth. "It is only a poor sort of happiness that could ever come by caring very much about our own narrow pleasures. We can only have the highest happiness, such as goes along with being a great man, by having wide thoughts and much feeling for the rest of the world as well as for ourselves; and this sort of happiness often brings so much pain with it, that we can only tell it from pain by its being what we would choose before everything else because our souls see it is good."

So ministering souls "wait on their ministry" because they are born for it—it is their life. Life on any other scheme would not be worth the living; a life of self-concentration, which is but another name for selfish isolation, has, to their sense, a curse and a blight

upon it. Those only comprehend what man is capable of knowing and enjoying, who have learnt from Christ the Divine art of "doing good."

And they are not only born for it, but bound to it by bonds whose sacred force is the supreme constraint on human spirits. "The love of Christ constraineth me," they say with one of old, who was ready "not to be bound only, but to die at Jerusalem for the name of the Lord Jesus." This love of Christ is an infinite power; by it, through the long day of God, He is drawing the world unto Himself. It kindles kindred passion in the noblest natures, and through Christian ministry it radiates its influence through the world. The parable of the two debtors (Matt. xviii. 23—35) is full of profound suggestion as to the Divine method; what myriads through all the Christian ages have felt, not that they might not dare to face that curse on the pitiless, but that they might not dare to be out of sympathy with that matchless love.

And little as our utmost effort may seem able to accomplish, faith reinforces vision; the deeds are germinant, we cannot trace but we can trust their growth; and we know that, few as they are, poor as they are, they will be bearing fruits of blessing to our fellow-man when we are called to the higher service, and await the vision of the ripened harvest on high. There is a blessing in such work, and a blessing on it, which overmasters the sadness that attends it. There is the double blessing, "to him that gives" and "to him that takes," to him that heals and to him that is healed. It is the spring of the purest joy that is known to mortals, while it is the education of our nature for the noblest joy

that is known to immortals, the fellowship of the Son of God. It is already on earth the sharing of Christ's experience; it is the following of "the Son of Man in the regeneration;" it is being His fellow-helper in His kingdom; it is the sum of these acts and efforts which constitutes the body of Christ's ministry to the world. He inspires the service; He accepts it; He marks it to be crowned before the great Universe at last.

And behind it all there is sure purpose and the strong hand of God. He marks our toil; He helps our infirmities; and He watches the seed which we sow, oftentimes weeping, and in His own good time He will bring it to fruit. It seems but a little thing—as a grain of mustard seed—cast into the dark mass of so much pain, shame, and misery. But the seed has His life in it, while the great mass has but the dulness and coldness of death. And life inevitably conquers. The dark, foul mass will one day glow with flowers of richest hue and sweetest fragrance. None of us can trace the results of ministry. Many an effort over which we sighed with almost breaking hearts as we sowed our seed, it seemed worth so little, and the need seemed to be so great, will meet us again crowned with a glorious harvest in the day when we shall hear with trembling rapture the words, "Come, ye blessed of my Father, receive the kingdom prepared for you from before the foundation of the world." "Be not weary then in well doing, for in due season ye shall reap if you faint not." "Be ye therefore steadfast, immovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labour shall not be in vain in the Lord."

J. BALDWIN BROWN.

OYSTER DREDGING.

BEING in the neighbourhood of the Mumbles oyster-beds, we gladly accept an invitation to an oyster tea, supplemented by the permission to inquire into the dredging. We set out on our five-mile drive in good spirits, good health, and good company, which ingredients tend to make any expedition pleasant; and ours is rendered perfect by the addition of an artist friend, whom we pick up sketching by the wayside.

Our road lies parallel with the rail and tramways that run between Swansea and the Mumbles, so we have an opportunity of seeing the gigantic cars that convey not only passengers, but native marble from one place

to the other. On the present occasion these contain excursionists on their way from smoky furnaces or grimy collieries to enjoy a whiff of pure fresh air either at the Mumbles or the other bays. The tide is far out on our left, leaving to view a bare, shingly beach, while on our right are park lands and villas overlooking it.

We reach Oystermouth Castle, a name suggestive of the hermetically-sealed bivalves we are bent on invading, and wonder whether Henry Beaumont, Earl of Warwick, had them in his eye when he built it as one of a line of border castles. It now looks serenely from its picturesque height on bay and distant oyster-boats, and, clothed in ivy and protected

by a huge limestone cliff, is, at least, more peaceful in its old age than it was in its youth. Near this border castle, once garrisoned by English and Flemings, are now a small army of donkey boys and girls with their much-enduring quadrupeds. Resisting their enticing offers of rides, we pursue our course through the long, straggling, much-frequented village-town, called the Mumbles, sheltered, like its castle, by an escarpment of mountain-limestone cliffs.

We are now in the district called Gower, the inhabitants of which are still half Flemish in manners and person. Henry I. little understood the Welsh when he introduced amongst them a settlement of Flemings by way of putting a stop to the wars between the Ancient Britons and their Norman foes. They amalgamated no better with Fleming than with Dane, Saxon, or Norman, and rarely mixed with the foreigners. In spite of their well-deserved character for hospitality, they neither welcomed them when they came, nor associated with them when they settled amongst them, so that the inhabitants of the peninsula of Gower have ever been, and still are, even in these cosmopolitan days, a distinct race. They have rarely intermarried with their neighbours, and are content to keep to themselves in the picturesque and beautiful part of Glamorganshire originally allotted to them.

Yet sketchers, antiquarians, tourists, and pleasure-seekers find food for their various tastes in this retired quarter of the world, and there is, moreover, an especial vehicle to convey them thither. This is an omnibus that starts from Swansea, and is as exclusive in its practice as Welshman or Fleming. It is called the "Gower Express," and its class-rules are as follows:—First-class passengers ride the whole way; second-class get out and walk up the hills; third-class get out and push up the hills.

But our more communistic conveyance pulls up at the Mermaid, and we order our oyster tea punctually at six. This hostel, like most of the houses we have passed, is covered with myrtle and fuschia, while huge hydrangeas rise like trees in the enclosure. Beneath the wretched verandah we spy, through French windows, neatly laid tables, which give us an earnest of the meal we shall partake of by-and-by in "this our inn."

We now begin to realise "oysters, oysters everywhere," for, leaving the Mermaid, we light upon an oyster-stall, at which is seated a woman with a scarlet shawl over her head and an oyster-knife in her hand. The hapless

mollusc lies on one half of its former home, prepared for teeth as ruthless as the knife, while its executioner offers it for sale at the price of one penny. But "we have our feelings," and decline. Then we stumble down upon the rough, shingly beach, to see heaps of oysters piled up at equal distances from one another, each guarded by anchor and buoy, prepared for the influx of the tide. A man and woman are filling a sack at one of these heaps, and a member of our party, suddenly wishing to know how an oyster would taste on the brink of its native brine, asks to have some opened then and there.

"Contrary to law, sir," says the woman. "We haven't an oyster-knife; and if we had, shouldn't dare to use it on the beach. We should be fined if we did. We contract for all we get."

She is a fine specimen of the Gower fish-women; strong-limbed, easy of gait, and picturesquely dressed. The present costume of the fashionist may have been copied from hers. It consists of a red and black stuff skirt, drawn into a polonaise at the back; a scarlet shawl, and black straw hat. This hat or bonnet—for in these times those articles of head-gear are identical—might have been framed for the convenience of chignon or plait, since it has no back brim, and the low crown fits the head. It was, however, invented for a more useful purpose—to let the large baskets of fish lie flat on the head without removing its protective crown or front; and it is becoming enough to the russet-faced, black-eyed, fearless women who wear it; almost as becoming as the scarlet shawl that often replaces it *en capuchon*.

The man is also a fine, stalwart fellow, six feet high at least. From him we learn the beach-laws. He says, "This oyster perch" (or patch, as we take it to be) "is mine. I rents it of the Duke of Beaufort, and brings all the oysters I dredges to it. I pays seven-and-sixpence a year for it, which is but fair, since we uses the Duke's land. But what wasn't fair was, that, till within the last few years, we paid a tithe to the lord of the manor. We don't do it now. 'Twas hard to give a tenth of the few oysters we dredged to one who could afford to buy 'em, and didn't think of the toil and danger of hauling 'em up from the bottom of the sea. They comes up, stones and all—oftenest more stones than oysters; sometimes all stones and no oysters. When I first began to dredge, they was as plentiful as buttercups in spring, and sold for eight-pence a hundred; now they are scarce as sixpences, and sold for seven-and-sixpence."

Leaving the pair to count up their hundreds and put them into the sack, we stumble on from patch to patch, making inquiries as we go concerning this scarcity. We learned that in the Mumbles alone there are now nearly a hundred and fifty oyster-boats, whereas some few years back there were not a tithe of the number. Each boat has three men belonging to it, so there must be more than six hundred dredgers in this spot alone; and they live by their dangerous work. It is no wonder that oysters are dear and scarce if their spoilers multiply thus rapidly wherever they make their beds. If they did not stick so closely together, and form such immense parishes, the invader would not find them so easily. But oysters, like people, love to congregate where they are least wanted, leaving the open sea or untenanted fields for the giant oyster-bed or crowded city.

Here they make their beds in a long continuous line at a good distance from the coast, beginning at the Sker Point; and we wend our way to a small, rocky peninsula, whence we may watch the little fleet of boats. The path we take is not only rough but dangerous, for it lies beneath the cliffs, which are continually blasted for a dark kind of marble they contain. They look, and indeed are, quite prepared to fall on us.

However, we reach our point at last, and seat ourselves so that we may not only see the distant boats on their laborious quest, but watch them return to the bay. Now they look like a flock of large brown birds floating between the horizon and the sea.

Lingering in delightful idleness, we glance from right to left on a glorious prospect. Near and in front of us are the two rocky islets that terminate the Mumbles. On the farther of these are a lighthouse and fort, giving warning both of danger and strength. The lighthouse was built in 1794 for the safeguard of vessels entering Swansea Bay, which must approach either a long line of sand called the Scar Weather or sands called the Nixon, off Mumbles Head, both of which are equally dangerous. Not only our oyster-boats, but larger vessels, might make shipwreck upon them but for friendly warnings; and strange, wild, cruel stories are told of systematic wreckers, who, not a century ago, enticed ships to their destruction. But Christian men have worked to foil these barbarians. Not only does the lighthouse near us hold out her friendly beacon in the darkness, but an iron ship, called the *Sker Ship*, lies opposite, which is also a floating lighthouse, in which men are content to dwell to keep

alight the danger-signal. Thus, at the top of a high tower on one side the bay, and at the mast-head on the other, fires burn to guide the sailor through the perils of the sea. And this is not all, for as we meditate on these things a bell rings somewhere in mid-ocean. This is the Nixon Bell rung by the waves. It sounds poetic, if not fabulous; but it is real as the most prosaic of histories. Placed on a buoy anchored near the sands, the bell tolls as the wave rolls. The more furious the tempest, the oftener sounds the warning. Like a steadfast soul, the life-buoy patiently rides the waves, thankful for calm, prepared for storm, and always ready to warn off the unwary from the quicksands. Imagination sees the ship approach, then suddenly steer off at sound of the booming monitor.

The brown birds still flap their wings on the far horizon, and we turn to watch the tide come slowly in, and to glance round the broad bay. Its outline is so graceful that we are not surprised at its having been compared to the Bay of Naples. On our left the scattered, straggling Mumbles looks down upon it; in the centre of its crescent are woods, country seats, and the pretty village of Sketty; and on the far shore Swansea and other towns.

Small as Swansea appears to us across its beautiful bay, it is truly one of the representative towns of this mercantile age. Imagination calls up smelting furnaces bigger than rooms, whence issue flames that suggest the Inferno of Dante, and where melting metal is watched by half-clad men, who might be Red Indians or unwashed Dervishes. Within that apparently compact mass are copper, iron, steel, spelter, and coal works; a vast shipping, and a dense laborious population. There fortunes are made, so to speak, in a day, and palaces of houses rise, like mushrooms, in a night. In that fourth port of this nation whose "merchants are princes," men win and spend money royally, and the many charitable institutions speak to the liberality of the successful. We almost see the Deaf and Dumb Asylum on its commanding height, and the new hospital near the sea. We know that orphanages, an institution for the blind, a sailor's home, infirmary, and other memorable buildings are veiled by that white smoke-cloud, and that many a steeple and spire pierce through it. We recall the fact that in one of the churches is a tomb to the memory of the Lady Elizabeth Gordon, widow of the Pretender, Warbeck, and afterwards wife of Sir Matthew Cradock, High Steward of this Gower where we write. Also that the poet

Gower and the famous Beau Nash were natives of Swansea; while John Kemble is said to have made his début on the small stage of its theatre. Gower is a memorable word in these parts, for Bishop Gower is supposed to have beautified the old castle some six centuries ago, which, now in ruins, lies lost in an obscure part of yonder town.

But while we are calling up past and present, the oyster-boats are about to come in with the tide. They have been out all day and probably all night, so they and their sailors will be glad of rest. As our big brown birds turn from the broad ocean towards the sheltering bay, we wonder whether they glide over the phantom woods long ago submerged in those parts. Slowly, singly, gradually, they float shorewards. Nearly half an hour passes and the sun is thinking of setting, before they near the lighthouse point, and, with drooping wings, make for their perch. But they lose the similitude of birds as they follow one another in sombre procession round the little peninsula, and assume that of brown friars in cope and cowl. Their heads are bent, their hands folded, their cloaks wrapped round them almost as if about to chaunt a requiem. When they are safe round the rocky point, they advance, now in pairs, now in triads, now passing and repassing one another, until at last they mingle as if in monkish convocation.

Suddenly a stream of sunlight flows through a break in the cliffs and floods the bay. The tanned cowls of sails suddenly turn to burnished gold, and the oyster-boats to fairy skiffs. Swansea starts into a city of magic palaces, the hills into enchanted mountains, the sea to a jewelled haven. The metamorphosis is miraculous;—a sight we never can forget. It is transient as glorious. We watch it a moment breathlessly, then the Great Alchemist withdraws the gold and leaves again the dross.

After this glimpse of what seemed heaven, earth looks gloomy, the sea leaden, the fleet of oyster-boats—just what they are—hard-worked little shallows, with coarse, heavy, tanned sails. Still they are not unpicturesque as they lie at their moorings curtseying to one another, each near the buoy which marks its oyster-patch.

As we return towards the village, we encounter the dredgers returning also. They are powerful, large-built men, who swing along with careless air and resolute faces, some dragging their heavy iron dredges, others carrying baskets or sailcloth.

"You have had a fine day and smooth sea," we venture to remark, as they pass us.

"None so smooth out there," replies one, pointing to the open. "'Tis hard work and small pay."

"Sometimes I've been days and haven't hove a dredge," says another. "Them oysters be so obstinate as women. They'll stick to it when they choose, and there's no moving o' 'em."

"Where there was one dredger when I was a boy, there's fifty now," exclaims a third, an old man who looks as if he had had enough of it. "'Tis heavy, dangerous work, particular in hard weather; but so long as there's gentlefolk to eat and pay there's men as'll dredge for 'em, though they risk life for, maybe, a score of oysters."

With this moral sounding in our ears, we proceed to the Mermaid, having ascertained the reason of the increased price of oysters. As in all other trades and professions, workmen are superabundant, and there appear to be almost as many dredgers as oysters.

"We must preserve the sea," sententiously remarks one of our party, as we seat ourselves at a well-spread table.

Here is certainly no dearth of oysters. Dishes of raw are succeeded by dishes of scalloped, and we are fain to forget the moral in the tale. We eat them, in short, together with the daintiest slices of brown or white bread and butter. Then there is Devonshire cream, and such tea! Assuredly all carnivora are savages, only oyster-eaters must be mollusculi, or civilised savages.

After tea we retire to a large bay-window to watch the twilight creep, like a stealthy ghost, over the bay. We prepare for a moonlit drive.

Through the quiet village, where groups of oyster-dredgers, pipe in mouth, are discussing the fortunes of the day—past the ruined castle, ghostlike in the moonshine—into the road between the woods and sea. The tide is now full in, and the fleet of oyster-boats are sleeping on the quiet sea. A light glares in the lighthouse-tower and on the *Sker Ship*, and we hear the distant sound of the Nixon bell. A little boat glides out and crosses the moon's reflection on the peaceful bay, while flickering shadows tremble here and there. Moonlight on the waters, the mountains, the cliffs—how beautiful it is! With a thanksgiving for the glory of the night, and a prayer for those who tread the deep, we thoughtfully pursue our homeward way.

UNOFFICIAL.

ONE morning my heart can remember,
 I sat dreaming there,
 In the "governor's" chair
 In the office. The month was November,
 And the weather a theme for despair.

My mind strayed through visions unbounded—
 Far off seemed the din
 That King William Street's in,
 And the quill of the "junior" sounded
 Like the squeak of an elf's violin.

I was roused with a start: some one entered.
 Though ground-glass divide
 Off the sanctum inside,
 The star where my homage was centred
 In the office without I descried.

"Oh, kind Fate, to bring me my Kitty!
 The boy I can send
 At the bank to attend:
 One partner's just gone from the City,
 And the other is at the West End."

"Change two pounds, boy, for threepenny pieces!
 And there isn't a franc
 In the place!—I will thank
 You to take down these coupons from Creasy's
 To the London and Westminster Bank."

He is gone! This can never be Kitty,
 Alone here with me!
 This can never be she
 Laughing here in the heart of the City,
 With the old office cat on her knee!

"I hope, Ben," she says, "you are stronger,
 And I hope it's not true
 Work is injuring you,
 And I'd better not stay any longer,
 As you seem to have *so much* to do!"

But she does not go yet. Still she lingers,
 And deed-box and press
 Are brushed by her dress,
 While the desk feels inquisitive fingers,
 In a touch that is half a caress!

Now, dreary and quiet the place is;
 Here's the space on the floor
 I remember of yore,
 Which was brushed by her ribbons and laces,
 As she smiled her "Good-bye" at the door.

The violets she wore in her bosom,
 So scented, dew-wet,
 Are hard to forget ;
 The dim office grew fair with each blossom,
 And their fragrance seems haunting it yet.

I'm in partnership now with old Bradly ;
 His brother is dead,
 So I stand at the head
 Of affairs ; and I'm thinking thus sadly
 Of the sweetness of days that have fled.

My Sydenham house—all that's in it ;
 My life, with its dower
 Of financial power,
 I would give them all up in a minute,
 To recall from those days but one hour !

Lost light of my life, little Kitty !
 Too late now, too late ;
 But I'd give my estate
 To be once more a clerk in the City,
 In the office with you *tête-à-tête* !

E. NESBIT.

LONDON HOMES OF FAMOUS FOLK.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "EPISODES IN AN OBSCURE LIFE."

MANY a stranger without friends in London must have found it, in spite of its novelty, a dreary wilderness to wander in. Australians who come home to settle in London often rush back, because they feel themselves "lost" here—in vulgarly colloquial phrase, "nothing to nobody." They had more society and sense of common citizenship in the Bush with next-door neighbours forty miles off.

Let me advise such a stranger, as one way by which he may diminish his sense of loneliness, to "get up" the places in which persons of note have lived in London. I do not mean mere bigwigs ; but persons to whom some kind of real human interest attaches.

Say that he is resting himself in the midst of the crowd of moping adults and noisy youngsters—hopping about like a spawn of frogs—who muster on the asphalt at the base of Shakspeare's still white statue in Leicester Square, formerly Leicester Fields, famous for duels. (By-the-bye, a statue of Shakspeare erected in front of the Alhambra looks like satire.) Let him call to mind that Sir Isaac Newton lived in St. Martin's Street hard by ; Hogarth on the east side of the square, in one of two houses now turned into a French hotel ; and Sir Joshua Reynolds on the western side, in a house that has been

turned into auction rooms. Yes, that is the very house in which hospitable Sir Joshua so often shifted his ear-trumpet (would that the phonograph had been invented in those days) ; the very house in which Burke, having seen Goldsmith looking with disapprobation on a crowd which had assembled to gaze upon some foreign ladies at a window of one of the Square's hotels, made the dear, vain, genial, simple-minded little man believe that he had actually exclaimed, "What stupid beasts the crowd must be for staring with such admiration at those painted Jezebels, while a man of my talents passes by unnoticed." In Leicester Square, moreover, John Hunter established his museum.

Sir Joshua had lived before in St. Martin's Lane and Newport Street, where Horne Tooke was born, who called himself son of a Turkey merchant on the strength of his father's having sold poultry in Newport Market. In Maiden Lane Voltaire lodged and was mobbed, as a foreigner, by the magnanimous London roughs of the period, whom, however, he converted into partisans by his adroit flattery of their nation. In Maiden Lane Andrew Marvell likewise lodged, and refused bribes, though he had only cold mutton for dinner. In Henrietta Street lived Partridge, the almanac-maker, who, in spite

of all his protestations to the contrary, was, during his lifetime, numbered with the dead. Kitty Clive was another inhabitant of Henrietta Street. In Russell Street lived Davies, the bookseller, who, when an actor, mouthed a sentence "as curs mouth a bone," and his fair helpmate—

"On my life,
That fellow has a very pretty wife,"

about whom Dr. Johnson buzzed with ponderous gallantry, like a big bumble-bee hovering around a flower too fragile to be tasted. On opposite sides of the street stood the two famous coffee-houses, Will's and Button's, now turned into common shops, subject to "gross material laws." In the Piazza Lady Mary Wortley Montague was born. In Rose Street Butler died. In Bow Street lived Wycherley, Henry Fielding (the dedication of "Amelia" to Ralph Allen is dated "Bow Street, December 2, 1751"), Grinling Gibbons, Dr. Radcliffe, and Jacob Tonson, the bookseller.

In Drury Lane lived Donne, the Queen of Bohemia, and Nell Gwynn (born in its Coal Yard, lodging in its Maypole Alley).

In Duke Street Benjamin Franklin lodged; in Little Wild Street he worked as a journeyman printer, and strove hard to get his fellow workmen to prefer water and warm gruel, with butter, nutmeg, and toast, to beer and bread and cheese for breakfast.

In Clare Market Orator Henley bellowed clap-trap, and turned old boots into new shoes by cutting off their tops; the brazen-faced man who for once was somewhat abashed, when, having informed the lords of the Privy Council that he must live, he was told by Lord Chesterfield that he did not see the necessity.

In Great Queen Street lived Lord Herbert of Chisbury, Sir Godfrey Kneller, and Dr. Radcliffe, the last two being next-door neighbours, and alternately friends and foes accordingly. Radcliffe's servants having gathered Kneller's flowers, the artist said that he must have the door which he had allowed the doctor to open into his garden nailed up.

"Let him do anything with it but paint it," said Radcliffe.

"I will take anything from him but physic," retorted Kneller.

In Lincoln's Inn Fields, laid out by Inigo Jones (in which Lord William Russell was beheaded, and, by moonlight, the gentle ghost of Lady Rachel Russell seems to glide), Pepys visited and peered (afterwards prattling to himself, in the secret diary, the results

of his observations), and his far-away cousin Lord Sandwich had a house.

The tall house with lanky windows at the corner of Great Queen Street was built in the year in which Lord Russell was executed. Perhaps he passed it, when, turning out of Holborn, by way of Little Queen Street, he was led to execution. When from Powis House it had become Newcastle House, and was occupied by its owner, the Duke of Newcastle, of George II.'s time, the gaunt, high-shouldered looking building is said to have been the scene of a droll *contretemps*. His Grace, to secure a vote for his nominee for a Cornish borough, had promised a voter a supervisorship of excise for his son-in-law, as soon as it became vacant; bidding the voter post to London, and claim the redemption of his promise, even in the dead of night, as soon as the extant supervisor had expired. The Duke had forgotten all about the Cornish voter, but expecting tidings of the death of the King of Spain, had, ere he went to bed himself, bidden his porter not go to bed, but instantly bring to his bedside a messenger he expected, when one night the Cornish voter arrived at Newcastle House, and being taken for the expected messenger, was hurried up into the Duke's chamber.

"Is he dead?" cried his Grace, thinking of the King of Spain.

"Yes, my Lord," answered the Cornishman; "day before yesterday, exactly at half-past one o'clock, after being confined three weeks to his bed, and taking a power of doctor's stuff; and I hope your Grace will be as good as your word, and let my son-in-law succeed him."

It would be quite beyond the purpose of this little paper to enumerate even a selection from the celebrated men who have sojourned in Lincoln's Inn, whose wall, according to tradition, Ben Jonson helped to build, trowel in hand and Greek dramatist in pocket.

In Chancery Lane Lord Strafford was born; and Izaak Walton kept shop as linen-draper and man-milliner. Over another shop in Chancery Lane, a grocer's, Cowley was born. In Brook Street, Holborn, rebuilt out of knowledge, Chatterton committed suicide. In obliterated Fox Court, Gray's Inn Lane, Savage was born. Of the worthies of Gray's Inn, as of those of Lincoln's Inn, I have no space to write. Hampden and Pym lived in the Lane.

In Bloomsbury Square Lord Mansfield's house was burnt down during the No Popery Riots.

"So then, the Vandals of our isle,
Sworn foes to sense or law,
Have burnt to dust a nobler pile
Than ever Romans saw.

"And Murray sighs o'er Pope and Swift,
And many a treasure more,
The well-judg'd purchase or the gift
That graced his lettered store.

"Their pages, mangled, burnt, and torn,
The loss was *his alone*;
But ages yet to come shall mourn
The burning of *his own*."

Twice did Cowper deplore in verse the
burning of Lord Mansfield's library and MSS.

"The lawless herd, with fury blind,
Have done him cruel wrong;
The flowers are gone, but still we find
The honey on his tongue."

Lord George Gordon's ardent Protestants would have also destroyed Lord Mansfield's country house at Caen Wood, Hampstead, had not the landlord of the Spaniards caused a hogshead of ale to be rolled into the road, and knocked in the head for the refreshment of the rioters, whilst he sent off a mounted messenger in hot haste to summon the dragoons.

Lord Beaconsfield's father was another literary tenant in Bloomsbury Square. Abernethy died in Bedford Row.

In Great Ormond Street, Queen Square, in the house in which the first English Sick Children's Hospital was started, lived Dr. Mead and Watteau; at No. 45, Lord Chancellor Thurlow. While living there, the Great Seal was stolen from him.

In Russell Square Sir Samuel Romilly and Sir Thomas Lawrence died. "And the Chancellor said, 'I doubt'" Lord Eldon lived in Bedford Square; Flaxman in Buckingham Street, Fitzroy Square, which dear old Colonel Newcome considered a fashionable place of residence.

Byron was born in Holles Street, Cavendish Square; Turner lived in doctor-haunted Queen Anne's Street. The "Decline and Fall" was written in Bentinck Street, Manchester Square. Talleyrand lived in the Square. To Edward Street, Portman Square, Sir Thomas Picton was brought home dead after Waterloo. How passers-by must have stopped to look up at the escutcheon! In the Square Mrs. Montagu gave black (*i.e.* chimney sweep) and blue (*i.e.* stocking) parties.

Lady Hester Stanhope, who died among the Arabs, once lived, if I remember rightly, among the respectabilities of Baker Street. Mrs. Siddons died in Upper Baker Street; Boswell in Great Portland Street. Wilkie and Weber lived in Upper Portland Street;

General Paoli in the Edgware Road. Don Carlos lodged in Welbeck Street; Philippe Egalité in South Street, Grosvenor Square. In Green Street, Grosvenor Square, died Sydney Smith. Dr. Jenner had a house in Mayfair, where the Earl of Chesterfield died in the mansion bearing his name. It was built by Ware in 1749, for Philip, fourth Earl. It has a noble marble staircase, with a bronze balustrade. This staircase, as well as the portico, was brought from Canons, the seat of the Earl of Chandos at Edgware. The curious library still remains where Lord Chesterfield wrote his celebrated Letters. Charles X. sojourned for a time in South Audley Street. In Soho Square, which used to bear his name, lived the loved and luckless Duke of Monmouth, who lost the day at Sedgemoor, where Soho was the war-cry. In the same Square lived Sir Joseph Banks. Crosse and Blackwell's pickles and preserves are very nice, but I grudge their intrusion into that green-shady, old-fashioned place. In Gerrard Street, Soho, which, without having run to seed, like some of its neighbouring streets, still keeps its old-fashioned look, lived Dryden and Burke. Dryden's house, like Sir Joshua's in Leicester Square, is indicated by a tablet. On his way home thither from Will's the poet was waylaid and cudgelled in Rose Alley, Covent Garden, by Rochester's hired ruffians, for satire which he had not written.

At the bottom of King Street, Westminster, is Delahay Street, where Judge Jeffreys lived in a house marked by a picturesque porch. Anyone who will carry his curiosity as far as Kensington will be richly rewarded. In Campden Hill Road he will look with interest at Airlie Lodge, which, under the yet more familiar name of Holly Lodge, was the residence of Lord Macaulay; and a little further, beyond Phillimore Place, he will find Holland House, with its splendid gardens, where lived the famous Lord and Lady Holland, attracting to themselves all the greatest men and women of the time. At Chelsea lived Sir Thomas More and Shelley. At Holland House, Kensington, Addison; at Brompton, Guizot; in Pimlico, Campbell the poet, and Chantrey the sculptor.

Ben Jonson was born, and had a bricklayer for a step-father, in Hartshorn Lane, Charing Cross, going to school in St. Martin's Court. In the same neighbourhood Prior spent his boyhood, and Thomson wrote his "Seasons." Swift's Vanessa lived in Suffolk Street. Milton lived, and Beau Fielding and

Vanbrugh died, in Scotland Yard. Milton lived also in Petty France, or York Street, Westminster; Cromwell (who had before lived in Long Acre) in King Street (where Spenser starved to death), the Cockpit, and Whitehall. The Earl of Chatham was born in Westminster; Wilkes lived in Great George Street; Jeremy Bentham in Queen Square Place; Sir Astley Cooper in Spring Gardens. Of the Royal occupants of Whitehall and St. James's there is no need to speak here.

Charles II.'s Duchess of Portsmouth lodged where now stands Richmond Terrace. Saucy Nell Gwynn, who used to call Charles II. her Charles III., lived in Pall Mall, in a house, or on the site of a house, afterwards occupied by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. Sydenham, Gainsborough, Dodsley, and Culloden Duke of Cumberland were other sojourners in Pall Mall.

At Marlborough House lived the conqueror at Blenheim and his volcanic wife. Blucher was lodged in St. James's Palace. Of course, every one knows that the Duke of Wellington lived, and was obliged to have shot proof protections, at Apsley House.

In and about Piccadilly, including Berkeley Square and St. James's Street, lived and lodged Eldon, "old Q.," Byron, Scott, Madame d'Arblay, Rogers, Gibbon, Steele, (whose cottage on Haverstock Hill was pulled down in our own time), Fox, Horace Walpole, Lord Clive, Priestley,* Crabbe, Moore, Sheridan, Addison, Rogers, Edmund Kean, Sterne, Lord Nelson, Sir William and Lady Hamilton, General Monk, Arbuthnot, Daniel O'Connell, Sir Francis Burdett, Special Constable Louis Napoleon, dis-crowned Louis Philippe. In St. James's Street Gillray (strange fate for a caricaturist, but shared by Seymour) committed suicide, by throwing himself out of a window above his printseller's shop.

Madame de Staël lived in Argyll Street, Regent Street. In Old Burlington Street, in 1815, the house of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, F. Robinson, was garrisoned to protect it against the repeated attacks of a mob maddened by hunger.

When Northumberland House was pulled down, and the Lion of the Percys went up the river to Isleworth, the last of the stately mansions that used to stand along the Strand, with grounds sloping down to the river, disappeared. Of their occupants alone big books might be written, and they must be left almost unmentioned here. In Craven

Street lived Franklin; in Buckingham Street, Peter the Great. George Street, Villiers Street, Duke Street, Of Alley, and Buckingham Street, and the beautiful water-gate (now incongruously stranded in the Embankment Gardens, with prim parterres about it, instead of waving arrow-head* looking down at the ripple-broken reflection of its flesh-coloured flowers) are all that remains to tell of York House, seat of Bishops and Archbishops, Lord Chancellors (one of whom was Bacon), and Royal favourites, the George Villierses, father and son.

In the Adelphi, so called after the brothers Adam who built it, in the Terrace—not improved in appearance by its recent renovation—lived Garrick and Beauclerc. In Durham Place, whose site the Adelphi occupies, Lady Jane Grey was married, and Raleigh lived. In Southampton Street lived Congreve and Mrs. Bracegirdle. In the precinct of the Savoy the Duchess of Albemarle (Monk's wife) was born; her father being a blacksmith (who set up the first May-pole in the Strand) and her mother a washerwoman. In Henrietta Maria's time, Somerset House (named after the Protector Somerset) was not only a palace, but a monastery. It was in Somerset House that Cromwell's corpse lay in state. Junius sent his letters to the Somerset Coffee House.

In Howard Street, Mountford, the actor, who lived in Norfolk Street (where William Penn had a house), was killed by Lord Mohun, who had assisted in the attempt to carry off Mrs. Bracegirdle. Congreve at one time lived in Surrey Street. In this part of the Strand stood Norfolk House, in which Elizabeth lived for a time before she came to the throne, and in which died the Countess of Nottingham, who kept back the ring which the Earl of Essex sent to the Queen.

Crossing the road, and passing through Clement's Inn, where Justice Shallow heard the chimes at midnight, we enter Clare Market once more, to note that in it Nat Lee was smothered in the snow on his road home to Duke Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields; that Joe Miller used the Black Jack public-house, and that Jack Sheppard jumped out of one of its windows to escape from the thief-takers.

At the Essex Head, in Essex Street, a brewer's house which got its beer from Thrales, Dr. Johnson founded a club. Here stood Essex House, in which the hot-headed earl of that ilk, just mentioned, fortified him-

* In Lansdowne House, Berkeley Square, where he discovered oxygen

* Arrow-head (*S. Sagittifolia*) used to grow plentifully in the Thames between Hungerford Bridge and the Temple.

self. In Essex Street the Young Pretender is said to have lain *perdu* at Lady Primrose's (as Thackeray makes his father to have lain at Lady Castlewood's in Kensington) the only time he visited London.

Temple Bar was an inconvenient building, and yet somehow I am sorry that—with the exception of the fragment buttressing the banking-house—it has been pulled down. The funny little barber's shop in its opposite flank, with its loquacious, civil, and yet fiery little proprietor, who, leaving the customer on whom he was operating, used to pounce so fiercely on any one who, weary of waiting, was about to depart without paying; loftily declaring that he would not have his establishment turned into a mere resting-place and thoroughfare, was by itself a great loss. The banking-house occupies the site of the wretched Devil Tavern. Tennyson has immortalised the plump head waiter at the Cock, over the way. Dryden lived in Fetter Lane (where Praise-God-Barebones also lived). Richardson lived in Salisbury Square. Locke wrote the dedication of his *Essay on the Human Understanding* in Dorset Court. The Royal Society met in Crane Court. But still Johnson and Goldsmith seem the *genii loci* of Fleet Street—the two doctors who stood looking up at the Jacobites' heads on Temple Bar, the little doctor repeating, with roguish emphasis on the last spondee, the verse which the big doctor had quoted a short time before in Poet's Corner, Westminster Abbey—

“Forsitan et nostrum nomen miscebitur *istis*.”

They both had chambers in the Temple. From his, in Middle Temple Lane, Johnson was roused by Beauclerc and Bennet Langton for an early frolic in Covent Garden and a pull down the river. Goldsmith had three Temple lodgings. He died at his chambers in Brick Court, wretched women whom he had relieved sitting sobbing on the stairs. In merrier times Goldsmith's high jinks in those chambers had sorely disturbed Blackstone, compiling his Commentaries on the floor beneath. Except to mention Charles Lamb, who has embalmed the recollections of his childhood in his essay on the Old Benchers, I have no room to refer to other notabilities of the Temple or to the noto-

rieties who at various times sojourned in the adjacent Alsatia. In Wine Office Court Johnson found Goldsmith fuming against his landlady, who had arrested him for debt, and corked the bottle of Madeira which the irascible and improvident little Irishman, instantly changing the guinea which Johnson had sent him, had bought to console himself with; and from Wine Office Court the good doctor started with the MS. of the “Vicar of Wakefield” (written there) in his pocket, to return with sixty pounds for the author. Not far off, in Green Arbour Court, Old Bailey, Goldsmith was visited by Dr. Percy. (In the Old Bailey “Britannia” Camden was born.)

Besides his Fleet Street residences already mentioned, Johnson lived in Boswell Court, Gough Square, and Bolt Court, where he died. Part of his house there was converted by a disputatious doctor of very different calibre into the office of the *British Banner*.

Vandyke died in the Blackfriars, and Bishop Leighton in Warwick Lane. The corner shop of St. Paul's churchyard, occupied by the firm trading as Griffith and Farran, was formerly occupied by Newbery, the publisher of “Goody Two-Shoes.” Charles II.'s Shaftesbury and Lauderdale had town houses in Aldersgate Street (Shaftesbury House can still be distinguished), and there, in London House, the bishops of the diocese formerly lived. Defoe was born at a butcher's in Cripplegate, Inigo Jones at a clothworker's in Cloth Fair. In Bread Street, famous for its Mermaid Tavern, Milton was born at the Spread Eagle, sign of a scrivener's shop; Sir Thomas More in Milk Street; Thomas Becket in the Poultry; Pope at a linendraper's in Lombard Street; Gray at a linendraper's in Cornhill. Defoe lived in Freeman's Court, Cornhill; G. Fox died in White Hart Court, Gracechurch Street; Chaucer lived in literal Aldgate, the vanished Gatehouse; and Spenser was born in East Smithfield.

Many a name, of course, could be added to this superficial list. It will serve, however, to give the lonely stranger a hint of the host of companions he can summon from the past as he takes his walks abroad in this huge city.



LOVE AND LOSS.

I.—DARK SPRING.

NOW the mavis and the merle
 Lavish their full hearts in song,
 Peach and almond boughs unfurl
 White and purple bloom along
 A blue burning air,
 And all is very fair.
 But ah! the silence and the sorrow!
 I may not borrow
 Any anodyne for grief
 From the joy of flower or leaf,
 No healing to allay my pain
 From the cool of air and rain;
 Every sweet sound grew still,
 Every fair colour pale,
 When his life began to wane;
 They may never live again!
 A child's voice and visage will
 Ever more about me fail.
 Ah! the silence and the sorrow!
 Now my listless feet will go
 Labouring ever as in snow:
 Though the year with glowing wine
 Fill the living veins of vine;
 Though the glossy fig may swell,
 And Night hear her Philomel;
 Though the sweet lemon blossom breathe,
 And fair Sun his falchion wreath
 With crimson roses at his foot,
 All is desolate and mute;
 Dark to-day, and dark to-morrow,
 Ah! the silence and the sorrow!

II.—ONLY A LITTLE CHILD.

A Voice.

Only a little child!
 Stone cold upon a bed!
 Is it for him you wail so wild,
 As though the very world were dead?
 Arise, arise!
 Threaten not the tranquil skies!

Do not all things die?
 'Tis but a faded flower!
 Dear lives exhale perpetually
 With every fleeting hour.
 Rachael for ever weeps her little ones;
 For ever Rizpah mourneth her slain sons.
 Arise, arise!
 Threaten not the tranquil skies!

Only a little child!
 Long generations pass.
 Behold them flash a moment wild
 With stormlight, a pale headlong mass
 Of foam, into unfathomable gloom!
 Worlds and shed leaves have all one doom.
 Arise, arise!
 Threaten not the tranquil skies.

Should Earth's tremendous shade
 Spare only you and yours?
 Who regardeth empire's fade
 Untroubled, who impassive pours
 Human joy, a mere spilt water,
 Revels red with human slaughter!
 Arise, arise!
 Threaten not the tranquil skies.

Another Voice.

. . . Only a little child!
 He was the world to me.
 Pierced to the heart, insane, defiled,
 All holiest hope! foul mockery,
 Childhood's innocent mirth and rest.
 There is no God;
 The earth is virtue's funeral sod!

Another Voice.

Only a little child!
 Ah! then, who brought him here?
 Who made him loving, fair, and mild,
 And to your soul so dear?
 His lowly spirit seemed divine,
 Burning in a heavenly shrine.
 Arise, arise!
 With pardon for the tranquil skies.

Only a little child!
 Who sleeps upon God's heart!
 Jesus blessed our undefiled,
 Whom no power avails to part
 From the life of Him who died
 And liveth, whatsoe'er betide!
 Whose are eyes
 Tranquiller than starlit skies?

Only a little child!
 For whom all things are;
 Spring and summer, winter wild,
 Sea and earth, and every star,
 Time, the void, pleasure and pain,
 Hell and heaven, loss and gain.
 Life and death are his, and he
 Rests in God's eternity.
 Arise, arise!
 Love is holy, true, and wise,
 Mirrored in the tranquil skies.

III.—SLEEP.

Airily the leaves are playing
 In blue summer light;
 Fugitive soft shadow laying
 Lovingly o'er marble white,
 Where he lies asleep.

Lilies of the valley bending
 Lowly bells amid the green;
 Sweet moss roses meekly lending
 Their soft beauty to the scene
 Of his quiet sleep.

All around him heather glowing
 Purple in the sun ;
 Sound of bees and bird o'erflowing
 Lull my lost, my little one,
 Lying there asleep.

Harsher sight or sound be banished,
 For my child is gone to rest ;
 These are telling of my vanished
 In the language of the blest,
 Wake him not from sleep !

RODEN NOEL.

THE HOT LAKES OF NEW ZEALAND.

NOT until the world is strung with telephones and telegraphs, not perhaps until the public can make their sixpenny trip round the globe, will the virtues of the sulphur springs and hot lakes in the province of Auckland, New Zealand, be thoroughly recognised. Indeed, for the vast majority of mankind these healing pools must bubble unseen for many years, perhaps centuries. Yet as the rich men of the earth are not saved by their wealth from sickness, to them it is possible to step into the Siloam of the Antipodes, and it is to them that I venture to give this description of a visit to the Hot Lake district. Last May, when purposing to return from Australia via America, all our friends advised H. and myself to visit the Hot Lakes on our way ; and though very few of them could speak from personal experience, the recommendation was so strong that we broke our journey at Auckland, and took the first little coasting steamer down to Tauranga. This pretty little place, snugly ensconced in an almost land-locked bay, is chiefly notorious for the Gate Pah massacre, a most unfortunate business, which, like the American war, Britons do not care to remember. By some cunning arrangement of the hotel keeper, a buggy and horses were not forthcoming for our forty-mile drive to the lakes until the morning, so we spent the day in visiting the scene of the fight, and the little cemetery which contains the victims of that day's mismanagement. The Pah has entirely disappeared, and it is difficult to trace the progress of the fight, but the truth will ever be patent to the visitors of that little graveyard. How the Maories in their flight from the Pah were met by the Marines, how they hurried back again in desperation to their only shelter, how the bullets of the Marines fell over their heads into the ranks of the 45th, how the soldiers began to run, and their officers one and all remained to be shot down almost to a man, has there a terrible confirmation. In the small enclosure within the cemetery are the graves of eleven officers and fifteen private soldiers.*

* I think nearly sixty soldiers are buried here, but those I have mentioned fell in the actual fight.

The disproportion tells the tale only too truly.

The next morning, at an early hour, the buggy and a pair of horses were at the door of our inn, and having been joined by a small squatter, who was also on his way to the lakes, we started off in the pouring rain for Ohmenintu. The first twelve miles was easily surmounted, although the rise was nearly three thousand feet from the bay, but we then entered the bush, where, though the scenery was magnificent, the road was a swamp. We had not gone two miles before we stuck fast at the bottom of a perpendicular-looking hill of black mud, with the prospect of two fallen trees to surmount half-way up. The wheels were two feet in clay, and the horses most evidently broken-winded. There was nothing for it but to get out and shove, and all but the squatter, by far the heaviest man of the party, plunged boldly into the slough. He had a regular colonial idea of driving. The horses were meant to drag him, not he the horses. If it killed them it didn't matter much. Horses were cheaper than corn, and as for spending the night in the bush, he rather liked it than otherwise. However, we had a different opinion ; for though very beautiful, the bush was very damp, and we were not colonial enough to make a pipe of tobacco serve for breakfast. So, after a good deal of persuasion, and threats of leaving him behind altogether, we not only got his sixteen stone out of the buggy, but prevailed on him to help in lifting the wheels out of the mud and over the trees. At the top of the hill the horses appeared to revive, and another hour brought us to the half-way house. It was inhabited by a Yorkshireman and his wife, a pretty little Jersey woman, very nervous at living all alone in the bush, and continually alarmed by the Maories, who constantly visited the hut. A change of horses was happily awaiting us, and we hastened on to get out of the bush before dark. The horses were in much better condition than the last, and after another twenty miles, during most of which it was so dark that the white of the road in front of us was

all we could see, we were warned by a strong smell of sulphur that we were driving along the shore of Lake Botonia. Half an hour brought us to the village of Ohmenintu, and we gladly descended at Morihanna's Hotel, had a hot bath in one of the pools, a hot supper, and went to bed. The next morning, after a swim in the Hot Lake, a body of water about the size of Windermere, and which becomes quite cold towards the centre, we made our way to Waranamantau, a collection of pools about three miles away. Its chief characteristic are the geysers, and we hoped to see them in full play.

The pools here have an awkward habit of changing their topography from time to time, and it was always on the cards that some portion of the path would give way under an unusual weight. The squatter at once decided that the place was of very minor interest, and sat down to wait for us, keeping himself as he hoped out of danger. An old and ugly Maori woman, with little clothing except a print skirt of Manchester make, acted as our guide, and followed by a troop of copper-coloured urchins, we walked very circumspectly in her very footsteps among the boiling pools and heaving crusts of earth. It was certainly very marvellous. The country round appeared to be on fire, and the naked figures of the young Arawahs, as they glided through the clouds of steam, reminded one strongly of Dante's Demons on the banks of the Phlegethon.

The Great Geyser, which we were told has been known to play to the height of eighty feet, was apparently not in working order, for with the exception of a succession of vast heaves and gurgles there was nothing to be seen. That the Maories are not deficient in cunning we had often been told, and now experienced an instance of it. The old woman, who had hitherto walked silently in front of us, suddenly stopped in a narrow pass between two boiling mud marshes, and demanded black-mail. Of course she was entitled to something, but it was ludicrously undignified to be so entirely at the mercy of an old woman at whom we had been laughing the whole way. It was too dangerous to retrace our steps without a guide, and we could not pass her without stepping into the boiling mud. So we submitted, and found she was contented with a shilling from each of us, skipping away like a school-girl after the bargain had been completed. We now wished to try the virtues of the sulphur baths, and having luckily met a Scandinavian woman, who had lately brought her husband

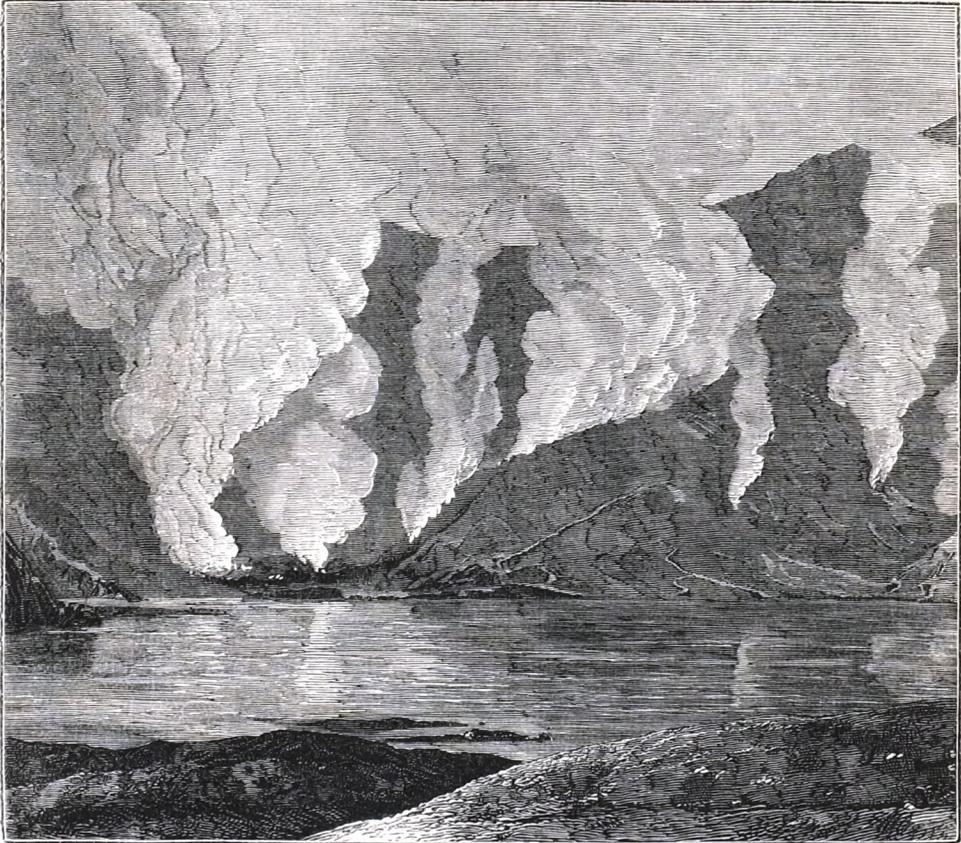
to the lakes to be cured of rheumatic fever, we obtained clean towels, and followed her good man down to the strongest pool. It was very hot and very delicious, the strong smell of sulphur being by no means disagreeable. It was very amusing to see the Maories squatting solemnly down in the shallow places. There were several there of both sexes, and there they spent a great part of the day, smoking if they are fortunate enough to possess any tobacco, but if not, quite contented to sit for hours doing absolutely nothing. Among the natives were four or five white faces. These were visitors come to try the baths for various complaints. They all professed themselves to be immensely benefited even after a few days' trial, but the way in which they are at present compelled to live must neutralise the good effects of the water to a great extent.

The Maories, from some hidden, probably superstitious, motive, refuse to allow any habitation to be erected there by Europeans, and as yet their own notions of architecture are of the most primitive kind. A few sticks of supple-jack and wattle tied and pegged to two or three upright posts, a roof of tea-tree and rushes, and a door laying bare one side of the house, constitute the native warri. The boiling pools supply all the needful cooking apparatus, and therefore neither a fireplace nor chimney is added; and though the one room is thus saved from that stifling atmosphere of smoke which pervades most savage dwellings, yet the floor is very damp, and the room so draughty that a man suffering from rheumatic fever would under ordinary circumstances have little chance of recovery. The Maories themselves suffer very greatly from consumption, no doubt brought on from their suicidal practice of sitting for hours in a pool almost at boiling point, and retiring to bed in one of these damp, unwholesome warris. However, I hope to see the day when the scruples of the natives shall be overcome, and the patients allowed the use of a suitable house. Doctors will no doubt take the matter up some day, and Ohmenintu be the Harrogate of our posterity.

On coming out of our bath, we were met by a little Maori boy, who after pulling our coats, like a sagacious dog I once read of, induced us to follow him to where we had left our friend. Caution is, alas! not always the safest policy. Our squatter, rising to inspect a boiling pool, had stepped into a boiling mud hole. Two Maori women were already in attendance, and a man had been

sent off to the lake to obtain some famous black mud. Till he returned the foot was kept in a hot pool to the great relief of our friend, who appeared to feel little or no pain. The man returned in about half an hour, during which time the women were singing a monotonous chant to frighten away the evil spirits. We had now an opportunity of seeing some native doctoring. While one of the women stood ready with a large lump of mud, such as Prince Bladud would have revelled in, the other withdrew the injured

limb from the water, with a jerk which terribly discomposed the equilibrium of our fat friend. A moment after, his leg up to the knee was well plastered with the mud, and, after carrying him to the nearest warri, we were obliged to leave him in the hands of his new friends and make the best of our way back to our inn. It was not likely he would be able to walk for a fortnight, during which time the mud-washing process was to be repeated twice a day. The virtue of this treatment is most extraordinary, and whereas



A Hot Lake in New Zealand.

several Europeans, it is said, have either died or lost their limbs under European treatment, very few fatal cases have been known among the Maoris, if they can completely exclude the air in time.

That evening, grieved at the loss of our companion, who had acted as our interpreter hitherto, we drove by way of two beautiful cold lakes, called "the blue" and "the green," to Wairoa, a village on Lake Tera-wera. It was getting late when we reached our inn, but our Maori host, Mr. Paroa, had

collected a number of children to welcome us with "a laka," or native dance; and to this infliction we had to submit for an hour before we could get supper.

At length, however, even Paroa was satiated, and after serving out a large quantity of hard biscuit (at our expense) to the dancers, he sallied forth with a couple of friends and removed them forcibly from the doors.

But we yet had to satisfy the wants of the elder portion of the community. They

being personal friends of the landlord, were admitted into our apartment, and Paroa, with the utmost liberality, served out a liberal allowance of rum, which we found duly charged in the bill next morning. It was in vain that we remonstrated, urging that they had not even danced, but were silenced by the remark that they were quite prepared to do so, and as our crew was to be selected from them next morning, hospitality triumphed.

After a substantial colonial breakfast, consisting of mutton in various forms, we went down a winding path to the lake, and found that the chief to whom we had applied had provided us with a substantial English-built boat and a crew of six men, who did no injustice to the Maori fame for stature and strength. We at once embarked, but it was a good half-hour before we could prevail on our escort to do the same. Whenever Maori meets Maori, they must have a talk, and for the next twenty minutes these fellows kept up such a furious jabber that we expected to see knives and tomahawks out at every instant. At last they all took their seats at the oars, and away we started at a great pace, and in less than two hours we landed on the other side. The warm stream that flowed from the hot lake above was too rapid to contend against in anything but light canoes; and having laden two of the crew with our luncheon and rugs, we proceeded to walk the remaining mile to the White Terraces. The scenery already was pretty enough, but we were quite unprepared for the wonderfully beautiful sight which suddenly burst upon us as we turned the last corner. A vast marble staircase rose above us, streaming with water. At the summit a cloud of steam rolled slowly up from some gigantic boiling pool, and floated away among the hills. We were soon at the foot of the hill, and a nearer inspection only enhanced its beauty. The broad, flat steps were worn by the action of sulphuretted water into an exact imitation of white coral, and on every platform rested a basin of the bluest, clearest water. As each of these was filled from the basin above, it overflowed into the basin below, and from being at boiling point at the top, the water became almost cold at the bottom. As we ascended, the steam became more and more dense, until we stood on the brink of the topmost boiling pool, wet to the skin and unable to see a yard in front of us until some friendly gust of wind carried the vapour away. And these occasional glimpses revealed the most curious

sight of all. The pool was almost regularly circular, and hollowed by nature so exactly that its sides might compare favourably with the best paved bath in London. A mass of blue clear water writhed and tumbled within, now rising with a burst to the height of some twenty feet, now sinking into a furious whirlpool. The sight was beautiful and terrible, and one could no longer doubt that the Maories had here chosen a fitting habitation for their gods: indeed, who but gods could dwell in a spot so unnatural, so unearthly?

Though fast assuming the consistency of a wet sponge from the thick vapours, I could have stayed there for hours, had not our guides hurried us away to fresh scenes of wonder. But the enchantment was broken for all lesser wonders, and we threaded our way among smaller geysers and smaller pools as though we had been born in their midst. Lake Notomahana was soon reached, and leaving our bow-oar to cook our luncheon of mutton and potatoes in a handy pool, we all embarked in a long canoe, and paddled over to the Pink Terraces. Though of a strangely beautiful pink colour, they were by no means so beautiful as the white, and we thought it no sacrilege to apply the pool to the base uses of a hot bath. Of course, here again the higher we climbed the hotter became the water, and it was extraordinary what heat we found our bodies could stand with pleasure, if we crept gradually up from the bottom. H. and I did not stop until we had reached the third pool from the top, and I believe Maoris have been known to enter the one immediately beneath it. By the time we had thoroughly enjoyed our wallow, and finished up with a swim in the lake itself, shouts from the other side proclaimed that our luncheon was ready, and we were soon paddling back across the lake. But now occurred a contretemps which might have had an awkward termination. H., excited by the numerous flights of teal and duck which passed directly over our heads, cautiously loaded his pistol and fired a shot into the midst of them. In a moment arose a terrible uproar from our crew. The paddlers ceased paddling, and everybody appeared to be speaking at once. I at first conceived that it was a mutiny, but the unfortunate pistol soon proved to be the *causa teterrima*. From what I could understand from the coxswain, who knew a few words of English, the lake was *tapu* (or sacred), and consequently the ducks and teal belonged to the gods or chiefs or somebody, who would not be satisfied with any-

thing less than a fine of five pounds ; and I expected a sensational story of a narrow escape from a cannibal feast, after the manner of Mr. Fenimore Cooper. As we were dealing with civilised, or rather degenerate savages, we escaped the dread penalty of being cooked for a cannibal feast, *à la* Fenimore Cooper.

We were now tired even of seeing hot pools, and refusing to visit the Green Terraces or the Steam Whistle, we re-embarked and set off for our long row home. But before we reached the other side, it was necessary to exert all our diplomacy to remove the bad impressions produced by the pistol. They had at first demanded its forfeiture, but H., like any other boy of sixteen, refused to surrender the treasure but with his life, and whispered in a murderous

manner that he had a bullet ready for each of the crew. But he was already rather a favourite, and after singing them an English song in return for each of their Maori chants (no hard matter, considering the latter are always twenty minutes long, and we neither of us knew two consecutive verses of our own), we quieted their consciences and hurried off to our buggy directly the boat touched the shore.

Our visit to the lakes was ended, and we drove away amid the cheers of the village.

Of all the beautiful sights we saw in our journey round the world, the White Terraces were the most beautiful ; of all healing pools I have most faith in those of Ohmenintu ; and I shall ever look back upon those four days at the Hot Lakes as, if not the happiest, at least the most interesting of my life.

CURIOUS CASES OF CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

A VIVID interest always surrounds all cases of circumstantial evidence. People for whom the mere horrors of crime have no attraction, who studiously avoid police reports and accounts of "awful murders," are still fascinated by those instances in which the witnesses are mostly mute. And this is not a morbid interest. Was it likely that a great heroism could be as often the subject of circumstantial evidence as a great crime, the interest would remain as strong. Probably it arises from a secret sense that in all cases of mystery, something, which is quite apart from the mere individual instance, is also on trial—to wit, all men's ordinary methods of judging of each other and of each other's works and ways.

Sometimes circumstances direct suspicion, and sometimes suspicion finds a trail of corroborative circumstance. If great care is needed in both cases, it is especially required in the latter. Once any idea is started, it is singular how much circumstance can be found to back up its theory. Who can deny that there is much plausibility in the arguments adduced to prove that Lord Bacon wrote the plays which we call Shakespeare's ? Is there not something to say for every candidate for the authorship of the Letters of Junius ? In such cases as these, there are opposite ideas, with other people and other evidence to sustain them. But in criminal courts, the unhappy accused has to rebut the evidence against himself, and is seldom in a position to show that other evidence, perhaps equally

strong, may point to somebody else who is undoubtedly innocent.

Untrained minds are always rash in their conclusions, and when any great trial is absorbing public attention we readily find, by the talk of the railway-carriage or the reading-room, that there are those who would condemn a man for a coincident footprint, a dubious stain, or an unaccounted hour. They back themselves up with those half-proverbial expressions, which may be true enough, but are not the whole of truth. "Circumstances cannot lie," they say ; "lifeless things cannot commit perjury." No : but their assertions may mean many things. The footprint near the dead body cannot out of malice have shaped itself to that of the accused, yet other feet than his may have made it. Those who best know the worth of circumstantial evidence are always the last to declare when it suffices, and in face of the sad secrets kept by dusty legal records, it must ever remain a terrible thing to pronounce an irrevocable sentence from such data.

There is one grim old story told in ancient law-books, of a murder committed at an inn. It was a little country inn, in a rather unfrequented place, and there on one wintry night arrived two sets of guests. One party consisted of an elderly invalided gentleman and his man-servant ; the other, of two gentlemen, friends, travelling in company. The accommodation was rather limited, and the man-servant was stowed away in a loft,

The two friends agreed to share one chamber, while the old gentleman was to occupy that next to theirs. The three gentlemen spent the evening together in the common room, the landlord and the man-servant coming to and fro in attendance. It transpired, somehow, that the elderly invalid was travelling in possession of considerable valuables. This matter was touched upon but lightly; in fact, it was little more than an inference which might be drawn from something he said. About midnight all the travellers retired to rest. An hour or two after, one of the friends awoke. Lying in silence, he heard something like a groan, and, on its being repeated, he aroused his companion, and both listened. The sound came from the next apartment. They sprang to their feet, and, thinking their neighbour might be suddenly and dangerously ill, they hastily struck a light and went to his room. But they found they had been anticipated; light already streamed from his opened door, and at his bedside stood the landlord, with a face of horror, and in his hand a bloody knife. As the gentlemen entered the room, the invalid gave a last groan and expired from a deadly wound in his throat.

Naturally, the two gentlemen seized and secured the landlord. Between the tell-tale weapon in his hand and the extreme dismay and trepidation which he manifested, he might almost be said to be taken in the act. They roused the house. The few sleepy servants came hurrying in, among them the footman of the murdered man. So great was the host's terror that it was some time before he could utter a single word which might put a different complexion on the case. At last he found wits to declare that, like the gentlemen, he had been roused by the groans, and, fearing robbers, had armed himself with a knife and hurried forth, hoping to be in time to give help; that when he saw the awful sight in the bedchamber the knife had fallen from his hand into the blood, and he had remained for a few moments powerless.

Such a story seemed credible enough; but there were sundry circumstances which instantly falsified it. The room where the landlord had slept was too remote from the scene of the murder for any groans to have reached it; and the knife was not one of those in ordinary use, which might have been hastily snatched up, but resembled others which were kept locked in a chest in his bedroom. Of these circumstances he could offer no explanation, nor yet of sundry ejaculations he had uttered when first surprised.

In spite of his protestations of innocence, in which, somehow, there seemed always a curious reservation, he was condemned to die. The night before his execution he made a singular confession. He acknowledged that his cupidity had been so excited by the idea of his visitor's valuables that he had resolved to kill him, and to possess himself of them. For this purpose he took out a knife and stole from his bedroom. Probably in the preoccupation of his horrible enterprise he heard no footstep, nor any groan; and the first thing which warned him that all was not right was the finding the visitor's bedroom-door unlatched. When his light fell on the awful scene, and he saw his own crime had been anticipated, his knife fell from his palsied hand; and when he found himself in the grasp of his accusers he had cried that "God's judgments were on him." He owned that though he was in act guiltless of the murder, yet that he was justly judged. But though he died with every appearance of sincere repentance, the general impression was that even his final confession was but another vagary of a criminal nature, playing with truth and falsehood to the very end.

But years afterwards a clergyman was summoned to receive the last confidences of a man sinking in consumption. This was the servant of the murdered invalid. Then he owned that it was he who had slain his master. He had stolen from his remote loft, and had just inflicted the mortal wound when he was disturbed by the landlord's approaching footsteps, and fled barefoot in an opposite direction, regained his bed, and remained there until he was summoned by the cries of the other lodgers. He indicated how and where he had disposed of the weapon with which he killed his master, details which were subsequently verified. He was too near death to be seized by justice, but the particulars of his confession were made public, though in this case the story cannot be concluded by the formula with which the prim old law reporters generally sum up such tragedies, "that the innocence of the other man was thus completely vindicated."

Far more piteous is the story of William Shaw, who lived in Edinburgh in 1721. He was a respectable tradesman, and he had a daughter named Catherine, who, unhappily, had troublesome love affairs. Her own heart inclined to one John Lawson, to whom her father objected, saying that he was a profligate youth addicted to every kind of dissipation. Shaw forbade the lover his house, and when he found that Catherine still saw him

clandestinely the father imprisoned the daughter on his own premises.

Whether Shaw was too hard, or whether Catherine was too wilful, nobody can say. There is one element in the case which draws sympathy to the girl. There was not only a lover to be given up, but a lover to be accepted. While Shaw banished John Lawson, he urged forward the suit of one Robertson. Catherine passionately declared that she would die sooner than marry this man; and many altercations were overheard between the father and daughter. The family seems to have consisted of these two only, and they lived in one of those "flats," or suites of rooms, opening from a common stair, which were common in Edinburgh then, as now, though in London, except in the Inns of Court, they are a modern innovation. Under somewhat imperfect arrangement this plan of building offers facilities for hearing high voices or heavy falls. The nearest neighbours of the Shaws, a family named Morison, often overheard the quarrels of the father and daughter. Without troubling themselves to listen, they could hear words which the girl screamed shrilly in her grief and rage. One day the quarrel waxed very loud and hot. James Morison, as he sat following his occupation as a watch-case maker, heard Catherine giving vent to such expressions as, "barbarity!" "cruelty!" and "death!"

Presently he heard somebody leave the room, shutting the door noisily and locking it. For some minutes afterwards there was silence. Then he heard several faint groans in what seemed Catherine's voice. He felt alarmed, and called the attention of others to the sound. They went to the door of Shaw's flat and listened there. Presently they heard the daughter faintly exclaim, "Cruel father, you are the cause of my death!" They knocked imperatively for admittance: there was no answer, and, calling the aid of the town guard, they forced the lock. Catherine was found lying in a pool of blood, with a knife beside her. She was in the agonies of death, and quite speechless, but when a neighbour bent over her and inquired if it was her father who had done this, she was just able to make an affirmative motion with her head and then expired.

At this very moment William Shaw returned. At the sight of his daughter he turned pale, trembled, and was ready to sink, which after all was only natural. Blood upon his shirt bore less doubtful witness against him.

He was hurried before the magistrates,

and on his trial he fully admitted the angry terms on which he and his daughter had lived of late, also the bitterness of the quarrel before their last parting; but he declared that he left her then unhurt and well. He persisted that the blood on his shirt was there in consequence of his having bled himself, some days before, and the bandage becoming untied, but of this he could offer no corroborative evidence. So he was found guilty, and hanged in chains at Leith Walk.

Exactly one year later the new tenant of William Shaw's flat was making some rearrangements in his room, setting up a cupboard, or shelves, or something which led him to pay particular attention to the skirting-board round the fire-place. Suddenly he caught sight of a paper which seemed to have fallen behind it. He took it out, and when he had unfolded it, he read the following letter: "Barbarous father, your cruelty in having put it out of my power ever to join my fate to that of the only man I could love, and tyrannically insisting on my marrying one whom I had always hated, has made me form a resolution to put an end to an existence which has become a burden to me. My death I lay to your charge. When you read this consider yourself as the inhuman wretch that plunged the murderous knife into the bosom of the unhappy Catherine Shaw."

Many relations and friends readily recognised the handwriting. The high-flown language, the egotism of tone, alike reveal a mind poisoned by the style of romance in fashion at that epoch, and make us feel with the poor father, who was probably honestly desirous to save his child from real misery, though, perhaps, he did not take the best way to do so. It reads like solemn irony that the magistrates of Edinburgh ordered the body of William Shaw to be taken from the gibbet (the bones were still hanging in chains according to the ghastly old custom), and given to his family for interment. And "as the only reparation to his memory, and the honour of his surviving relations, they caused a pair of colours to be waved over his grave in token of his innocence!"

Far less pathetic, but scarcely less grim, is the story of three gentlemen supping together at a Norfolk tavern in the year 1684. One became deeply intoxicated; then the others, also somewhat inflamed by wine, quarrelled, and one snatched up the sword of the drunken man and stabbed the other to the heart. And not until years after the drunkard had been tried and executed for the murder did the other, then dying in extreme misery in

France, acknowledge that he, and he only, had done the deed.

In the year 1660 two men named Perry and their mother were hanged for the murder of a man who had never been murdered at all. Mr. Harrison, Lady Campden's steward, having been collecting his rents, suddenly disappeared. John Perry accused his mother, himself, and his brother of having robbed Mr. Harrison in the previous year, and of having again robbed him and murdered him on the night when he was missed. The mother and Richard Perry denied all knowledge of the matter; but at length pleaded guilty to the first indictment under some pressure of policy. The other indictment was not then proceeded with, on the ground that the body was not found. But John persisted in his story, and at the next assize they were all tried for murder. John then retracted his confession and said he must have been mad. Nevertheless, they were all condemned. Some years after Mr. Harrison appeared alive, and thus accounted for his mysterious absence:—"After receiving his rents he had been set upon by a gang of ruffians, carried to the sea-side, put on ship-board, and sold as a slave to the Turks. After his master's death he escaped, and with great difficulty working his way, first to Lisbon, and thence to Dover, he arrived in England, as our law book coolly says, "to the surprise of all the country."

The last story we shall tell is another tale of an inn. The Rising Sun was the name of a public-house on the high road between York and Newcastle. It was kept by a man named Harris, assisted by two servants, a man named Morgan, and a maid. One evening a blacksmith stopped at the Rising Sun, supped, and slept there. Early next morning the ostler, Morgan, went to a neighbouring magistrate and gave information that his master, Harris, had just murdered the traveller in his bed. The traveller was found at the public-house lying dead, with every appearance of having been strangled. Harris was apprehended, but positively denied the charge. Morgan as positively affirmed it. Morgan deposed that he saw his master on the bed strangling the stranger. Harris declared that he found the man in a fit and tried to assist him. Morgan further said that he had afterwards seen his master rifling the pockets of the deceased.

Harris denied everything, and medical evidence was brought forward to prove that all the marks on the body might have arisen from natural causes. The innkeeper was on

the point of being discharged, when the maid-servant requested to be sworn. She deposed that almost directly upon Harris coming down on the morning of the traveller's death, she (being in a back wash-house unknown to her master) saw him go into the garden, take some gold from his pocket, wrap it up, and bury it under a tree in a certain corner. Harris was observed to be confused at this information. An officer was sent with the girl, and he dug up a packet containing £30 at the spot which she indicated. Harris then acknowledged having hidden the money, but he did so with such reluctance, and with so many evasions, that he was instantly committed for trial.

At the trial Morgan again deposed that he had seen the murder committed. The girl again swore to the concealing of the money, and the constable proved having found it according to her statement.

Harris had nothing to say except that Morgan's evidence was entirely false, that the buried money was his own, put away for better security. The judge summed up; the jury found the prisoner guilty, and he was condemned to die.

Harris seems to have taken his sentence meekly. He persisted in his innocence, and only lamented the sordidness of temper which, he said, had led him into a general distrustfulness, and into such ways as this hiding of his money which had proved his ruin.

After their master's death Morgan and the maid were married. They lived very unhappily, and at last the wife disclosed the whole story. They had both known their master's miserly temper, and the girl had found out that he buried money in the garden, a fact which she reported to Morgan. They resolved to let him go on doing so until it should amount to a considerable sum, when they purposed to seize it and to decamp.

One day Harris and Morgan had a bitter quarrel, and the master struck the man, whose sullen temper instantly formed a resolution to revenge himself. At this crisis the blacksmith arrived. The next morning Morgan himself found him dead in his bed. With diabolical inspiration he resolved to charge his master with the murder, and to plunder that master's hoard while he was in prison, thus at once gratifying his hatred and his greed. Of this scheme he apprised the girl, and secured her approval. But when she found that the accusation was not sufficiently supported, while some words dropped in court led her to fear that if her master was released her lover might be apprehended,

she resolved to sacrifice both the money and her master to secure the safety of the wretch Morgan.

After this confession she and her husband were both thrown into prison, but escaped their public punishment by dying of gaol fever. It was afterwards found, by some quite unexpected information, that the blacksmith had had two previous attacks of apoplexy, and had never, at any one time, owned as much as five pounds in money.

The greater regard for life now regulating all legal procedure, the extreme care taken in all trials for murder, the delicacy of medical testimony (though that very delicacy may be misleading), and the generous hand with which all benefit of doubt is thrown into the scale of mercy, may encourage us to hope that such fearful miscarriages of justice as those we have been considering are now numbered among things of the past. Still we must remember that if the elaboration of

judicial machinery has progressed, so also has the complication of life. It is quite possible that, though circumstantial evidence seldom hangs the guiltless in these days, it may often, on minor charges, send the innocent to prison, with all the dreadful consequences of broken hearts, blighted homes, and blasted hopes, which no future discovery—even should discovery be made—can ever restore in this world.

And when we see to what erroneous conclusions circumstances may lead us, even when these circumstances are sifted and marshalled by minds trained especially for this kind of service, should we not, in all our judgments on our fellow-creatures, whether of those unfortunate beings who challenge our criticism in the public prints, or of our friends, neighbours, and acquaintances, remember not only that "circumstances alter cases," but that, in very truth, "cases alter circumstances?"

MOVEMENTS OF LAND.

ONE of the most interesting subjects which the geologist is called upon to investigate is that of the formation of coral reefs; and one of the most remarkable features in connection with the erection of these structures consists in the fact that their formation can only be explained by assuming that land has sunk, and that the coral polypes have built upwards as the land subsided. It is a well-ascertained fact that the coral polypes can exist only in a limited depth of sea and near the surface, where they can obtain the light, heat, and oxygen necessary for the maintenance of their vitality. Thus, a depth of some twenty fathoms may be taken as the greatest depth at which the majority of reef-building corals flourish and grow. When this fact of the limitation in depth of the coral polypes first came under the notice of naturalists, they propounded a very simple theory of the erection of coral reefs. The simplicity of the theory, however, constituted its chief, if not its only merit. This explanation held that the coral animals began to build their reefs on submarine mountains, which elevations of the sea-bed, in consistency with the fact of the limitation in depth of the corals already alluded to, must have been regarded as existing within a uniform distance from the surface of the sea. The circular form of the perfect coral island was similarly attributed to the fact of the animals

having built their reef around the crater of an extinct submarine volcano. The enunciation of this theory was followed by the natural and beneficial criticism which awaits scientific speculation of every kind. Are there submarine mountains, asked the common-sense critics, which will serve as the real and veritable basis at once of the theory and of the coral reefs? The limited knowledge possessed by the naturalists of bygone days regarding the condition and disposition of the sea-bed, afforded ground for denying the existence of such submarine hills; whilst the deductions of geology and physical geography no less stoutly ridiculed the proposition on which the theory was founded. If there were no submarine mountains, or if submarine elevations did not exist in the numbers and uniformity demanded by the theory, then this first explanation of the erection of coral islands and reefs was manifestly absurd. This theory, further, took no account, and did not explain the peculiarities in form, of the various reefs. And those who held that a circular coral island was built around a volcanic crater, were placed in the predicament of requiring the concession that the cup-shaped summits of volcanoes might measure over eighty miles long by twenty miles or more broad!

That this first theory of coral reefs was obviously founded on incorrect data, was a

fact soon patent to its warmest supporters. So difficult was the task of reconciling the limitation in depth of the living coral-workers with the erection of their reefs from immense depths of sea, that for many years no theorist was found bold enough to undertake the task of framing an explanation of the phenomenon. In 1843 Mr. Darwin ventilated a theory of the formation of coral reefs after a practical, prolonged, and careful study of these reefs in their native seas. He showed that, assuming the work of reef-erection to begin at a depth of twenty fathoms or so, and to be founded on the shores of ordinary and not necessarily submerged land, the formation of reefs could be shown to depend on the sinking or subsidence of land. Recognising these latter phenomena, all becomes clear in the history of coral reefs; and since 1843, Mr. Darwin's views that the corals build upwards as the land sinks and subsides, have held their own against the most careful scrutiny and

criticism which naturalists and geologists have brought to bear upon them.

The interesting nature of the study of coral reefs and their mode of origin is almost surpassed, and is certainly equalled, by that of the chief condition under which Mr. Darwin has shown they are erected. A short *résumé* of the chief facts implied in the subsidence of land and in the elevation of the earth's crust may therefore be acceptable as serving more fully to explain the details of coral reef formation, and as teeming with interest merely as a study of some incidents in our earth's history, which, although of common occurrence, are amongst the least known portions of our planet's biography.

That the land is the unstable portion of our world, and that the sea is conversely to be regarded as the stable part of the universe, appears to be a declaration so manifestly opposed to every-day observation and experience, that the geologist is prepared to find his statement either rejected, or received with a demand for full explanation and stable proof. The instability of the fluid portion of the globe has had a proverbial application from the earliest times, and in the face of its mobile, ever-changing nature, we are not surprised to find that the great ocean has been received as the type of all that is restless and varying in nature as well as in the con-

stitution of man. But the physicist would urge upon us the further thought, that this extreme mobility invests the fluids of our globe with a universal capability of adapting themselves to changes in their solid surroundings. If we apply even to the school-boy for information regarding this property of water, he will be found to

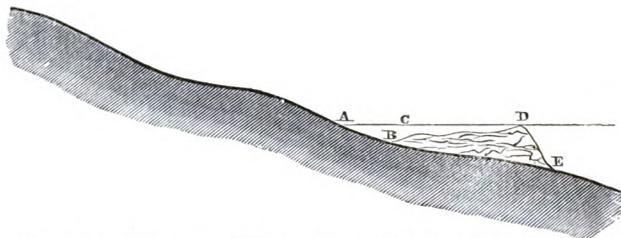


Fig. 1.—Section across a Fringing Reef. A D is the sea-level, A B C the channel between the reef and the shore, and B D E the reef itself.

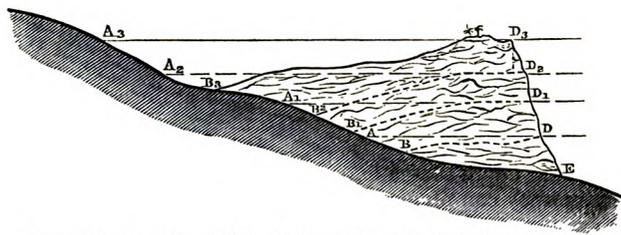


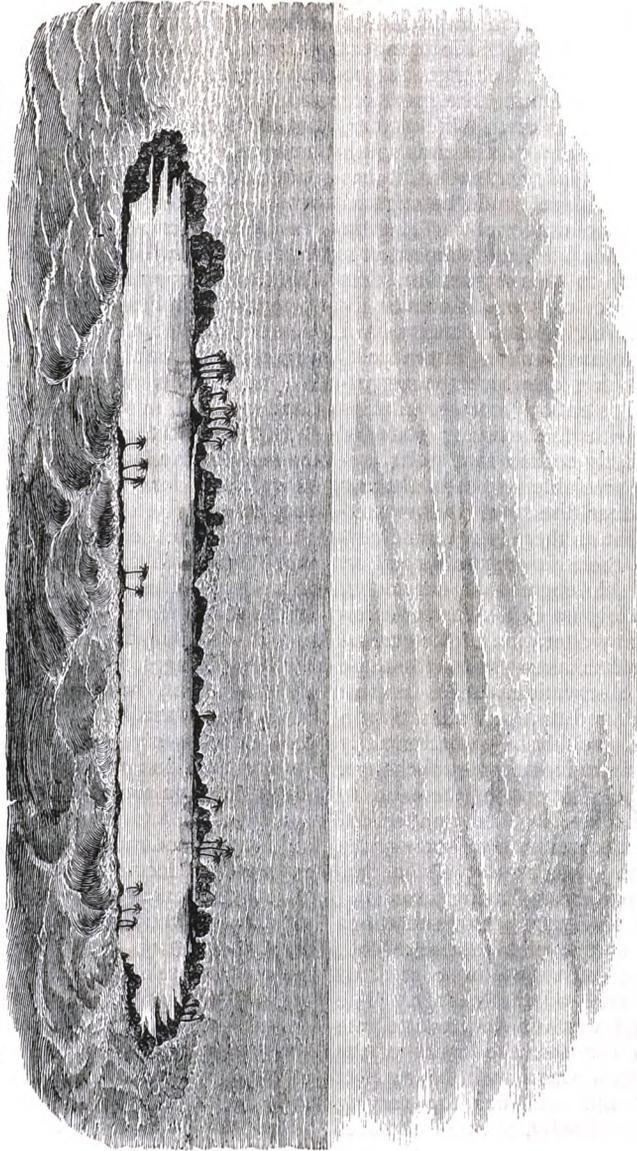
Fig. 2.—Showing the sinking of the level at A₁ D₁, A₂ D₂, A₃ D₃, and also the contemporaneous elevation of the coral barrier B₁, D₁ D, B₁ B₂, D₂ D₁, B₂ B₃, D₃ D₂.

talk learnedly respecting what his teacher of natural philosophy has taught him regarding the "equilibrium of fluids." This latter expression is simply a learned way of putting the fact that the extreme mobility of the particles of water contained in a cup or other vessel, tends to produce an equal pressure in every direction in the body of fluid; so that, incline the vessel how we may, the water will invariably present us with a perfectly level surface. Suppose we tilt our tumbler of water to a degree just short of spilling the fluid, the level will still be maintained. No manipulation of the tumbler will induce the anything but unstable fluid—viewed in this sense at least—to rise higher at one side than at the

other. If we wish to alter the level of water in the vessel, we can do so only by enlarging the vessel, when the level will sink through the fluid being distributed over a greater area ; by contracting the tumbler, when the

level will conversely rise ; or we may raise the level by adding fluid, and lower the level by taking some fluid out. These very homely details in reality form the basis of a very grave and important argument regarding those rela-

Fig. 3.—View of a Coral Fringe which had surrounded an island now submerged. The sinking has gradually gone on till only a ring of coral remains, enclosing a lagoon. Such rings or atolls are common in the Pacific.



tions of the solid to the fluid parts of our earth which we are engaged in discussing. Practically, the great body of water we term an ocean, obeys the same laws as the infinitesimal part we may include within the limits of our tumbler. To the geologist the sea is a

level and unvarying body of water, which maintains its equilibrium despite the constant turmoil and ceaseless action which prevail within its substance. Granted that tides affect its mass ; these periodic movements will have no more permanent effect on the

level of the ocean, than the miniature whirlpool one may form with the finger in a tumbler of water can have on the level of the water contained therein. Suppose, as various eminent geologists and physicists have insisted, that in bygone periods of the earth's history there may have been alterations in the sea-level, such a fact, even if proved to be true, could have had very little practical effect in inducing material change in the great mass of waters. During the great ice or glacial periods of our earth's life-history, when the ice-cap at the north and south poles must have been of great extent, it has been urged, the ocean-level would be affected through the quantity of water subtracted from its mass. And it has been maintained as a necessary corollary to this statement, that the melting of the ice-caps would conversely heighten the sea-level. But such effects have not been proved to have existed in the past, although the reasoning on which the suggestions are founded is entirely correct in principle. Dealing with the existing state of matters, it is perfectly certain that polar ice-caps have no appreciable extent in altering the sea-level in either direction. It is reasonable to suppose that as there is constant subtraction from, so there is constant addition to, the waters which encompass our globe, and there is certainly no evidence forthcoming to show that any alteration of the general level of the ocean has taken place within the range of human observation. And it must be further remembered that any alteration in the general level would be more readily noticed than any mere local or partial change.

But what of the relations of the land to the ocean and its level? This matter did not escape the acute observation of some of the master minds of the classic ages; Pythagoras and Strabo, in particular, having discussed the important question whether, in alterations of the relations and level of sea and land, the ocean or the earth was to be credited with being the seat of the change. The former philosopher was inclined to attribute to alterations in the sea the cause of the change, whilst Strabo was firm in his support of the idea that the land was the varying element. In his geography, Strabo discourses at length regarding the question of the presence of shells in elevated situations. Disagreeing with the opinions of those who, like the Diluvialists of a comparatively recent period in geology, referred every change in the globe and its parts to the action of the Flood of Noah, and who insisted that the former overflowing of waters and seas ac-

counted for the presence of shells at great heights, Strabo clearly insists that the alterations in land are the real cause of the change of level. "It is not," says this ancient geologist, as if foreshadowing the opinions of his brethren in modern times, "because the lands covered by seas were originally at different altitudes, that the waters have risen, or subsided, or receded from some parts and inundated others; but the reason is, that the same land is sometimes raised up and sometimes depressed, and the sea also is simultaneously raised and depressed, so that it either overflows or returns into its own place again. We must, therefore," he continues, "ascribe the cause to the ground, either to that ground which is under the sea, or to that which becomes flooded by it; but rather to that which lies beneath the sea, for this is more movable, and, on account of its humidity, can be altered with greater celerity." We can hardly wonder that the late Sir Charles Lyell, in speaking of Strabo's ideas, should term his theory of the relations between the sea and the land one, "the profoundness of which modern geologists are only beginning to appreciate." And the spirit of this old worker in earth-lore is most truly in accordance with that of modern inquiry when he maintains that "it is proper to derive our explanations from things which are obvious, and, in some measure, of daily occurrence, such as deluges, earthquakes, and volcanic eruptions, and sudden swellings of land beneath the sea." The modern science of geology in its surest phases is entirely based on explanations of "things which are obvious," and on the direct study and observation of nature and her phenomena.

In more modern days, however, the alterations of land received the amount of attention the phenomenon so justly demand. The patient observation of many coast-lines during the last century, for example, revealed the fact that the relations of sea and land were being slowly altered. Celsius, during the preceding century, recorded such observations, made from an inspection of the coasts of his native country, Sweden. Linnæus followed with observations of the same kind, as will afterwards be more particularly pointed out; and, in recent times, the extended investigation of geological phenomena has revealed the fact that this seemingly stable earth of ours is in a state of constant alteration and change; that in some areas it is being depressed, whilst in others it is being elevated; and that the present movements of our globe represent merely a greatly modified sequence

of the extensive movements and alterations to which in past periods of its history it was subjected, and to which, indeed, it owes its present aspect and conformation.

We have still, however, to examine the relationship which exists between the sea and the land in the earth-movements to be presently illustrated. This relationship, and the manner in which the land is seen to be the seat of these movements, may be well studied in the history of the famous Temple of Jupiter Serapis, situated, as every visitor to Naples knows, at Puzzuoli, a town, or large village, situated some seven miles from the famous city just named, on the Bay of Baiæ. The locality thus indicated is ground of the most classic kind, and the discovery of the ruins of the temple in 1749 did nothing to lessen the interest which attaches to Puzzuoli and its vicinity. In the year just mentioned, the attention of some Italian antiquaries was directed to the tops of these stone pillars, which were well-nigh buried beneath the soil, and which were, moreover, almost concealed by the growth of bushes and shrubs. When, in the succeeding year, the soil and rubbish were cleared away, the remains of what must have been an edifice of no ordinary kind or degree of splendour, were discovered. The shape of this edifice appears to have been quadrangular, its side measurements being about seventy feet. The square floor was formed of marble slabs, and had apparently been covered by a roof supported by no less than forty-six large columns. Twenty-four of these columns were formed of granite, the remainder being marble. Of these columns, however, only three remain standing; these pillars being those which led to the discovery of the temple itself. Each pillar measures 40 ft. 3½ in. in height, and is cut out of a single block of marble. In one column only does a fissure or crack exist, the others being uninjured. The exact history of this curious edifice is still somewhat uncertain. The designation, "Temple of Jupiter Serapis," by which the building is generally known, was the name given to it by the Italian antiquaries who discovered its ruins. The origin of the name probably arose from the fact that an image of Serapis, an Egyptian deity, was found in the temple, and it was believed that the erection of the temple was a result of the introduction of this god into the Roman calendar of deities. Whilst the idea of the temple being that of Serapis was strengthened, as Sir Charles Lyell informs us, by the statement of Sir Edmund Head, who, after a study of the antiquities of this district, came to the conclusion that the designation

of the temple was correct, inasmuch as at Alexandria a "serapeum," resembling the temple on the Bay of Naples, was also found. The large or central court of the temple was surrounded by a number of small courts or apartments. A warm spring, still employed medicinally, exists behind the building, and it is evident that the waters of this spring were conveyed through a marble canal into the small chambers surrounding the central court. From the latter apartment the water was led across the pavement through a shallow groove to a larger conduit, which in turn opened into the sea. The discovery of these arrangements suggested to antiquaries that this great edifice may possibly have been simply a huge "bath," established for the cure of disease. With this opinion other writers disagree; but most probably the temple was a true place of worship, in which the cure of diseases was carried out through the agency of the god Serapis, with the aid of the thermal spring, doubtless regarded by the votaries as a benign gift of the deity himself.

Leaving, however, the discussion of the antiquarian relations of the temple as matters which do not closely affect the present subject, we may next inquire how the edifice becomes invested with interest in the eyes of the geologist. The attention of the scientist is directed to the three perfect pillars, which, as already stated, remain in their erect position. For the space of some twelve feet above the pedestals these pillars are uninjured, but above this level appears a zone or band about nine feet in length, marked by numerous holes of pear-shaped form. If the visitor to Puzzuoli inquired from some geological friend the meaning and cause of this disfigurement of the pillars, he would be told that the holes in question were bored by a species of shell-fish (*Lithodomus dactylus*), which possesses the habit of making burrows in rocks, and of living ensconced in these habitations; communication with the outer world being kept up chiefly by means of breathing-tubes, or "siphons," as they are termed. Allied species of shell-fish bore the rocks around our own coasts, and the identical species of boring shell-fish—the shells of which are still to be found in their burrows in the pillars—inhabit the Mediterranean Sea and the shores of the Bay of Naples at the present day. The origin and manner of formation of the holes in the pillars being thus placed beyond doubt, geologists may in the next instance be questioned regarding the circumstance in which the shell-fish performed the work of excava-

tion. In reply to such a query, three hypotheses or suggestions may be advanced. The first theory one may term an impossible suggestion, from its very nature; but it may be mentioned here simply for the purpose of placing all possible explanations before the reader. This first explanation might thus assume that the shell-fish ascended the pillars and bored into the stone, and died there, thus committing an act of veritable suicide—an act for the performance of which, it need hardly be said, neither means nor motives exist in these animals. Dismissing any such absurd suggestion, there yet remain two explanations, regarding which it may be said that both are within the domain of the reasonable. Did the sea and the shell-fish come up to the pillars, or did the pillars descend to the sea and its tenants? Popular notions, largely imbued with ideas of the extreme mobility and present change of the ocean, will, as a rule, find no difficulty in laying on the sea the burden of the work in question. It is a natural supposition, as we have seen, to credit the sea with being the seat of the change. And thus it may be argued that the sea came up to the pillars, remained for a time at its higher level, and then retired, and left the shell-fish to die in their burrows. Now, if this supposition be correct, certain results and actions must have followed the rise of the sea. A rise of some twenty or thirty feet around the temple at Puzzuoli would mean a rise of a similar extent all along the Bay of Baiæ, the Bay of Naples, and the Mediterranean Sea, not to mention parts further than the bounds of the latter basin. Postulating as a plain and undeniable fact that the waters of the Bay of Baiæ could not, under any circumstances, gather themselves into a great heap at Puzzuoli, and retain their former level elsewhere, the supporter of this first theory would be forced to show that the waters of the Mediterranean had risen for an equal extent around all the borders of that sea. A rise of sea of the extent just mentioned would have assuredly devastated the Italian and other coasts, and would not only have left unmistakable and enduring evidences of its action on the land, but such effects and such an occurrence would have been duly noted in historic and classic archives. Apart from the absence of any mention in history of such a catastrophe, there is not a particle of evidence forthcoming to show that any such general rise of sea took place. And as—according to our ideas of the behaviour of water in a tumbler and in the ocean at large

—we are forbidden to suppose that water could have a local rise at Puzzuoli and retain its general level elsewhere, we are forced to the conclusion that the sea did not rise to surround the pillars, but that the pillars descended to the sea.

Clearly thus it is proved that the land slowly subsided, carrying with it the temple and its pillars. The rate of subsidence was doubtless slow and gradual, and, as has been pointed out, the fact that each of the three pillars is cut out of a single block of marble aids in explaining their stability amidst the alterations to which they have been subjected. After the depression, which must have lasted for a considerable period, judging from the size and depth of the shell-fish burrows, the opposite action of elevation succeeded; this latter action having the effect of raising the pillars to their present level.

But these details do not comprise the whole history of this curious building. In the year 1828, excavations in the marble pavement on which the pillars rest, revealed the fact that another and elaborate pavement of mosaic was situated about five feet below the upper floor. The inference to be deduced from the existence of the second pavement is, that the temple, as it stands, presents us with the ruins, not of the original temple of Serapis, but with those of a second erection which had been built on the site of a former building, destroyed, no doubt, through the subsidence of the land. Fortunately, history furnishes us with the means for obtaining an approximation to the dates or periods when such subsidence took place. A temple of Serapis undoubtedly existed before the dawn of Christianity—a fact proved by the discovery of an inscription relative to the temple on a marble column found at Puzzuoli, and which bore date 648 after the founding of Rome, that is 105 B.C. That the subsidence which carried down the old mosaic pavement must have occurred before the end of the second century, is proved by inscriptions found in the existing temple, and which show that Septimius Severus decorated the building with marbles between the years 194 and 211 A.D., whilst Alexander Severus performed a like favour between 222 and 235. After these events historic records present a total blank, whilst the hand of time and the fingers of physical change were meanwhile inscribing the subsequent history of the temple in legible characters on its pillars. A gradual movement of depression, therefore, succeeded after the last-mentioned periods,

the sea flowing into the court or *atrium*, whilst the marble floor became covered with deposits of various kinds derived from the surrounding soil, from chemical precipitation in the surrounding water, and from volcanic refuse. These deposits covered the court to a depth of from five to nine feet, and served to protect the lower part of the pillars from the attack of the boring shell-fish. The period of deepest submergence was probably before the close of the fifteenth century. This much we learn from contemporary Italian writers, and we also glean the information from like sources that the movement of elevation of this old temple was, in all probability, of much more rapid kind than its depression. The sea was reputed to be "drying up," that is the land was rising, in the neighbourhood of Puzzuoli, between 1503 and 1511. But the chief cause of the elevation of the temple was the famous eruption of Monte Nuovo in 1538, when, as Pietro Giacomo di Toledo informs us, "In less than twelve hours . . . a mountain was raised of one thousand paces in height." Monte Nuovo, the result of this wonderful display of the fire-forces of our earth, is 440 feet in height, and about a mile and a half in circumference at its base. These forces must have unquestionably affected Puzzuoli and its vicinity, and the ancient temple and its pillars through their instrumentality were once more rescued from the sea, and restored to the light of day. It is interesting to note that the curious and eventful history of the building does not appear to end with the recital of its ancient depression and comparatively modern elevation. The neighbourhood around, influenced by the proximity of Vesuvius and its satellite volcanoes, is the scene of constant land-change. At the commencement of the present century the temple was proved to be sinking at the rate of about one inch in four years; for in 1838 fishes were caught in the water which overflowed a part of the pavement which was perfectly dry in 1807. One observer, writing of his experiences in 1847, states his belief that the temple was being depressed at the rate of one inch per annum. It may thus be regarded as a legitimate enough supposition, and one not beyond the bounds of actual realisation, that the Temple of Serapis may in the future pass through a further series of experiences similar to those we have just noticed, and be destined to interest the geologists of future generations as deeply as it has interested them in the past, and as it attracts their notice even now.

The instance thus described of the undoubted movements of land forms a typical example of these phenomena as they occur in the world at large, and of the clear evidence susceptible of being collated from the observation of nature, that the land is the shifting and unstable factor in the action. But there are other proofs of equally interesting kind at hand, and on which the observant eye of the geologist may light when he glances at the scenery of our coast-lines and considers the conformation of sea-beach and shore. The visitor to many portions of our coast-line notices with interest the existence of "terraces," sometimes of tolerably broad extent, which rise in a regular series from the existing sea-beach backwards and upwards on the land. Standing on the farthest, or most inland "terrace," the eye beholds, in a favourable locality, a series of very broad steps and stairs leading downwards to the sea. This appearance struck the older observers of nature with wonder, but their accounts of the nature of these appearances mostly refer, and erroneously, their formation to the cutting or eroding action of rivers. Occasionally the "terraces" exhibit a most prominent and characteristic appearance when they appear to skirt the hills or mountains that fringe the sea-coast. The "terraces" of the Alten Fjord, on the northern Norwegian coast, are well known alike to unscientific tourist and geologist for their regular appearance; and the "links," dear to the hearts of golfers, which exist at St. Andrews and other parts of Scotland, are similarly flat slopes allied in nature to the "terraces" just mentioned. These terraces may be commonly met with at heights varying from twenty-five to seventy feet or more above the sea-level; and on the Western coasts of the New World they are met with at an elevation of one thousand three hundred feet above the sea. What are the "terraces" of the geologist, and what is their bearing on the subject of land-movements?

To answer this question satisfactorily, we should examine the aspect of the existing sea-beach, with its long line of well-known débris, consisting of shells, stones, gravel, and odds and ends which accumulate at its upper margin. And, having completed our examination of the existing shore, let us turn to the terraces which lie above and beyond the farthest boundary of the domain of the sea. Dig beneath the thin coating of turf and sand-grass which has grown over the nearest terrace to the sea, and we shall come upon collections of sand and shells and gravel

which perfectly imitate the débris of the shore before us. And could we examine the terraces which lie farther inland we should find similar collections of sea-waste, which would clearly impress us with the belief that in our "terraces" we have discovered merely a series of "raised beaches," or sea-margins. These have been elevated periodically, and with successive intervals of rest, with the result of producing the well-known series of broad platforms, and of imparting the "terraced" appearance to the coast. Nor does the investigation of raised beaches cease with the discovery that they present us with proofs of the rise of land. We may perchance gain an idea of the period at which some of the terraces, at least, have been formed. Imbedded amidst the refuse of some ancient beaches the remains of the implements of primitive man are sometimes found. The raised beaches which border the valley of the Clyde have yielded ancient canoes in which the early inhabitants of the land paddled their way across the waters of the Clyde estuary, and which, at first entombed in the mud of an ancient sea-beach, have become elevated in the movement of upheaval in which the shores participated. And we may thus glean the valuable information that the action of upheaval in such localities has taken place within comparatively recent times, and that to its presence and effects we owe many of the characteristics of the scenery and surroundings which charm and delight our holiday hours.

There is little need to dwell specially on the proofs of land-elevation which are capable of being obtained from the presence of sea-worn caves containing the shells of sea-acorns still attached to their walls, and which are now far removed above high-water mark; nor need it be pointed out that in old harbours, piers and outworks have been so far removed by the action of upheaval that they are no longer useful, in some cases, as convenient landing-places. But the action of elevation is opposed by that of subsidence and depression, and we have noted that it is especially to this latter phase of land-movements that Mr. Darwin has directed attention in his theory of coral-reefs already alluded to. No portion of the earth's surface, perhaps, has so fully participated of late years in land-movements as the shores of Sweden, Scandinavia, and other portions of Northern Europe. In Scania, as representing a southern portion of the Swedish coast, there is presented the most forcible evidence of land-subsidence. All along the

Scanian coast the lower streets of seaport towns, inhabited within a comparatively recent date, are now found to be under water, many of the streets being below low-water mark. The theory which would maintain that a rise of the sea explains this phenomenon, would require necessarily to show that a rise was general along all the shores of the Baltic, of the North Sea, and indeed over the whole coasts of the world. The comparatively local character of the changes, together with the fact that in other districts not far removed from Scania the land is rising, adds an irrefragable proof that the land, and not the sea, is the unstable quantity. Linnæus, in 1749, made an interesting observation on the position of a stone near Trelleborg, on the Scanian shore, and ascertained its exact distance from the sea. In 1836 this stone was found to be nearer the water's edge by a hundred feet than at the date of Linnæus' measurement. And when we pass farther northwards still, we may obtain evidence that the depression of land is proceeding in Greenland. There exists undoubted evidence that a large tract of the west coast of Greenland is sinking at a steady rate. Buildings and other works of man, formerly out of reach of the highest tides, are now seen to be permanently under water. Equally plain is the evidence in favour of depression within recent times, which is afforded by the apparently altered position of the stout wooden poles which the old Moravian settlers fixed in the beach at the door of their huts for the purpose of mooring their boats. These poles, formerly on dry land, are now under water, and still retain their position as mementoes of the depression of land, and the inevitable inflow of the remorseless sea.

An appeal to the common features of coast scenery furnishes abundant evidence of the depression of land, as such an appeal produced evidence of its elevation. What story has the geologist to tell of the frith, or "fjord," as the Norwegian terms the long arm of the sea which may run for miles inland, and which, on the west coast of North Britain, forms the familiar "loch"—a term so plentifully strewn through the geography of this latter district? What can be said of the origin of Loch Fyne, dear to the epicure for the quality of its famous herrings; or of the picturesque Loch Horn, or of the charming Dingle Bay, and of countless other examples of like features in the scenery of Scotland and of the sister isle? Simply that the frith or loch is a submerged land-

valley, of which the "glen," which marks its upper reach, presents us with the remaining portion that has as yet escaped the range of the sea. The very fact that fiords and lochs are not solitary, but occur in groups, serves as an additional proof that their origin is due to the depression of land, and the consequent inroad of the sea. The whole sweep of land on one side of the "loch" country has thus been simultaneously depressed; so that in the Laureate's words—

"There rolls the deep where grew the tree;"

and where the green slopes once flourished, the strange vegetation of the sea now reigns in undisputed luxuriance. From the plant-world, also, we may obtain striking proofs of land-depression and its results, whilst we may also learn something regarding the usually slow and gradual nature of the changes included in such a study. On many portions of the British coasts "submerged forests" are to be found, the existence of these collections of vegetable matter affording evidence of depression of land, and that of slow and gradual nature, as proved by the position of the stumps of the trees. Between St. Michael's Mount and Newlyn the roots of elms and other trees may be found in their natural position embedded under the sand amidst black vegetable mould. At Torquay another forest occurs, extending from the land seawards for a great distance. That the subsidence of land was gradual, is shown by the fact that the roots and stumps of the trees still occupy their former position in the soil, and as the trees found in these forests are usually of the same species as those growing on the neighbouring shores, the subsidence may be regarded as having taken place within modern times.

The subject of land-movements would be incompletely noticed without an allusion to their probable causes and origin. Deeply involved as such a subject is in theoretical and speculative considerations, there are not wanting data from which certain warrantable inferences may be drawn regarding their seat, and concerning the causes which give them birth. One fact worthy of remark in referring to the origin of these movements consists in the observation, that in past periods of our earth's history such movements were of more frequent occurrence, and affected larger areas, more constantly and more forcibly, than under the present order of the universe. But this difference in degree does not imply a difference in kind, and the forces which are perceived at work in the gentle elevation of

one land-surface or in the gradual depression of another, are strictly analogous to, and derive their origin and power from, the same source as those mightier movements which in the past may have brought one world to ruin, and elevated and formed another. That land-movements operated powerfully in the past of our earth, no one, who regards the history of the rock-masses he treads under feet, can doubt. How, but for movements of elevation of considerable extent, could rock-formations originally formed in the bed of the ocean have been raised to form land-surfaces? To select a well-known example of the effects of such elevation, it may be pointed out that London lies upon the familiar London clay of the geologists—a formation resulting from the solidification of clay evidently deposited under water, a fact borne out by the marine fossils embedded in its substance. Below the London clay lie sands, gravels, and other deposits, and these in their turn rest upon the chalk. This latter formation attains an immense thickness, and, when examined as to its nature, is found to consist of the débris of the shells of minute animals—the *Foraminifera* of the naturalist—largely represented in our existing seas, and of other marine organisms. Clearly the chalk, like the clay, is a sea-deposit formed in the bed of an old ocean, and subsequently petrified and elevated; whilst it is not the least interesting point in connection with the formation of chalk, that its formation is still proceeding in existing sea-beds, and that it may be said we are still living, in one sense at least, in the chalk age. What forces, then, elevated the chalk and the clay? What forces have contorted and twisted both formations in the fashion so familiar to geologists; and what, it may be asked, are the relations of these forces to those which raise our sea-beaches and submerge our forests? The value of a wide series of observations in aiding the solution of a difficult problem in science, is well exemplified by the aid we obtain in our present inquiry from a knowledge of the effects of earthquake-action. Amongst the effects of this action, the sudden elevation or depression of land form most notable features. The Chilian earthquake of 1822 had the remarkable effect of elevating some hundreds of miles of sea-coast from north to south. That of the Province of Cutch, at the mouth of the Indus, in 1819, had exactly the opposite effect, and an area of over two thousand square miles was then depressed beneath the sea, and is now to be seen as an inland sea

of large extent. In the earthquakes of Calabria and Lisbon, the former occurring in 1782 and the latter in 1755, the effects of depression were seen, especially in the latter instance. If sudden changes of the land-surface are the result of earthquakes, it may be considered to be a natural inference that the slow land-movements we have been considering are very nearly related, as far as regards their cause and origin, to the forces which produce the earthquake. All geologists agree that the force which in a moment may devastate an area of immense extent, is, in reality, allied to that which operates in the slow and gradual land-movements we have been detailing. The earthquake-force is again associated very intimately with volcanic action, and this latter has been ascertained to arise from the sudden conversion of a large body of water—escaping

through fissures into the interior of the globe—into steam, through coming in contact with heated and molten material. Thus earthquakes, volcanic eruptions, and ordinary land-movements, are seen to be associated in the closest possible fashion, and they are further ascertained to originate, indirectly or directly, as the case may be, from those fire-forces which are still operating in the interior of our globe. That this world of ours stands midway between the dead moon and the brilliant sun as a rapidly cooling orb, is a fact well known to most readers. The idea that the internal fire-forces of our globe still play an important part in its history, and in that of its living tenants, is not so widely known; but it is, at the same time, a thought which carries with it much that is both suggestive and strange.

ANDREW WILSON.

HINTON AND HENDERSON;

Or, the Story of two Doctors, English and Scotch.*

BY THE REV. CANON VAUGHAN.

YOUNG people of an ambitious or aspiring turn seem never to get tired of Longfellow's often-quoted lines:—

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And departing leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time;

"Footprints which perchance another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, may take heart again."

The lines come to one's recollection naturally enough, as one thinks of the two men whom the following pages are designed to commemorate. And yet they cannot be called *great* men, at least in that sense of greatness which implies power and capacities far above the level of ordinary men. Their greatness lies entirely in the direction of *goodness*;—moral, not intellectual,—resting on will and character, not on gifts or talents.

The story of their lives shall first be very briefly told; and then the meaning and lesson of the lives will at once disclose themselves. I put the two men together, not because they had very much in common beyond their profession—their characters and careers and tastes being, indeed, as different

as they could well be—but because, somehow or other, the one seems to recall or suggest the other, the life of each being marked by a rugged simplicity, manliness, and determination which conquered all difficulties, and gave a peculiar quality and charm to the goodness, which might almost be called the greatness, of each.

James Henderson was born in 1829, and died at Nagasaki, in Japan, in 1865, at the early age of thirty-five; and James Hinton was born in 1822, and died at St. Michael's, in Madeira, in 1875, at the age of fifty-three. Dr. Henderson was not a writer; the few years of his mature life being devoted to practical work as a medical missionary at Shanghai, in China. The only thing that we have from his pen is a little sketch of his own early life, which forms the first chapter of his "Memorials." Dr. Hinton, on the other hand, was a considerable author, both on subjects connected with his profession, and on others of a more popular kind. His work entitled, "Questions of Aural Surgery," and his "Atlas of Diseases of the *Membrana Tympani*," are still text-books for the treatment of diseases of the ear. In addition to these strictly professional works, he was the writer of a number of comparatively popular books, such as "Life in Nature," "Thoughts on Health, and some of its Conditions," "Man and his Dwelling-place," and, more

* "Memorials of James Henderson, M.D., Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons, Edinburgh; Vice-President of the North China Branch of the Royal Asiatic Society; Medical Missionary to China." (Eighth edition.) James Nisbet & Co. 1878. "Life and Letters of James Hinton." Edited by Ellice Hopkins, with an Introduction by Sir W. W. Gull. C. Kegan Paul & Co. 1878.

particularly, a little shilling book, about which something must be said presently, called, "The Mystery of Pain, a Book for the Sorrowful."

Both Hinton and Henderson may be said to have risen from the ranks; though the latter began certainly at a very much lower level than the former. Hinton was the son of a much-respected Baptist minister at Reading. Henderson was born in a little cottage on a bleak moor in the north of Scotland, and his father was nothing more than "an honest and industrious labouring man," who died at the age of thirty-one, leaving a widow and three children, of whom the youngest, James, was only three years old at the time of his father's death. From this lowest depth of poverty the poor orphan boy raised himself, by sheer force of courage, talent, and character, until he obtained his diploma as a physician from the University of St. Andrew's, and then consecrated his life to the service of Christ as a medical missionary in China.

The story of this hard upward struggle, as told by himself, is a most pathetic, yet a most inspiring one. Having lost his father at the age of three, all his love and reverence went to his mother. Of the ten years which followed his father's death he writes in his Autobiography: "Dull and monotonous as my life may seem at that period, yet I cannot look back upon it without much thoughtfulness and gratitude to God. . . . I had the greatest love and reverence for my mother; whatever she said I most firmly believed was right, and whatever she intimated I ought to do, I was only too glad to

do it. Nothing could give me greater pain than to think she was displeased with me; nor can I recall to this day one single act of disobedience to her, thank God!" At the age of thirteen he lost this loved and revered mother, and thenceforth he was alone in the world. Now began in earnest the struggle for existence. His first situation was with a small farmer, who engaged him for six months at a wage of twenty-five shillings, or rather less than a shilling a week. "At this place," he says, "I had so much to do that at the end of six months I was so thin and changed in my appearance that my old friends scarcely knew me. It was a hard-earned twenty-five

shillings, but it was the first I had ever won. I had never been so rich before, for the largest sum I ever had was fourteenpence; and this was all I possessed when I first left home, with one suit of half-worn clothes."

His next situation was with another farmer, with whom he remained till he was sixteen years old. Then

he became servant to the surgeon of the district. At this time he could read with ease; but he could neither write nor sum. In the service of this new master, however, he had some leisure for self-improvement. "The surgeon spoke to the parish schoolmaster, who gave me some lessons in writing and arithmetic; and as I had good and useful books to read, I soon began to find out that the world in which I lived was very different from what I had imagined it to be. In a few months I had learnt to write and spell a little and do simple sums.

His fourth situation was as under-butler in Mr. Grant-Duff's household. He speaks most gratefully of what he owed both to



James Hinton.

master and servant in this which was his home for five years. The butler was a well-educated and thoroughly religious man. "I was at once struck," he says, "with the happy and consistent life of James England: I watched him narrowly, but all was pure and genuine; his holy life spoke volumes to me, and made me feel that there was a reality in religion that I had never known and never attained. He soon found out the state of my mind and the extent of my knowledge, and that I required instruction in everything. I could read very well in my own way, but my pronunciation was not suited to the ear of the English scholar. This all required to be revised and corrected, and I found it more difficult to unlearn than I anticipated; but I bought a copy of Walker's Pronouncing Dictionary, and began to study it carefully every spare moment. I soon commenced arithmetic, and with my friend's help persevered in it, so that before long I could do any sum put before me with the greatest readiness."

In this situation his mind underwent a great change, and he became a thoroughly serious and devout man. Here, too, he formed the determination to study, and, if possible, procure himself a university education, and become a minister of the Free Church. Every one whom he consulted on the subject discouraged the project as an insane and impracticable one. But he says, "I was not disheartened; I adopted the motto, 'Where there is a will there is a way.' Difficulties as great had been overcome by others, and why not by me? And it was about this time that I began to think of a principle which it is very hard for most men to adopt; namely, that there is nothing that has ever been accomplished by man in past times or ages, which I, as an individual, may not accomplish or perform, provided other things are equal—that is, if I were placed in the very same circumstances as the individual who succeeded in his task."

In pursuance of this determination he quitted his situation in Mr. Grant-Duff's household, hired lodgings in the little town of Macduff, and determined to devote all his energies to the study of Latin, Greek, and mathematics. "I lived," he says, "on a most economical scale; my small room was two shillings a week; and my weekly bill for food seldom more than half-a-crown. I only had two meals a day; but, notwithstanding this and the close confinement, I enjoyed excellent health. At the end of five months I determined to go to Edinburgh, though I had neither friends nor acquaintances there."

To Edinburgh he went accordingly; and, after many wanderings and vicissitudes, procured a situation in the household of an excellent elderly lady, in whose service he had abundant leisure for study, and with whom he remained for two years. In this way he found opportunities for acquiring a fair knowledge of Latin, Greek, and mathematics. Of his manner of life during these two years he gives the following description: "Every month, when I received my wages and board wages, I deposited all in the bank except ten shillings—namely, two shillings and sixpence per week for my food. But for the benefit of others I may say that it is not *easy* to live on half-a-crown a week in Edinburgh, and I should not like to go through the same course of regimen again; but, like some other men I have heard of in leading a forlorn hope, I was determined to carry out what I had in view, or perish in the attempt. My motto was, 'If I perish, I perish.' It may seem rather strange, too, that on entering college I took comfortable lodgings, and began to live like other people; and this, after submitting myself to comparative fasting for three years."

It was in the course of these two years of his residence in the household of Mrs. Ross that he finally decided to abandon the idea of entering the ministry and to prepare himself for the medical profession. In November, 1855, he began the study of medicine at Surgeons' Hall, Edinburgh; and for three years his life was one of incessant toil. "Severe and unceasing," writes his widow, "were his labours; many were the hidden conflicts that he had to brave. 'I know only one thing,' he used to say in after days, 'that could have kept me from falling or fainting in those years—the grace of God: *that*, with the memory of my mother, kept me up.'" At last the victory was won. He obtained his diploma as surgeon in 1858; and, before doing so, he had already consecrated his life to mission work. The rest of the sadly too short story is only too quickly told. On October 22, 1859, he embarked for China as medical missionary. On March 23, 1860, he landed at Shanghai, and took charge of the Chinese Hospital there. On January 10, 1862, he left Shanghai for England; reached England on February 25; was married on March 27 to the lady to whom he had engaged himself just as he quitted England two years before; started again for China on May 5, and resumed his work once more in Shanghai on September 11. There he laboured with great zeal and success until the summer of 1865. Then

health and strength failed him. A voyage to Japan was tried, in the hope that it might restore him; but in vain. At Nagasaki, on July 30, 1865, the noble and beautiful spirit passed to its rest. How he was loved and honoured by those who knew him, must be learned from the delightful little volume in which his widow has told the tale of his life. Even for those who did not know him, the life is evidently one of singular interest and instructiveness. But before we endeavour to point the lesson of it, we will turn to the brother-life, which we propose to set by the side of it. The contrast of the two will only enhance the attractiveness of each.

Unlike James Henderson, James Hinton in his boyhood received a fair average amount of schooling, and had the fostering care both of father and mother until quite far advanced in life. At the age of sixteen, when he was taken from school and sent to his first situation, he knew probably as much as most boys of his age; whereas at the same age Henderson knew next to nothing,—could not even write his own name, nor work a sum in the simplest rule of arithmetic. His first situation was that of cashier at a wholesale woollen-draper's shop in Whitechapel. A year after he became a clerk in an insurance office in the city. Here for the first time he woke up to the necessity of study and self-improvement. So consuming became his thirst for knowledge, and so great were the practical difficulties in gratifying it, that at one time, his biographer tells us, "it was his habit to study all Saturday night and all Monday night, with the intermissions only of a few snatches of sleep."

A few words extracted from his Biography at this point will give the key to the whole subsequent life, and will explain and enforce one of its most valuable lessons.

"Hopelessly unfavourable as this first entrance into life appears on the surface, none who knew James Hinton well but can recognise in it the 'Divinity that shapes our ends.' Whitechapel was the rough cradle in which his mind and spirit awoke to energetic life; and to the last he bore its impress on him. Brought up as he had been, in a pure home in a quiet country town, and drinking in from his mother a reverence for women which in him was always akin to worship, he was suddenly thrust into rudest contact with our worst social evils. 'The weary and the heavy weight of all this unintelligible world' came crushing down on his young heart with a most cruel force, and the degradation of women possessed him with a divine despair.

On Saturday nights, in the back streets and crowded courts of Whitechapel, he used to hear women screaming under the blows of their drunken husbands, and come across others, wearing the same sacred womanhood as his own mother and sisters, with the same gracious dependence on man's strength and care, yet the victims of his passions. He got a sense of the cruelty of the world; and it got into him, and possessed him, and never left him. It became 'the unconscious constant' in all his thinking: he could think of nothing apart from this: and at last, as he once said, 'It crushed and crushed me, until it crushed "the mystery of pain" out of me.'

So his life went on for some four years or so. Then a change came, and a wider prospect opened before him. For the account of this recourse must once more be had to the pages of his biographer.

"Meanwhile the double strain upon him of intense intellectual toil, and, what was far worse, the sense of the wrongs and degradation of women, was telling upon his health and spirits, and became so intolerable, that he resolved to run away to sea, and fly from the thoughts he could no longer bear. His intention was, however, discovered, and increased illness made it doubly impossible to carry it out. His father, now seriously anxious about him, consulted the family doctor with regard to him. 'The lad wants more mental occupation to keep his mind from feeding on itself,' was the doctor's sensible verdict. He accordingly advised his entering the medical profession, as giving the necessary scope to his mental activity. This advice, accompanied by some kind practical help, was at once acted on, and he was entered at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, having just reached his twentieth year. Perhaps a vivid remembrance of his own entrance into life was in his mind, when he wrote among his last words to his son, 'And as to this, whenever any one comes in your way, especially a good and striving earnest man, think if you cannot help him, cannot, perchance, give him work, in which you and he may mutually help each other. By this means you may perhaps entertain angels unawares.'

Thus the tools came at last to the man's hand, to the hand of the man that could handle them. And he handled them right well. With all his might and main, with diligence unresting, but not, perhaps, sufficiently unobtrusive, he thought, and wrote, and worked at his profession with eminent success, attaining at length not merely the highest rank, but the highest place, amongst London

practitioners in his own special department of aural surgery, and dying at last, some three years ago, toil-worn and brain-weary, at the comparatively early age of fifty-three. For the few, the very few, incidents and the small details of his uneventful life, recourse must be had to the "Life and Letters"—a volume which will well repay perusal. Our attention in these pages must be confined to the man himself, his thoughts and character; and we shall retain in the same field of view the brother-character, whose remarkable career has been already sketched.

As to both the men, and their type of character and individuality, there can be no doubt nor mistake whatever. It was a type of singular unselfishness, disinterestedness, elevation; pitched at a much higher level than that of most men. Many men have raised themselves by force of merit, as Henderson did, from the lowest rank to the highest; but few, if any, have raised themselves only to devote themselves with unsparring, ungrudging self-sacrifice to the service of Christ. And what is true so conspicuously of Henderson, is equally, though less conspicuously, true of Hinton. Now, the root of the uncommon excellence and elevation of both men was undoubtedly Christian *faith*. In the case of Dr. Henderson this faith was of the ordinary traditional kind, such as would be named, for distinction's sake, *evangelical*. In the course of his Autobiography, he describes very simply and very touchingly the manner and time, both day and hour, of his conversion. "I spent much of the Sabbath," he writes, "in meditation and prayer; and that Sabbath evening, at eight o'clock, March 22nd, 1849, I felt the burden of sin fall off my soul. I felt I was washed in the blood of Christ, and that I became a new creature in Christ Jesus." Dr. Henderson's was neither an exacting nor a restless intellect. The same simple "evangelical" faith sustained him to the last. A few weeks before his death he said, "I have learned to love life the last five or six years; but before then I used to think that the happiest news I could receive would be, 'You shall die to-morrow;' and death to me is only like going out of this room into another."

Dr. Hinton's intellect, on the other hand, was both restless and exacting. His faith, unlike Henderson's, came to him after trial and struggle and hard wrestling with sceptical doubt, and was emphatically his own. He had been brought up as a boy in the Calvinism of the Baptist Communion, and it failed him when he came face to face with the doubts

and denials of our own day. For a time he lost his hold of Christianity altogether, to such an extent, and with such honesty of purpose, that it almost lost him also the domestic happiness upon which his mind was set, and which proved such an inestimable boon to him in the future. But at last "he beat his music out," as many a man has to do in these hard days. It was distinctively *his* music; very beautiful music and very true; but, of course, not the whole of it (how could it be?), yet quite enough to live a truly noble life by.

A word or two of his own and of his biographer's will help to clear this matter up. In July, 1850, when he was twenty-eight years old, he wrote to his future wife, to whom he was engaged for many years before his marriage to her, "I have hardly thought at all of those religious controversies since I last wrote to you, and I am much better for it. The feeling that Christianity *must* be true, because it puts me in my right relation with God and with the world, then comes into play, and I am much happier. I cannot quell the doubts, but I can commit myself to God; and being fully assured that when I am most a Christian I am the best man, I am content to adhere to that as my guide in the absence of better light, and wait till God shall afford me more." And of this same period of his life his biographer writes:—"Whatever conflicts James Hinton had yet to pass through, whatever marked modifications his religious belief afterwards underwent, from this time may be said to date the 'low beginnings' of the great central truth of his philosophy, namely, that man's moral and spiritual emotions are in as true relations with the visible creation as his intellect, and their claims are destined to as rich a fulfilment; that his religious aspirations, his love, his worship, his loyal trust in the Unseen, all that lifts him above himself, are not a winding stair of a ruined tower leading nowhere, but are correlated to answering realities, so that truth will ever be found to be potential goodness, and goodness to be realised truth. As nature does not put the appeal of his intellect to confusion, but meets it with an intelligent order, with sequences invariable as the laws of thought, with marvels of construction and adaptation that appeal to interpreting mind; so she meets the appeal of his moral emotions, not with the moral negation of a mechanical necessity, not with the cold silence of a blank impenetrable mystery, but with a true response; a 'glory that excelleth' the reality which underlies the

phenomenon, and which we symbolise in our two highest words, 'love' and 'righteousness'; a necessity which is perfect freedom; a law that is liberty."

It is unnecessary to pursue any farther the history of Dr. Hinton's religious and philosophical speculations. His opinions are of much less value than the man himself. It has already been shown how the social evils of our time, particularly on the side of the wrongs done to women, pressed like lead upon him, from those earliest Whitechapel days down to the very end of his life. That elevation of character, which all who knew him recognised, showed itself in nothing so much as in the truly chivalrous generosity of his feeling and demeanour towards women, in his passionate and unmeasured indignation and scorn towards the men who could bear or dare to wrong them. It was his happiness to have amongst the women who stood in the nearest relations to himself—as mother, sisters, wife—those who could not but inspire him with such thoroughly manly reverence towards women. There are many worthy and respectable men in the world who seem to know nothing of this feeling—nothing of this feeling of reverence for women, and of indignation and abhorrence and scorn for those who wrong them, as, alas! also there are women in the world who do not make it easy for men to pay them the reverence which is due to their womanhood. Each sex, we may be sure, is doing a grievous wrong both to the other and to itself, so long as the man refuses the honour and the reverence which are the woman's due, and so long as the woman fails to be *that* which would compel the man to feel that they *are* her due. Nevertheless, the duty of the *initiative* must ever rest with the stronger. If the man *is* the stronger, he must prove his strength by ever honouring and guarding the weakness of the weaker. The response will come in due time. The honoured weakness will become a strength worthy of all honour.

That little "book for the sorrowful," as he himself entitled it, the "Mystery of Pain," was wrung out of James Hinton's brain and heart, not merely by his professional experience as a surgeon, but still more by that chivalrous feeling of his towards women and resentment of their wrongs. It is well worth reading. His achievements in the direction of science may be of doubtful value. Sir William Gull, in his Introduction to the "Life and Letters," defines his scientific position in words which show clearly enough that Science, properly so called, was not his

forte: "Hinton was not a man of science, but a philosopher. Science was to him the servant of philosophy. He felt himself to be an interpreter of Nature; not in the Baconian sense, by the collection and arrangement of facts, the sequences of causes and effects, but, like the Hebrew seer of old, penetrating through appearances to their central cause." But whatever be the scientific value of Dr. Hinton's contributions to Science, there can be no doubt as to the religious value of this little shilling book of his, written for the sorrowful. The root-thought of the book is this: True love involves sacrifice; and, therefore, He who is Love, when He would reveal Himself to man, reveals Himself, and must reveal Himself, in and through sacrifice. The Cross of Christ is the most perfect revelation of God, because it is the revelation of Love in Sacrifice. He is the 'Lamb slain from the foundation of the world.'" To perfect Love—to the perfect nature—sacrifice is not pain, but joy. That *we* feel it as pain, is owing to the imperfection of our nature—is owing to sin; shows that our nature needs redeeming, and shows also what kind of redemption it needs. Let pain be seen as what it is, *sacrifice*—sacrifice for others; let love learn to welcome it, because it is sacrifice for others; and then the pain will alter its nature and become joy to us. It will be with us according to St. Paul's words: 'Who now rejoice in my sufferings for you, and fill up that which is behind of the afflictions of Christ in my flesh for his body's sake, which is the Church.'"

The last words of this little volume will show the spirit and the tone of the whole. They are these:—"We cry in our agony, in weakness, failure, perplexity of hearts, that there is no hope nor help. No hand seems to direct the storm; no pity listens. 'God has forsaken us,' we say. Do we say so, and not recall the words that fell in that great victory on Calvary—fell from the Conqueror's lips—'My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?' Blackness of darkness and despair, and sorrow blotting out God's hand, and feebleness sinking without a stay—these are not failure. In these characters were written first the charter of our deliverance: these are the characters in which it is renewed."

That all pain, all suffering, bodily or mental, is being woven and wrought by God into one vast all-embracing plan of love and redemption, whether the individual sufferer sees and knows it to be so or not; that all pain, all suffering, is therefore of the nature of *sacrifice*—*vicarious*—in the interest and

for the sake of others, and not merely for the individual sufferer's own moral and spiritual improvement; this, in Dr. Hinton's view, is the key to the "mystery of pain." Faith alone, he would have said, can seize and use this key, here and now. It is the victory of faith to do so. Beyond the veil of death, we shall see what we now believe; and all will be clear to us.

In the power of this faith the man himself worked his work, suffered, and died. As one puts the two men, Hinton and Henderson, side by side, one hardly knows which to admire most; whether the masculine courage, tenacity, audacity, and devotedness of the one, or the simple, pure, elevated, unluxurious, and, even in its mistakes and failures, beautiful life of the other.

FEROCIOUS FAVOURITES.

By SURGEON-GENERAL COWEN.

SOME of my military and other acquaintances in various parts of the tropical world have made their otherwise pleasant houses objectionable places to visit from their eccentric predilection for keeping ferocious favourites. One never could feel certain, on paying a morning call, whether that sleek half-grown cheetah, that questionably tamed black bear, or that wandering-at-large dog of a jackal, might or might not take it into his head to give you a taste of his quality, in the shape of a grip in the fleshy part of your arm or leg. My worthy and esteemed friend Blank Blank—a swell in a distant eastern island—housed a regular menagerie of repugnant, not to say dangerous, reptiles and animals, the freaks and frolics of which, entertaining to himself and family, were hardly so agreeable or welcome to outsiders. Large speckled mongooses that sprang on your shoulders, monkeys of all sorts that grinned and surreptitiously snatched anything out of your hands, festive odoriferous jungle cats, were bad enough; and a long thick domesticated rat-snake seen twining among the rafters was not the most inviting of sights; but, when Dom Cobra di Capello himself, attracted by the music of a flageolet, came gliding over the cane matting to within a foot or so of your chair, erected his hood, and made a playful hiss at your shins in passing, why then, most of my readers will agree that it was high time to bid Blank good-day, his word, notwithstanding, that Appoohamy the snake-charmer had deftly extracted the Dom's fangs, and he was consequently harmless.

The hurts and injuries, some serious, some almost fatal, which, in my calling, I have known to occur at the hands, or rather by the teeth and claws and horns, of ferocious favourites would fill many pages of this magazine if written in detail. To two or three I shall but briefly allude; a few others,

however, are worthier of more lengthy note.

One gentleman I call to mind, a planter on a West Indian sugar estate, was pinned and terribly mangled by a neighbour's Spanish bloodhound, with whom he had taken unguarded liberties. Fortunately he was not given to the sangaree-drinking propensities of the day, and he recovered with sundry and many disfiguring scars.

A lady was saved only by the fashion of her skirts—which, it goes without saying, were not the close-fitting present mode—from being "eaten up" by a savage mastiff, who would receive caresses from no other hands than those of his own mistress, and who had ungallantly repudiated with his teeth the delicate attentions the fair stranger bestowed on him.

Sergeant — of the — regiment, very nearly met face to face that other "fell sergeant—death," from the deep gores he received from the regimental stag, a quiet beast enough when the band was playing, and he was marching in all the pride and pomp of staghood at the head of the corps, but when occasion served, and particularly when "fashed," "a savage auld book (buck)," as the men called him.

And lastly, I don't think that Hassan, the erst smart Malay rifleman—if he be still in the land of the living—will ever try conclusions again with a large grey-bearded Ceylon Wanderoo monkey, while that powerful and irate simia is busied over a bunch of plantains. Hassan lost a considerable portion of his tawny skin and one finger besides in the encounter, was long in hospital, and swallowed no end of her Majesty's physic to ward off close-threatening lockjaw.

But what induced Lieutenant J. Q., of a recently extinct colonial regiment, to deal as largely as he did in snakes, no one of his brother officers could imagine. It was not

to study their nature and habits, for Q., although the very best of fellows, was not in the line of scientific pursuits. Nevertheless, snakes he had galore;—snakes in casks, snakes in boxes, snakes in baskets; huge pythons, slender whip-snakes, eel-like water snakes, long brown ugly rat-snakes; in fine all sorts and conditions of snakes. Puff-adders and rattlesnakes he could not procure, as the country did not produce them; the *tic polonga* (*Daboia elegans*), common enough, and a deadly ophis of the viper tribe, he for some reason or other, best known to himself, fought shy of. But he compensated for the loss of this venomous gentleman, by keeping whole broods of equally poisonous brother Cobras, from the infants as they emerged from the shell, up to the parents and grandparents of the family—old hoary maters and paterfamilias, with deeply-patched and mottled skins, and with spectacle-marked hoods, big enough for a doctor of laws. Well, with these reptiles generally Q. juggled, making armlets and necklets of his smaller subjects, and converting himself into a regular Laocoon with the bigger ones, though by the way, no friends were ever intrepid enough to personate that unhappy priest's sons. Periodically from the Cobra's jaws he pulled out the fangs, just as Mr. Blank had got the Cinghalese operator to do; and then, on the vantage ground that the grooved wound-inflicting teeth were gone, and the poison could not be injected, he trifled and toyed with these dangerous favourites. One day he had some visitors, ladies among them, to see his exhibition, and he was cleverer and more expert than ever, more to their horror than amusement. But in the midst of playing with a half-grown excited Cobra, whose eyes were sparkling, whose tongue was darting with hisses, in and out of its mouth, and whose hood was out-spread to the utmost, his hand got too close to the snake and it struck him just between the finger and thumb, making two very small pin-pointed punctures. He only gave the beast a tap, and went on with his performances. But after a few moments he suddenly turned ghastly pale, a heavy perspiration covered his forehead, he almost fainted away, and in the most anxious and distressing tones said, "I am a dead man—that Cobra's fangs have not been extracted since I had him." And then, what between intense alarm, and the "potent poison" rapidly "o'ercrowing his spirit," every one thought that poor Q. was gone. Luckily there was one doctor on the spot, another not many miles away.

The first dealt boldly with the scalpel, and at great risk to himself sucked the wound; had there been the least abrasion or scratch on his lips, his life would also have been endangered. When the other quickly arrived some further means were adopted, and after many hours of never-to-be-forgotten anxiety, they had the satisfaction of seeing the poison symptoms diminish, and ultimate recovery take place.

But right and left the serpents were slain, and, after his very narrow shave, Q. eschewed further acquaintance with the snake race.

M., a puisse judge of a West African settlement, possessed among his lares and penates an elegant leopard, which in its early days of cubhood a native chief had given him. Education—not without much stick—had taught the beast a considerable amount of docility; it would gambol and play with its master, but with others its temper was uncertain. Generally a small negro boy led it about by a thin collar and cord, but often it was wanting in even that feeble restraint. My first introduction to this feline was at a dinner party, at which M. was entertaining some of the European male society of the little town, and I admit that I did not feel quite at ease when shortly after the meal began a spotted animal, about the size of a small donkey, bounded into the room and jumped upon mine host, putting his heavy paws upon his shoulder, licking his face, and showing to the company not only a particularly red tongue, but a set of large, strong, hungry-looking incisor teeth. M. fed Jol—for so he was called after the Joliff donor—with morsels from his plate; but none of us paid him similar attention. Asked why such a powerful and but semi-tamed creature was allowed so much dangerous liberty, and whether he had ever abused it, the African Rhadamanthus, who hailed from the Sister Isle, replied, "Faith! the baste is roight enuf if he be trated on the squeeer (square). Betimes he has been a troyffe playful, and loike most of us has had his lark, taking boite and sip of native flesh and blud; but that's neither here nor there in this country, where the troibe is as plentiful as pase. He has niver yet, I belave, tasted a whoite man; maybe he'd relish him bether—eh, Jol?" This was, of course, only chaff; but it did not make most of us happier, and I for one was particularly pleased when the leopard made its exit.

Weeks afterwards I was ordered up country—into the bush, as they say there—and in the small schooner in which I embarked for the

river route there were the judge and his *alter ego*, Mr. Jol, going up, as the lesser evil to remaining behind minus his master. True, he was caged; but in so small a vessel even such proximity was undesirable, and we soon found out that "a life on the ocean wave" did not tend to sweeten the brute's temper. Growls and snarls issued constantly from him, and more particularly when the Kroomen (native sailors) passed and repassed his den. One evening we anchored close alongside a wooded island to wait for the flood tide, and Jol, the judge, and the boy keeper, landed for a run; so did others, but not I. *Timeo Danaos*, I have a wholesome dread of Jol enjoying himself on that Gambia isle. But no sooner are the shore-goers on terra firma than loud and piercing cries, such as no man makes but in his agony, are heard, and these are followed by angry shouts from M.'s voice and heavy strokes from his whip. Then a Krooman comes panting and howling down to the river's edge, jumps in, swims the few strokes that separate him from the ship, scrambles up the side, and presents himself to me much lacerated and bleeding from deep tears and bites. Jol, the inflicter, shortly follows, his face and claws betraying him. There are questions as to his being cast adrift then and there; but as the judge is a man of mark in these parts, as he is strangely moved at the prospect of parting with his ferocious favourite, as, moreover, it is proved that Lord Cardigan—all the Kroomen have *soubriquets* bestowed on them by English sailors—gave the first offence, and, more than all, as many good Mexican dollars are forthcoming to salve his lordship's wounds, why, Jol proceeds with us in durance vile until we reach our destination, and where I see him no more. Subsequently I heard that, having committed further assaults not quite so easily compensated, and which had brought M. before a brother judge's tribunal, a rifle shot had put an end to Mr. Jol's career.

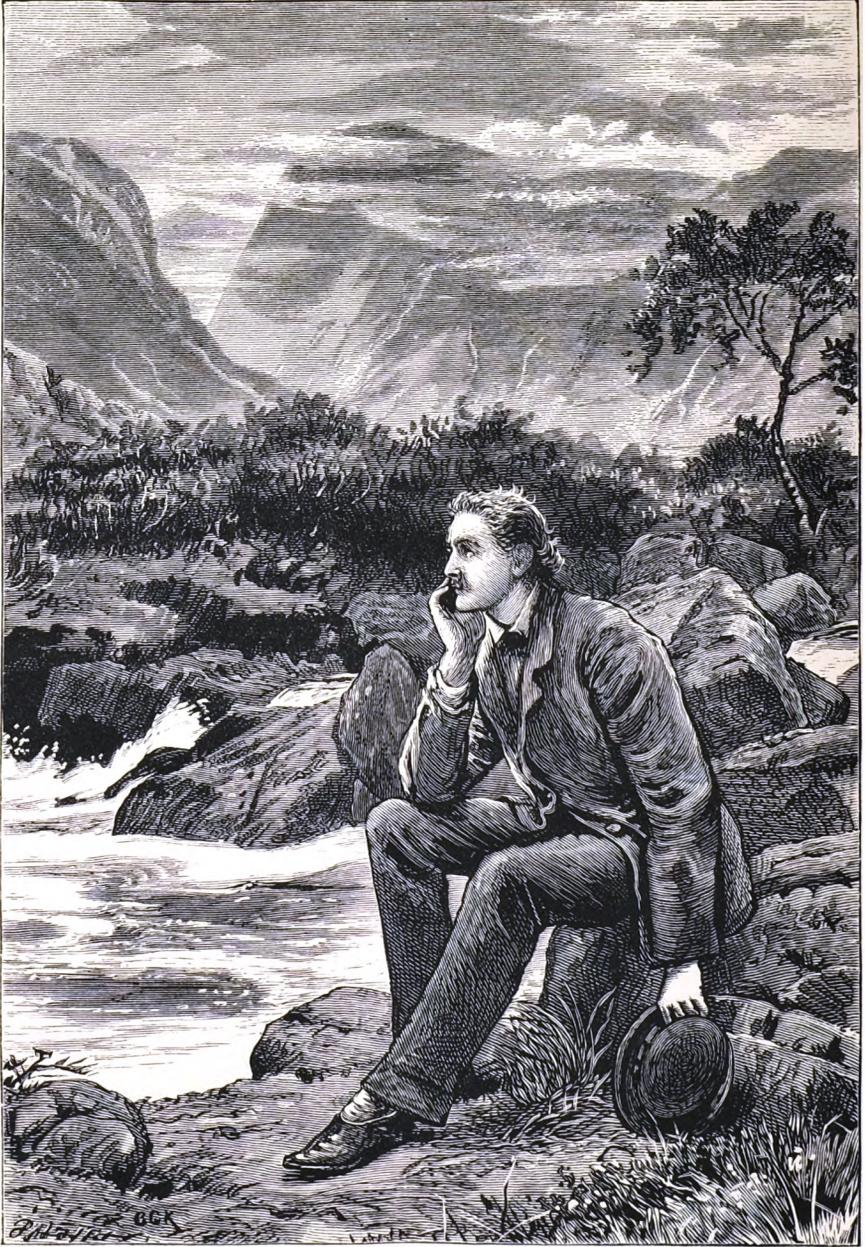
So long as Captain B. was himself present to look after that large black shaggy bear, which he kept chained under a margosa-tree in the garden of his bungalow adjoining mine in an Indian station, Peter—the beast—was not too obtrusive a neighbour. Certainly I never went near him, as did some, to

receive his affectionate hugs; I never fed him with honey, or supplied him with white ants, for which he had a marvellous liking; and as certainly I never got the scratches or bruises which others showed from these rough embraces. But when the bold dragoon left, and Bruin got into other ownership, though still in the same domicile, either he missed his quondam master, or something or other changed his nature altogether. Instead of mere scratches, the effects of play, people got rents more or less severe, the results of rage. He was always breaking away from his tether, wandering in the bazaars, and making raids on fruit and vegetable stalls. He became so riotous and troublesome that complaints were rife against him. A story, not without foundation, was current, that after a symposium at mess, an officer of the — Hussars found Peter in his bedroom, he having taken advantage of the situation by tearing up the bedclothes, breaking the night-lamp, and supping off the castor-oil with which that light was supplied. Another—less credible—that a chokerah (small boy) expecting his mother with his evening meal, had, in the gloom of a dark verandah, mistaken the squatting bear for the black and aged materfamilias, and had been clawed and punished for the unflattering compliment, the four-footed animal being the more gainly of the two. Be this as it may, the creature became a regular wanderer, and wherever he strolled, if obstructed, he left his mark.

One hot dry-season night there was an outcry that the bear was again loose, and the women and children of the Parcherry (the quarters of the married troopers) were hurrying and scurrying about, and crying and screaming with alarm. While the hubbub was at its highest a lady came face to face with Peter, as, mad with rage at being chased and worried, he was making a short cut through our drawing-room into the road. He passed almost within touching distance, and although his blood was up he did her no harm. But he did a vast deal of mauling and maiming among coolies and others that evening, before the carbines and pistols of the horsemen, and the sticks and staves of the local police, put an end to his existence, and converted his carcass into steaks and hams.







"HILL-VOICES."

MACLEOD OF DARE.*

BY WILLIAM BLACK, AUTHOR OF "MADCAP VIOLET," "A PRINCESS OF THULE," ETC.

CHAPTER XLIV.—THE PRISONER.

THE sudden noise overhead and the hurried tramp of the men on deck were startling enough; but surely there was nothing to alarm her in the calm and serious face of this man who stood before her. He did not advance to her. He regarded her with a sad tenderness—as if he were looking at one far away. When the beloved dead come back to us in the wonder-halls of sleep, there is no wild joy of meeting. There is something strange. And when they disappear again, there is no surprise: only the dull aching returns to the heart.

"Gertrude," said he, "you are as safe here as ever you were in your mother's arms. No one will harm you."

"What is it? What do you mean?" said she quickly.

She was somewhat bewildered. She had not expected to meet him thus suddenly face to face. And then she became aware that the companion-way by which she had descended into the saloon had grown dark: that was the meaning of the harsh noise.

"I want to go ashore, Keith," said she, hurriedly. "Put me on shore. I will speak to you there."

"You cannot go ashore," said he calmly.

"I don't know what you mean," said she; and her heart began to beat hurriedly. "I tell you I want to go ashore, Keith. I will speak to you there."

"You cannot go ashore, Gertrude," he repeated. "We have already left Erith. . . . Gerty, Gerty," he continued, for she was struck dumb with a sudden terror, "don't you understand now? I have stolen you away from yourself. There was but the one thing left: the one way of saving you. And you will forgive me, Gerty, when you understand it all——"

She was gradually recovering from her terror. She did understand it now. And he was not ill at all?

"Oh, you coward!—you coward!—you coward!" she exclaimed, with a blaze of fury in her eyes. "And I was to confer a kindness on you—a last kindness! But you dare not do this thing—I tell you, you dare not do it! I demand to be put on shore at once. Do you hear me?"

She turned wildly round, as if to seek for some way of escape. The door in the ladies'

cabin stood open; the daylight was streaming down into that cheerful little place; there were some flowers on the dressing-table. But the way by which she had descended was barred over and dark.

She faced him again; and her eyes were full of fierce indignation and anger; she drew herself up to her full height; she overwhelmed him with taunts, and reproaches, and scorn. That was a splendid piece of acting, seeing that it had never been rehearsed. He stood unmoved before all this theatrical rage.

"Oh, yes, you were proud of your name," she was saying, with bitter emphasis, "and I thought you belonged to a race of gentlemen, to whom lying was unknown. And you were no longer murderous and revengeful; but you can take your revenge on a woman, for all that! And you ask me to come and see you, because you are ill! And you have laid a trap—like a coward!"

"And if I am what you say, Gerty," said he, quite gently, "it is the love of you that has made me that. Oh, you do not know!"

She saw nothing of the lines that pain had written on this man's face; she recognised nothing of the very majesty of grief in the hopeless eyes. He was only her jailer, her enemy.

"Of course—of course," said she. "It is the woman—it is always the woman who is in fault! That is a manly thing—to put the blame on the woman! And it is a manly thing to take your revenge on a woman! I thought when a man had a rival that it was his rival whom he sought out. But you—you kept out of the way——"

He strode forward, and caught her by the wrist. There was a look in his face that for a second terrified her into silence.

"Gerty," said he, "I warn you. Do not mention that man to me—now or at any time; or it will be bad for him and for you."

She twisted her hand from his grasp.

"How dare you come near me!" she cried.

"I beg your pardon," said he, with an instant return to his former grave gentleness of manner. "I wish to let you know how you are situated, if you will let me, Gerty. I don't wish to justify what I have done; for you would not hear me—just yet. But this I must tell you, that I don't wish to force myself on your society. You will do as you

* The right of translation is reserved.

please. There is your cabin; you have occupied it before. If you would like to have this saloon, you can have that too: I mean I shall not come into it, unless it pleases you. And there is a bell in your cabin; and if you ring it, Christina will answer."

She heard him out patiently; her reply was a scornful—perhaps nervous—laugh.

"Why, this is mere folly," she exclaimed. "It is simple madness. I begin to believe that you are really ill, after all; and it is your mind that is affected. Surely you don't know what you are doing?"

"You are angry, Gerty," said he.

But the first blaze of her wrath and indignation had passed away; and now fear was coming uppermost.

"Surely, Keith, you cannot be dreaming of such a mad thing! Oh, it is impossible! It is a joke; it was to frighten me: it was to punish me, perhaps? Well, I have deserved it; but now—now you have succeeded; and you will let me go ashore, further down the river."

Her tone was altered. She had been watching his face.

"Oh no, Gerty; oh no," he said. "Do you not understand yet? You were everything in the world to me—you were life itself—without you I had nothing, and the world might just as well come to an end for me. And when I thought you were going away from me, what could I do? I could not reach you by letters, and letters; and how could I know what the people around you were saying to you? Ah, you do not know what I have suffered, Gerty; and always I was saying to myself that if I could get you away from these people, you would remember the time that you gave me the red rose, and all those beautiful days would come back again, and I would take your hand again, and I would forget altogether about the terrible nights when I saw you beside me and heard you laugh just as in the old times. And I knew there was only the one way left. How could I but try that? I knew you would be angry; but I hoped your anger would go away. And now you are angry, Gerty, and my speaking to you is not of much use—as yet; but I can wait until I see you yourself again, as you used to be, in the garden—don't you remember, Gerty?"

Her face was proud, cold, implacable.

"Do I understand you aright—that you have shut me up in this yacht and mean to take me away?"

"Gerty, I have saved you from yourself!"

"Will you be so kind as to tell me where we are going?"

"Why not away back to the Highlands, Gerty?" said he, eagerly. "And then some day when your heart relents, and you forgive me, you will put your hand in mine, and we will walk up the road to Castle Dare. Do you not think they will be glad to see us that day, Gerty?"

She maintained her proud attitude; but she was trembling from head to foot.

"Do you mean to say that until I consent to be your wife I am not to be allowed to leave this yacht?"

"You will consent, Gerty!"

"Not if I were to be shut up here for a thousand years!" she exclaimed, with another burst of passion. "Oh, you will pay for this dearly! I thought it was madness—mere folly; but if it is true, you will rue this day! Do you think we are savages here?—do you think we have no law?"

"I do not care for any law," said he simply. "I can only think of the one thing in the world: if I have not your love, Gerty, what else can I care about?"

"My love!" she exclaimed. "And this is the way to earn it, truly! My love! If you were to keep me shut up for a thousand years, you would never have it! You can have my hatred, if you like; and plenty of it too!"

"You are angry, Gerty," was all he said.

"Oh, you do not know with whom you have to deal!" she continued, with the same bitter emphasis. "You terrified me with stories of butchery—the butchery of innocent women and children; and no doubt you thought the stories were fine; and now you too would show you are one of the race by taking revenge on a woman. But if she is only a woman, you have not conquered her yet! Oh, you will find out before long that we have law in this country, and that it is not to be outraged with impunity. You think you can do as you like, because you are a Highland master, and you have a lot of slaves round you!"

"I am going on deck now, Gerty," said he, in the same sad and gentle way. "You are tiring yourself. Shall I send Christina to you?"

For an instant she looked bewildered, as if she had not till now comprehended what was going on; and she said, quite wildly—

"Oh, no, no, no, Keith; you don't mean what you say! You cannot mean it! You are only frightening me! You will put me ashore—and not a word shall pass my lips.

We cannot be far down the river, Keith. There are many places where you could put me ashore; and I could get back to London by rail. They won't know I have ever seen you. Keith, you will put me ashore now!"

"And if I were to put you ashore now, you would go away, Gerty, and I should never see you again—never, and never. And what would that be for you and for me, Gerty? But now you are here, no one can poison your mind; you will be angry for a time; but the brighter days are coming—oh, yes, I know that: if I was not sure of that, what would become of me? It is a good thing to have hope; to look forward to the glad days; that stills the pain at the heart. And now we two are together at last, Gerty!—and if you are angry, the anger will pass away; and we will go forward together to the glad days."

She was listening in a sort of vague and stunned amazement. Both her anger and her fear were slowly yielding to the bewilderment of the fact that she was really setting out on a voyage, the end of which neither she nor any one living could know.

"Ah, Gerty," said he, regarding her with a strange wistfulness in the sad eyes, "you do not know what it is to me to see you again. I have seen you many a time—in dreams; but you were always far away; and I could not take your hand. And I said to myself that you were not cruel; that you did not wish any one to suffer pain; and I knew if I could only see you again, and take you away from these people, then your heart would be gentle, and you would think of the time when you gave me the red rose, and we went out in the garden, and all the air round us was so full of gladness that we did not speak at all. Oh, yes; and I said to myself that your true friends were in the north; and what would the men at Dubh-artach not do for you, and Captain Macallum too, when they knew you were coming to live at Dare; and I was thinking that would be a grand day when you came to live among us; and there would be dancing, and a good glass of whisky for every one, and some playing on the pipes that day! And sometimes I did not know whether there would be more of laughing or of crying when Janet came to meet you. But I will not trouble you any more now, Gerty; for you are tired, I think; and I will send Christina to you. And you will soon think that I was not cruel to you when I took you away and saved you from yourself."

She did not answer; she seemed in a sort

of trance. But she was aroused by the entrance of Christina, who came in directly after Macleod left. Miss White stared at this tall, thin-featured, white-haired woman, as if uncertain how to address her; when she spoke it was in a friendly and persuasive way.

"You have not forgotten me, then, Christina?"

"No, mem," said the grave Highland woman; she had beautiful, clear, blue-grey eyes, but there was no pity in them.

"I suppose you have no part in this mad freak?"

The old woman seemed puzzled. She said, with a sort of serious politeness—

"I do not know, mem. I have not the good English as Hamish."

"But surely you know this," said Miss Gertrude White, with more animation: "that I am here against my will? You understand that, surely? That I am being carried away against my will from my own home and my friends? You know it very well; but perhaps your master has not told you of the risk you run? Do you know what that is? Do you think there are no laws in this country?"

"Sir Keith he is the master of the boat," said Christina. "Iss there anything now that I can do for you, mem?"

"Yes," said Miss White, boldly. "There is. You can help me to get ashore. And you will save your master from being looked on as a madman. And you will save yourselves from being hanged."

"I wass to ask you," said the old Highland woman, "when you would be for having the dinner. And Hamish, he wass saying that you will hef the dinner what time you are thinking of; and will you hef the dinner all by yourself?"

"I tell you this, woman," said Miss White, with quick anger, "that I will neither eat nor drink so long as I am on board this yacht! What is the use of this nonsense! I wish to be put on shore. I am getting tired of this folly. I tell you I want to go ashore; and I am going ashore; and it will be the worse for any one who tries to stop me."

"I do not think you can go ashore, mem," Christina said, somewhat deliberately picking out her English phrases. "For the gig is up at the davits now; and the dingy—you wass not thinking of going ashore by yourself in the dingy? And last night, mem, at a town, we had many things brought on board; and if you would tell me what you will hef for the dinner, there is no one

more willing than me. And I hope you will hef very good comfort on board the yacht."

"I can't get it into your head that you are talking nonsense," said Miss White, angrily.

"I tell you I will not go anywhere in this yacht! And what is the use of talking to me about dinner? I tell you I will neither eat nor drink while I am on board this yacht."

"I think that would be a ferry foolish thing, mem," Christina said, humbly enough; but all the same the scornful fashion in which this young lady had addressed her had stirred a little of the Highland woman's blood; and she added—still with great apparent humility—"But if you will not eat, they say that iss a ferry good thing for the pride; and there iss not much pride left if one hass nothing to eat, mem."

"I presume that is to be my prison?" said Miss White, haughtily, turning to the smart little state-room beyond the companion.

"That iss your cabin, mem, if you please, mem," said Christina, who had been instructed in English politeness by her husband.

"Well, now, can you understand this? Go to Sir Keith Macleod, and tell him that I have shut myself up in that cabin; and that I will speak not a word to any one; and I will neither eat nor drink, until I am taken on shore. And so, if he wishes to have a murder on his hands, very well! Do you understand that?"

"I will say that to Sir Keith," Christina answered submissively.

Miss White walked into the cabin; and locked herself in. It was an apartment with which she was familiar; but where had they got the white heather? And there were books; but she paid little heed. They would discover they had not broken her spirit yet.

On either side the skylight overhead was open an inch; and it was nearer to the tiller than the skylight of the saloon. In the absolute stillness of this summer day she heard two men talking. Generally, they spoke in the Gaelic, which was of course unintelligible to her; but sometimes they wandered into English—especially if the name of some English town cropped up—and thus she got hints as to the whereabouts of the *Umpire*.

"Oh, yes, it is a fine big town that town of Gravesend, to be sure, Hamish," said the one voice, "and I have no doubt, now, that it will be sending a gentleman to the Houses

of Parliament in London, just as Greenock will do. But there is no one you will send from Mull. They do not know much about Mull in the Houses of Parliament!"

"And they know plenty about ferry much worse places," said Hamish proudly. "And wass you saying there will be anything so beautiful about Greenock ass you will find at Tobermory?"

"Tobermory!" said the other. "There are some trees at Tobermory—oh, yes: and the Mish-nish and the shops—"

"Yes, and the water-fahl—do not forget the water-fahl, Colin; and there iss better whisky in Tobermory ass you will get in all Greenock, where they will be for mixing it with prandy and other drinks like that; and at Tobermory you will hef a Professor come ahl the way from Edinburgh and from Oban to gif a lecture on the Gaelic; but do you think he would gif a lecture in a town like Greenock? Oh, no; he would not do that!"

"Very well, Hamish; but it is glad I am that we are going back the way we came."

"And me too, Colin."

"And I will not be sorry when I am in Greenock once more."

"But you will come with us first of all to Castle Dare, Colin," was the reply. "And I know that Lady Macleod herself will be for shaking hands with you, and thanking you that you wass tek the care of the yacht."

"I think I will stop at Greenock, Hamish. You know you can take her well on from Greenock. And will you go round the Mull, Hamish, or through the Crinan, do you think now?"

"Oh, I am not afraid to tek her round the Moil; but there is the English lady on board; and it will be smother for her to go through the Crinan. And it iss ferry glad I will be, Colin, to see Ardalanish Point again; for I would rather be going through the Doruis Mohr twenty times ass getting between the banks of this dirty river."

Here they relapsed into their native tongue, and she listened no longer; but at all events she had learned that they were going away to the north. And as her nerves had been somewhat shaken, she began to ask herself what further thing this madman might not do. The old stories he had told her came back with a marvellous distinctness. Would he plunge her into a dungeon and mock her with an empty cup when she was dying of thirst? Would he chain her to a rock at low water and watch the tide slowly rise? He professed great gentleness and

love for her; but if the savage nature had broken out at last? Her fear grew apace. He had shown himself regardless of everything on earth: where would he stop, if she continued to repel him? And then the thought of her situation—alone; shut up in this small room; about to venture forth on the open sea with this ignorant crew—so overcame her that she hastily snatched at the bell on the dressing-table, and rang it violently. Almost instantly there was a tapping at the door.

"I ask your pardon, mem," she heard Christina say.

She sprang to the door, and opened it, and caught the arm of the old woman.

"Christina, Christina," she said, almost wildly, "you won't let them take me away! My father will give you hundreds and hundreds of pounds if only you get me ashore. Just think of him—he is an old man—if you had a daughter—"

Miss White was acting very well indeed; though she was more concerned about herself than her father.

"I wass to say to you," Christina explained with some difficulty, "that if you wass saying that, Sir Keith had a message sent away to your father, and you wass not to think any more about that. And now, mem, I cannot tek you ashore; it iss no business I hef with that; and I could not go ashore myself whateffer; but I would get you some dinner, mem."

"Then I suppose you don't understand the English language?" Miss White exclaimed, angrily. "I tell you I will neither eat nor drink so long as I am on board this yacht. Go and tell Sir Keith Macleod what I have said!"

So Miss White was left alone again; and the slow time passed; and she heard the murmured conversation of the men; and also a measured pacing to and fro which she took to be the step of Macleod. Quick rushes of feeling went through her—indignation; a stubborn obstinacy; a wonder over the audacity of this thing; malevolent hatred even; but all these were being gradually subdued by the dominant claim of hunger. Miss White had acted the part of many heroines; but she was not herself a heroine—if there is anything heroic in starvation. It was growing to dusk when she again summoned the old Highland woman.

"Get me something to eat," said she; "I cannot die like a rat in a hole."

"Yes, mem," said Christina, in the most matter-of-fact way—for she had never been in

a theatre in her life, and she had not imagined that Miss White's threat meant anything at all. "The dinner is just ready now, mem; and if you will hef it in the saloon, there will be no one there; that wass Sir Keith's message to you."

"I will not have it in the saloon; I will have it here."

"Ferry well, mem," Christina said, submissively. "But you will go into the saloon, mem, when I will mek the bed for you, and the lamp will hef to be lit, but Hemish he will light the lamp for you. And are there any other things you wass thinking of that you would like, mem?"

"No; I want something to eat."

"And Hamish, mem, he wass saying I will ask you whether you will hef the claret wine, or—or—the other wine, mem, that meks a noise—"

"Bring me some water. But the whole of you will pay dearly for this!"

"I ask your pardon, mem?" said Christina, with great respect.

"Oh, go away, and get me something to eat."

And in fact Miss White made a very good dinner, though the things had to be placed before her on her dressing-table. And her rage and indignation did not prevent her having, after all, a glass or two of the claret-wine. And then she permitted Hamish to come in and light the swinging-lamp; and thereafter Christina made up one of the two narrow beds. Miss White was left alone.

Many a hundred times had she been placed in great peril—on the stage; and she knew that on such occasions it had been her duty to clasp her hand on her forehead and set to work to find out how to extricate herself. Well, on this occasion, she did not make use of any dramatic gesture; but she turned out the lamp; and threw herself on the top of this narrow little bed; and was determined that, before they got her conveyed to their savage home in the north, she would make one more effort for her freedom. Then she heard the man at the helm begin to hum to himself "*Fhìr a bhàta, na h-òra eile.*" The night darkened. And soon all the wild emotions of the day were forgotten; for she was asleep.

* * * *

Asleep—in the very waters through which she had sailed with her lover on the white summer day. But *Rose-leaf—Rose-leaf—what faint wind will carry you now to the south?*

CHAPTER XLV.—THE VOYAGE OVER.

AND now the brave old *Umpire* is nearing her northern home once more; and surely this is a right royal evening for the reception of her. What although the sun has just gone down, and the sea around them become a plain of heaving and wrestling blue-black waves? Far away, in that purple-black sea, lie long promontories that are of a still pale rose-colour; and the western sky is a blaze of golden-green; and they know that the wild, beautiful radiance is still touching the wan walls of Castle Dare. And there is Ardalanish Point; and that the ruddy Ross of Mull; and there will be a good tide in the Sound of Iona. Why, then, do they linger, and keep the old *Umpire* with her sails flapping idly in the wind?

*"As you pass through Fura's sound
Bend your course by Scarba's shore;
Shun, O shun, the gulf profound
Where Corrievreckan's surges roar."*

They are in no danger of Corrievreckan now; they are in familiar waters; only that is another Colonsay that lies away there in the south. Keith Macleod, seated up at the bow, is calmly regarding it. He is quite alone. There is no sound around him but the lapping of the waves.

*"And ever as the year returns
The charm-bound sailors know the day;
For sadly still the mermaid mourns
The lovely chief of Colonsay."*

And is he listening now for the wild sound of her singing? Or is he thinking of the brave Macphail who went back after seven long months of absence, and found the maid of Colonsay still true to him? The ruby ring she had given him had never paled. There was one woman who could remain true to her absent lover.

Hamish came forward.

"Will we go on now, sir?" said he in the Gaelic.

"No."

Hamish looked round. The shining clear evening looked very calm, notwithstanding the tossing of the blue-black waves. And it seemed wasteful to the old sailor to keep the yacht lying-to or aimlessly sailing this way and that while this favourable wind remained to them.

"I am not sure that the breeze will last, Sir Keith."

"Are you sure of anything, Hamish?" Macleod said, quite absently. "Well, there is one thing we can all make sure of. But I have told you, Hamish, I am not going up the Sound of Iona in daylight: why, there is

not a man in all the islands who would not know of our coming by to-morrow morning. We will go up the Sound as soon as it is dark. It is a new moon to-night; and I think we can go without lights, Hamish."

"The *Dunara* is coming south to-night, Sir Keith," the old man said.

"Why, Hamish, you seem to have lost all your courage as soon as you put Colin Laing ashore."

"Colin Laing! Is it Colin Laing!" exclaimed Hamish, indignantly. "I will know how to sail this yacht, and I will know the banks, and the tides, and the rocks better than any fifteen thousands of Colin Laings!"

"And what if the *Dunara* is coming south? If she cannot see us, we can see her."

But whether it was that Colin Laing had before leaving the yacht managed to convey to Hamish some notion of the risk he was running, or whether it was that he was merely anxious for his master's safety, it was clear that Hamish was far from satisfied. He opened and shut his big clasp-knife in an awkward silence. Then he said—

"You will not go to Castle Dare, Sir Keith?"

Macleod started; he had forgotten that Hamish was there.

"No. I have told you where I am going."

"But there is not any good anchorage at that island, sir!" he protested. "Have I not been round every bay of it; and you too, Sir Keith; and you know there is not an inch of sand or of mud, but only the small loose stones. And then the shepherd they left there all by himself; it was mad he became at last, and took his own life too."

"Well, do you expect to see his ghost?" Macleod said. "Come, Hamish, you have lost your nerve in the south. Surely you are not afraid of being anywhere in the old yacht, so long as she has good sea-room around her?"

"And if you are not wishing to go up the Sound of Iona in the daylight, Sir Keith," Hamish said, still clinging to the point, "we could bear a little to the south, and go round the outside of Iona."

"The Dubh-artach men would recognise the *Umpire* at once," Macleod said, abruptly; and then he suggested to Hamish that he should get a little more way on the yacht, so that she might be a trifle steadier when Christina carried the dinner into the English lady's cabin. But indeed there was now little breeze of any kind. Hamish's fears of a dead calm were likely to prove true.

Meanwhile another conversation had been going forward in the small cabin below, that was now suffused by a strange warm light reflected from the evening sky. Miss White was looking very well now, after her long sea voyage. During their first few hours in blue water she had been very ill indeed; and she repeatedly called on Christina to allow her to die. The old Highland woman came to the conclusion that English ladies were rather childish in their ways; but the only answer she made to this reiterated prayer was to make Miss White as comfortable as was possible, and to administer such restoratives as she thought desirable. At length, when recovery and a sound appetite set in, the patient began to show a great friendship for Christina. There was no longer any theatrical warning of the awful fate in store for everybody connected with this enterprise. She tried rather to enlist the old woman's sympathies on her behalf, and if she did not very well succeed in that direction, at least she remained on friendly terms with Christina, and received from her the solace of much gossip about the whereabouts and possible destination of the ship.

And on this evening Christina had an important piece of news.

"Where have we got to now, Christina?" said Miss White, quite cheerfully, when the old woman entered.

"Oh, yes, mem, we will still be off the Mull shore, but a good piece away from it, and there is not much wind, mem. But Hamish thinks we will get to the anchorage the night whatever."

"The anchorage!" Miss White exclaimed eagerly. "Where? You are going to Castle Dare, surely?"

"No, mem, I think not," said Christina. "I think it is an island—but you will not know the name of that island—there is no English for it at all."

"But where is it? Is it near Castle Dare?"

"Oh, no, mem; it is a good way from Castle Dare; and it is out in the sea. Do you know Gometra, mem?—wass you ever going out to Gometra?"

"Yes, of course; I remember something about it anyway."

"Ah, well, it is a way out past Gometra, mem; and not a good place for an anchorage whatever; but Hamish he will know all the anchorages."

"What on earth is the use of going there?"

"I do not know, mem."

"Is Sir Keith going to keep me on board this boat for ever?"

"I do not know, mem."

Christina had to leave the cabin just then; when she returned she said, with some little hesitation—

"If I wass mekking so bold, mem, ass to say this to you: Why are you not asking the questions of Sir Keith himself? He will know all about it; and if you were to come into the saloon, mem——"

"Do you think I would enter into any communication with him after his treatment of me?" said Miss White, indignantly. "No; let him atone for that first. When he has set me at liberty, then I will speak with him; but never so long as he keeps me shut up like a convict."

"I wass only saying, mem," Christina answered, with great respect, "that if you were wishing to know where we were going, Sir Keith will know that; but how can I know it? And you know, mem, Sir Keith has not shut you up in this cabin: you hef the saloon, if you would please to hef it."

"Thank you, I know!" rejoined Miss White. "If I choose, my jail may consist of two rooms instead of one. I don't appreciate that amount of liberty. I want to be set ashore."

"That I hef nothing to do with, mem," Christina said humbly, proceeding with her work.

Miss White, being left to think over these things, was beginning to believe that, after all, her obduracy was not likely to be of much service to her. Would it not be wiser to treat with the enemy: perhaps to outwit him by a show of forgiveness? Here they were approaching the end of the voyage—at least, Christina seemed to intimate as much; and if they were not exactly within call of friends, they would surely be within rowing distance of some inhabited island, even Gometra, for example. And if only a message could be sent to Castle Dare? Lady Macleod and Janet Macleod were women. They would not countenance this monstrous thing. If she could only reach them, she would be safe.

The rose-pink died away from the long promontories, and was succeeded by a sombre grey; the glory in the west sank down; a wan twilight came over the sea and the sky; and a small golden star—like the point of a needle—told where the Dubh-artach men had lit their beacon for the coming night. The *Umpire* lay and idly rolled in this dead calm; Macleod paced up and down the deck, in

the solemn stillness; Hamish threw a tarpaulin over the skylight of the saloon, to cover the bewildering light from below; and then, as the time went slowly by, darkness came over the land and the sea. They were alone with the night, and the lapping waves, and the stars.

About ten o'clock there was a loud rattling of blocks and cordage—the first puff of a coming breeze had struck her. The men were at their posts in a moment; there were a few sharp, quick orders from Hamish; and presently the old *Umpire*, with her great boom away over her quarter, was running free before a light south-easterly wind.

"Ay, ay," said Hamish, in sudden gladness, "we will soon be by Ardalanish Point with a fine wind like this, Sir Keith; and if you would rather hef no lights on her—well, it is a clear night whatever; and the *Dunara* she will hef up her lights."

The wind came in bits of squalls, it is true; but the sky overhead remained clear; and the *Umpire* bowled merrily along. Macleod was still on deck. They rounded the Ross of Mull, and got into the smoother waters of the Sound: would any of the people in the cottages at Erraidh see this grey ghost of a vessel go gliding past over the dark water? Behind them burned the yellow eye of Dubh-artach; before them a few small red points told them of the Iona cottages; and still this phantom grey vessel held on her way. The *Umpire* was nearing her last anchorage.

And still she steals onward, like a thief in the night. She has passed through the Sound; she is in the open sea again; there is a calling of startled birds from over the dark bosom of the deep. Then far away they watch the lights of a steamer: but she is miles from their course; they cannot even hear the throb of her engines.

It is another sound they hear—a low booming as of distant thunder. And that black thing away on their right—scarcely visible over the darkened waves—is that the channelled and sea-bird-haunted Staffa, trembling through all her caves under the shock of the smooth Atlantic surge? For all the clearness of the starlit sky, there is a wild booming of waters all around her rocks; and the giant caverns answer; and the thunder shudders out to the listening sea.

The night drags on. The Dutchman is fast asleep in his vast Atlantic bed; the dull roar of the waves he has heard for millions of years is not likely to awake him. And Fladda, and Lunga: surely this ghost-grey

ship that steals by is not the old *Umpire* that used to visit them in the gay summer-time, with her red ensign flying, and the blue seas all around her? But here is a dark object on the waters that is growing larger and larger as one approaches it. The black outline of it is becoming sharp against the clear dome of stars. There is a gloom around as one gets nearer and nearer the bays and cliffs of this lonely island; and now one hears the sound of breakers on the rocks. Hamish and his men are on the alert. The topsail has been lowered. The heavy cable of the anchor lies ready by the windlass. And then, as the *Umpire* glides into smooth water, and her head is brought round to the light breeze, away goes the anchor with a rattle that awakes a thousand echoes; and all the startled birds among the rocks are calling through the night,—the sea-piots screaming shrilly, the curlews uttering their warning note, the herons croaking as they wing their slow flight away across the sea. The *Umpire* has got to her anchorage at last.

And scarcely was the anchor down when they brought him a message from the English lady. She was in the saloon, and wished to see him. He could scarcely believe this; for it was now past midnight; and she had never come into the saloon before. But he went down through the forecabin; and through his own state-room; and opened the door of the saloon.

For a second the strong light almost blinded him; but at all events he knew she was sitting there; and that she was regarding him with no fierce indignation at all, but with quite a friendly look.

"Gertrude!" said he, in wonder; but he did not approach her. He stood before her, as one who was submissive.

"So we have got to land at last," said she: and more and more he wondered to hear the friendliness of her voice. Could it be true then? Or was it only one of those visions that had of late been torturing his brain?

"Oh yes, Gerty," said he, "we have got to an anchorage."

"I thought I would sit up for it," said she. "Christina said we should get to land some time to-night; and I thought I would like to see you. Because, you know, Keith, you have used me very badly. And won't you sit down?"

He accepted that invitation. *Could it be true? could it be true?* This was ringing in his ears. He heard her only in a bewildered way.

"And I want you to tell me what you mean to do with me," said she, frankly and graciously; "I am at your mercy, Keith."

"Oh, not that—not that," said he; and he added, sadly enough, "it is I who have been at your mercy since ever I saw you, Gerty; and it is for you to say what is to become of you and of me. And have you got over your anger now?—and will you think of all that made me do this, and try to forgive it for the sake of my love for you, Gerty? Is there any chance of that now?"

She rather avoided the earnest gaze that was bent on her. She did not notice how nervously his hand gripped the edge of the table near him.

"Well, it is a good deal to forgive, Keith; you will acknowledge that yourself; and though you used to think that I was ready to sacrifice everything for fame, I did not expect you would make me a nine-days' wonder in this way. I suppose the whole thing is in the papers now?"

"Oh, no, Gerty; I sent a message to your father."

"Well, that was kind of you; and audacious. Were you not afraid of his overtaking you? The *Umpire* is not the swiftest of sailers, you used to say; and you know there are telegraphs and railways to all the ports."

"He did not know you were in the *Umpire*, Gerty. But of course, if he were very anxious about you, he would write or come to Dare. I should not be surprised if he were there now."

A quick look of surprise and gladness sprang to her face.

"Papa—at Castle Dare!" she exclaimed. "And Christina says it is not far from here."

"Not many miles away."

"Then, of course, they will know we are here in the morning!" she cried, in the indiscretion of sudden joy. "And they will come out for me."

"Oh no, Gerty, they will not come out for you. No human being but those on board knows that we are here. Do you think they could see you from Dare? And there is no one living now on the island. We are alone in the sea."

The light died away from her face; but she said, cheerfully enough—

"Well, I am at your mercy then, Keith. Let us take it that way. Now you must tell me what part in the comedy you mean me to play; for the life of me, I can't make it out."

"Oh, Gerty, Gerty, do not speak like

that!" he exclaimed. "You are breaking my heart. Is there none of the old love left? Is it all a matter for jesting?"

She saw she had been incautious.

"Well," said she, gently, "I was wrong; I know it is more serious than that; and I am not indisposed to forgive you, if you treat me fairly. I know you have great earnestness of nature; and—and you were very fond of me; and although you have risked a great deal in what you have done, still, men who are very deeply in love don't think much about consequences. And if I were to forgive you, and make friends again, what then?"

"And if we were as we used to be," said he, with a grave wistfulness in his face, "do you not think I would gladly take you ashore, Gerty?"

"And to Castle Dare?"

"Oh, yes, to Castle Dare! Would not my mother and Janet be glad to welcome you!"

"And papa may be there?"

"If he is not there, can we not telegraph for him? Why, Gerty, surely you would not be married anywhere but in the Highlands?"

At the mention of marriage she blanched somewhat; but she had nerved herself to play this part.

"Then, Keith," said she, gallantly, "I will make you a promise. Take me to Castle Dare to-morrow, and the moment I am within its doors, I will shake hands with you, and forgive you, and we will be friends again as in the old days."

"We were more than friends, Gerty," said he, in a low voice.

"Let us be friends first, and then who knows what may not follow?" said she, brightly. "You cannot expect me to be over-profuse in affection just after being shut up like this?"

"Gerty," said he, and he looked at her with those strangely tired eyes, and there was a great gentleness in his voice, "do you know where you are? You are close to the island that I told you of—where I wish to have my grave on the cliff. But instead of a grave would it not be a fine thing to have a marriage here? No, do not be alarmed, Gerty! it is only with your own good will; and surely your heart will consent at last! Would not that be a strange wedding, too; with the minister from Salen; and your father on board; and the people from Dare? Oh, you would see such a number of boats come out that day, and we would go proudly back;

and do you not think there would be a great rejoicing that day? Then all our troubles would be at an end, Gerty! There would be no more fear; and the theatres would never see you again; and the long, happy life we should lead, we two together! And do you know the first thing I would get you, Gerty?—it would be a new yacht! I would go to the Clyde, and have it built all for you. I would not have you go out again in this yacht, for you would then remember the days in which I was cruel to you; but in a new yacht you would not remember that any more; and do you not think we would have many a pleasant, long summer day on the deck of her, and only ourselves, Gerty? And you would sing the songs I first heard you sing, and I think the sailors would imagine they heard the singing of the mermaid of Colonsay, for there is no one can sing as you can sing, Gerty. I think it was that first took away my heart from me."

"But we can talk about all these things when I am on shore again," said she, coldly. "You cannot expect me to be very favourably disposed so long as I am shut up here."

"But then," he said, "if you were on shore you might go away again from me, Gerty! The people would get at your ear again; they would whisper things to you; you would think about the theatres again. I have saved you, sweetheart; can I let you go back?"

The words were spoken with an eager affection and yearning; but they sank into her mind with a dull and cold conviction that there was no escape for her through any way of artifice.

"Am I to understand, then," said she, "that you mean to keep me a prisoner here until I marry you?"

"Why do you speak like that, Gerty?"

"I demand an answer to my question."

"I have risked everything to save you; can I let you go back?"

A sudden flash of desperate anger—even of hatred—was in her eyes; her fine piece of acting had been of no avail.

"Well, let the farce end!" said she, with frowning eyebrows. "Before I came on board this yacht I had some pity for you. I thought you were at least a man, and had a man's generosity. Now I find you a coward, and a tyrant——"

"Gerty!"

"Oh, do not think you have frightened me with your stories of the revenge of your miserable chiefs, and their savage slaves! Not a bit of it! Do with me what you like;

I would not marry you if you gave me a hundred yachts!"

"Gerty!"

The anguish of his face was growing wild with despair.

"I say, let the farce end! I had pity for you—yes, I had! Now—I hate you!"

He sprang up with a quick cry, as of one shot through the heart. He regarded her, in a bewildered manner, for one brief second; and then he gently said, "Good-night, Gerty! God forgive you!" and he staggered backwards, and got out of the saloon, leaving her alone.

See! the night is still fine. All around this solitary bay there is a wall of rock, jet black, against the clear, dark sky, with its myriad twinkling stars. The new moon has arisen; but it sheds but little radiance yet down there in the south. There is a sharper gleam from one lambent planet—a thin line of golden-yellow light that comes all the way across from the black rocks until it breaks in flashes among the ripples close to the side of the yacht. Silence once more reigns around; only from time to time one hears the croak of a heron from the dusky shore.

What can keep this man up so late on deck? There is nothing to look at but the great bows of the yacht black against the pale grey sea; and the tall spars and the rigging going away up into the starlit sky; and the suffused glow from the skylight touching a yellow-grey on the main-boom. There is no need for the anchor-watch that Hamish was insisting on. The equinoctials are not likely to begin on such a night as this.

He is looking across the lapping grey water to the jet black line of cliff. And there are certain words haunting him. He cannot forget them. He cannot put them away.

* * * *

WHEREFORE IS LIGHT GIVEN TO HIM THAT IS IN MISERY, AND LIFE UNTO THE BITTER IN SOUL? * * * WHICH LONG FOR DEATH, BUT IT COMETH NOT; AND DIG FOR IT MORE THAN FOR HIDDEN TREASURES. * * * WHICH REJOICE EXCEEDINGLY AND ARE GLAD WHEN THEY CAN FIND THE GRAVE.

* * * *

Then in the stillness of the night he heard a breathing. He went forward, and found that Hamish had secreted himself behind the windlass. He uttered some exclamation in the Gaelic; and the old man rose and stood guiltily before him.

"Have I not told you to go below before;

and will I have to throw you down into the fore-castle?"

The old man stood irresolute for a moment. Then he said, also in his native tongue—

"You should not speak like that to me, Sir Keith: I have known you many a year."

MacLeod caught Hamish's hand.

"I beg your pardon, Hamish. You do not know. It is a sore heart I have this night."

"Oh, God help us! do I not know that!" he exclaimed, in a broken voice; and MacLeod, as he turned away, could hear the old man crying bitterly in the dark. What else could Hamish do now—for him who had been to him as the son of his old age?

"Go below now, Hamish," said MacLeod in a gentle voice; and the old man slowly and reluctantly obeyed.

But the night had not drawn to day when MacLeod again went forward and said, in a strange, excited whisper—

"Hamish, Hamish, are you awake now?"

Instantly the old man appeared: he had not turned into his berth at all.

"Hamish, Hamish, do you hear the sound?" MacLeod said, in the same wild way, "do you not hear the sound?"

"What sound, Sir Keith?" said he—for indeed there was nothing but the lapping of the water along the side of the yacht and a murmur of ripples along the shore.

"Do you not hear it, Hamish? It is a sound as of a brass band!—a brass band playing music—as if it was in a theatre. Can you not hear it, Hamish?"

"Oh, God help us! God help us!" Hamish cried.

"You do not hear it, Hamish?" he said.

"Ah, it is some mistake. I beg your pardon for calling you, Hamish: now you will go below again."

"Oh no, Sir Keith," said Hamish. "Will I not stay on deck now till the morning? It is a fine sleep I have had. Oh yes, I had a fine sleep. And how is one to know when the equinoctials may not come on?"

"I wish you to go below, Hamish."

And now this sound that is ringing in his ears is no longer of the brass band that he had heard in the theatre. It is quite different. It has all the ghastly mirth of that song that Norman Ogilvie used to sing in the old, half-forgotten days. What is it that he hears?

*"King Death was a rare old fellow,
He sat where no sun could shine;
And he lifted his hand so yellow,
And poured out his coal-black wine!
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! for the coal-black wine!"*

It is a strange mirth. It might almost make a man laugh. For do we not laugh gently when we bury a young child, and put the flowers over it; and know that it is at peace? The child has no more pain at the heart. Oh, Norman Ogilvie, are you still singing the wild song; and are you laughing now?—or is it the old man Hamish that is crying in the dark?

*"There came to him many a maiden,
Whose eyes had forgot to shine;
And widows with grief o'erladen,
For a draught of his sleepy wine.
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! for the coal-black wine!"*

It is such a fine thing to sleep—when one has been fretting all the night, and spasms of fire go through the brain! Ogilvie, Ogilvie, do you remember the laughing Duchess? do you think she would laugh over one's grave? Or put her foot on it, and stand relentless, with anger in her eyes? That is a sad thing; but after it is over there is sleep.

*"All came to the rare old fellow,
Who laughed till his eyes dropped brine,
As he gave them his hand so yellow,
And pledged them, in Death's black wine!
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! for the coal-black wine!"*

Hamish!—Hamish!—will you not keep her away from me? I have told Donald what pibroch he will play; I want to be at peace now. But the brass band—the brass band—I can hear the blare of the trumpets; and Ulva will know that we are here, and the Gometra men, and the sea-birds too, that I used to love. But she has killed all that now, and she stands on my grave. She will laugh; for she was light-hearted; like a young child. But you, Hamish, you will find the quiet grave for me; and Donald will play the pibroch for me that I told him of; and you will say no word to her of all that is over and gone.

* * * *

See—he sleeps. This haggard-faced man is stretched on the deck; and the pale dawn, arising in the east, looks at him; and does not revive him, but makes him whiter still. You might almost think he was dead. But Hamish knows better than that; for the old man comes stealthily forward; and he has a great tartan plaid in his hands; and very gently indeed he puts it over his young master. And there are tears running down Hamish's face; and he says, "The brave lad! the brave lad!"

CHAPTER XLVI.—THE END.

"DUNCAN," said Hamish, in a low whisper—for MacLeod had gone below, and they thought he might be asleep in the small,

hushed state-room—"this is a strange-looking day, is it not? And I am afraid of it in this open bay, with an anchorage no better than a sheet of paper for an anchorage. Do you see, now, how strange-looking it is?"

Duncan Cameron also spoke in his native tongue; and he said—

"That is true, Hamish. And it was a day like this there was when the *Solan* was sunk at her moorings in Loch Hourne. Do you remember, Hamish? And it would be better for us now if we were in Loch Tua, or Loch na Keal, or in the dock that was built for the steamer at Tiree. I do not like the look of this day."

Yet to an ordinary observer it would have seemed that the chief characteristic of this pale, still day was extreme and settled calm. There was not a breath of wind to ruffle the surface of the sea; but there was a slight glassy swell; and that only served to show curious opalescent tints under the suffused light of the sun. There were no clouds; there was only a thin veil of faint and sultry mist all across the sky; the sun was invisible, but there was a glare of yellow at one point of the heavens. A dead calm; but heavy, oppressed, sultry. There was something in the atmosphere that seemed to weigh on the chest.

"There was a dream I had this morning," continued Hamish, in the same low tones. "It was about my little granddaughter Christina. You know my little Christina, Duncan. And she said to me: 'What have you done with Sir Keith Macleod? Why have you not brought him back? He was under your care, grandfather.' I did not like that dream."

"Oh, you are becoming as bad as Sir Keith Macleod himself!" said the other. "He does not sleep. He talks to himself. You will become like that if you pay attention to foolish dreams, Hamish."

Hamish's quick temper leapt up.

"What do you mean, Duncan Cameron, by saying 'as bad as Sir Keith Macleod?' You—you come from Ross: perhaps they have not good masters there. I tell you there is not any man in Ross, or in Sutherland either, is as good a master, and as brave a lad, as Sir Keith Macleod—not any one, Duncan Cameron!"

"I did not mean anything like that, Hamish," said the other humbly. "But there was a breeze this morning. We could have got over to Loch Tua. Why did we stay here, where there is no shelter, and no anchorage? Do you know what is likely to come after a day like this?"

"It is your business to be a sailor on board this yacht; it is not your business to say where she will go," said Hamish.

But all the same the old man was becoming more and more alarmed at the ugly aspect of this dead calm. The very birds, instead of stalking among the still pools, or lying buoyant on the smooth waters, were excitedly calling, and whirring from one point to another.

"If the equinoctials were to begin now," said Duncan Cameron, "this is a fine place to meet the equinoctials! An open bay, without shelter; and a ground that is no ground for an anchorage. It is not two anchors or twenty anchors would hold in such a ground. No: and there are rocks all round us that would put the *Clansman* herself to pieces in a moment."

Macleod appeared: the men were suddenly silent. Without a word to either of them—and that was not his wont—he passed to the stern of the yacht. Hamish knew from his manner that he would not be spoken to. He did not follow him, even with all this vague dread on his mind.

The day wore on to the afternoon. Macleod, who had been pacing up and down the deck, suddenly called Hamish. Hamish came aft at once.

"Hamish," said he, with a strange sort of laugh, "do you remember this morning, before the light came? Do you remember that I asked you about a brass band that I heard playing?"

Hamish looked at him; and said with an earnest anxiety—

"Oh, Sir Keith, you will pay no heed to that! It is very common. I have heard them say it is very common. Why, to hear a brass band, to be sure! There is nothing more common than that. And you will not think you are unwell merely because you think you can hear a brass band playing!"

"I want you to tell me, Hamish," said he, in the same jesting way, "whether my eyes have followed the example of my ears, and are playing tricks. Do you think they are bloodshot, with my lying on deck in the cold? Hamish, what do you see all around?"

The old man looked at the sky, and the shore, and the sea. It was a marvellous thing. The world was all enshrouded in a salmon-coloured mist: there was no line of horizon visible between the sea and the sky.

"It is red, Sir Keith," said Hamish.

"Ah! Am I in my senses this time? And what do you think of a red day, Hamish? That is not a usual thing."

"Oh, Sir Keith, it will be a wild night this night! And we cannot stay here, with this bad anchorage!"

"And where would you go, Hamish—in a dead calm?" Macleod asked, still with a smile on the wan face.

"Where would I go?" said the old man, excitedly. "I—I will take care of the yacht. But you, Sir Keith; oh! you—you will go ashore now. Do you know, sir, the sheeling that the shepherd had? It is a poor place; oh, yes; but Duncan Cameron and I will take some things ashore. And do you not think we can look after the yacht? She has met the equinoctials before, if it is the equinoctials that are beginning. She has met them before; and cannot she meet them now? But you, Sir Keith, you will go ashore!"

Macleod burst out laughing, in an odd sort of fashion.

"Do you think I am good at running away when there is any kind of danger, Hamish? Have you got into the English way? Would you call me a coward, too? Nonsense, nonsense, Hamish!—I—why, I am going to drink a glass of the coal-black wine, and have done with it. I will drink it to the health of my sweetheart, Hamish!"

"Sir Keith," said the old man, beginning to tremble, though he but half understood the meaning of the scornful mirth, "I have had charge of you since you were a young lad."

"Very well!"

"And Lady Macleod will ask of me, 'Such and such a thing happened: what did you do for my son?' Then I will say, 'Your ladyship, we were afraid of the equinoctials; and we got Sir Keith to go ashore; and the next day we went ashore for him; and now we have brought him back to Castle Dare!'"

"Hamish, Hamish, you are laughing at me! Or you want to call me a coward? Don't you know I should be afraid of the ghost of the shepherd who killed himself? Don't you know that the English people call me a coward?"

"May their souls dwell in the downmost hall of perdition!" said Hamish, with his cheeks becoming a grey-white; "and every woman that ever came of the accursed race!"

He looked at the old man for a second; and he gripped his hand.

"Do not say that, Hamish—that is folly. But you have been my friend. My mother will not forget you—it is not the way of a Macleod to forget—whatever happens to me."

"Sir Keith!" Hamish cried, "I do not know what you mean. But you will go ashore before the night!"

"Go ashore?" Macleod answered, with a return to this wild, bantering tone, "when I am going to see my sweetheart? Oh, no! Tell Christina, now! Tell Christina to ask the young English lady to come into the saloon, for I have something to say to her. Be quick, Hamish!"

Hamish went away: and before long he returned with the answer that the young English lady was in the saloon. And now he was no longer haggard and piteous; but joyful; and there was a strange light in his eyes.

"Sweetheart," said he, "are you waiting for me at last? I have brought you a long way. Shall we drink a glass now at the end of the voyage?"

"Do you wish to insult me?" said she; but there was no anger in her voice: there was more of fear in her eyes, as she regarded him.

"You have no other message for me than the one you gave me last night, Gerty?" said he, almost cheerfully. "It is all over then? You would go away from me for ever? But we will drink a glass before we go!"

He sprang forward, and caught both her hands in his with the grip of a vice.

"Do you know what you have done, Gerty?" said he, in a low voice. "Oh, you have soft, smooth, English ways; and you are like a rose-leaf; and you are like a queen, whom all people are glad to serve. But do you know that you have killed a man's life? And there is no penalty for that in the south, perhaps: but you are no longer in the south. And if you have this very night to drink a glass with me, you will not refuse it? It is only a glass of the coal-black wine!"

She struggled back from him; for there was a look in his face that frightened her. But she had a wonderful self-command.

"Is that the message I was to hear?" said she, coldly.

"Why, sweetheart, are you not glad? Is not that the only gladness left for you and for me, that we should drink one glass together, and clasp hands, and say good-bye? What else is there left? What else could come to you and to me? And it may not be this night, or to-morrow night; but one night I think it will come; and then, sweetheart, we will have one more glass together, before the end."

He went on deck. He called Hamish.

"Hamish," said he, in a grave, matter-of-fact way, "I don't like the look of this evening. Did you say the sheeling was still on the island?"

"Oh, yes, Sir Keith," said Hamish, with great joy, for he thought his advice was going to be taken after all.

"Well, now, you know the gales, when they begin, sometimes last for two, or three, or four days; and I will ask you to see that Christina takes a good store of things to the sheeling before the darkness comes on. Take plenty of things now, Hamish, and put them in the sheeling, for I am afraid this is going to be a wild night."

Now, indeed, all the red light had gone away; and as the sun went down, there was nothing but a spectral whiteness over the sea and the sky. And the atmosphere was so close and sultry that it seemed to suffocate one. Moreover, there was a dead calm; if they had wanted to get away from this exposed place, how could they? They could not get into the gig and pull this great yacht over to Loch Tua.

It was with a light heart that Hamish set about this thing; and Christina forthwith filled a hamper with tinned meats, and bread, and whisky, and what not. And fuel was taken ashore, too; and candles, and a store of matches. If the gales were coming on, as appeared likely from this ominous-looking evening, who could tell how many days and nights the young master—and the English lady, too, if he desired her company—might not have to stay ashore, while the men took the chance of the sea with this yacht, or perhaps seized the occasion of some lull to make for some place of shelter? There was Loch Tua, and there was the bay at Bunessan, and there was the little channel called Polterriv, behind the rocks opposite Iona. Any shelter at all was better than this exposed place, with the treacherous anchorage.

Hamish and Duncan Cameron returned to the yacht.

"Will you go ashore now, Sir Keith?" the old man said.

"Oh, no; I am not going ashore yet. It is not yet time to run away, Hamish."

He spoke in a friendly and pleasant fashion, though Hamish, in his increasing alarm, thought it no proper time for jesting. They hauled the gig up to the davits, however, and again the yacht lay in dead silence in this little bay.

The evening grew to dusk; the only change visible in the spectral world of pale yellow-white mist was the appearance in the sky of

a number of small detached bulbous-looking clouds of a dusky blue-grey. They had not drifted hither, for there was no wind. They had only appeared. They were absolutely motionless.

But the heat and the suffocation in this atmosphere became almost insupportable. The men, with bare heads, and jerseys unbuttoned at the neck, were continually going to the cask of fresh water beside the windlass. Nor was there any change when the night came on. If anything, the night was hotter than the evening had been. They awaited in silence what might come of this ominous calm.

Hamish came aft.

"I beg your pardon, Sir Keith," said he, "but I have put the side-lights up in case there is a chance of our running away; and I am thinking we will have an anchor-watch to-night."

"You will have no anchor-watch to-night," Macleod answered, slowly from out of the darkness. "I will be all the anchor-watch you will need, Hamish, until the morning."

"You, sir!" Hamish cried. "I have been waiting to take you ashore! and surely it is ashore that you are going!"

Just as he had spoken there was a sound that all the world seemed to stand still to hear. It was a low, murmuring sound of thunder; but it was so remote as almost to be inaudible. The next moment an awful thing occurred. The two men standing face to face in the dark suddenly found themselves in a blaze of blinding steel-blue light; and at the very same instant the thunder-roar crackled and shook all around them like the firing of a thousand cannon. How the wild echoes went booming over the sea! Then they were in the black night again. There was a period of awed silence.

"Hamish," Macleod said, quickly, "do as I tell you now! Lower the gig; take the men with you, and Christina; and go ashore and remain in the sheeling till the morning."

"I will not!" Hamish cried. "Oh, Sir Keith, would you have me do that!"

Macleod had anticipated his refusal. Instantly he went forward and called up Christina. He ordered Duncan Cameron and John Cameron to lower away the gig. He got them all in but Hamish.

"Hamish," said he, "you are a smaller man than I. Is it on such a night that you would have me quarrel with you? Must I throw you into the boat?"

The old man clasped his trembling hands

together as if in prayer; and he said, with an agonized and broken voice—

“Oh, Sir Keith, you are my master, and there is nothing I will not do for you; but only this one night you will let me remain with the yacht. I will give you the rest of my life; but only this one night——”

“Into the gig with you!” Macleod cried, angrily. “Why, man, don’t you think I can keep anchor-watch?” But then he added, very gently, “Hamish, shake hands with me now. You were my friend, and you must get ashore before the sea rises.”

“I will stay in the dingy, then?” the old man entreated.

“You will go ashore, Hamish; and this very instant, too. If the gale begins, how will you get ashore. Good-bye, Hamish—*good night.*”

Another white sheet of flame quivered all around them, just as this black figure was descending into the gig; and then the fierce hell of sounds broke loose once more. Sea and sky together seemed to shudder at the wild uproar; and far away the sounds went thundering through the hollow night. How could one hear if there was any sobbing in that departing boat—or any last cry of farewell? It was Ulva calling now; and Fladda answering from over the black water; and the Dutchman is surely awake at last!

There came a stirring of wind—from the east, and the sea began to moan. Surely the poor fugitives must have reached the shore now. And then there was a strange noise in the distance; in the awful silence between the peals of thunder it would be heard; it came nearer and nearer—a low murmuring noise, but full of a secret life and thrill—it came along like the tread of a thousand armies—and then the gale struck its first blow. The yacht reeled under the stroke, but her bows staggered up again like a dog that has been felled, and after one or two convulsive plunges, she clung hard at the strained cables. And now the gale was growing in fury, and the sea rising. Blinding showers of rain swept over, hissing and roaring; the white tongues of flame were shooting this way and that across the startled heavens; and there was a more awful thunder than even the falling of the Atlantic surge booming into the great sea-caves. In the abysmal darkness the spectral arms of the ocean rose white in their angry clamour; and then another blue gleam would lay bare the great heaving and wreathing bosom of the deep. What devil’s dance is this? Surely it cannot be Ulva—Ulva the green-shored—

Ulva that the sailors in their love of her call softly *Ool-a-va*—that is laughing aloud with wild laughter on this awful night? And Colonsay and Lunga, and Fladda—they were beautiful and quiet in the still summer-time; but now they have gone mad; and they are flinging back the plunging sea in white masses of foam; and they are shrieking in their fierce joy of the strife. And Staffa—Staffa is far away and alone; she is trembling to her core; how long will the shuddering caves withstand the mighty hammer of the Atlantic surge? And then again the sudden wild gleam startles the night—and one sees, with an appalling vividness, the driven white waves and the black islands—and then again a thousand echoes go booming along the iron-bound coast. What can be heard in the roar of the hurricane, and the hissing of rain, and the thundering whirl of the waves on the rocks: surely not the one glad last cry—**SWEETHEART! YOUR HEALTH! YOUR HEALTH IN THE COAL-BLACK WINE!**

The poor fugitives crouching in among the rocks: is it the blinding rain or the driven white surf that is in their eyes? But they have sailor’s eyes; they can see through the awful storm; and their gaze is fixed on one small green point far out there in the blackness—the starboard light of the doomed ship. It wavers like a will-o’-the-wisp: but it does not recede; the old *Umpire* still clings bravely to her chain cables.

And amid all the din of the storm they hear the voice of Hamish lifted aloud in lamentation—

“Oh, the brave lad, the brave lad! And who is to save my young master now: and who will carry this tale back to Castle Dare? They will say to me: ‘Hamish, you had charge of the young lad: you put the first gun in his hand: you had charge of him; he had the love of a son for you: what is it you have done with him this night?’ He is my Absalom: he is my brave young lad: oh, do you think that I will let him drown and do nothing to try to save him? Do you think that? Duncan Cameron, are you a man? Will you get into the gig with me and pull out to the *Umpire*?”

“Yes,” said Duncan Cameron, solemnly, “I will do that. I have no wife; I do not care. I will go into the gig with you, Hamish; but we will never reach the yacht—this night or any night that is to come.”

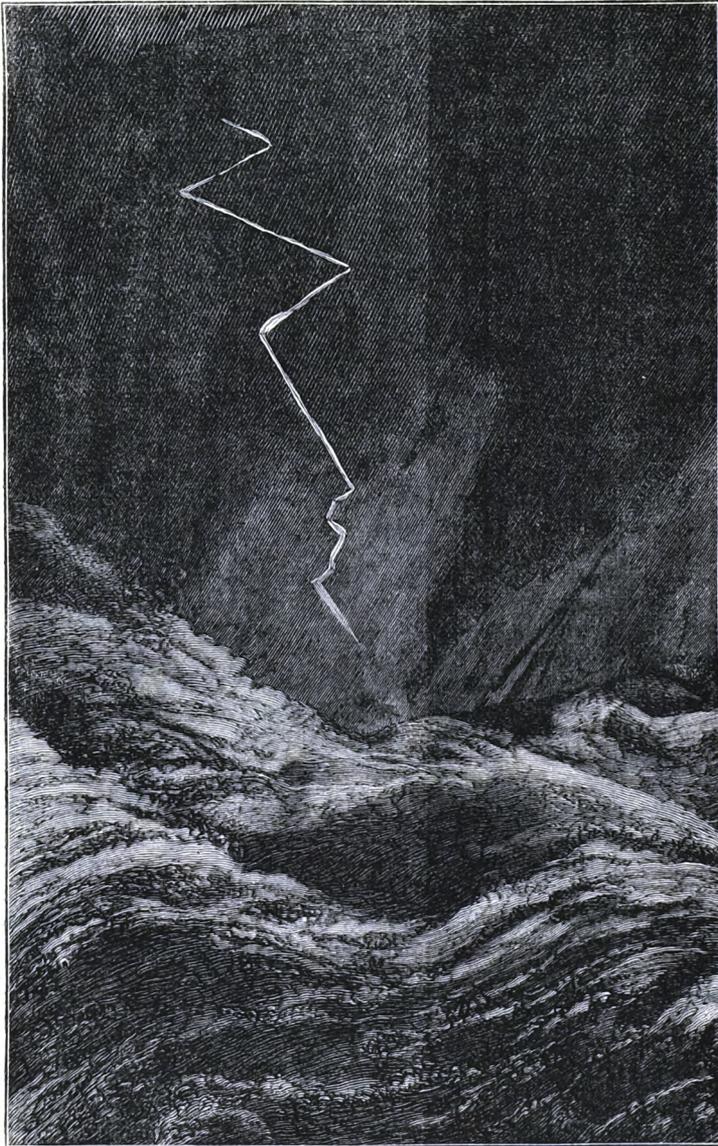
Then the old woman Christina shrieked aloud; and caught her husband by the arm.

“Hamish! Hamish! Are you going to drown yourself before my eyes?”

He shook her hand away from him.

"My young master ordered me ashore: I have come ashore. But I myself, I order myself back again: Duncan Cameron, they will never say that we stood by and saw Macleod of Dare go down to his grave!"

They emerged from the shelter of this great rock—the hurricane was so fierce that they had to cling to one boulder after another to save themselves from being whirled into the sea. But were these two men by themselves? Not likely! It was a party of five men that



now clambered along the slippery rocks to the shingle up which they had hauled the gig; and one wild lightning-flash saw them with their hands on the gunwale, ready to drag her down to the water. There was a surf raging there that would have swamped

twenty gigs: these five men were going of their own free will and choice to certain death—so much had they loved the young master.

But a piercing cry from Christina arrested them. They looked out to sea. What was

this sudden and awful thing?—instead of the starboard green light, behold! the port red light—and that moving! Oh, see! how it recedes, wavering—flickering through the whirling vapour of the storm! Is it a witch's dance; or are they strange death-fires hovering over the dark ocean-grave? But Hamish knows too well what it means; and, with a wild cry of horror and despair, the old man sinks on his knees, and clasps his hands, and stretches them out to the terrible sea.

"Oh, Macleod, Macleod, are you going away from me for ever! and we will go up the hills together and on the lochs together no more—no more—no more! Oh, the brave lad that he was!—and the good master!—and who was not proud of him?—my handsome lad!—and he the last of the Macleods of Dare!"

* * * *

Arise, Hamish, and have the gig hauled up into shelter; for will you not want it when the gale abates, and the seas are smooth once more, and you have to go away to Dare, you and your comrades, with silent tongues and sombre eyes? Why this wild lamentation in the darkness of the night? The stricken heart that you loved so well has found peace at last; the coal-black wine has been drank; there is an end. And you, you poor, cowering fugitives, who only see each other's terrified faces when the wan gleam of the lightning blazes through the sky, perhaps it is

well that you should weep and wail for the young master; but that is soon over; and the fierce white day will break. And this is what I am thinking of now: when the hurricane is gone, and the seas are smooth once more, then which of you—oh, which of you all will tell this tale to the two women at Castle Dare?

So fair shines the morning sun on the white sands of Iona! The three-days' gale is over; behold! how Ulva—Ulva the green-shored—the *Ool-a-va* that the sailors love—is laughing out again to the clear skies. And the great skarts on the shores of Erisgeir are spreading abroad their dusky wings to get them dried in the sun; and the seals are basking on the rocks in Loch-na-Keal; and in Loch Scridain the white gulls sit buoyant on the blue sea. There go the Gometra men in their brown-sailed boat to look after the lobster-traps at Staffa; and very soon you will see the steamer come round the far Cail-leach Point; over at Erraidh they are signalling to the men at Dubh-artach; and they are glad to have a message from them after the heavy gale. The new, bright day has begun; the world has awakened again to the joyous sunlight; there is a chattering of the sea-birds all along the shores. It is a bright, eager, glad day for all the world. But there is silence in Castle Dare.

IRISH AIR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SONGS OF KILLARNEY."

"'Twas pretty to be in Ballinderry."

'Twas pretty to be in Ballinderry,
'Twas pretty to be in Aghalee,
'Twas prettier to be in little Ram's Island,
Trysting under the ivy tree!
Och hone, ochone!
Och hone, ochone!

For often I roved in little Ram's Island
Side by side with Phelimy Hyland,
And still he'd court me, and I'd be coy,
Though at heart I loved him, my handsome boy!

"I'm sailing," he sighed, "from Ballinderry
Out and across the stormy sea,
Then if in your heart you love me, Mary,
Open your arms at last to me."
Och hone, ochone!
Och hone, ochone!

I opened my arms—how well he knew me!
I opened my arms and took him to me,
And there, in the gloom of the groaning mast,
We kissed our first and we kissed our last!

'Twas happy to be in little Ram's Island:
But now 'tis sad as sad can be;
For the ship that sailed with Phelimy Hyland
Is sunk for ever beneath the sea.
Och hone, ochone!
Och hone, ochone!

And 'tis oh! but I wear the weeping willow,
And wander alone by the lonesome billow,
And cry to him over the cruel sea,
"Phelimy Hyland, come back to me!"

THE KAFIR RISING.

BY CAPTAIN HENRY HALLAM PARR.

PART III.

THE Lieutenant has yet a hundred and fifty miles or so to travel before he completes his work.

He has now to leave Eland's Post and the pleasant Amatolas Mountains, and has to reach Fort Beaufort, then descend to the dried-up country between the Kat and Koonap rivers, toil up to the Koonap heights only to descend into the deep Brak River valley, then wind up the baboon-haunted Queen's Road, before he reaches Graham's Town and can turn his horse's head towards King William's Town again.

He hears the same story, and sees the same sights everywhere—colonists, town bred or country bred, coming forward cheerfully to fight for their country; deserted farms; stock dying for want of water; trade at almost a standstill; farmers, who are not away fighting, gloomy and depressed, as they are losing much stock by theft and by the long drought, and the land wants rain so badly that if they can manage to overcome its hardness and drive the plough through it, the seed-corn dies in the ground.

We must, however, leave the Lieutenant to complete his journey, and return to King William's Town, where events are marching fast.

Shortly after the outbreak of hostilities with Krelī (it is hoped the readers of *Good Words* clearly understand that Krelī is chief of the Galekas, and lives in the "Trans-kei"), Mapassa, one of Krelī's chiefs, declared for Government; and as his brother chiefs threatened to make short work of him and his men if they could get at him, he and his followers and their possessions were escorted across the Kei into the colony, and placed near a place called "Impetu," about forty miles distant from King William's Town.

Here, while the Galekas were flying to the Bashee, Mapassa and his men managed to make the time pass without its hanging too heavily on their hands, by visiting their friends the Gaikas, by a little stock-stealing, and so forth; and here they were when it became very clear, about the beginning of December, that the Galekas were not yet crushed, but were returning into their old country, having deposited their women, children, and cattle in safety to give battle again.

In order to prevent any of Mapassa's people from changing their minds and joining in the disturbance across the Kei, it was determined that they should be disarmed.

Indeed, it was more than suspected that the fashionable young bloods of Mapassa's and even Sandilli's people were in the practice of going off to enjoy a day's shooting with Krelī, returning to their homes to assume, with considerable swagger, the enviable position of a warrior who has blooded his assegais—or, as we should say, who has "smelt powder."

A party of police and volunteers was accordingly sent down to carry out the disarmament, but it was not cleverly managed.

Mapassa's men had been allowed to hear of the intention to disarm them some days before it was carried into effect, and consequently they had full time to think about it.

Now, among Mapassa's petty chiefs was a gentleman named Mackinnon, who was a Gaika by blood. His antecedents would not bear much looking into: his youth had been somewhat stormy, he had made the colony too hot to hold him, and had gone to live with the Galekas across the river Kei.

When Mackinnon heard that Government was going to disarm him and his men, he determined to evade this operation, and accordingly marched away from Impetu, and hid among his relatives the Gaikas.

As soon as Government received news of Mackinnon's flight, a special commissioner was sent to Sandilli, the Gaika chief, and secured from him a promise to surrender Mackinnon, and that a fine should be inflicted upon his people.

This was the most anxious time of the whole war. It was evident that the rising could no longer be regarded as a mere affair of police, to be settled without the aid of H.M.'s troops, and that if we were to retain our hold on Ibeka, round which the Galekas were again beginning to swarm, reinforcements must be at once sent there; it was evident, too, that the Gaikas really meant mischief, and that the only way by which they could be kept from rising was by dealing upon the Galekas a rapid and a severe blow.

Unfortunately, at no time since the commencement of the war had the Government

been so powerless. Most of the volunteers who had accompanied Commandant Griffith had returned home, the police horses were worn out, and we had not a soldier to spare without too much reducing the force at some important post.

Negotiations were still dragging on between the Government and Sandilli, when on the 3rd of December the Galekas had returned to their old country in sufficient force to justify Krel's ablest and most determined general, Kiva, in making a vigorous attack upon a body of police and volunteers who were patrolling about fifteen miles from Ibeka, in an enclosed and rugged bit of country. The force only numbered twenty-five mounted police and about one hundred and twenty-five volunteers, with two field pieces. After a brisk skirmish of about half an hour the colonists retired into a more open part of the country and formed camp, where they were shortly after attacked by between eight and nine hundred warriors.

After a fight which lasted from four to eight o'clock P.M., during which the little force behaved very gallantly, and the two field pieces did great execution, the Galekas retired, sweeping off the horses and draught oxen of the colonists.

This action was regarded by the Kafirs as a victory, and its effects were speedily seen; for on the 24th of December, Kiva, with two hundred picked men, crossed the Kei into the colony and passed into the Gaika location.

It was no longer doubtful that the Gaikas intended to rise, and the excitement in the colony was at its height.

The disturbances and fighting had hitherto been confined to the Transkei, but now, unfortunately, the colony was to have its share.

On Christmas-day, Sandilli, with great consideration and perhaps some kindly feeling towards the man at whose house he had enjoyed so many pleasant drinking bouts, sent warning to the owner of the hotel and store at Draibosch (a station about thirty-five miles on the main road between King William's Town and the Transkei), telling him to "trek," as he proposed to burn his place the next night.

The Draibosch hotel and store was accordingly sacked and burnt, and news was spread through the colony that the Gaikas had at last broken out, and that our communications with the Transkei were cut off.

On the 29th December, Major Moore, of the 88th Connaught Rangers (who had been placed in command of the mounted police),

started from Komgha, a village and military post about forty miles from King William's Town, with about thirty men of the mounted police, to escort the post-riders to Kei Road station—the railway terminus. The force was attacked by three hundred Kafirs. The police dismounted and commenced firing, but owing to most of them being but half-trained, and their horses half-broken, and also to their being so few in number, they were forced to retire, and were closely pressed by the Kafirs. One of the police being awkward at mounting, Major Moore rode back to assist him just as the Kafirs were surrounding him. Major Moore shot three Kafirs with his revolver, received an assegai thrust through his arm, and had his horse also wounded; and then, and not till then, and when he saw that the unfortunate policeman had been stabbed to death, did he think of his own safety.

The result of this skirmish was very inspiring to the Kafirs, who assembled the next day on the same road to have another tussle with the white man.

It was evident that another effort must be at once made to re-open communications with the Transkei, as along the road now closed by the enemy every ounce of flour and every cartridge had to pass.

Luckily the natives had a superstitious dread of the telegraph (the lightning poles as they are called in Kafir), and all that appertained to it; regarding the whole contrivance as an important fetich of the white man's which it would be well not to annoy or meddle with.

On the 30th of December Major Moore, and forty of the 88th Regiment and thirty police, set out from Komgha with this object. He had not advanced far before the war-cry was heard, and the dusky figures of the enemy seen in large numbers on the adjacent hills, and his advanced patrols were soon in contact with the enemy.

He posted his men on some rising ground where some large boulders afforded partial cover, and here they were shortly attacked by between six and seven hundred Kafirs.

The 88th Regiment had only lately come out from England, and, having been suddenly made up to its strength for foreign service, was composed almost entirely of boys.

Boys as they were, and some of them hardly knowing how to fire off their rifles, the forty Connaught Rangers Major Moore had with him fully sustained the old reputation of their corps. Their firing, however, was wild and rapid, and (the bullocks of

the ammunition cart having proved traitors, and hurried away with their load directly the firing commenced) cartridges began to get scarce; upon which Major Moore, whenever the Kafirs got unpleasantly near the position, ordered bayonets to be fixed, and charged out with his gallant little band of redcoats, amongst whom were some of the more somberly clad frontier police; and the Kafirs, with their traditional dread of coming to close quarters with the "red devils," drew back each time a charge was made.

After about an hour and a half's fighting the Kafirs withdrew leisurely, and, remembering perhaps their theory of the uselessness of trying to take any post from the soldiers, left their sixty odd antagonists in possession of their hill and their boulders.

This action had the good effect of clearing the road, and opening communications with the Transkei, which were never afterwards interfered with.

From that day the prospects of the colony seemed to brighten, and a fortnight later we were in a position to resume the offensive.

The welcome news had arrived that a battery of artillery and a battalion of foot were on their way to aid us.

The great exertions which had been made since the beginning of December to induce volunteers to come forward were now beginning to bear fruit, and scarcely a day passed without detachments of mounted burghers—big, hardy men, dressed in corduroy suits and broad-brimmed hats—or bodies of Fingo levies arriving at King William's Town, to be equipped and forwarded as soon as possible to join one of the columns which were being formed on different parts of the frontier for the chastisement of the Kafirs.

In addition to the volunteer and burgher corps, there were three semi-regular corps raised, without which the general commanding would have been put to great straits for men who could be sent here and there, without any question being raised as to whether they were willing to go or not. These corps were the Diamond Fields Horse, under Captain Warren, R.E., the Frontier Light Horse, under Lieutenant Carrington, 24th Regiment, and The Rangers, under Colonel Pulleine, 24th Regiment. The first two numbered about two hundred men each, and the last corps about four hundred men, and all three corps proved most valuable during the war.

From the third week in January, 1878, until the end of the first week in February, operations were prosecuted with great vigour

against the Kafirs, not only against those who were swarming in the vicinity of the Kei, but also against Gongubella's Tambookie Kafirs, in the neighbourhood of Queen's Town.

The colonists, commanded by Commandants Griffiths, Brabant, and Frost, were everywhere successful, and showed how safe the honour of the colony was in their hands. Owing to the extremely rugged country, and in some instances to differences of opinion between commanders, the operations of the different columns did not perhaps display as much combination as could have been wished; but the Kafirs were getting the worst of it on all sides, and after a determined effort for victory by the combined forces of Kreli and Sandilli on the 7th of February, they seemed to be almost resigned to defeat, and fought in desperation without hope of success, and because they were ordered to fight by their chiefs.

On the 7th of February, Captain Upcher, 24th Regiment, in command of a camp which had been lately formed in the Transkei, at Quintana Mountain, about twelve miles from Ibeka, was attacked by a force of between five and six thousand Kafirs.

Captain Upcher's force consisted of about four hundred Europeans, and five hundred and fifty Fingoes, two mountain guns, and a rocket tube. Of the four hundred Europeans twenty-five were blue-jackets, from H.M.S. *Active*, two hundred belonged to H.M. 24th Regiment, ninety were mounted police, seventy were from the Frontier Light Horse, and the volunteers of the colony were ably represented by a gun detachment of the Cape Town Volunteer Artillery.

The enemy advanced to the attack about 5.30 A.M., and some of the 24th and of the Frontier Light Horse were sent forward to commence the action, with orders to retire in haste before the enemy, so as to draw them on and bring them within range of the camp, where suitable preparations for their reception had been made.

Much encouraged by the sudden retreat of the soldiers, the Kafirs advanced in two divisions from two points of the compass, and a third party attempted a surprise by making use of a wooded kloof (Anglicè, ravine) to the right front of the camp.

The enemy was, however, by 10.30 A.M. driven back on all sides with very heavy loss, and was in full retreat, pursued by Carrington's horse, the mounted police, and the Fingo levies.

The Kafirs lost very heavily; about two

hundred bodies were found in the open, and many must have fallen in the long grass and in the kloofs. The number of wounded must also have been considerable. Our loss was trifling—two men killed, nine wounded, and four horses killed. It was now, notwithstanding the reverses of their compatriots, that the war spirit seemed to gain such irresistible influence over so many civilised Kafirs. Kafirs who had been Christians since their boyhood, who had worn clothes and lived in houses all their lives—well-educated men, speaking and writing English with admirable correctness—who, perhaps, were holding good appointments as clerks or interpreters under Government, would yield to the feeling, and, urged by a desire for fighting and excitement, and by loyalty to their chiefs, would leave their situations, exchange their clothes for a blanket, their pen for a rifle, and join their tribe in the bush.

The idea that because a Kafir changes his religion he therefore at the same time changes (what may be called) his politics, hardly seems a reasonable one. At any rate, as it turned out, whether a man declared for or against Government, depended in most cases upon the line of conduct followed by his chief, and not upon his professing or not professing Christianity. A Gaika chief named Dukwana, the only chief of any importance who had attempted to make Christianity the religion of his clan, after wavering for some time, at last threw in his lot with Sandilli and joined the native army with his followers.

Dukwana, it is said, not only retained his European dress in the bush, but held service regularly, at which he compelled the attendance of all the Kafirs under him, whether professing Christianity or not.

History is not wanting in examples of conquered peoples accepting the religion, but revolting against the government, of their conquerors; and it cannot be denied that the missionaries, by leading the colonists to expect that a native, having once embraced Christianity, will become English in his sympathies, pave the way for a deplorable reaction of opinion as to the value of Christianity for the natives when this error is exposed.

During the first week of February the promised battery and the 90th Light Infantry arrived, and were right welcome. These troops were dispatched almost immediately after landing to garrison Fort Beaufort, near which a Gaika chief named Tini Macomo had just (at the wrong time for

him and the right time for us) declared against Government.

The rest of February was spent in preparing for operations against Tini Macomo and against Sandilli, who was now posted in some very rugged and difficult country near the Thomas River, an affluent of the Kei.

On the 4th of March Colonel Palmer, 90th Light Infantry, with a mixed force of regulars, burghers, and native levies, attacked Tini Macomo, who was ensconced in the depths of the Schelm and Water Kloofs (of evil notoriety from the losses our troops had suffered therein during past wars), and in a few days' time succeeded in driving out the Kafirs and restoring confidence in the town and district of Fort Beaufort.

At this time there were two main columns in the Transkei, one composed of regulars and Fingo levies under Colonel Glyn, another of police and Tembu levies under Major Elliott, a retired Crimean officer who was Resident with the Tembus, and whose firm and prompt action induced this tribe to declare for, and render much valuable assistance to, Government during the war. There was, however, but little doing in Galeka Land—the Galekas who remained there apparently being cowed and preferring to remain in hiding.

Early in March, however, a body of Fingoes, under a European officer, attacked one of the hiding-places, and in the fighting which then ensued the celebrated Kiva and several minor chiefs were killed.

On the 9th of March Sandilli succeeded in breaking away from Commandant Griffith's forces, who were endeavouring to surround him on the Thomas River, and making his way into a part of the Amatola Mountains called the Buffalo Range.

The second battalion, 24th Regiment, opportunely arrived from England just at this time, and were hurried up to participate in a general attack on Sandilli's forces.

The troops engaged were 555 regulars, 1,185 mounted volunteers, 1,295 native levies, and four mountain guns, and there was continuous fighting from the 18th to the 21st March, and smaller actions for ten days afterwards. The result of this fortnight's work was not as decisive as could have been wished, though it may at first sight appear that the Kafirs should have been almost annihilated by so persistent an attack. But the ruggedness and difficult nature of the ground rendered our task of very great difficulty, and the enemy, by

taking refuge in the deep kloofs, bush-covered ravines, and thick-wooded recesses of the hills, were enabled to hold out still against us.

The only breathing-time that the Kafirs had for nearly three months was for the first three weeks of April, during which time Seyolo, a Gaika chief, with nearly twelve hundred men, took the opportunity of rising, and joined Sandilli's forces.

The general commanding (General Thesiger) was forced to suspend hostilities at this juncture, as the time for which the volunteers and burghers under his command had enrolled had expired; and they had to be dismissed to their homes and men to relieve them obtained.

On the 29th of April offensive operations were resumed.

It would make too long a story to recount in detail the operations directed by General Thesiger during the remainder of April, and during May and June. Suffice it to say that the operations were conducted with a vigour and an energy generally unknown in the old Kafirs' wars.

The enemy, owing to the care with which his haunts were watched, had been brought to great straits for food and ammunition, and the Kafirs were also suffering from the cold.

There was almost continued fighting for the first ten days of May, during which the Kafirs lost heavily, and it began to be evident that resistance must soon cease.

The operations during the remainder of May dwindled down to a succession of small combats between the troops and parties of half-starved and desperate men, who would not give themselves up, but who only fought when they could neither hide nor escape.

This was not at all the sort of warfare their chiefs and the old warriors of their tribes, who had fought in previous Kafir wars, had led them to expect.

They had intended to rise suddenly, take the English unawares, sweep off plenty of cattle and sack farmhouses galore, and away to the mountains with their booty. From their vantage point they had intended, as in previous wars, to make raids on the surrounding country in one direction, while the troops toiled wearily after them in another. Then, when they had eaten up their stolen cattle and had had enough of excitement and of bush-life, the chiefs would open negotiations, which would be accepted by a government sick of the war, and a peace would be speedily patched up.

But this war all had been very different; and now the officers of Government, instead

of agreeing to the terms offered by the Kafirs, demanded immediate submission to *their* terms.

On the 29th of May an important event occurred. Sandilli, the great chief of the fighting Gaikas, the drunken and treacherous old savage who had brought so much misery upon his own people and the colonists of the frontier, was killed by a stray shot; and his body-guard were so hard pressed that they could not carry off his body, but had only time to throw a few leaves over it.

No operations of any importance took place from this date, and on the 29th June an amnesty to all who would lay down arms was proclaimed, and the war was virtually at an end.

The losses of the Kafirs have by far exceeded those of any of the former Kafir wars. Of the Gaikas all the most important chiefs have been killed—Sandilli and several of his sons, Dukwana, Seyolo, and many others. Tini Macomo, Edmund Sandilli (Sandilli's chief son), Gongubella, chief of the Tambookies, are prisoners. Of the Galekas, Kreli, the prime mover of the war, is a fugitive, hunted about from place to place with a handful of followers. Kiva, Sigeav, and many other Galeka chiefs and counsellors are dead.

The prospect is now hopeful. For many years alarms of Kafir risings, technically known as "scares," have done much injury to the trade and industry of the frontier. These periodical scares will not occur when confidence is fully restored, and the native question of the Cape Colony fairly faced and judiciously settled.

Our faults in dealing with the Kafir tribes of the Cape frontier have been innumerable. We will state only the most important one. We have allowed the chiefs to retain (and counting from the last Kafir war we may almost say regain) so much influence and authority over the tribes, that the natives have not realised that they are first the Queen's subjects, and then their chief's, but they have given all their loyalty and obedience to their chief, and to him only.

There is much yet to be done before the native races are elements of strength and riches, instead of weakness and poverty, to the colony, but already the right course to bring about this desirable change has been entered into by the present ministry.

It is hoped that there will never, if an able native policy is observed, be another native war in the Cape Colony; but *South Africa* is still disturbed, and the wave of disturbance

which has been sweeping the huge area from the Limpopo to the Orange River and to the Kei, since the Transvaal Boers were beaten back from Secocu's stronghold two years and a half ago, has not yet subsided.

We have a dense Kafir population in Natal whose politics are not clearly defined, and whose actions, if the war fever got amongst them, it would be difficult to foresee.

There are between the Transkei and Natal several hundred thousand Pondos who are only slowly learning that the British government objects to the riff-raff of the Natal Kafirs finding a refuge in their land. It is, however, on the eastern and north-eastern borders of Natal where lies the power which we are now face to face with.

The Zulu nation has long been looked up to by the other Kafir tribes as the most aristocratic and warlike of them, and it is undoubtedly the most formidable of our possible enemies. The organization of the nation is essentially military. The Zulu king, Cetuyayo, has divided his warriors into regiments according to their ages, and can put, it is thought (and there appears no reason to think the number much overstated), thirty-five or forty thousand warriors into the field. His young men have long been anxious to blood their assegais, and were waiting with impatience for their king's order to pour into the Transvaal, when, luckily for its white inhabitants, this country was proclaimed British territory. Since the annexation the Dutch-Zulu border disputes have become Anglo-

Zulu, and in all human probability there will be war before they are decided. Peaceful men want to settle the question by arbitration, but the Zulus do not; they are anxious for excitement and to see how we fight.

One pitched battle, one defeat, will probably be enough to bring half the Zulu clans over to our side, happy for a chance of escape from the cruel and bloodthirsty tyranny of their king. The Zulu power will break up, and another great hindrance to the civilisation of South Africa be swept away.

The future of South Africa is an intensely interesting subject. At the rate events are marching we may hope before many years to see a South African Dominion reaching from the Cunene River on the west to the Zambesi on the east coast, in which Kafir scares and Kafir wars are things of the past; whose railway and telegraph system is completed; whose general prosperity has swept away the petty provincial jealousies—alas! now too visible; whose wealth will be pouring by many channels down to the ports of Cape Town, Port Elizabeth, East London, Port Natal, Delagoa Bay, and Quillemane.

The railway systems of the Cape Colony, of Natal, and the Transvaal will have joined, and South Africa, become connected by three lines of telegraph with Europe—the first *via* St. Helena, Ascension, and the West Coast; the second by Natal, Delagoa, and Zanzibar; and the third by Pretoria to the Great Lakes, to Egypt, along the route Colonel Gordon is now working.

LETTERS FROM MAURITIUS.

By LADY BARKER.

III.

BEAU BASSIN, *August 5th.*

I AM certain that people in England do not understand how cold the winter months are in Mauritius. Indoors it is quite cool during the day up here, and the evenings and nights are exceedingly cold. With nearly all the clumsy wooden shutters shut at night, two blankets are not at all too much, and I would give a good deal to have a fire-place in the drawing-room. It is difficult for new-comers, with the insolence of English health still about them, to understand how and why, in such a lovely climate, with no perceptible reason, there should be so many cases of fever. There is no malaria, or fog, or marsh, or swamp, to be detected anywhere, except in Port Louis, and the reins of sanitary govern-

ment seem held in a very tight hand indeed. Constant planting of gum-trees (which the hurricanes, even baby ones, tear up immediately), such draining and general "fettling-up," as is always going on! And yet a sanitary authority informed me sadly the other day, "This is an unusually healthy season, but there were over a thousand deaths from fever in May." I was amazed, but since then I have been studying the daily reports of the fever cases, and can see it must be only too true.

One of my greatest pleasures here is my afternoon walk, and I still keep up my English habits of exercise. A few evenings ago we hurried to some rising ground about a mile off to "see Bourbon." Perhaps you

do not understand what an atmospheric achievement *that* is. Bourbon is an island a hundred miles off, and can only be seen two or three times in a year. But it would have been worth going any distance, or waiting any length of time, to stand, as I stood that balmy evening, and look over the green sloping foreground which fell gradually away at my feet for a stretch of five miles or so down to the seashore, where the white girdle of reef foam only divided one brilliant water-blue from the other. My eyes could not linger, however, on the fair fields close at hand, for they could be seen every day and every hour. Apparently only ten miles off, the great Cildas range of Bourbon, with the lofty *Piton de Neige*, ten thousand feet high, cuts the wonderful sky as sharp and clear as our own hills close by. The outline is beautiful; but anything must needs be beautiful against such a background of western sky, glorious with crimson and amber, purple and green, with palest blue between. It is a sight to gaze at in reverent silence, for speech would jar.

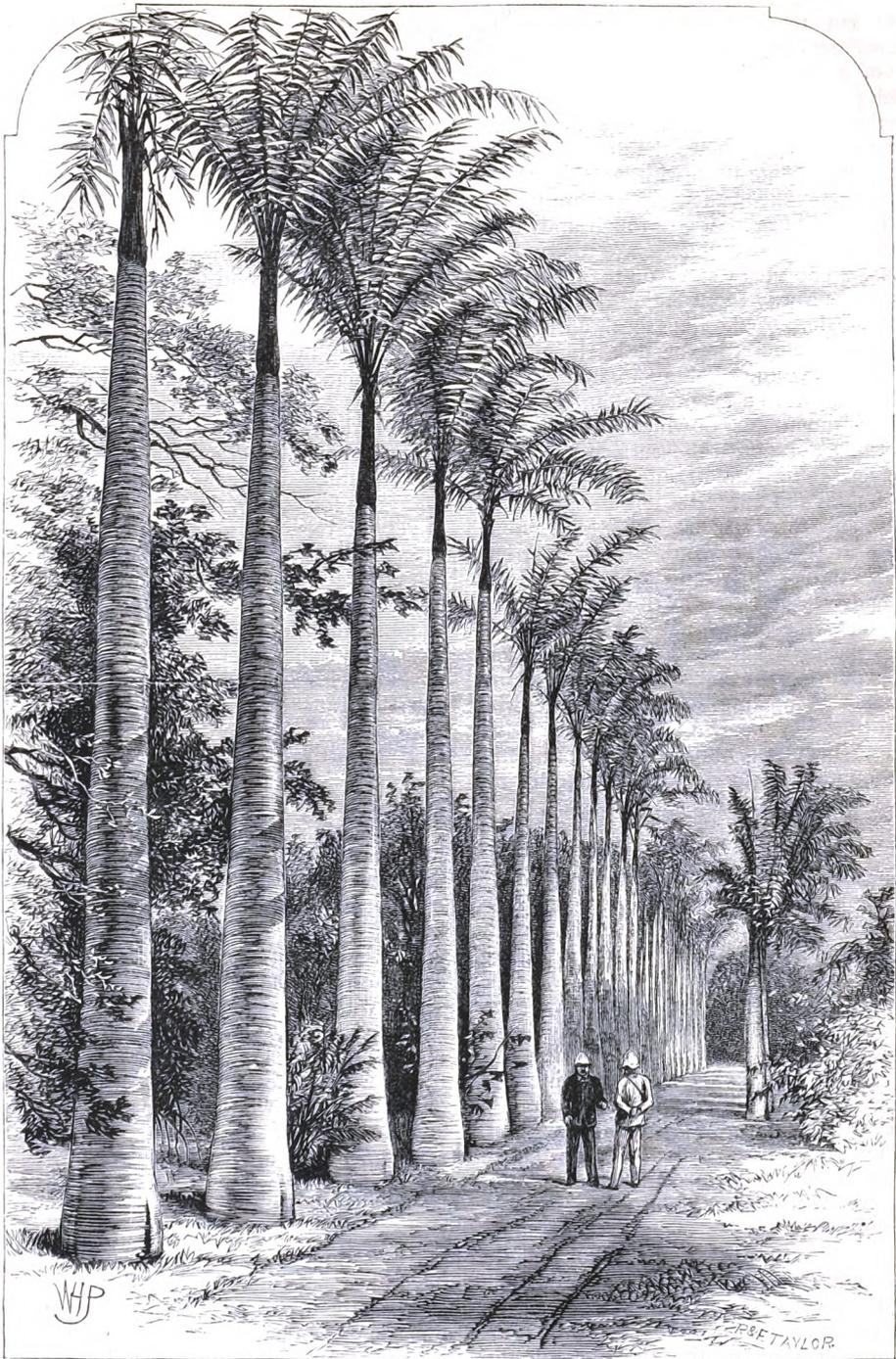
A few days ago we paid a charming visit to some friends who live on a large sugar estate in the north of the island. The country is very flat there, and just now, before the *coupe* or sugar crop, one drives over excellent roads between high waving green walls of canes. They are in full blossom at this season, and it is their prettiest moment, for the graceful white plumes, looking exactly like pampas grass to the ignorant eye, make a pleasant mesmeric rustle to the ear as they wave and bend to the slender swaying green leaves beneath. But the stones! It is a marvel how there can be any successful cultivation at all, where the stones and the soil appear to bear much the same inverted relation to each other as Falstaff's bread and sack; yet nobody seems to find them in the way. Where a fence is needed, then indeed the stones are piled up in symmetrical order, but generally the cane-field is edged with a neat border of the coarse grass used by the natives for thatching their huts.

By the way, "Paul and Virginia" are the great disappointment of the place. Their tomb is close to the railway, and consists of only a few loosely tumbled-together bricks, beneath which the most careful examinations have failed to discover a vestige of human remains. Nor do the localities described in the book, though sufficiently accurate in detail, fit in with each other at all. There is no doubt that the *St. Géran* was wrecked, but she could not have gone to pieces in the spot where Bernardin de St. Pierre lays the scene

of the disaster, nor could the bodies possibly have been carried across the hills, through the dense forests of those days, in the time mentioned, for the breadth of the island lies between the two places. But, after all, such geographical details don't matter, do they? and no trifling inaccuracies can ever mar the pathos and beauty of the sweet old tropical idyl, whose scene is laid one hundred and thirty years ago. We passed in the railway the dusty and unromantic spot where the dilapidated tomb still is shown to strangers. It is close to the station where you alight for the beautiful Pamplemousse gardens, but the "Baie du Tombeau" is several miles to the left.

I used to feel much greater interest in Grand Baie (all the "baies" are on the tiniest imaginable scale), because one had always heard that it was there the force under General Abercrombie, which finally captured the little island, landed in 1810. This is a common mistake, as a glance at the shoal water and barrier reefs beyond Grand Baie will show. No large ship could possibly get in there. The fleet really anchored between an odd-shaped rock called Coin de Mire, and the extreme northern point of the mainland, called Cap Malheureux. The troops were landed in boats through a narrow passage in the reefs to the east of the promontory, and they could not have got ashore at all if they had not chanced to capture one of the best Creole pilots of that day, whose evil star had led him out fishing early in the morning. He was patriotic enough to resist for some time, but a little moral "suasion," and the click of a pistol trigger, convinced him that he had better live to enjoy the promised pension, than go overboard to feed the sharks. So the end of it was, that by sunrise that fine morning the fishermen saw red coats and blue jackets swarming through the dense forest by which all these waving fields of sugar-cane I am looking at to-day were then covered. The island was not well garrisoned, and, taken by surprise in this fashion, could only make the best possible terms for itself, and the treaty was signed at a farm-house a very short way on the road to Port Louis.

As we drive swiftly along the level seashore, it is beautiful to see the clear outlines of the distant hills against the tender tints of the morning sky, for our *tournée* must be ended and over long before eight o'clock. I wonder how the ponies manage to keep their feet, for although the ground is level enough, the sand is firmly bound together by a liane which creeps closely on the ground, and is



Cayenne-Palm Grove, Botanical Gardens, Mauritius.

precisely like a net-work of strong ropes. I tried to walk over it, and stumbled at every step; but we met with no misadventure. The whole island is apparently merely the top of a volcano, or series of volcanoes, which project above the water not more than one thousand eight hundred feet at the highest point. You can see the distinct circle of jagged tooth-like hills, with here and there a tremendous rent in their sides where the lava has torn its burning way through and flowed down to form the foundation of these fertile plains. The steep sides of the hills are as straight as a wall towards the top and utterly inaccessible, not affording foothold to a goat nor earth enough to grow a blade of grass. When you see the whole panorama the effect is exactly that of a magnificent and ambitious range of mountains, of which only the points are sticking up above the surface. The rest, you feel, is down below, and has yet to grow, like a child's tooth. But it is all exceedingly pretty, and the hills are quite high enough for the area of the island. As the carriage-wheels turn swiftly and silently over the grassy drives between the thick groves of the filao-trees, it reminds me exactly of spring drives through glades of larches in a Staffordshire wood, except that every opening showed a stretch of opaline water, with the white reef-girdle beyond. As for the air, it was fresh to keenness, and when on our return the moon rose, we were fain to huddle ourselves up in every wrap we possessed.

August 12th.

Since I last wrote I have been to see the great annual festival of the year, the races, on their last day, when the entire native population of the island pours in through Port Louis, to the Champ de Mars. They can only come for the pleasure of seeing each other, for the vast stream of people begins to move off the course directly the races begin, at noon. I chanced to be dining out the evening before this monster meeting took place, and, to my mind, nothing that I saw on the race-course next day was half so wonderful as the high-road some ten miles from Port Louis at midnight. It was literally covered with a throng of Indians streaming down in the one direction. Whole families were journeying swiftly and steadily along; everybody carried a bundle, and nearly everybody carried a baby. The poor little mites were fast asleep in the most astounding positions: seated astride on their mother's hips, who could only spare a finger or so to keep them in their places, for she probably

had a bundle on her head, another child or two clinging to her skirts, and all her kitchen apparatus dangling about her. The men sang weird choruses to keep themselves awake, and usually held up their umbrellas in the moonlight, to my pony's extreme terror and discomfiture. As I drove through a little village, which in the daytime is as gay as a kaleidoscope, and as noisy as the monkey and parrot houses at the Zoo rolled into one, the verandahs of the hovels which form its one street were crowded with sleeping or resting travellers. Here and there a cute Chinaman—always a Chinaman—had opened a booth for refreshment, and his extempore stall was surrounded by hungry customers, and so was his fire, crackling pleasantly in the open air close by. Next day I noticed how such stalls had been made really beautiful by palm branches and boughs, with bunches of gay flowers stuck between. The Indian's eye and taste for colour, though somewhat florid, is very correct, and no costly bower or recess at an English royal ball could have been more lovely in its way than these flower-wreathed shanties. The bougainvilleas are in great luxuriance just now, and so is the gay flamboyant; every cottage and hedge is covered with splendid lianes or creepers, so the decorator has not far to seek for his materials.

It is worth while, for once, taking the long and dusty drive down to town to catch the first glimpse of the Champ de Mars on the great "Race Saturday." Somebody said it was like a field of poppies, but the general effect is far too white for that. More like a field of ox-eyed daisies, I thought it, with poppies here and there. In a mass and at a distance, you lose sight of the brown and black faces and hands, or they continue to blend themselves with the rising downs which surround the race-course, and all you see is a vast concourse—fifty thousand people—in snowy robes, with dashes of scarlet and orange here and there. But white is the prevailing colour, and I can only say the draperies (for they are innocent of all tailoring) are a credit to the dobbies, or washerwomen, as well as to the artistic feelings of the wearer, who winds half-a-dozen yards of muslin or calico about his lithe upright figure in folds which might have been suggested by an artist.

The stream of people had begun to turn their faces homewards by the time I arrived on the Champ de Mars, but still the crowd was tremendous, and in the distance I could see merry-go-rounds and all the adjuncts of a fair, whirling merrily. Nothing could be

more orderly or respectable than the vast assemblage. Indeed, they were strangely silent, and were certainly taking their pleasure soberly. The carriages of the gentry were filled to overflowing with pretty Creole women in gowns as gay as a peacock's plumage, and with every style of coiffure and head-gear which may have been the fashion for years past. The boxes also were crowded with French and English residents, of which it may fairly be said that the former beat the latter hollow in point of beauty and grace. Gay draperies of cloth, enormous moss-baskets of roses, trailing branches of brilliant flowers everywhere, are only an appropriate foil and frame for the lovely pensive faces of these dark-eyed subjects of Queen Victoria. The less said about the horses and the races the better. I am told there were some good ones, but all I can say is, they did not run whilst I was on the course.

August 19th.

We are availing ourselves of the last month we can count upon as winter to make one or two expeditions.

The ostensible object of the journey I am about to describe was to open a new wire tramway across a narrow armlet of the sea, called a bay. The railway ran—I should rather say climbed—through most beautiful scenery, made still more fair by the lights and shadows of a lovely day. The first hour or two we climbed, literally climbed up a gradient of 1 in 27 in some places, and 1 in 28 or 30 constantly. This climbing entailed a good deal of squeaking and puffing, and I was by no means free from apprehensions that we were making the Irishman's rate of progress of one step forward and two backward. But Curepipe was reached at last, and the traditions of that settlement in cloud-land were daily kept up by a gusty shower sweeping across the sky and blotting out everything for a few minutes. However, the mist lifted in time to let me see some of the famous gardens as we slowly steamed away, and still upwards. There were hedges of salvias, shrubberies of azalias, and long dew-bathed lanes of wild roses, all sparkling and glistening through the rain, which was already giving way to a flood of sunshine. Little groups of officials and on-lookers wait at each halting-place to receive and welcome the very popular representative of her Majesty, and we move in and out of every flower-decorated station amid bows and hat-waving. The English do not muster in force enough to attempt a cheer, but welcome and politeness

contrive to get themselves sufficiently expressed without it.

As we climb higher, preparatory to making a steep descent, the scenery becomes more enchanting. Everywhere a width of blue sea bounds the distance, but close at hand are lovely glimpses of ravines with Scotch-looking rocky burns swirling beneath, as we cross them in high-hung bridges, cascades sparkling in the golden glow of an early forenoon, patches of forest with here and there a deer-drive cut through their impenetrable tangle, waving fields of canes, cultivation everywhere, and every sign of industry and prosperity. The tall chimneys dotted about are beginning to smoke, for the *coupe*, or harvest, is just commencing, and the distant beat and hum of machinery makes itself heard wherever we halt. When we alight we are ushered to the place from which the aerial voyage of the wire "tram" is to commence. It is, of course, all wreathed and decked with gorgeous blossoms and a wealth of ferns, and the ugliness of man's handiwork effectually concealed. After certain formalities, the first bucket is launched upon its frail-looking wire support, and moves steadily and swiftly along, high up in air, across the strip of sand and the narrow creek beyond. It is a long journey under the circumstances, for the space between shore and shore is nearly five hundred yards, but it is safely accomplished, and this pioneer bucket, or basket, is succeeded by a score of others, each with a man, or sometimes two men, in them. We stay to watch the return buckets come up on the opposite wire, and then, amid mutual congratulations, move off to the little village or settlement of Souillac, a few yards off. I must explain that the object of this wire tram is to convey to the railway station at Souillac the bags of sugar from the estates which lie on the other side of the Bay of Souillac, and which have hitherto been obliged to send their crop to Port Louis by sea at great risk and inconvenience, for only very small vessels could get sufficiently close to the wharf to receive the cargo.

On our way homewards we had a delightful halt at a great sugar estate, where luncheon—tiffin, as they call it here in Indian fashion—was prepared. Hungry as I was, I could not help loitering, as we passed through the large, airy saloons of the dwelling-house, to admire and inhale the fragrance of the giant bouquets set in huge "bough-pots" in every corner. The luncheon-table, too, was ablaze with flowers arranged by native servants, whose feeling for colour (they have none for

form) came out in beautiful combinations. Our last hour of rest was spent in the sugar-house, spacious, and clean, and airy, but full of bewildering machinery and a busy whirl and hum of wheels and bands. The crop this year promises to be a very large one, I am told, and all the planters are in good spirits; but I hear on every side prognostications of a bad season of hurricanes, which appear to be grounded on no better foundation than the fact that mango-trees are all bursting into most luxuriant and extraordinary blossom.

Sept. 10th.

My last little excursion has been, on a really delicious day, to the botanical gardens at Pamplemousse—gardens which cover over sixty acres of beautifully laid-out ground, and which can be reached in half an hour by rail from Port Louis. It is impossible to imagine anything more beautifully kept than these magnificent grounds, and they would do credit to any capital of Europe. The entrance is by a wide sweep of handsome iron railings like those in the newest part of Hyde Park, and the broad walks, free from a single weed, the turf like velvet, the perfect order of every tree and plant, all bespeak hourly care and supervision.

The collection of palms is probably unrivalled in the world, for, instead of solitary specimens under glass, there are avenues and arcades of palms in every direction, all arranged with that perfection of art which copies nature faithfully. One avenue in particular, of lofty Cayenne palms, looked exactly as if it had come off the frescoed walls in the Assyrian Court of the Crystal Palace. They grow very slowly, and the youngest is nearly a century old. Then there were *allées* of palms from East Africa, with the tip of each leaf apparently snapped off, giving them the effect of the hog-mane of a pony. The Travellers' Tree, so famous in story, may be useful, but is certainly not pretty, even in its most holiday dress; but the feathery, waving grace of the Madagascar palms, the queer anchored-out effect of the Seychelles palms—with their roots growing a yard above ground, so mooring the trunk to the earth—the grateful shade of the dwarf palms from Round Island, cover all short-

comings of that cousin of the banana, the Travellers' Palm. In one sheltered corner is a plantation of fine healthy young trees of Tiberian coffee; and there are sundry spots for nurseries of strange and rare plants from all parts of the world. The *raison d'être* of the island is by no means forgotten, for the director of the gardens is incessantly on the out-look for new species of sugar-cane from different quarters of the globe. As with all other highly cultivated plants, mysterious and divers diseases suddenly appear in the sugar-cane nowadays, and then there is nothing for it but to reset the fields with an entirely new species brought from a distance.

The ferns growing on a hillside, under shade, and with plenty of streaming rills among them, were most varied and beautiful. Great branches of elk's-head, of stag's-head, of every sort of boldly cut fern, flourished in great clumps, showing off the more delicate beauty of a hundred varieties of slighter fronds. Masses of maidenhair, of parsley, of lycopodium, and many others unknown by name to me, made this green shady retreat fair to see. Its dank, cool darkness was quite a relief from the glow and dazzle of colour just outside, where the bougainvilleas are flinging their masses of scarlet, and crimson, and purple over everything within reach, turning every stump, or bit of wall, or gable into a glory of colouring. The amaryllis, too, is in full bloom just now. It takes the place of tulips in a spring garden, and show in well-contrasted masses here and there. But flowers are not the great point of the gardens, and their practical side as a place for trying horticultural experiments, and for rearing thousands of trees for distribution through the island, is never forgotten. When you add to the sylvan beauty of palm-aisles and groups of trees like English elms, a river running through it all, and several pieces of ornamental water well stocked with fish, you may imagine perhaps how lovely it all looked that day. But how can I make you see the golden sunshine, the still more lovely pearly shadows cast by passing clouds, or feel the balmy breeze which kept the temperature cool and pleasant? Ah, well! there are days and days, and this was a day of days.



THE PARTING BY JORDAN.

A Sermon by the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Rochester.

"And they two stood by Jordan."—2 KINGS ii. 7.

THAT was a strange journey: whether for the prophets who travelled it, the associations that solemnised it, or the end that made it so touching and sublime. Look at the two men, as they hasten side by side from the bleak uplands of Central Palestine to the sunny skies and depressing air of the Jordan valley; and one glance at Elijah, with his shaggy hair streaming in the wind, his rough sheep-skin mantle wrapping him round, his eye unblenched in its fire, his gait rapid and strong, will make you wonder what there could have been in the gentle and domestic Elisha to attract him to a nature so unbending, and a life so stern. From Gilgal to Bethel, from Bethel to Jordan they made their silent way; and it was all a parable—for them then, for us now. From Gilgal, where a man in his promise had been crowned, and for his sin discrowned. By Bethel, where the father of the elect seed, as he slept his first sleep on his solitary way to find a home and found a nation, saw glittering before his eyes a ladder of burning light spanning the darkness between sky and mountain; showing him that Heaven and earth are not so far apart as sometimes they seem to be; and that he who dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty. On to Jordan, where long before, at Jehovah's bidding, the redeemed of the Lord had passed over to their rest and their triumph. I say, it was all a parable. Each of us has his Gilgal, and his Bethel, and then his Jordan. His Gilgal, where at the beginning of life God summons him to His work, crowns and endows him for it, tries him; and if he fails, takes it from him, and gives it to a better. His Bethel, where God visits the young soul, and gives it His assurance of provision, His smile of welcome, His sense of protection, His promise of fatherly love, and then sends it on. His Jordan, the end of all, whether long or short, bright or dull, defeat or victory, shame or glory, whether approached suddenly or seen from afar, whether recognised with a shudder of fear or welcomed as the thought of home.

My friends, the close of the year is a time when those of us who have lost friends, but not the power of loving them, dwell on them with a secret and happy sadness; in the jar and hurry of a busy life, gladly welcome,

thoughtfully use the opportunity for snatching an hour's musing in the autumn twilight, when we can look back at the former days, and at those who once journeyed at our side, but being suddenly beckoned on in front, left us, to pass out of our sight and ken. While we thank God for all they were to us; and, with a love moistened by a tender sadness, wonder if they remember us still, we will also take it solemnly to heart that we too are on the way to our own Jordan; and that for some of us it may be already in sight. It is a mistake too often to be thinking of the end of life; but it is a far worse mistake never to think of it. Speculation is idle, but the reflection of the heart is wise. Whether or no, when we come to stand on the shore of the river, there will be many watching us as there watched Elijah; or, even one beloved one, to see the last of us, who can tell? This we can tell, that we shall have to go down the bank alone, and make the plunge by ourselves and disappear.

There are four thoughts I would suggest from the scene of those two prophets standing together by Jordan.

1. It is a striking illustration of what we are all more or less familiar with—*Friends parted by death*. There is the strange presage which sometimes, where there is an absolute freedom from superstitiousness, seizes the spirit, whether of him who goes, or of him who stays; a merciful whisper of the coming farewell that makes the going easier. Certainly Elijah knew; certainly, too, Elisha; certainly also the sons of the prophets, who, with an eagerness for telling painful news, that showed more fussiness than sympathy, asked Elisha, "Knowest thou that the Lord will take away thy Master from thy head to-day?" No doubt all that may have been by direct prophetic intimation. Yet, who shall say, that wherever it may come from, or with what purpose, it never happens now? With some of us, at such times, there is a longing for solitude. Here the strong spirit of Elijah shows itself. While some would ask to die, with their friends and their children round them, like Jacob, gathering up their feet into their bed, and so pass away amid the mingled murmurs of praying and weeping; others, and Elijah among them, take their kind farewell, give their solemn blessing, and then—ask to be left alone! Much as Elijah

loved Elisha, plainly he did not want him then. It may have been to spare his disciple the pang of parting. It must also have been, because in the supreme moment of his existence he longed to be alone. There is also the feeling of the fading, waning time being inconceivably precious. We would hoard every moment, catch every look, hear every word. Elisha knew the time was short; he knew also that Elijah would rightly interpret his unusual disobedience. Probably for the first time in his life, he set aside his master's order, and did his own way. Who shall say that he was not right? His reward for what he did is surely the justification for it. If some of us were more careful than we are to gather the wisdom, to watch the life, to ponder the words of the prophets who minister to us the gospel, of the saints who reflect on us Christ Jesus the Lord, we might be spared some of the useless but painful regret that, by a holy death-bed, is the Nemesis of great opportunities passing beyond recall.

2. The second thought that scene suggests is *the end of one career, and the beginning of another*. Elijah's work was done, and a noble one it was—though, to his own heart in moments of profound depression, it must have seemed but a helpless protest against an enormous wickedness. Yet who can say that any man's work on earth is done, merely because he has no more personal share in it? If the Church of that age seemed to gain but little, the Church of after ages has been infinitely richer and stronger for the lofty example of the great Elijah. But where Elijah ends, Elisha begins. This is the way of life always, and Death is usually its instrument. A son sits in his father's chair, and inherits his lands, and sees his picture anxiously looking down at him. One succeeds another in the cure of souls, or in the government of an empire. The *truth* is, there is not room for all of us at once; and we must make way for each other. The *justice* of it is, that we each have our turn and our share. The *certainty* is, that as others made room for us, so we too presently shall make room for others. The *lesson* is, that the time is short. We have each our appointed hour in which to fulfil our calling and to finish our task, and to honour our Lord and to win our crown; and when it is done, God will not make it longer. His messenger cannot wait our time, nor take our pleasure. We must go as we are, though we leave it undone.

3. Our third lesson is, that *faith is the one condition of victory over evil, sorrow, and death*. When Elisha in reply to the question

of his master asked for a double portion of his spirit to rest upon him, the answer was, "Thou hast asked a hard thing; nevertheless, if thou see me, when I am taken from thee, it shall be so unto thee; but if not, it shall not be so." You may think, perhaps, that Elijah is not the happiest instance of faith overcoming evil; for though Scripture can hardly give a nobler example of intrepid boldness than when he stood up in his lofty solitariness at Carmel as a witness and champion for God, and conquered, it was only for a moment. The very next day he was fleeing like a startled bird from the snare of the fowler; and all the evil came back, like a great equinoctial wave, once more to drown the land. But that was no fault of his. He did what he could, and if the evil was too much for him, it was only for a moment. If Elijah is gone, Jezebel is gone, and Christ is King. A voice seems to come to us from the ascending prophet, stooping from his chariot of fire to his disconsolate follower. "Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good." Faith also conquers sorrow; partly by meekly enduring it, partly by wisely interpreting it, partly by actually transmuting it into spiritual joy. "They that sow in tears shall reap in joy." Yes, but who, and why, and what? They who ever see God behind them, and around them, and rest on the invisible but everlasting arms. They who hear a Father's voice saying, "Those whom I love I rebuke and chasten: be jealous, therefore, and repent." They who are sure that all must be right, though they know not how, because God's hand is in it; who know that presently all will be seen to be right, though they know not when; yet the times they leave with God. It is often harder to suffer than to work, to sit still than to be weary; sometimes harder to wait even than to die. But to trust and to praise God through all, to stand by Jordan and to say farewell, and to go back alone, though it sometimes strains the heart to the point of bursting, yet in trying, it strengthens it. We conquer by trusting, and trusting is to the glory of God. For faith also conquers death, both for those who go and those who stay. Of course, Elijah did not die. Yet it does not follow that he knew all that was in front of him; still less, that as he came down the rough hills to where the green copses of Jordan wind in and out of the burning valley, he did not feel to need all the courage of his strong heart to nerve him for meeting God. Anyhow, Elisha needed it for the sorrowful parting, and we

see what made him strong then and strong afterwards. He saw the prophet go up in his car of flame—in other words, his hope was full of immortality. Elijah was not burned up by that consuming fire, but purified, and made meet for the heavenly company; and the vision of his undying life and glorious reward sent a fresh glow into his disciple's soul. So must it be for us. When we stand by Jordan with those we love in Christ, and see them go down and disappear, our hope about them must be, that they are on the other side with the risen Jesus, and presently He will come back, and all His saints with Him. When we ourselves go down to cross Jordan, and others accompany us, and we have to go on alone and leave them behind, what do you suppose will sustain us in that supreme hour? what soothe and quiet our fluttering sinful spirits, but the blessed consciousness that Jesus died for us and rose again, and that we know in whom we have believed?

4. Once more we are to learn from Elisha here, *the stimulating influence of a great example.* "He took the mantle of Elijah that fell from him, and smote the waters, and said, Where is the Lord God of Elijah? and when he also had smitten the waters, they parted hither and thither, and Elisha went over." What great lessons are here! That the deepest sorrow need not enfeeble the soul, but should brace it; that the vital force of godly love, instead of permitting us to sit still in a morbid disconsolateness, bids us honour those whom we have lost by imitating their goodness, mastering their secret, and perfecting their success; that if a message could reach us from those who sleep in Jesus it would not be, "Sit by my tomb and weep," but "Rise to duty, and show that you remember me and love me by trying to live more for Christ than ever I did;" also, it reminds us of the awful responsibility of a holy friendship, and that about those whom we have loved and laid to rest in Christ, He himself will ask of us, what fruits we can show!

My friends, we are the heirs of all the ages; we possess, if only we cared for them, the accumulated treasures of the Catholic Church of Christ! The wisdom of her thinkers, the constancy of her martyrs, the holiness of her saints, the ever-growing witness of her nineteen centuries of faith, and love, are all ours; and what a possession that is! But we have even more: the parents who have nurtured us; the pastors who have taught us; the friends who have loved us; the saints who have made us at

one moment ashamed of our shortcomings, and the next, burning to rise up and be better. Oh! that we would use these privileges as we ought to use them for our daily and blessed growth into the body of Christ. To use Elijah's mantle, to borrow Elijah's faith, to trust Elijah's God, to finish Elijah's work, let this be our lesson, as we see the two prophets stand by Jordan. Elijah did not exhaust the fountain of grace; he simply showed us where to go for it, and how to use it. The great traditions, the untiring energy, the meek holiness, the fruitful labours of those in front of us must neither discourage nor daunt us. What God was to them, He will be to us, if we will but ask, trust, receive, and adore.

In conclusion—First look back. Few of my readers have not at some time or other gone down to Jordan with wife, or husband, or child, or friend, and watched the dear life ebbing, and then felt it gone; and come slowly away, lonely for years, if not for life. It was a solemn time, and all its more intense emotions it would not be good for us to retain, even were it possible. Yet much of them we can, and ought. Those moments should have a life-long result in giving us sympathy and soberness, diligence and watchfulness; with the unforgetting hungering love of grateful hearts looking on behind the veil. Sometimes we think we can do nothing for them now but love them; and we will do that. Let us also try to be better for them; recalling their words and their deeds, the look of their face, the glance of their eye, to lay them up as treasures in Heaven, and to listen to them as voices upon earth.

Then, look round! You and I are still here; but who can say for how much longer? Are we filling our place, doing our work, confessing our Saviour, wearing our crown? Nay, let me ask one thing more. Are we, in a real and intelligible sense, prophets? Because we ought to be. A prophet, in the Old Testament sense of the word, is not so much one who foretells the future, as one who confesses God. Elijah by his unbending courage; Elisha by his meek gentleness, was a prophet. Which is our way? When the great and terrible day of the Lord comes, will the Lord God of Elijah have any welcome for us?

Lastly, look forward. The Jordan is in front of us. It does not much matter if the distance is a few yards, or many miles; we are ever coming nearer it; and when once we are on the bank, down we go. It was a saying of Pascal, "I shall die alone." Literally, nothing

can be more inexact than this; for every hour a multitude of souls passes up to God:

"Never morn wore till evening, but some heart did break."

What he meant was that they would all be strangers; and those who loved him would be left on the other side.

That is true, and yet there is something else quite as true, and more to the purpose. For if we cannot have Elisha to cross the river with us, as well as to stand on the bank and see us go down, we may have some one better than Elijah; one who can be with us all at the same moment; one who has died, but never sinned; has died and conquered death, and robbed it of its shame and sting; one who is not content with sending His angels to bring the spirits of His redeemed into the rest of Paradise, but who tenderly stands over them in their last hour, and darts into their souls, as He stands, a gleam of the love that passeth knowledge.

I mean Jesus. "I am the resurrection and the life." There is only one question that must be answered. "Have we repented unto life?" There is only one secret of peace in that supreme hour. Faith in His perfect righteousness, most precious blood, most glorious resurrection. There is only one law that will decide our future. That what He is to us now, He will be to us then; that what we are to Him now, we shall be to Him then. Death will neither change Him nor alter us. It is no charm. There is but one promise to give us perfect confidence: "Fear not, I am with thee." However we may have feared death before it comes, if only we are His, when it comes, His presence will turn all its worst terrors into the sweet murmur of a summer breeze. The mantle of a greater than Elijah will have severed for us a deeper stream than the swellings of Jordan. Safe on the other side, John will once more say to Peter, "It is the Lord."

HILL-VOICES.

THE curlew wheeling o'er the height
Hath touched a softer note to-night;
I hear it calling in its flight,
Helen, Helen!

The sad-toned burn from yon hill-side
Sends my fond secret floating wide,
And whispers to the white-lipped tide,
Helen, Helen!

The sheep are bleating on the fell,
The night-wind chimes the heather-bell,
All music moves to one sweet spell,
Helen, Helen!

That spell hath sway within my breast,
And moves me to its one behest;
Oh, gird me for some goodly quest,
Helen, Helen!

For brooding thought makes young hearts sore:
And I have lingered by the shore,
All weary for the passing o'er,
Helen, Helen!

But life to me is not so lone,
And death to me hath darker grown,
Since on my path thy presence shone,
Helen, Helen!

So 'mong the hills I dream my dream,
Under the starlight's wandering gleam,
And all around the voices seem,
Helen, Helen!

The curlew now is nested still;
The sheep are silent on the hill;
But aye the burn goes singing shrill,
Helen, Helen!

JAMES HENDRY.

ABOUT TRAVELLING AND TRAVELLERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

"Many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased."

WHETHER or not the latter half of this prophecy be true, the former certainly is. Within the last quarter of a century what a change has come about in the locomotive principles—and practice—of society! All the world and his wife, to say nothing of their youthful family, have taken to travelling. Nobody now stays at home, except the sick, the old, the impecunious. And even these, when their hindrances are not quite insurmountable, make vehement efforts to follow the multitude in doing—is it evil or good? Who shall decide?

Possibly, the high-pressure rate at which we are now living requires both more rest and more change than our ancestors ever dreamed of. They worked a trifle less, but they certainly played a great deal less, than we do. I remember, in my young days, that a month at Midsummer and perhaps three weeks at Christmas were all the holidays allowed in schools. And the annual family migration to the seaside or abroad—why, nobody ever thought of such a thing. Nay, looking a little farther back, I suppose our respected grandfathers seldom went twenty miles from the town where they were born. One of mine never did, save once, when, after a lovers' quarrel, he rode to London on horseback: which proceeding so terrified my grandmother, that, as soon as he returned, she married him.

Dear, simple, warm-hearted, narrow-minded ancestors and ancestresses, how your venerated hairs would stand on end, could you join, say one of Cook's "personally conducted" tours, or be placed, quietly and invisibly, at any railway terminus or steamboat quay—even within the three kingdoms! for foreign travelling, to which I do not now refer, is a speciality of itself. You sleep with your fathers, as we shall soon sleep with you, and be called narrow-minded in our turn. But when we think of the crass ignorance of some of you, and how the present generation is paying a sad penalty for the utter disregard of hygienic laws by the former one, we incline to believe that you have erred in always sticking, like oysters, to your own particular bed, and that your dislike of quitting it even for two nights may account, even as a wholesome reaction, for your descendants' insane enthusiasm for travelling.

Those of us who do not exactly share this mania, who are too old or too feeble to enjoy the mere pleasure of motion or the excitement of "roughing it," may "sit at home at ease," regarding with bland pity our friends who have gone off for their yearly holiday, and come back—as so many do—greatly the worse for it; in mind, body, and pocket. But there are two sides of the subject. Let us try to see both.

We, who have passed life's climax, enjoyed all we had the chance to enjoy, suffered, let us hope! the worst we are likely to suffer, and begin to feel, with a placid acceptance not quite free from sadness, that sense of weakening powers which warns us that the next phase, of mind and body, must be a slow but sure decadence—we are apt to find growing upon us a half-indolent, half-pathetic selfishness, or selfishism, which finds nothing so pleasant as sitting still. We dislike being "put out of our way," and are disturbed by, even resentful of, any change in our hours, habits, or surroundings. A state of mind scarcely sinful—and yet it leads to great errors. Any man who lays himself down as a stone in the world's perpetually flowing current, will either impede it—if he is big enough—or it will flow round him and over him, utterly ignoring him, treating him as nothing living, only a dead, useless stone. To be that—a hindrance, an incumbrance, or an object of mere pity and endurance, to the younger generation—who would not much rather be dead? Ay, a thousand times.

I think one of the saddest things in growing old is to feel that the young have begun to consider us 'so, to weary a little of our company, to be kind to us instead of happy with us: in short, to feel regarding us—as we also feel towards them, though less strongly—that in the tenderest relations of old and young there is a gulf which nature has fixed, and which, while it is wise to recognise, it is wiser still quietly to ignore, lest either side should discover how wide and deep it is. Therefore I would counsel all who dread its deepening, and tremble lest a time should come when, instead of being a delight and help, they will only be a burthen to their children, to guard against the first beginning of this fatal inertia of body or mind—the one reacting upon

the other; and to fight against it by every lawful means. One of the best means, I believe, is from time to time to uproot themselves from all domestic bonds, and go travelling.

Besides, I am not sure but that the middle of life, or even a little past it, before actual old age has "clawed us in his clutch," is not the very best time to see the world. Youth, passionate in its enjoyments, is equally impetuous and self-absorbed in its sorrows. And it is often too deeply in love with itself, or with somebody else, to have room in the heart for that pure love of nature, simple and calm: that intense pleasure in the beauty of the material earth, sanctified by an underlying sense of the immaterial and spiritual—which we feel as we grow older. The young may go into raptures over scenery, and write poems or paint pictures about it, but it is in the eyes of old men and old women that I have oftenest read that deep, silent joy in Nature, for Nature's self, the Wordsworthian spirit, so to speak, which to those who possess it is a blessedness as long as life endures. For human beings, the very best of them, vex us, wound us, agonize us sometimes: Nature never does. She is always soothing, always tender and kind; even in her ugliness and decay she holds the germ and hope of reviving beauty; and that beauty, in whatever form, is to us the nearest visible expression, deepening as we grow older, of the invisible Father.

Therefore all who wish to see as much as they can of God's lovely world, before leaving it for another—which, we trust, will be at any rate not less beautiful—should lose no time in doing so: in accumulating a small mental picture-gallery against the dark time, or at best, the silent time, which must come to many, and may come to all; when "the doors are shut in the streets"—"those that look out of the windows are darkened"—and "all the daughters of music are brought low."

Another thing to be set up in opposition to the proverb that "rolling stones gather no moss," is the fact that stationary stones gather a great deal too much moss; that a certain amount of attrition with one's fellow-creatures—neither the people one loves nor the people one hates, those who admire us or those who worry us, but just ordinary fellow-creatures, who take us, and we them, on the mere surface—is a very excellent thing. It teaches us to accept them just as they are, neither better nor worse, and make the best of it. And despite that

captious criticism to which so many, the young especially, are only too prone, the elegant eclecticism which is always turning up its nose at its fellow-creatures, and declaring with pride that it loves nobody and finds nobody worth loving, there is nothing like travelling to teach us how many nice people there are in the world—besides ourselves! Some nasty ones—and very nasty, I allow; still the nice predominate. And even though we never see them again, their portraits are fixed, among the landscapes, in that mental picture-gallery I have spoken of—people of whom we feel that though their orbits and ours may never meet, they somehow brighten the world quite as much as, perhaps a trifle more than, our noble selves. And it is so much better to love than to hate, to admire than to find fault with, to smile than to sneer; if only we could persuade our Timons and Apemantuses—generally young Timons, and very inexperienced Apemantuses—to believe so.

I am led to these remarks by a brief experience of life outside my own home life—which is rather shut up, perhaps: as I am supposed to find no light so alluring as the "bonny blithe blink o' my ain fireside." Still, this year, I have been so far "left to myself," as the Scotch say, as to perpetrate a small amount of travelling. Not very far, no farther than our own Great Britain, England and Scotland, but still enough to give me observations and experiences, some, perhaps, not quite worthless, so I set them down; or rather the result of them, carefully abstaining from the identifying of persons or places. Those whom the cap fits may wear it, but I will lay it obnoxiously upon none.

Not even upon the very first people we met with, and "took an interest in," as I maintain one always should take, if possible, in one's fellow-travellers. The gentleman who prided himself on travelling eleven hours in the railway carriage alone with another gentleman, "and we never exchanged a single word!" is not my ideal of a man, to say nothing of a Christian. And I do not feel the least ashamed of myself for being so captivated by the looks of a sickly young mother and a baby about five weeks old, that I deliberately schemed to travel with them, and was rewarded by finding the husband, whom I had at first overlooked, one of the most intelligent, clever, and altogether attractive young fellows with whom one could take a two-hours' journey. Handsome, yet utterly void of conceit, and inexpressibly tender to a much less beautiful wife;

"awfully" learned, yet wearing his learning "lightly as a flower;" gentlemanly—so much of a gentleman that in the course of conversation he remarked, "We are quite poor, we live in a very small house," with the most composed and unconcerned of smiles. I shall always keep in remembrance those three—husband, wife, and baby. It is worth while travelling if only to come across such people; practical examples that a man's life consists not in the abundance of things which he possesses, but that he may make it full of "sweetness and light," even though he has to travel through it as these young folks calmly said "they always travelled," second-class.

Nor were they the only "nice people" whose portraits I have photographed in between the gorgeous landscapes, English and Scotch, which will float before my shut eyes for many a silent winter day. Let us see. There were two couples, the sole passengers with ourselves in one of David Hutcheson's admirable steam-boats, on which we started, one glorious summer morning, for a day's sail in and out of the northern seas which the author of "A Princess of Thule" has familiarised to southern minds. What a morning it was too! Loch and mountain, sound and bay, sleeping in a misty heat, the sea more Mediterranean than Hebridean in its peaceful ripple, and the sky of an intense blue, in which one could hardly imagine the possibility of cloud or storm.

No more than one could in the faces of those young creatures who had settled themselves in a sunny corner, apparently forgetting everything and everybody but their two selves: a warrantable selfishness, for once in a life-time. And, curious and touching contrast, close behind them were another couple, who certainly had not been married "last week," like these, though he was as attentive to her as if they had: a tall, white-haired gentleman and a sweet-looking old lady—evidently out for a holiday together, enjoying their rare pleasure as if it were a honeymoon trip, though they looked like a grandfather and grandmother. Life's morning and evening, or at any rate afternoon, what a subject to poetise or moralise upon! as one is prone to do when upon the whirl of a busy household life comes the sudden idleness of travelling, of which housewives have been heard to say, "How delightful! not to know what one is to get for dinner!" Admirably these living pictures harmonized with the silent landscape, which I shall not attempt to paint, and most tempting it was to

speculate upon them—the story that had been, and the story that was yet to be told. Common-place in neither case was it likely to prove; for though in a certain sense, it is true that "all things come alike to all," still, in the main, it is we ourselves who make our own history.

Nor were they quite out of harmony with another incident, which came as one of those lessons which travelling teaches concerning races unlike ourselves, and manners and instincts different from our own.

We had been idly looking at—in fact overlooking—a large, long packing-case, which lay in the fore-part of the boat, all alone. Now, as we stopped at a little wooden pier, four men came forward and carried it, rather unsteadily, for it seemed heavy, across the gangway on shore. There they left it, laying on the top of it two baskets filled with eatables and drinkables, and stood loafing about, watching the cable slipped and our boat steam on across the Sound. What a shudder it would have given to the young English bride and bridegroom, had they known that in that packing-case we had landed one silent passenger, probably once belonging to these regions, and now brought home, from Oban, or Glasgow, or still farther off, his life's work done, to sleep, as is the craving of the Highlanders, under the shadow of his native mountains.

To those who know the depth of tenderness in the Scottish heart, it is a perpetual marvel, the extreme indifference and apparent want of respect shown to the dead in Scotland. Not merely in such instances as this, only too common; but at funerals, and especially in the utter neglect of burying-places. Exceptions there are—newly made cemeteries, and a few country churchyards, where the minister happens to be of "advanced" opinions; but as a general rule, you may go from end to end of Scotland and scarcely find a burial-ground which is in the least cared for, which is not one mass of briars, nettles, and weeds. Possibly this springs from the ultra-Calvinistic horror of Popery, as instanced in the silent committing of earth to earth. "Gin we pray ower the deid we'll sune be praying for them," said one amateur *Mause Headrigg* to an English clergyman. If a modern Old Mortality should arise and put in order—even into such decent order as a farmer puts his field—these gardens of the Lord—"God's Acre," as the Germans call them—in which we shall all be one day planted, it would be a great boon to Scotland. And it

would save many of those severe remarks—sometimes just, sometimes unjust—which the South makes on the North; and which the North, with its curious national peculiarity, “Nemo me impune lacessit,” never loses an opportunity of making back again.

How amazed, for instance, must have been our steamer’s captain, that grave, courteous, silent Highlander—all Highlanders seem “born gentlemen” in their manners—when he stopped and picked up a boat-load of passengers, who at first sight looked like the “Chief of Ulva’s Isle” and his progeny, supposing he had lived to marry Lord Ullin’s daughter. Until we noticed that the plaids worn by himself and his three sons were all bran-new—of diverse, and very brilliant tartans: the whole “get-up” (as he acknowledged with creditable candour, shaking friendly hands, and speaking true Middlesex English) having been bought at Scott and Adie’s in Regent Street.

“We thought it just as well, since we were taking our holiday in Scotland, to make ourselves as Scotch as we could,” said he; and they certainly did succeed in making themselves, if not very Scotch, very remarkable. Yet they were so innocently happy; so full of all they had seen and were going to see; so indifferent to weather, rough accommodation, or any of the endless annoyances which tourists have to put up with; above all, so entirely contented with one another—the father and his three boys—that we could not laugh at them, but set them down as good average specimens of the genus “traveller,” some of the species of which are very odd fish occasionally.

Such, of a truth, were the next “representative” Britons, who boarded us from a lonely quay that seemed to lead to nowhere—the “funny family” we called them—with most lenient euphuism. They haunted us for three whole days. Dickens ought to have seen them and put them in print; if I do it here, it is not out of ill-nature, for I have not the remotest idea who they are or where they come from, but as a wholesome lesson to travellers in general, and more especially to themselves, since it is “never too late to mend.”

They were a party of five: father, mother, two sisters, and a brother (apparently); not at all after the pattern of your well-accustomed and generally intelligent travellers, who go about with the smallest possible amount of luggage, and the simplest, roughest, and most convenient of clothes. These, on the contrary, had a cartload of baggage:

endless hand-bags, parcels, &c. Their costume, at once flimsy and showy, was a sight to behold. O those straw hats!—*straw hats*! I feel sure the owners would have called them—they could have been bought only in Tottenham Court Road; and in that locality, I suspect, we could have found the family shop, probably a second-hand furniture dealer’s—there was a certain Israelitish curve in the paternal nose; or a hair-dresser’s—the son was “oiled and curled like an Assyrian bull.” No blame to him for that, or to any of them; if having made their honest money, anyhow or anywhere, they took a fancy to spend it in travelling, as so many of their kind do—seeing that in strange hotels one can so easily ape the grand seigneur, and be happily convinced that nobody suspects Tottenham Court Road. But I do blame the intolerable assurance with which the “funny family” planted themselves on the deck in a circle, and began talking loudly and grandly; sticking themselves in everybody’s way, and interposing those wonderful hats, with their flaming ribbons and battered daisies, worst of all, that abominable cigar, between us and the mountains.

Unpleasant they all were; but the mother was the most intolerable of the party. Ugly—well, that was not her fault; yet there exists a kind of ugliness which is the person’s own fault—the outward expression of inward bad temper, or a mean and malicious nature, which gradually gets stamped even upon the handsomest face; vulgar, with that worst vulgarity, the attempt to appear what one is not: loud-voiced, snappish, pushing, domineering, that woman gave me the feeling—rather rare to one who thinks it sinful to regard any fellow-creature as “common or unclean”—that “I wouldn’t touch her with a pair of tongs!”

It was Saturday night, and we had planned a quiet Sunday among the mountains, in a solitary place where we knew there was an hotel, good enough for a douce couple who required nothing but food, lodging, and one another’s company, which in this busy life is a treat not always attainable even by married people. But we had reckoned without our host—or his guests. Landing, we found every passenger bound for the same hotel as ourselves, including the “funny family.”

What a screaming and scrambling for luggage! What a struggle for places in the two small omnibuses which had to convey about forty people from the pier to the hotel! Worst of all when, seizing a moment’s pause of peace, I turned to look at the grand circle

of mountains, illuminated by the setting sun, between me and them came the broad, flat, cross-grained countenance of Mrs. Tottenham Court Road!

Ejection being impossible, we submitted to fate, and her conversation; which never ceased for a single instant. Nobody responding, she turned her attention to the lad who acted as conductor, and began putting to him question after question, which he answered with grave Highland politeness. She asked him his name, his age, if he went regularly to church, and whether he was "Established" or "Free." The latter church, she said, she meant to "patronise" to-morrow, as she agreed most with its opinions. Upon which one daughter fussily laughed, and the other said, "Do be quiet, ma!"

"I won't!" was the angry answer; "and I'll not be laughed at. You're always laughing at me."

"Then you must be pretty well used to it by this time, my dear," said the father, who was the decenter of the lot, though with an expression which in England is called "hen-pecked," and in Scotland "sair hauden doun."

His wife turned round, red as a turkey-cock, and bade him "hold his tongue." But mercifully she held hers, in high dudgeon, till we all reached the hotel door.

If anybody travelling in the Highlands expects to find a delightful wilderness, where the innocent natives eagerly welcome the stranger, and heap him with true Celtic hospitalities; where he can get everything he wants, and has almost nothing to pay for it; let that deluded mortal go home immediately!

Imagine a grand hotel, planted in the midst of magnificent scenery; but only an hotel, there being no town, and scarcely even a village, for many miles; upon it, with its eighty beds, already quite full, swoop down forty or fifty additional tourists, insisting upon being put up somehow, as there was literally nowhere else to go. This clamorous crowd filled the entrance-hall, and added its quota to the noise and confusion of the table-d'hôte dinner (ingeniously arranged for half-past six, when the steam-boat landed at seven) which was going on inside. In the midst stood the unhappy landlord, looking like a fox—no, poor man! like an unfortunate hare with the dogs just upon him; imploring, protesting, certainly not commanding, which would have been his only chance.

"I'll do the best I can for you—I will indeed! But we are so full. Last night eight

ladies slept in the drawing-room, and nine gentlemen in the coffee-room. But patience! patience! and I'll do what I can."

What a prospect for our "quiet Sunday!" We, like most of the others, retired in mute despair, but the "funny family" were loud in their wrath; they had telegraphed, they ought to have been attended to; they were always accustomed to be attended to, &c., &c. They might have been dukes and duchesses at least, and when they found themselves drafted off to sleep at a cottage two miles distant and come back to the hotel to meals, their indignation knew no bounds. But necessity has no law. They were carried off, vociferously complaining to the last. Then—we breathed.

Having settled our own fate as best we could—and bad was the best—we left the crowd and the confusion, and came to sit on a bench, in the quiet twilight outside, near the old couple who had sailed with us all day—waiting for the table-d'hôte tea, which was to be "in a few minutes," but did not appear for nearly two hours.

"Have you found accommodation?"—(How grateful was the placid manner and sweet sing-song Highland voice, after our Cockney experiences of the last half-hour.) "For us, we have got a room in a cottage—quite comfortable—we always are comfortable. Everybody is so kind to us."

No wonder. Once only did we again see those two pleasant faces, and that was in passing the church-door, while they stopped to speak to us, though we had not been to church at all—preferring to keep Sabbath on the shore, with the little waves singing psalms at our feet, and the everlasting hills preaching their silent sermons about Him who "endureth for ever." Yet they did not condemn us, these good people, but smiled, and "hoped we were enjoying ourselves."

We were, even in spite of the "funny family" who reappeared at breakfast—the mother in a gorgeous satin gown, carrying an equally splendid cap, wrapped up in a newspaper. In spite, too, of those hateful table-d'hôte meals, where one had to sit down with about a hundred people, in a room all gilding and mirrors, but with no ventilation to speak of; where the dinner show of glass, china, and plate was unexceptionable, but the dinner itself as unexceptionable as could well be—badly cooked, badly served; and the heat, clatter, and general muddle were such that we were fain to escape and dine off a plateful of rice pudding, eaten outside on the doorstep.

Still, we did enjoy ourselves. In travelling, as in life, pleasures are much more lasting than pains. I shall never hear the name of that far-away Highland nook without thinking, not of the scramble and the crowd, the worries and annoyances, but of that sunshiny Sunday morning on the shore, with the white gulls walking about, so fearlessly that you could come quite near them. Also of that grey, rainy, yet delicious Sunday evening, standing outside the little Gaelic church, and hearing the murmur of the minister's voice and then the tender wail of the Gaelic hymn, as we watched the yellow sunset gleam over those low-lying clouds in the horizon, which we understood to be Harris and the Lewis.

Afterwards, how curious it was to watch the church "scale," as they call it, and the groups of grave reverent-looking churchgoers melt gradually away, some dropping in boats across the bay, some winding up the hill-side road, slowly, steadily, as if preparing for a walk of several miles. Most of the old men wore the kilt, the bonnet and plaid, and the old women those beautiful white "mutches" with a cambric kerchief tied over the head; but the younger generation blossomed out in all the modern fashions—and ugly enough too. Soon, there were only a few left standing chatting by the church door, or the broken hedge of the graveyard; neglected as usual, with a few sheep seeking a meagre repast among its nettles and briars. They eyed us strangers with a passing curiosity, as some of the "tourists" who for two months in the year pour down upon them like a flood, then ebb away again, leaving the place to its pristine solitude. How deep that must be, one can imagine—and how Sunday, as their one day of social meeting as well as worship, must be prized among them. I saw more than one group which involuntarily reminded me of the song "Logan Water"—

"Nae mair at Logan kirk will be
Atween the preachings meet wi' me,
There meet wi' me, and when 'tis mirk
Convoy me hame frae Logan kirk.
Weel may I weep, thae days are gane;
Frae kirk or fair I come alane,
While my dear lad maun face his faes
Far, far frae me and Logan braes."

Yes, that Sunday was a Logan Sabbath, a day of peace; but with Monday morning the battle began again. Our hotel, if difficult to get into, was still more so to get out of. The throng of travellers, stranded there from Saturday to Monday, were eager to depart, and there seemed to be no means of doing so, except by one coach, the places in which

had been filled up for days, and two or three "carriages," which meant small waggonettes not much better than an open cart. The helpless landlord was again surrounded by a clamorous swarm who could get nothing from him but the vague assurance, "Oh yes, I'll send you on somehow—presently, presently."

He never lost his temper or his politeness, poor man! but he looked half-dazed with the perplexities of his position. He was decidedly the round stick in the square hole; and very shaky therein. When, as a climax to his woes, there poured down upon him the "funny family," vociferously insisting on being sent on "away from this abominable place," he looked as if he could almost have wrung his hands.

So could I, when he proposed that we should "share a carriage" with them. I can stand a great deal: but to go through the finest scenery in Scotland, face to face with that woman—it was too much. Reckless of rights or privileges, or anything, I seized my luggage, mounted the first waggonette that came to the door, and in it we were mercifully driven away, with a couple of respectable elderly gentlemen as fellow-passengers, leaving our enemies far behind.

Oh, the heavenly beauty of that drive! If I could describe it—but I cannot, nor will not, lest it should be identified. At its end, while sitting peaceably in front of a little inn, watching the quiet loch below, and wondering how I could civilly escape from a benign middle-aged gentleman, who would insist upon informing me what his name was, where he lived, how many brothers and sisters he had, and how he was an old bachelor, "though that was not his fault" (curious! how very confidential one's fellow-travellers get sometimes!) I heard a noise and "scrimmage," and there, in the midst of a little crowd, face to face with the big Highlandman who drove the coach, stood quivering with passion, so that his well-oiled curls actually shook, and his smug countenance became livid, almost green, our little Tottenham Court Road "gentleman," as he would doubtless have called himself.

"I'll not be imposed upon," he screamed (he said "himposed," but h's and r's being a matter of accidental up-bringing, are scarcely a fair subject for ridicule). "You want to cheat me out of two shillings, do you? But you shan't. I'll have the law upon you, if there's law to be had."

Here the driver explained, with perfect

politeness, and in the best of English, that he had carried a great deal of extra luggage, for which the disputed two shillings was not unfair payment.

"I never bargained to pay it, and you shan't compel me. Here's my address—but you'll not get out of me a single halfpenny. Dare to touch the 'goods'" (most betraying word!)—"lay a finger on the goods, and I'll have the law upon you!"

So stormed the young man, in the shrillest of Cockney tongues; and so we left him, surrounded by his sympathizing and indignant family, the centre of a small crowd of unmoved Highlanders, who probably did not take in half he said, but who must have gained a very odd idea of the justice, liberality, and general good manners of English "gentlemen."

But, in all honesty, I must say that such specimens do not always come from Tottenham Court Road. About the vulgarest, coarsest, and most generally unpleasant of my fellow-travellers, were four people, behind whom we sat, on a coach-top, for eight weary hours. They were young, well-dressed, well-looking, certainly well-to-do, for they talked of their place in the country, their horses, greenhouses, &c. Two were a married couple, the other two, I imagined from their jokes, a pair newly *fiancés*, and all belonging apparently to the "upper circles." Yet their inane conversation, seasoned with incessant slang, their loud tones, louder laughter, and utter want of modesty or dignity in themselves or in their behaviour to one another, would have done credit to any of the modern "fast" female novels. I never met the like anywhere—out of a book. The scenery we passed through was quite lost upon them: they never noticed it, or merely said of a mountain that it was "jolly big," or of a waterfall that it would be "an uncommon good place to cool champagne in." Sitting on either side the coachman, they "flirted" with him, these young and pretty women, after a fashion that evidently quite flattered the honest man; got him to stop the coach more than once that the guard might gather mushrooms, heather, &c., for them; and altogether comported themselves in such a manner that a little girl—unfortunately a compelled listener to their conversation—whispered wonderingly, "Mamma, are these ladies and gentlemen?"

A "lady," a "gentleman"—often sorely misapplied and misappropriated terms! It is in travelling, especially, that one finds out the real meaning of them. Their pseudo-posses-

sors cannot carry on the sham very long. The gorgeously dressed woman who gives herself airs at the table-d'hôtes, the bumptious, grumbling, imperative man who lords it over landlords and waiters, are speedily distinguished from the "real gentry," as servants call them, and treated accordingly, even by servants.

As a contrast to these rich vulgarians—ay, the squires and squireses being as vulgar as the shop-keepers—I call to mind another family, also rich, and also, like the Tottenham Court Road people, "children of Israel," whom I watched with great interest, on a steamboat's deck, for some hours. They consisted of a married couple, their grown-up daughter or niece, I could not make out which, and her English governess. Simply and suitably dressed, the only trace of "barbarian pearl and gold" being the girl's earrings—each an enormous pearl; quiet and unobtrusive in manner, gentle and pleasant with one another, and especially so to the governess, it was a treat to look at them, with their strange, dark, Asiatic faces, so different from those around. Not of the very highest Jewish type, which makes one of the most beautiful faces in the world, but still far from common; and very characteristic. The husband's especially, shrewd, and even worldly, as it was—I am sure that little quiet man had financial transactions by the million somewhere—wore sometimes an expression quite pathetic in its tenderness; especially as he sat watching the gambols of a small, curly-haired dot of a thing belonging to some passenger. Possibly he himself was childless, or had lost a child of the same age, for when this one tumbled over his feet, he picked it up and restored it to its mother, with a look I shall never forget. I have not the remotest idea who he was, but shall always recall him as an admirable specimen of a Jew—and a gentleman.

One more of these photographs of travellers, taken without their knowledge. But if nothing in them has been extenuated, still I trust I have never "set down aught in malice." The sharpest things have been said with a hope that those who read may examine themselves and mend. And if this paper should fall into the hands of those last two—an English wife and an Irish husband—with whom we travelled down the Caledonian Canal, it will not harm them to recognise themselves—and me.

We had met them in the train overnight, and I had noticed her delicate looks and his extreme tenderness over her. Now, one

often meets honeymoon couples—I am sure we met half-a-score, poor things! none of them looking so very happy, after all; but to see a middle-aged husband and wife travelling together is always a good sight. The remark of the Glasgow man to his friend on board a Clyde steamer, “Are ye gaun on pleasure, or is the gudewife wi’ ye?” has in it a biting truth. We are obliged to share our duties, but we never voluntarily share our pleasures with those who, however near, or even dear, are out of sympathy with ourselves. These two—they scarcely spoke, but to see his look at her, and her smile back at him, as he arranged her cushion or wrapped the rug over her, told the whole story. He was a strong-built, not very intellectual-looking man—hunter, or fisher apparently; but she had a sweet, refined face, the kind of face that one turns back to gaze at with the feeling, “I should like you so much if I knew you.”

So finding ourselves face to face on board the steamer, I spoke, and we afterwards talked together a great deal, she and I, on all sorts of subjects, artistic, ethical, moral—not the least being that one subject most important to women and mothers, the right up-bringing of children. She told me of her own six, whom she had parted from five weeks ago. She was travelling for health, and eager to gain it, so as to be fit for her endless duties; and her eyes brightened as she described her family child by child, and spoke of the sweetness they gave to her life, spite of its inevitable anxiety. Such a picture it was of the true mother’s heart—strong and tender, conscientious and brave. We two women who never met before, and will never meet again, who to this day are ignorant even of one another’s names, talked for an hour, as if we had known one another all our lives. And then in the confusion at Banavie I missed her—and never saw her again. But if by any chance she should read these lines, she will remember.

No more of travellers—but I should like to say a word in the abstract about travelling, and especially in this region. Everybody complains, and with truth, that the Highlands of Scotland, with all their beauties and conveniences—as being so much more gettable than Switzerland, Norway, and other far-away places—are the worst places possible in which to take a holiday. Partly from the climate—yet that is not worse than in all mountainous districts—but chiefly from the enormous expense and discomfort found from the want of any organized system of

travelling, and the great disproportion of travellers to the accommodation provided for them. During the season, which lasts little more than two months, August and September, there is by coast, boat, or even railroad—so far as railways have penetrated—a perpetual struggle, “each man for himself, and the de’il tak’ the hindmost.” In October coaches stop, boats cease running, hotels are shut up, and the whole country sinks into solitude and desolation. A pity! because if tourists only knew, winter there is as lovely as summer, and the whole north-west coast of Scotland is, in consequence of the Gulf-Stream, almost as warm as the southern coast of England. At Oban, for instance, roses will often be in flower at Christmas, and fuchsias, myrtles, and even hydrangeas live in sheltered corners all winter through. If you prepare yourself for uncertain weather, for sudden alterations of wet and dry, warm and cold, you could not find a more beautiful country to travel in, all the year round, than the north-west Highlands of Scotland.

But travellers are of three sorts—the young, strong, and intelligent, who can do anything, and put up with anything; the idle and luxurious, usually also the unintelligent, who will put up with nothing; and a third—a very large class—to whom “roughing it” on the one hand, and expensive show on the other, are worse than distasteful, absolutely impossible. It is for these I plead, the not over wealthy, the elderly or the delicate, who nevertheless have great delight in travelling, and who are the very people to whom travelling is most beneficial, if it could be done in a rational and comfortable way, instead of being as now, to many sensitive and suffering folk, one long torment from beginning to end.

For their sakes I protest in the strongest manner against the whole system of hotels and travelling generally in the north of Scotland. “Very Scotch it is!” was a remark which I should not venture to repeat, were not the speaker a Scotchman as proud of his country as his country is proud of him. But it is that very Scotch pride which is at the root of the evil. A country which, consciously or unconsciously, is—dare I say it?—a little less civilised than some others, persists in putting the best on the outside; and covering its internal roughnesses by external show. Also, perhaps, because it aims to attract that large number of tourists who, like our Tottenham Court Road friends, require to be caught by the outside; by huge, splendid

hotels, crowded table-d'hôte dinners, city waiters, and all sorts of incongruous and unnecessary luxuries. Yet surely the true comfort of travelling, to all educated travellers, consists not in these, but in the certainty of finding wherever you stop a good bed, a decent, punctual, and well-cooked meal, and the possibility of going and coming by some convenient vehicle. But I must honestly and sorrowfully say, that in all our travelling we never slept upon one comfortable bed, or ate one decent dinner, or found, without endless trouble, either places or punctuality in any conveyance, except—let me be just—now and then in the coaches of the Caledonian Company, and in the excellent steamers of David Hutcheson and Co.

These latter, who are "a kittle company," as one of their drivers shrewdly remarked, telling us how an incapable man, or one given to whisky had no chance of remaining in their service—have, however, put in the thin end of the wedge not unsatisfactorily. Their boat service is admirable; why could they not go a step further, now that the Highland railway is opening up the country, so far as it ever can be opened? (Alas! if John Ruskin had seen these bands of navvies clearing away the birks and rowans, and putting drain-pipes into the water-courses of the lovely Pass of Brander!) Why should not this careful and "kittle" firm start a regular chain of hotels, well-built, well-ventilated—I have never seen one hotel in all Scotland where the windows will open at the top—well managed, and supplied with all necessary comforts in exchange for needless and obnoxious splendours?

Curiously enough, my ideal hotel is one in Ireland; that wild north of Ireland where civilisation is about on a par with the backwoods or Central Africa. Never shall I forget what a haven of rest it was, after driving forty miles on an outside-car in pelting rain, to be taken in at Gweedore, that oasis in the desert, created out of pure benevolence by Lord George Hill, and well known to salmon-fishers at least. It was a building perfectly simple within and without, the dining-room being most like a monkish refectory, the drawing-room like any ordinary parlour. The bed-rooms were excellent, though furnished without the slightest show. In its capital stable-yard, the only vehicles were outside-cars; but you found always good horses, good drivers, and no difficulty in getting both at any hour. Meals well cooked, served to the minute, and waited upon by women only, not the abominable white neck-clothed,

black-coated "Coming, sir," who never does come when you want him; domestic arrangements so perfect that one was forced to acknowledge how, even in Ireland, can be found orderliness, neatness, cleanliness, punctuality, when you take the trouble to teach them—wherever I go, that Gweedore Hotel always presents itself to my mind as the very place to be desired if a man were driven to find, as some cynic observes, "his warmest welcome at an inn."

Why should there not be more such? They would not cost so much in building as those palatial erections which you find dotted here and there in Highland wildernesses, which one reaches expecting princely accommodation, and quits, after paying an enormous bill, wearied, worried, sleepless, and half-starved. Half the money spent by the projectors in useless show, would have insured a hostelry large enough to accommodate any sudden "spate" of autumnal tourists, and provided with simple substantial comforts, such as would win custom not merely for two months, but all the year round.

Will nobody try? The achievement might be too much for any private individual, unless there should arise some wonder of an hotel-keeper with the diplomatic genius of a Bismarck, the strategy and courage of a Moltke, and the plausibility of a Beaconsfield. But could not some intelligent person, making a bold stand against that insane craving for luxury and show which is spreading like a canker from root to branch of our social system, start a "Comfortable Hotel Company" or "Travellers' Joy Society," and manage it so that tourists of moderate means, health, and nerves, might take a little wholesome wandering about this beautiful world, without being half-killed in the process?

Also, will not those who travel take a little more pains to do so as gentlefolk and Christians, leaving their ill-tempers, pride, and selfishness at home, and feeling that amid the many bad things developed by travelling, there are likewise some good ones? Such as the power of helping one's fellow-creatures in small ways, of being kind to the weak and sickly, of showing to everybody patience, courtesy, and that quick sympathy which is the brightening of all life, from a fireside to a railway-carriage; which does nobody any harm, and be it ever so brief, often does a world of good to both giver and receiver?

Above all, in roaming about the world, one gets to feel, more and more strongly, that it is man alone who makes its ugliness and badness; the good God made it, and meant it

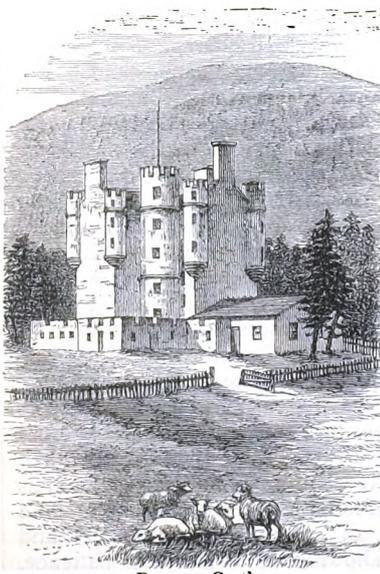
to be—"very good:" ay, even in storm and tempest, that "abominable weather" which people sometimes cry out against, as if it were a personal offence to them and created for their special inconvenience. And it is trying—to travel for a whole month, in lovely scenery, and perhaps get about six fine days. But we grow used to it; we even come to find a grandeur in it: "rain and hail, snow and vapour, wind and storm, fulfilling His word." A traveller who can see His face, and hear His voice, everywhere, in all nature, is never either disconsolate, dreary, or alone.

Let me recall, as a last picture, one of the pleasantest bits in all my wanderings, a four-hours' drive in an open dog-cart, through pelting rain, along the side of a salt-water loch, with companions whose cheerfulness under difficulties and patience under annoyances made the long journey short and the bad weather bright. Also, another seven-hours, on the top of a coach, through mountain passes and silent glens, amidst views

that would have been glorious could one have seen them, but they were all blotted out by a heavy Scotch mist. Until, just at the close of the day, resting on a hill-top where two glens meet, it all cleared off, and we stood gazing before us and behind, from this Pisgah-like height, upon a scene as lovely as that given to Moses to behold—and never journey through. This heavenly sight—like the Beautiful Mountains or the Land of Beulah—one sees nowhere except in Scotland; and there only for a brief space, during the transparent clearness of atmosphere which follows the cessation of heavy rain. But it gladdens one's spirit even to remember it, like happiness coming at the end of a life, or, still better, like that which we look forward to after life's ending. For it seems to be—nay, it is, as are all lovely things in the visible world—a type of things invisible; an image of that "light of life" in which may we never cease to "walk,"

"Till travelling days are done."

LAST CENTURY IN BRAEMAR.



Braemar Castle.

IN this, as in almost every other Highland district, the belief prevails that the population has enormously decreased in the course of the last hundred or hundred and fifty years.

The belief rests on facts, but the facts, as a rule, have been exaggerated. The subject is one that naturally calls forth strong expressions of opinion. Old men point with bitterness to the *lârachs*, ruins of houses reduced to mere stone-heaps, that confront the traveller in every glen. And it is with the air of men who can give proof of their averments that

they ask him to look at the ghastly fringe that has been added to the heather and the brae by these skeleton remains of a life that has passed away for ever. What they say is, that where there is now only one, or two, or three dwelling-houses, they remember a time when there were six, eight, or ten; and they say it as if they themselves believe that the inmates lived in great plenty and comfort.

But there is good reason to believe that the population never was four times, or three times, or even twice as numerous as it is at this day. When the census was last taken the number of inhabitants in the united parishes of Crathie and Braemar was 1,562. Twice that number would amount to upwards of 3,000, and it may safely be said that it never reached that figure.

The measure and manner of the decrease will appear from the following summary. In 1755, according to the return made to the Government by Dr. Webster, the population numbered 2,671. Nearly forty years later, in 1791, it was given by the minister of the parish as 2,251.* Forty years later still, in 1831, it amounted to 1,808, according to the Government census. The next forty years, ending in 1871, saw it decline to 1,562. That is to say, in the course of one hundred and twenty years, from the middle of last century,

* First Statistical Account of Scotland.

the population has been diminished by about eleven hundred souls, or an average of nine for each year of the whole period. During the last ten years, indeed, there was only a decrease of twelve—a fact which encourages the hope that the process of depletion is drawing to a close.

It may interest the reader to know what provision had been made for the instruction of so large a population.

In this part of the country neither the Act of Privy Council of 1616 establishing a school in every parish in Scotland, nor the Parliamentary Statute of 1633 seems to have had any effect whatever. Even the more stringent Statute of 1696 was not at once obeyed. Statutes of any kind travelled slowly when once within the wild country of the Upper Dee. Fortunately for the interests of education the ecclesiastical power was practically in advance of the civil at that time in this remote region. The Reformed Church had slowly pushed its way westward from the city of Aberdeen until by the beginning of the century it had fairly planted itself, as the phrase ran, as far as Castletown of Braemar. It could hardly be said to have even crossed the Cluny, and it had made no impression whatsoever on the caterans of either clachan of Inverey. The representative of the new order of things in the Church, who for that matter was pretty much the only representative in these parts of the new order of things in the State as well, was a man of intelligence and resolution, of whom it may be said in passing that he was worthy to be the father of his more distinguished son and namesake, Adam Ferguson, the philosopher and historian.

But even Mr. Ferguson, who was as able as most men to hold his own in the interests of law and order with the refractory subjects of the Crown among whom he lived, seems to have been unable for several years to take any steps in the matter. There was the Statute of 1696, passed four years before, to strengthen his hands. It absolutely required the settlement of schools in parishes where the law had not already been obeyed; but the law was one thing in London or Edinburgh, and another thing at Inverey, Castletown, or Balmoral in Braemar. The thing could not be done, and it was not till 1710 that the first parish schoolmaster was settled.

An entry in the records of Kirk-Session show how this was gone about. "Kindrochit,*

* The parish of Braemar was formerly so called. The English of the word is, Bridgend.

21 May, 1710; this day the heritors and heads of families, being desired from the pulpit to attend the Session in order to settle a schoolmaster, they who were present did accordingly attend . . . and concerted as follows: That ye schoolmaster should have beside payment for his scholars, conform to ye practice of ye nation an firloft of meal out of each plough of land within ye parish, amounting to five bolls yearly; which ye heritors are obliged to gather and send to him, that he be not diverted from attending ye school by going about to seek it; that he get fourtie pennies Scots"—rather less than $3\frac{1}{2}d.$ sterling—"for inserting in ye Register ye name of every child that is baptized, and ten shilling"—*rod.* sterling—"for ye proclamation of each marriage Bann. When this agreed upon John Hunter, student of philosophie, was called in and ye terms were intimated to him, of which he accepted, promising to be again in ye country against ye fyfth of June to take up a school at Castletown." The reader will probably be of opinion that the said John Hunter required all his "philosophie" to lead a tolerably contented life on five bolls of meal and the other pickings of his not too lucrative office.

The first scholastic appointment being thus made at Castletown, a similar settlement was made at Crathie in the same year. It appears that Mr. Ross, the first schoolmaster, was allowed, according to use and wont, a firloft, or bushel, of meal out of each plough of land towards his maintenance and what is quaintly called his "encouragement." There were six ploughs of land, however, or parties who occupied that extent of the soil, who declined to encourage him, or even to assist in maintaining him by means of the statutory firlofts. The result was that Mr. Ross brought an action against them before the commissary, whose equivalent would now be the sheriff. The defenders, who were about thirty in number, and who all lived on the south, or Balmoral and Abergeldie side of the Dee, pled, among other things, that they lived at too great a distance; that the Dee, over which there was no bridge, prevented them from making use of the school, and that they were obliged to support a teacher among themselves. It was answered for the pursuer that they do not keep any sufficient schoolmaster for the education of their children, "but the common saying is, that such learning may serve the bairns as they and their forefathers have had, which is none at all!" The common saying would appear to have been true. The commissary, at least, thought so, and affirmed Mr.

Ross's right to the six firlots in dispute. This resistance on the part of thirty occupants of land to what may be called an education rate of six firlots, or the matter of a stone of oatmeal for each occupant, is instructive. It is one of those side-lights that show the value, if not the scarcity, of bread in days when there were so many mouths to be fed. It is also instructive to notice that, although both of these appointments were made fifteen years after the Statute of 1696 had been passed, which provided a much larger salary for the teacher, the remuneration of both schoolmasters was fixed on the scale awarded by the Statute of 1633.

There was thus in 1719, besides the schools at Crathie Kirk and at Castletown, a charity school, as the schools of the Society for Propagating Christian Knowledge were then called, somewhere between Cairnaquheen and the old House of Monaltrie, both of which are indicated in the guide-books. We soon hear, too, of a Society's school at Aberarder, a strath lying back of the valley of the Dee, half-way between Crathie and Kindrochit; and we have the satisfaction of knowing that even the defaulters on the south side of the Dee, who so strenuously resisted payment of the legal forpents and firlots, had a Society's school all to themselves at Balmoral long before the century was out.

About the middle of the century a singularly enlightened effort to promote industrial education among women and girls was successfully made by Lady Sinclair, widow of the eighth Lord Sinclair, and wife of Mr. Farquharson of Invercauld. She found that the art of spinning on the "little wheel," common in the low country, was unknown to the women of the district, who still followed the primitive method of spinning lint on the rock or distaff, and wool on the "big wheel." With the aid of the Board of Trustees, created in 1726 for the encouragement of trade and manufactures in Scotland, she procured a spinning mistress and erected a school at Castletown. But the aversion to the project on the part of those whom it was intended to benefit was at first so strong that a gentle compulsion was required to secure an attendance. The energy and personal influence of the promoter, however, in the end prevailed, and the matter was so heartily taken up by the people themselves that, on certain premiums being offered some years after, in August, 1762, for the largest and best quantities of linen yarn of their own spinning, one hundred and twenty-nine unmarried women and girls received premiums

on the 1st January following: the quantity brought forward in competition being estimated at £300 sterling. Without entering into the mysteries or respective merits of the big and the little wheel, it may be added that the art so intelligently fostered is already almost a thing of the past, and that the young women of the present generation are likely to know as little of either wheel as of the distaff and spindle. The spinning-mill threatens to supersede the wheel as effectually, if not to so much advantage, as the meal-mill has driven out of use the quern.

Previous to this, one of the lairds of Invercauld had "mortified" a sum of 5,000 merks—£277 15s. 6d. sterling—"for the purpose of maintaining and educating some poor boys of the name of Farquharson at some of the charity schools." He had joined the Earl of Mar in the rising of 1715, and was afterwards taken prisoner in the affair at Preston. On this account he was in considerable danger, when, it is said, the good offices of an unknown friend stood him in good stead with certain persons of influence, and enabled him to come to an understanding with the Government. After a time he discovered that the person to whom he had thus been indirectly indebted was Mr. Fergusson, who had been removed from Braemar prior to Mar's insurrection, and was then minister of Logierait, in Perthshire. On making this discovery he wished the latter to accept some substantial acknowledgment of the favour. This, however, was declined, and the suggestion made that the laird's sense of obligation might assume some such form as it ultimately took in this gift of 5,000 merks. Such is the traditional account of the origin of the first gift of the kind in Braemar. It was not the only one, for at the very close of the century another bequest was made in another quarter, of much smaller value, for the education of an orphan "born or residing in the parish." Nor has it been the last. A munificent endowment by Her Majesty the Queen worthily crowns those grants of last century on behalf of education in "The Queen's Highlands."

It is plain that at the beginning of last century the education of the people could not have told in an appreciable degree on those sources of industry and wealth which are also the sources of livelihood. It was not of a kind, for instance, to open up a limestone rock to enrich the soil that was being exhausted by continuous cropping, or greatly to improve the plough or harrow. It did not dream of machinery as a help to the hand,

and it felt no need of the race of merchants. The soil and the soil only was the source of living; for source of wealth there was none; and what the soil gave, it gave literally from hand to mouth. The man who tilled the ground or herded sheep and cattle or hunted the forest, himself eat what he got from the soil or took from his herd or flock or slew in the hills, and there was no occasion for any merchant. The mode in which the land was cultivated is well known, and has often been described; the system having been much the same, although not at the same time, in the Highlands and Lowlands. Instead of the whole arable area of the holdings being cropped under a system of rotation as now, it was divided into, and treated as, "infield" and "outfield." The part next the house was infield, and was usually enclosed with some sort of fence, stone, wood, or turf, or all three combined. All beyond, that was arable, was outfield. Beyond the outfield might be the hill. The peculiarity of the system, however, was this, that the infield was always under crop, or rather grain crop, and got all the manure. The outfield, on the other hand, was only cropped occasionally, and without manure; for the rest, it was left to recover and to clothe itself with coarse herbage and natural grasses as it best might. Even this system, however, was only partially applicable to a mountainous region like Braemar. In any Highland district of the same kind there was little or no outfield. Every patch of land capable of being turned over, sown, and reaped, had a house built near it, and was always under crop. Beyond were the mountain-sides to which the lairds, tacksmen, and cottars had their respective rights of grazing. The crops were bere—a species of barley—oats, and rye, and well on towards the close of the century small quantities of pease, flax, and potatoes. There being no carts till long after the middle of the century, the farm manure was carried in "creels" on the horses' backs. The plough and harrows were made wholly of wood, unless when the coulter and share were protected or partially sheathed with iron. Under such a system, and with these appliances, it is impossible that the arable area of the district could have given regular employment to the inhabitants or yielded a sufficient quantity of bread. So late as 1790, when things were in a much more prosperous condition, this is the account given of the agriculture of the district: "From the time that harvest is over, which is generally about the middle of October, they neither yoke a plough nor do

anything about their farms till the seed-time comes on, when man, woman, and child are employed in huddling over the work in the most superficial manner. And when the bustle of sowing is over all concern about the farm is again laid aside till harvest begins."

We thus learn that a sufficiency of grain was not raised, although the population is known by that time to have been sensibly diminished. But for the hill-grazings, with their sheep and cattle, the people could not have subsisted; milk, butter, cheese, flesh, and even blood drawn from the living animal being at some seasons of the year their only food. Of course we must not exclude from view the trout and salmon to be had in the Dee, its tributaries, and the neighbouring lochs; nor the wild-fowl, deer, and roe in the mountains, although their importance as food was less than is commonly supposed. It is quite true that at a period much nearer our own time servants stipulated, here as elsewhere, that they should not have to dine on salmon oftener than twice a week. But the cause was neither the abundance of good fish nor the fact that the palate is over-easily sated by it when much used as an article of diet. At a distance of from forty to sixty miles from the sea, it is only during two or three months that salmon in good condition can be plentiful in this part of the river. The clean, plump, blue-backed, silver-sided, new-run fish was seldom, if ever, very plentiful at the upper end of the Dee; for against the fact that there were then no stake-nets must be set this other fact that there was no uniform strict observance of close time, and that all along the course of the river numbers of people promiscuously slaughtered as many fish as they possibly could, clean or foul, from one end of the year to the other. In these circumstances it need not be taken for granted that servants, or their masters either, in those days, ever experienced much difficulty in dining, when fish such as might nowadays be exposed for sale in open market was set before them for the third time in the course of the week. But it is quite conceivable that servants, inasmuch as they are human beings, might object to their being fed for weeks together on creelsful of flabby, tasteless fish captured in an unusually lucky haul, or on kelts from the very spawning-beds, whose foulness no ingenuity could disguise even in *kipper*. And as to the deer and the wild-fowl, this difficulty confronts us as soon as we lay much stress on what they did to supply the demands of a redundant population. If every man was free to kill deer

as he pleased, deer must have been scarce and very wild, under which conditions it would be as difficult to make a living by means of a gun and powder-flask as by means of the wooden spade then in use.

Besides these there were no other legitimate sources of living during the first half of the century. The humblest trades hardly existed so as to yield subsistence for a man and his family. Every man was pretty much his own shoemaker and tailor, carpenter, saddler, and ropemaker. "And again in winter, when the frost is most vehement, which we cannot suffer barefooted so well as snow, which can never hurt us, when it comes to our girdles we go hunting, and after that we have slain red deer, we flay off the skin by-and-by, and setting of our bare foot on the inside thereof, for want of cunning shoemakers (by your grace's pardon) we play the cobbler, compassing and measuring so much thereof as shall reach up to our ankles, pricking the upper part thereof with holes that the water may repass where it enters, and stretching it up with a strong thong of the same above our said ankles; so and please your noble grace we make our shoes. Therefore we using such manner of shoes, the rough hairy side outwards, in your grace's dominion of England we be called rough-footed Scots."* So wrote John Eldar, a clergyman, in a document presented by him to Henry VIII.

Two centuries later the Lowland Scot had probably forgotten that his ancestors were shod in leather of quite as primitive a character; but the Highlanders had, as yet, made no change in the material, and were familiarly known to him as redshanks—a name originating in the colour of the red-deer skin with which the feet and legs were wrapped.

Bridles, reins, and saddle-girths, when of a finer sort, were made of hair, for which the tails and manes of the horses were periodically cut. Willows and fine twigs or *woodies* were also worked up into ropes as had been the case in the Lowlands, where the name of the material thus used came to denote one very special halter—that of the gallows:

"Her dove had been a Highland Jaddie,
But weary fa' the waeft' woodie!"

Saddlery was of a piece with this. The horse-collar was of plaited straw, encased or not in roughly-dressed skin. The saddle was either a straw-mat with a roll of the same material behind and in front, or a wooden frame stuffed with wool or hair, and covered with hide; while a stick, a yard long, thrust

under the horse's tail, with a rope attached to either arm, served as a crupper! The wright, tailor, and smith may have been, each, something of a skilled tradesman, in the sense of making a living by his handicraft. Household furniture, although of the simplest construction, would give employment to the first-named, and farm implements might also require his services. There were no carts; not even of a kind such as are described by Burt* as seen by him in Inverness: "When the carter has had occasion to turn about one of these little carts in a narrow place, I have seen him take up the cart, wheels and all, and walk round with it, while the poor little horse has been struggling to keep himself from being thrown. The wheels when new are about a foot and a half high, but are soon worn very small; they are made of three pieces of plank pinned together at the edges like the head of a butter firkin, and the axletree goes round with the wheel." The main article of male attire was little indebted to the shears and needle. Kilt and plaid were of one piece. One end of it was folded round the waist and held tight under a cloth or leathern belt, while the other end served as a covering for the arms and shoulders. But there were coats and waistcoats to be made for those who could afford them. Among tradesmen, however, the smith must have been the great man. He was the maker of swords and dirks, and not unfrequently an expert in his art.

Beyond this, there was hardly an occupation that offered the prospect of a livelihood. Occasionally a young man might make his way to Aberdeen or Dundee in the hope of acquiring a trade, or risk the fortunes of mercenary service abroad. It was not till 1725 that lawful military service at home was open to him. Even the six companies of the Black Watch, the origin of the renowned Forty-second, were not fully enrolled till 1729—30; and in the first instance their duties were simply those of an armed police. They were raised to enforce the Disarming Act of 1725, when General Wade was Commander-in-Chief in Scotland—not a congenial task, but one which the privilege of carrying arms made tolerable. They were raised chiefly elsewhere among the Campbells, Grants, Munroes, and others, but as a son of the laird of Invercauld held a commission in one of the companies, it is probable that some of the hot young blood of Braemar was also found under the standards. Even smuggling, that notable industry of the dis-

* Pinkerton's History of Scotland, ii. 397.

* "Letters from the North of Scotland," iv.

tract in later times, which alone enabled a struggling population to meet the new system of ever-increasing money rents, was unknown.

One exception indeed there was, which must be set down to the credit of the women. The spinning of flax was really an important industry in this part of the country during the last quarter of the century, so much so that the bread-winners in many families were almost exclusively the females. The flax was sent up the country by Aberdeen merchants, and it was spun by the women, who thus earned about three shillings a week. But by this time it was beginning to be the practice for the young men to seek for employment in the low country.

Closely connected with the sources of livelihood, is the price of labour. It is difficult to say on what terms labour or service of any kind was remunerated in the first years of the century. There probably were few money payments either of rent or wages. But about the middle of the century the money-wages of men-servants were from 15s. to £1 in the half-year, while women were paid from 10s. to 15s. for the same period. This must be our starting point in estimating some of the changes that have taken place in the remuneration of labour down to the present day. Towards the end of the century wages had risen to 30s. and £2 for men, and £1 and 30s. for women, for the half-year. Or, to state the matter otherwise, from eight-pence to one shilling was considered a fair day's wages for a man, and sixpence to eight-pence for a woman, without food, except in harvest. It thus appears that in the fifty years following 1750, wages had nearly doubled, and we know that in the next fifty they had increased four or five-fold; the rate of increase showing up to the present time no sign of diminution.

With the price of labour that of provisions is closely connected. By comparing the one with the other we infer how the labourer might live. In 1710, the price of meal, whether bere or oat-meal is not said, was 10 merks, or 10s. 11d., the boll; a measure apparently about a fifth larger than the boll now in use. But this was after the famine year of 1709 when the boll had risen* to £1 3s. sterling, and prices may not have fallen to their normal level. Indirectly also we arrive at an idea of the prices of cattle. In an old will, dated November, 1715, the month and year in which Sheriff-muir was fought, a certain John McDonald, in Ardochy, leaves and grants

to his brother's daughter 20 merks or a cow, from which the inference is allowable that either legacy was about the value of the other. A cow would thus be worth about 22s. 3d.

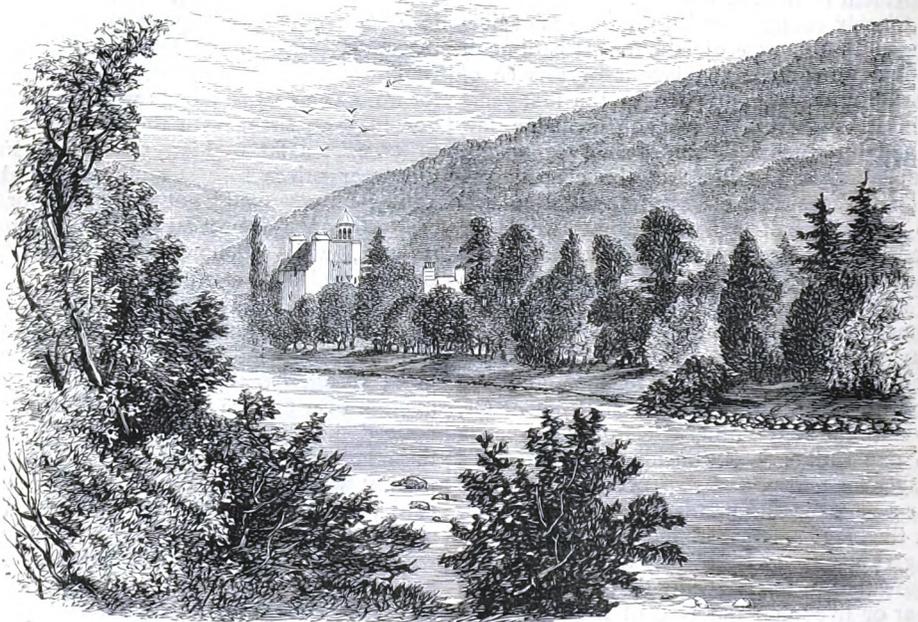
The following entries in the records of Kirk Session give some indication of the value of cattle at a later period. "9 Nov., 1740.—A black five-year-old stot with an iron upon the fore horn was cryed at the Kirk, and before that a day or two was comprised at eight pounds Scots" = 13s. 4d. "13 Feb. 1741.—James Macintosh, in Ballinloan, hath in his custody a little brown mare, having her mane and tail polled or cut, the cropt of the nearest lug cut off, two white spots made by the crook saddle on her—comprised at 3s. sterling." Before 1745, an important date with respect to the changes that took place in the Highlands generally, we know from other sources that oxen sold for from 40s. to 50s.; cows with their calves, 20s. to 30s.; sheep with their lambs, 2s. 6d. to 3s. 6d.; a fat wedder, 5s. or 6s. From that year prices rose steadily, so that about 1790 a fat cow could not be bought for less than £5 or £6, or a fat wedder under 12s. or 14s., while a horse cost about £5. Other articles of consumption were on the same scale. Ducks fetched from 8d. to 10d.; hens, 6d.; chickens, 3d. each. Eggs were three half-pence a dozen; milk, 2d. the Scotch pint; butter, 9d. the lb., Tron weight, or a fraction over 6d. the lb. Avoir. It is to be noticed, however, that while the quality of these last articles has remained pretty much what it was, it is far otherwise with sheep, cattle, and horses. The old sorts were much smaller, and as there was no such thing as winter feeding, beef and mutton were in good condition only at the end of the summer's grass, say, in September and October. At any other time they could not be had of such a quality as would now be exposed for sale. The horses were mere ponies, and four, six, and sometimes eight of them were yoked to one plough. It is thus difficult to compare prices, or to say what the value of the same kind of animals would be now. The comparison is easier in the case of bread stuffs. A hundred years ago, when a man-servant's half-yearly wages in money were £2 at most, his wages were barely equal to three and a half bolls of meal, or they would purchase about a third of a fat cow. A farm-servant's money-wages would now buy for him twelve bolls of meal, and, even at the present price of butcher's meat, they would still procure for him not a third, but one half of an ox twice the weight of an ox of the old times, or

* Statistical Account, Kirkmichael.

three times as much even of butcher's meat. An additional test may be applied thus:—A day labourer could earn, at most, 10*d.* to 1*s.* a day. This would barely purchase 6 Scotch pints, or 2½ imperial gallons of milk, or 2 lbs. of butter, or 2 hens, or 4 chickens. He can now buy with his day's wages 8 instead of 6 pints of milk, 3 instead of 2 lbs. of butter, while he is as well off as to the hens and chickens as his forefathers. Eggs indeed completely turn the scale against him. It is not often that he can buy six dozen for 3*s.* or 3*s.* 6*d.* nowadays, whereas had he lived a hundred years ago he could have had nine dozen for his shilling.

On the other hand it has to be remembered

that there were heavy duties charged on leather, soap, candles, and salt. For the first three commodities the demand was certainly not great. A splinter of dry resinous fir from the Ballochbuie, stuck in the wall or in the chain over the fire-place, was no bad substitute for a candle during the fun and story-telling of the winter "forenicht." The merits of soap were only partially appreciated, but salt was a necessity, and the salt-tax a serious hardship. If we compare their earnings, and what these earnings would purchase of the necessities of life, it is indisputable that the labourer of to-day is much richer, *i.e.* he can buy and use, if he likes, a good deal more than a man in a similar position of



Abergeldie Castle, from the river.

life could buy a hundred years ago. As for luxuries, or even the comforts and conveniences of modern life, they simply did not exist for persons in his position. His case was even more unfavourable in view of the prospect which presented itself to him of employment for his children. There was no outlet for the energy pent up within these glens. There was nothing for it but to go on dividing and subdividing the crofts until the holdings became too small to support the families of their occupants. At the beginning of the century the cattle were regularly bled in early summer, and the blood of the living animal was used as food at a season when corn was scarce and sheep and oxen almost too lean to be eaten.

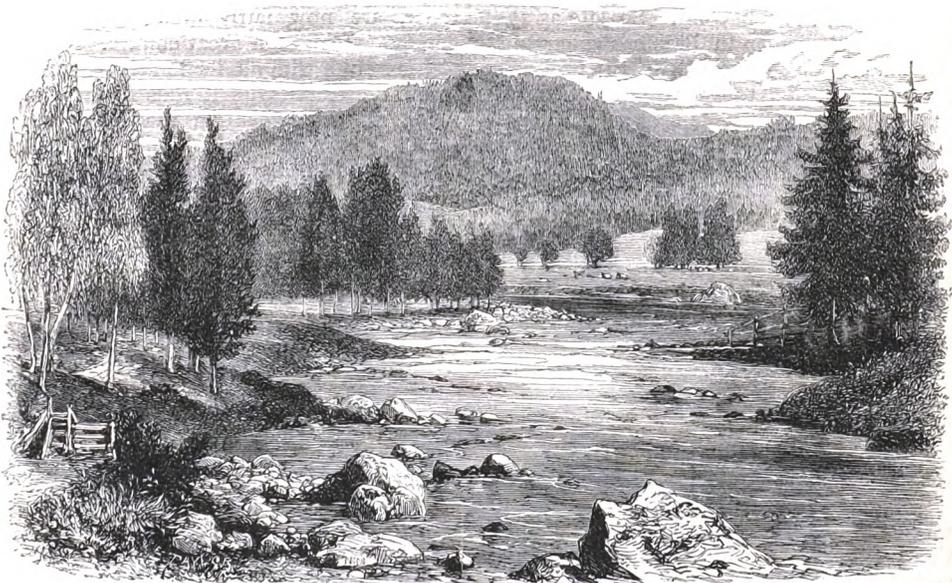
It is also beyond doubt that whenever there was a late and bad or a light crop from any cause the people were in great distress. Famines were periodical, and some of the more noteworthy, such as those of 1709, 1740, and 1782, were of great severity. "In 1740 the frosts came in September, and the snow fell so deep in October that the corn continued buried under it till January and February following. The boll of meal rose to 30*s.*, and to increase the misery of the people those who sold it frequently mixed it with lime, which to many proved fatal." In 1743 there were over three hundred necessitous persons in receipt of parochial relief within the bounds of the united parish of Crathie and Braemar, while the whole sum

in the box at the January distribution of that year scarcely amounted to £1 Scots, or 1s. 8d. sterling, for each person. Every ninth person—almost twice as many as now—was thus in destitute circumstances.

In short, if we except the lairds and the more substantial tacksmen, it is manifest that the denser population of last century had a hard struggle for a meagre and precarious livelihood. In the last resort a "hership" could be planned, and was still thought to be an honest enough way of driving the wolf from the door. Nor, considering the unsettled state of the country, is it to be wondered at that when they had nothing to eat, a score or two of active fellows should take it into their heads to see what

might be the state of the "meal girdels" in Strathmore, or how the beeves were thriving on the Braes of Angus. It was just what an Armstrong or Elliot, a Kerr, Johnstone, Scott, or other honest thief on the Borders, would have done when his wife served up for him a pair of spurs for breakfast. It is not perhaps a mere coincidence that both risings—that of 1715 and 1745—took place soon after calamitous years of famine.

It would be pleasant to believe that two thousand six hundred people dwelt together here or elsewhere in a state of Arcadian innocence and purity of life. The popular belief is that they did. Unfortunately the records of Kirk Session remain, and there is a marked discrepancy between the written word and



The Dee, from the new Bridge of Invercauld.

the oral tradition. The present generation need not distress itself with the assumption that it is worse in this particular than its predecessors. On the contrary, while there has been a vast change for the better in the way in which the people are housed, clothed, and fed, in intelligence, cleanliness, and orderly behaviour, there has also been a decided improvement in morals. The Kirk Session of those days had a hard time of it with "alehouse frequenters," "tavern brawlers," "riotous Sabbath-breakers," and other offenders. The cutty-stool and shirt of sackcloth were in frequent requisition, and, from the diligent use made of them, required to be occasionally renewed.

The political and warlike movements into which the Highlanders were drawn do not come within the scope of this paper. Even such matters as belong to it lay apart from the nobler qualities of the people themselves. But peace and security, abundance of bread and domestic comforts, are not the only nursery of the virtues, or even of the graces. They were a loving, loyal, and faithful people. They were hard as iron to endure fatigue, and in the field of battle could play the man with the best. A man of that time could have slept on a hill-side, under the open sky, with nothing but his plaid for covering. And if a whole family slept oftentimes on the same heather bed,

stretching from side to side of the sheeling, when the cattle were sent to the upper glens and their owners followed them, their family life was on the whole tender and true. If they possessed little, they were ready to share it with the stranger who asked food and shelter. They had their gentler side as well. They had their own world of song, story, and tradition, and in that weird world of the past their strong poetic temperament found congenial solace.

But none of us would willingly go back to that time from this. It is one thing to be able in all weather to travel on good roads everywhere, to have a daily delivery of letters and a telegraph office almost at one's elbow; it is another thing to be without road or bridge and almost without communication with the big world beyond. So late as 1790 we find a clergyman in Braemar congratulating himself that a branch of the post-office had been extended to Kincardine O'Neil, and that there would soon be no need to send a man, as was regularly done, to Coupar Angus for letters addressed to the Castletown of Braemar. And even if the jurisdiction of

Sheriff Court and Court of Session be capable of improvement, it is on the whole to be preferred to the tender mercies of the chieftains and lairds, and even to the most impartial judgment of the "Baillie of Regality."

The times are far more full of opportunity and of good of all kinds for all, even in the centre of the Highlands, than they were. Possibly more willing hands might be employed and a greater number of stalwart men ought to find a livelihood in their native glens; but the positive gain that has come, in the track of many changes, to a diminished population is not to be overlooked. The fact is that last century was a period of transition, in which the old clan life was passing away under the influences of modern civilisation. Highlander and Lowlander, Scot and Southerner, are now fairly grafted on to the common stock of a great empire. The old Celtic nature with all its tenderness and fire is still there, although it runs in other channels; and the devotion that once blindly followed a chief is now only more intelligently loyal to the Queen.

M. C. TAYLOR.

THE EARTH'S PLACE IN NATURE.

A Sketch of a Branch of Physiography.

From Notes of Lectures given for the Gilchrist Trustees in the years 1874 and 1875.

By J. NORMAN LOCKYER, F.R.S., CORRESPONDENT OF THE INSTITUTE, FRANCE.

NO. V.

IT will be convenient, in this my last paper, before I conclude by referring to the way in which the history of the earth and the conditions of life upon it have been, and are ever, moulded by influences from without, that I should somewhat expand the statements made at the end of the first one.

These statements had reference to the earth alone. Since they were made we have considered the other bodies in space. We now know the earth's relationship to the sun and moon and the sister planets; and we know more than this. The comparisons we have been enabled to make since knowledge has been so increased that we have studied the bodies external to the earth, as we have from old time inquired into the structure of the earth itself, have in many cases supplied us with the key to the similarities and the differences which this comparison has brought before us. This has been done because we have been permitted to glimpse at the law

which has been at work; we have been far-off spectators, in our mind's eye, of the formation of worlds.

1 and 2. "The earth is round." "Its size has been determined, and its equatorial diameter is larger than the polar one."

This is the usual familiar way of stating that the earth is a sphere, or rather an oblate spheroid. We have now seen that all celestial masses of matter, cool enough not to give us their own light, but to be visible to us by light which they get from bodies external to themselves, are also spheroidal. Still, in no cases where exact measurements have been possible has a *perfect* sphere been found. One diameter, called the *polar diameter*, is always shortest; in other words, there is always a *polar flattening*. In this respect the earth has to be ranged with Mars as having a small polar compression; while in Jupiter and Saturn this is very large. With regard to the planets nearest to and farthest from the sun, we have still no cer-

tain knowledge ; but it is very probable that we have—

Mercury	} with small compression.
Venus	
Earth	
Mars	
Jupiter	} with large compression.
Saturn	
Uranus	
Neptune	

This grouping gives us also, when we consider the question of size, the first small planets, the last large ones ; compression and size then go together.

3. "The earth turns on an axis."

We have seen that in all cases this axis is the polar diameter, and the grouping we have just given is good also for the rate of rotation. The smallest planets are nearest the sun, and they rotate slowest, so that we have, with the former reservation—

Mercury	} small bodies with small polar compressions rotating slowly.
Venus	
Earth	
Mars	
Jupiter	} large bodies with large polar compressions rotating rapidly.
Saturn	
Uranus	
Neptune	

In the second paper I showed that the earth's chemistry and geology both indicate in the clearest manner that its figure has resulted from the cooling of a mass of incandescent vapours under the influence of gravity tempered by the rotation of the mass. If we apply the result obtained in the case of the earth from the evidence supplied by its materials, and extend it to the other bodies, we are led to the conclusion that the earth, so to speak, is in the same boat as the other three members of the first or interior group ; and we may assume, then, that their chemistry and geology are not widely different from our own. On the other hand, we are justified in supposing that the chemical basis must be different in those planets where such different results have been arrived at, presumably by the working of the same law.

This result has been strengthened in the subsequent papers, but we must here keep to our summary.

4. "The earth is probably solid to its centre, which is much hotter than its surface."

On a point like this, where doctors differ so much with regard to our own planet, it will be readily supposed a comparison of the earth with the other bodies in the system

is most difficult. We have analogy to lead us to believe that such as the earth's interior is, such is the interior of Mars, Venus, and Mercury. The consideration of the densities of the other planets perhaps, as we have already seen, enables us to go a step further.

5. "The temperature of the surface does not depend upon the interior heat."

In this again, so far as we know, the earth resembles the other planets. There is one possible exception in Jupiter. On this point I may be permitted to quote from Professor Newcomb's* recently published volume.

He says, "It was at one time supposed that Jupiter actually emitted more light than fell upon him from the sun ; and if this were proved, it would show conclusively that he was self-luminous. If all the light which the sun shed upon the planet were equally reflected in every direction, we might speak with some certainty on the question ; but in the actual state of our knowledge we cannot. Zöllner has found that the brightness of Jupiter may be accounted for by supposing him to reflect sixty-two per cent. of the sunlight which he receives. But if this is his average reflecting power, the reflecting power of his brighter portions must be much greater ; in fact, they are so bright that they must shine partly by their own light, unless they reflect a disproportionate share of the sunlight back in the direction of the earth and sun. Clouds would not be likely to do this. On the other hand, if we assume that the planet emits any great amount of light, we are met by the fact that, if this were the case, the satellites would shine by this light when they were in the shadow of the planet. As these bodies totally disappear in this position, the quantity of light emitted by Jupiter must be quite small. On the whole, there is a small probability that the brighter spots of this planet are, from time to time, slightly self-luminous."

I may add, as an additional objection to that urged by Professor Newcomb, that if Jupiter itself were incandescent to an extent beyond that accepted in the paragraph quoted, we should not see the shadows thrown on the disc when the satellites pass between Jupiter and the sun, as we do. These, however, as I stated in my third paper, are always seen, and their blackness is astonishing.

* "Popular Astronomy," Macmillan. This volume, whether we consider the distinguished attainments of its author, the accuracy of its statements, or the purity of its style, stands out in vivid contrast from the trash, full of self-laudation, vile personalities, and ignorance, with which the book-market has recently been deluged.

6. "The earth, as a whole, is five and a half times denser than water, although its crust is only about half as dense as this."

Here, again, we have found that the earth's density is, roughly, the density of three other members of the system—Mercury, Venus, and Mars; and again we see the four interior planets forming a well-marked group, and the four outer ones forming another.

To repeat our grouping we now have—

Mercury	} small bodies, small polar compression, slow rotation, high density.
Venus	
EARTH	
Mars	
Jupiter	} large bodies, large polar compression, rapid rotation, low density.
Saturn	
Uranus?	
Neptune?	

Nothing could show more strikingly than the above that, from this point of view, the earth has nothing special about it; it is but a part, and by no means a prominent part, of the "stupendous whole" which we call the Solar System. It is only when we go further and consider the play of the exterior energies on a mass of matter which we call a planet, that the earth *at the present time* may take the first place among the planetary worlds. But before we come to these exterior influences, we have still one point to expand.

7. " $\frac{9}{10}$ ths of the crust consist of nine only of the sixty-five elements which are known to chemists."

I have several times of late years strongly insisted upon the important teaching which may lie under this fact. For although at first sight it might seem that in this particular no comparison of the earth with the sister planets was possible, yet if one is permitted to associate chemical structure with density and to say that possibly Mercury, Venus, and Mars resemble the earth in one respect because they do so in the other, then the vast difference between the group to which the earth belongs and the exterior one, may, after all, depend upon chemical diversity. In short, *the interior planets of the system are denser than the exterior ones, for the same reason that the interior of the earth is denser than the crust.*

I was led to suggest this hypothesis by the chemical constitution of the atmosphere of the sun. Up to a little time ago none of the metalloids had been traced in the atmosphere of the sun at all. Since then I have found carbon evidently very high up in the atmosphere, and Dr. Draper has announced the discovery of oxygen very low down; but

I am not alone in thinking that he has not yet proved his case. While, however, we are only certain about one metalloid, there is no doubt whatever about thirty metals. And we not only know that these metals exist in the heated atmosphere of the sun, to which I have before drawn attention, but we know, roughly, where they are.

If we have a telescope and spectroscope so arranged that an image of the sun is thrown upon the slit plate, the slit being long enough to take in at one end the bottom of the sun's atmosphere, the other end lying over the top of it, that slit will give us a section of the atmosphere—will give us the bright lines due to the constituent gases; and if any one substance exists from the bottom to the top, we shall get lines from the bottom to the top of the spectrum. The lines will be as long as the slit, if the slit is totally immersed in the sun's atmosphere. But if some of the substances exist at the bottom, and do not exist at the top, then the evidence of these substances will be wanting in that part of the slit which is fishing, so to speak, in the higher part of the atmosphere; so that we shall have long and short lines. We have thus a method of seeing which substance exists highest in the sun, and which keeps lowest. The result of observations made in Italy, France, India, and America go very much to establish the following state of things.

Dealing with known elements, we have outside of everything hydrogen, and next in height comes calcium, next comes magnesium and sodium, and far below the level of the calcium, magnesium, and sodium, we have a changing, surging sea of vapours of iron, cobalt, and all the metals of the other groups which lie below the iron.

The fact that the order in which these substances thin out in the sun's atmosphere, is not the order of densities required by the chemist, is one interesting to a much larger number of scientific inquirers than astronomers. Before I had established the existence of carbon high up in the solar atmosphere, I had given grounds which it is not necessary to repeat here, for believing that the most probable position for the various metalloids in the solar economy is outside the metallic strata. So that if we take a section of the sun's atmosphere, we must imagine the metalloids to be outside if they be there at all. Let us for a moment consider the sun as a nebula. There is ample evidence, I think, to show that the temperature at the nebulous stage was as great as the temperature of the sun is

now ; consequently we shall have metals existing uncombined, the metalloids existing outside, also probably uncombined. And what happens on Kant's hypothesis of the formation of the solar system, which supposes that the nebula in contracting constantly left behind it its exterior portion? Probably we may say that the first planet thrown off—let us assume that that was Neptune, although probably there are many planets beyond Neptune—must have been thrown off from the extreme limit of such a nebula, and must have been built up of those particular materials which were existing at that particular part of the nebula ; *that is to say, that it is almost impossible that there should not be an overwhelming preponderance of metalloids in Neptune.* As the various rings are formed from the exterior of the nebula while the contraction is going on, they will consist chiefly of metalloid ; whereas when we come nearer to the sun, they will consist chiefly of metal.

That being so, we have two opportunities of testing the idea which has led to this conclusion. If the exterior planets are metalloid and the interior planets are metallic—(I do not mean that one group is *entirely* metalloid and another *entirely* metallic)—it will be impossible for the density of the exterior planets to be as great as the density of the interior planets. We have already found that that density, as a matter of fact, is about one to five. This density, of course, must be lower, because we shall have the best possible conditions for high density where we get the metal in its purest state.

Where the density then is least, in the case of the exterior planets, we shall find probably that the velocity of rotation will be different from the velocities of rotation of the other planets. That also is so.

In the case of the exterior planets then we may be dealing with bodies which will remain almost for ever in a semi-gaseous state. It must not be forgotten that we assume very high temperature.

If we consider the earth, which we know to be one of the interior planets, at the moment the ring—in which form it once existed, according to Kant's hypothesis—had been broken, we assume that by the breaking of this ring we have a globular mass of vapour formed in a state of incandescence. How much of this incandescence was due to arrested motion we cannot tell.

Now let us take the existing sun to represent just such a mass of matter as our earth then was. The list of solar metals, with the

exterior metalloids, must now do duty, not as it did before, for a nebula before it threw off its rings, but for our own earth, after the time when still another secondary ring had formed to become the moon ultimately. What would happen ?

We know for certain that the earth is now a cool body ; but I do not think we know that with any greater certainty than we know that the earth was once a very hot one ; therefore there has been a process of cooling going on. What would be the stages of the cooling ? We have, by hypothesis, metalloids outside—metalloids not in combination with metals, in consequence of the high temperature. What is the first process then that takes place on cooling ?—combination. What then will be the process of combination ? The metals and the metalloids will combine, according to their position in the present atmosphere of the sun, which we have assumed to represent the then atmosphere of the earth. If, let us say, oxygen and chlorine cannot combine with hydrogen at a particular stage of temperature, they may go lower down, and attempt to combine with calcium and magnesium. But it is certain that if at any time they could have combined with magnesium and calcium, they would have had no chance of combining with iron, because the iron was shielded from their attack by the enormous buffer of the upper metals, in the same way as the metals of the iron group would shield the metals still lower down. So that we ought to find that the crust of the earth *in the main consists of combinations of metalloids with those metals which exist highest in the atmosphere of the sun.* The composition required by the state of things I have pictured is exactly such a composition as that I gave in the first paper, summarised in the text for these remarks.

Further, with regard to the origin of the density of the interior, a large part of the interior of the earth in all probability consists of pure metal, and if the earth is anything like the sun—and we have no reason to doubt their almost perfect similarity—we may be perfectly certain that a large portion of that metal will be iron. It is quite possible that the magnetic state of the earth—for the earth is a great magnet—may be connected with the existence of this enormous mass of perfectly pure iron low down in the earth.

Another point is this—if the history of the earth and the history of the other planets, so far as the chemical nature of the crusts goes, is a history of the descent of the metalloids

upon the metals, *we must regard the atmosphere of any planet at any time as the mere residuum which has been left after all possible combination has taken place.* Our own atmosphere consists of oxygen and nitrogen—still uncombined, fortunately—and of aqueous vapour, which is a combination of oxygen with the metal which is highest in the sun—I mean hydrogen.

Why it so happens that the chemical elements known on the earth should also be distinguished in the various bodies that people space, arises therefore in all probability from the fact that the external bodies and the earth obeyed the same common law of formation; and the reason that above the earth's crust is an aqueous envelope composed of hydrogen and oxygen, and a planetary atmosphere consisting of two metalloids, is that these alone remain after all combinations with the metals found in the crust and the metal found in water have been made.

The other summarised statements at the end of my first paper deal with those parts of the earth's economy which are liable to influence from without.

In subsequent papers, we have considered the earth's place in nature from several points of view; among them, as a cool and cooling body moving round a hot one. We found that it is one of several masses of matter revolving round a central luminary, which is a hot star. We discussed to a certain extent the meteorology of the other planets.

To understand the meteorological phenomena of all the planets, let us glance briefly at our own. The action of the sun upon the upper strata of the earth to which I have just called attention, the air and the water, and through air and water upon the more solid portion which we call the crust, not only constitutes the present life of the planet, but has partly caused those undulations of surface which we see now, and which geologists tell us of as having existed and undergone changes in times past.

Those who write "physical geographies" make them far too restricted in their teaching and tendencies, paying too little regard to the causes which have been for millions of years at work in fashioning our globe, and rendering it habitable; the text books are static and not dynamic. The history of the earth in time past, present, and to come, is, in the main, the history of the earth's response to the radiation of the sun.

There are several figures of very great significance which have been got out with

regard to solar radiation; I will put them together as shortly as I can.

What is the amount of the sun's energy which for time past and even at the present time is moulding the surface of our earth, and rendering the various conditions of animal and plant life possible? and how do we determine it? Taking the radiation received by our planet, we have not got the whole radiation. Let us consider a hollow sphere, having a diameter of 186 millions of miles, sprinkled with earths or bodies 8,000 miles in diameter. Let the bodies be placed as close as they can be together, and the number required to cover the sphere's surface will show what portion of the solar radiation our planet receives. We should require between two and three thousand millions of earths to cover such a sphere; it is clear that we receive less than the two thousand millionth of the sun's radiation. Of the total solar radiation, Sir John Herschel remarks, that if we could get the whole of it concentrated on a cylinder of ice 45 miles in diameter, this cylinder would have to be injected with the velocity of light (186,000 miles per second, according to Foucault), in order to use up all the radiant energy. Sir William Thomson again has calculated that each square yard of the sun gives out heat sufficient to drive an engine of 63,000 horse-power—the amount of energy we obtain by burning 13,500 lb. of coal per hour.

What are the general functions of this radiation? (1) It expands the atmosphere, especially the contained aqueous vapour, giving high and low pressures, and is thus the prime cause of *winds*. (2) It causes the water of the ocean to obey the same laws as the ocean of air, making *ocean currents*. (3) It evaporates water from the various water surfaces of the globe, filling the invisible air with invisible vapour which condenses, and is the mother of fog, mist, cloud, rain, hail, and snow.

Take a globe representing the earth: imagine a beam of light an inch in diameter falling vertically on it from the sun. If it falls on the extreme upper part, clearly the quantity of surface illuminated will be less than if it falls on the side, *i.e.* the same amount of heat and light falling on the two surfaces is spread over a greater area the further the area is removed from the centre.

The effect received per unit of surface of the earth at the north and south poles is from this cause alone less than at the centre. Nor is this all. The earth is covered to a certain height (at present undetermined) by

an atmosphere, and it is covered to a much smaller height by vapour from the various water surfaces. The sun appears red at its rising and setting, but it is not red at noon-day. This is a matter of extreme importance, for we know that oxygen and nitrogen do not absorb any light, and the sun can only appear red by the blue rays being absorbed, —it follows that the aqueous vapour must absorb them. And the more obliquely the rays fall, the more aqueous vapour they must pass through, and the greater the absorption will be.

There are many other considerations necessary to be taken into account before we are able to understand the various conditions of climate, and the various phenomena connected with the formation of rain, cyclones, and the like, by the play of this radiant energy.

Nor is it my present purpose to enlarge upon this. Still we may take the simplest case, suggestively. Suppose the sun and earth at rest in space ninety-three millions of miles apart: what would happen? The rays would be perpetually pouring down with great force on the centre of the half of the earth's surface exposed to the sun: that condition would be constant; one-half would be exposed to the sun, and the other would never see it.

The air and water subject to solar influence would be expanded, and the water evaporated, causing radiating currents, rising north, south, east, and west from the equator, taking directions towards the poles, and right and left, then descending and returning.

The opposite side of the globe would be a region of perpetual cold and darkness, with no plant life, no evaporation, no rain, and the sea probably perpetually frozen. The place for man would scarcely be there. Now, let us suppose the earth to revolve round the sun, but not rotate. Each part would be turned once to the sun in a revolution, and it would be a nice intellectual exercise to calculate the probable condition of our planet under such circumstances.

Take another step—a fundamental one—and imagine the earth to rotate once a day, as we know it does. At first sight there would now seem everything at once perfect and easy of comprehension for every part of our planet. But there are many things to be taken into account before we get our perfect mental conception of what does happen with regard to the solar influence in causing all those marvellous changes on which our existence depends.

The best way to give to children a good concrete image of the motions of the earth is to get a large tub of water, with two globes of different sizes half immersed. The surface of the water is the *plane of the ecliptic*, a combination of words which a child shies at, but which is perfectly simple if represented in that way. The earth's *orbit* may be represented by the path of the smaller globe round the larger; and if this path be elliptical, we shall have the *line of apsides* as the major axis of the ellipse. If every part is to receive the solar radiation once in twenty-four hours, the earth's axis must be vertical. To take an extreme case again, let us represent Uranus, the axis of which planet is inclined 100 degrees to the plane of the ecliptic, by a globe rotating round a horizontal axis. It is easy to see that in two positions the axis of Uranus is pointed straight to the sun, and that for a long period the north and south sides of the planet are shut off from solar radiation altogether.

What are the actual conditions with regard to the earth? Its axis is inclined twenty-three degrees to the plane of the ecliptic, the earth and Mars occupying an intermediate place in this respect between Jupiter and Uranus. We have a year in which, as the experiment with the electric lamp and the little globe figured to us, the north and south hemispheres have their turns, but in which the north pole is not subjected to the solar influence as the north pole of Uranus is.

The rush of heated air from the equator, and the rush of cold air to it, combined with this unequal movement of the surface, give rise to a special set of phenomena. As a point at the equator moves at the rate of several miles per second, while a point at the pole does not move at all, we have a north-east wind known as the north-east *trade-wind*, which is a most constant climatic phenomenon. In the same way we have the south-east trade-wind on the opposite side of the equator. Outside the region of the trade-winds is the region of the anti-trades, which are the returning atmospheric currents.

If we combine the effect of the winds and of evaporation of the large water surfaces, we have at once explained how it is that there exists a region of ice and snow at the poles, and another of perpetual spring in the tropics. And if we consider the effect of the enormous land masses trending north and south, breaking the atmospheric and ocean currents, we shall have no difficulty in taking climates as we find them,

of understanding how the climate of Ireland, for instance, vastly differs from that of Russia in the same latitude.

In this way, then, we have the radiations moulded into daily changes by the earth's rotation and into yearly ones by its revolution; but there is another possible change, concerning which I can find nothing in any book whatever. *Is the radiation of the sun constant?* The more we study the stars of heaven, the more we detect their variability, and the more we are able to study the beautiful laws on which their variability depends. Their atmospheres, probably in consequence of a very small difference of temperature, become opaque or translucent to radiation, and hence the planets depending upon them must have a change in the radiation which they receive. We know that the sun is a variable star, it has sun-spots with periods of eleven years. We know that the earth's magnetism ebbs and flows with the sun-spots, and that the rainfall and cyclones are connected with them. Mr. Meldrum, a very distinguished meteorologist, has drawn two curves, the one representing the number of sun-spots visible at any time, and the other the number of wrecked vessels entering Port Louis, and the curves are identical. The cyclones are most intense when the sun-spots are most intense.

It was formerly imagined that because the sun-spots were black, they stopped the radiation of the sun; but this is probably erroneous, and the sun-spots may be considered as indications of increased activity or great radiation of the sun.

Mr. Blandford suggests, that since three-fourths of the earth's surface is covered with water, the effect of increased radiation is increased evaporation, cloud, and rainfall. Clouds would intercept a large proportion of solar heat, tending further to decrease the temperature. It follows that the whole increase of the sun's heat, and something more, is absorbed by evaporation, and by the upper regions of the atmosphere. Thus, we may infer that the planets Mercury and Venus may enjoy an equable temperature. The question has yet to be determined, whether we shall be justified, by observations, in putting this possible change in the solar activities side by side with those other changes due to the earth's motion to which I have referred.

But we have not yet done with the influence of the earth's motion in changing the amount of received radiation.

In the past history of our planet, we have

most indubitable records left of great changes of climate in various parts of the world. If you will read a few chapters of that wonderful work, "Lyell's Principles of Geology," you will get such hard facts as the finding of fossilized tropical plants in Greenland, and the like. It is not my duty to attempt to solve the difficult problems here presented, but merely to refer briefly to those astronomical considerations which may affect climate as we know it now and as it may have been in past time. In these the changes of land surface may have a great influence; the poles are the great condensers, and we have at both poles land surfaces, but if we had all the land at the equator, we should lack those condensers.

If the earth's orbit were perfectly circular and changeless, there could be no possible astronomical change of climate. But assume an ellipticity, and that hemisphere which has its summer at perihelion must have a climate differing from the other. Now we know that there are two very distinct changes going on which may cause change of climate. Owing to the precession of the equinoxes, the inclination of the earth's axis, though regarded as pretty nearly constant, is not constant when we deal with long periods. There is a wobbling of the earth, if I may so term it, which in 25,000 years causes the axis to turn exactly once round, so that starting with a favourable condition for say the southern hemisphere, in 12,000 years that favourable condition would be transferred to the northern one. Another cause for change of climate, very nearly the same in effect though widely different in cause, is that the line from perihelion to aphelion (the line of apsides) is also slightly moving, so that however the planet might be situated at any one time with regard to the north or south polar climate, even if we suppose there is no precession of the equinoxes, still this revolution of the line of apsides will as effectively bring favourable conditions to the other hemisphere.

Again, the ellipticity of the orbit is not constant. The ellipticity now produces a difference of three millions of miles, but it may amount to thirteen millions. On this point I would refer you to "Climate and Time," by Mr. Croll. With a difference between the points of perihelion and aphelion of three and thirteen millions of miles there would be a difference of one-fifth between the amount of solar radiation, on the two hemispheres of the planet. Mr. Croll gives an interesting table, in which

he shows that a million years before the present time the difference of distance was two and three-quarter millions of miles, a little less than now, but that 800,000 years ago the difference was thirteen millions.

In all these respects of course after we have grasped all the influences and all the changes of that influence which we receive from the sun, we can match them with few facts connected with the sister planets. We do not thus learn to know our position in the solar family better, but we see not dimly and darkly, but face to face, how utterly depen-

dent we are upon the centre of the system. The whole mechanism of the earth is driven by the sun.

I am one of those who believe that it is only by taking this intimate connection between sun and earth into consideration that any great advance in Physiography is possible. The grand drama of the formation of the earth is being still played in the sun if we had eyes to see it. Our meteorology, which hitherto has not taken the known solar changes into account, must be remodelled in the light of modern science.



OSTRICHES ON A CAPE FARM.

By LADY VERNEY.

THE farm was not an "ostrich camp," properly so called, the birds formed simply part of a heterogeneous mixture of quadrupeds and bipeds (after the fashion of the country), where horses, mules, oxen, Hottentots, Caffres, Arabs, negroes, mulattoes, men of every shade of black and brown, and with every variety of wool and hair on their heads—pigs, poultry, ostriches, cats, Hottentot curs, geese, and turkeys all run about pell-mell together in disorderly comfort.

The whole estate is unenclosed, like the rest of the country round, excepting the vineyard, where a sort of poor Constantia is made, as well as *vin ordinaire*; this is too precious to be left to the tender mercies of chance, and is surrounded by a trench and bank, surmounted by a strong paling made with plaited bamboos. There is also a little fencing put up occasionally, alongside a grow-

ing crop of lucerne, &c., near the great pool, upon which a rush of thirsty oxen and cows will come down, trampling everything in their way, during the hot weather.

On one side the farm lay the crops, the wheat and lucerne, the tobacco, barley, and oats (maize is grown only in small patches in the gardens). These all have no protection from the flocks of sheep and cattle—except by the Hottentot herds. On the other side lie low bare mountains, or rather downs, covered with wild rosemary and aromatic herbs, on which the sheep flourish, and sandy slopes stretching to the Atlantic, where grow six varieties of flowering reeds used for thatching, of a rich golden bronze colour in summer. Patches of mesembryanthemums of the most brilliant scarlets, crimsons, and yellow, form luxuriant tufts in the white sand.

This is where the wild ostrich delights to dwell. The hard rocky ground of the hills hurts their breasts when they lie down, and their feet when they run, and they love the soft sandy flats, in the upper part of which the gorgeously coloured Cape heaths are found, waxen bells of every hue and form, one scarlet with brown stamens, another white with a red fringe, lilac, yellow, pale green, every shade but blue; long bells, short bells, great bells, little bells, single bells, bunches of bells. Here, not long ago, one of the most trustworthy of the herds, an old Bushman named Moos, was wandering one day after some of his charges. A spare man, his head almost bald, with little twists of wiry wool growing on it at great intervals, not resembling hair in any sense, and his brown skin drawn tightly over his wizened face and thin bony body. The Hottentot's hands and feet are very small, and he wears long gaiters made by himself out of sheepskins, with the wool turned inwards. His talents are in general limited: to track the spoor of a creature over the hardest soil, where no apparent mark has been left, and to run unweariedly so as even to tire out a horse, pretty nearly exhausts the sum of them. But Moos Julies was more intelligent than some of his countrymen. The wild ostriches are becoming rare, and he was greatly delighted to come upon a nest scratched in the sand with sixteen great eggs in it, well within the boundary of his master's property. And here that slur on the moral character of the ostrich must be protested against as a base calumny, time-honoured though it be. So far from leaving their eggs to chance and the sun to hatch, they are particularly careful parents, the father and mother birds taking it in turn to sit for six or eight hours at a time. In a tame state they are as regular as clockwork in relieving each other, and the herds declared that they followed the farm-bell to a minute. The incubation is very long, and lasts sixty days, during which they are exemplary in their attentions to the eggs. If they are away for a short time, seeking food, which when they are wild must sometimes be very far afield, it is true that they scatter sand and dust over the nest to keep it warm; but sit they must, and sit they do, or there can be no progeny.

Moos made haste home with his welcome news—it was Christmas-day, and therefore the height of summer in that southern latitude—and as soon as he reported that the little birds were hatching, a waggon filled with straw, drawn by four horses, was sent

to fetch them up. Meantime, however, the mother had taken fright at being watched, and carried off her family into the scrub, so that when the party arrived there was nothing to be seen but two addled eggs kicked out of the nest, and one still unhatched within it. The inmate was pecking feebly at the shell, but, deprived of the necessary warmth, it could not make its way out of prison. The master flung his coat and those of his men hurriedly round the egg, while they all followed on the track of the escaping birds. They were soon caught up; for the little ones, only just out of the shell, could not run fast: they look like balls of yellow-brown fluff, the legs and neck much shorter in proportion than in more advanced life, and with a little dainty manner of holding themselves very pretty and amusing. The poor mother defended them gallantly, but in vain; she looked so piteous, however, with her beautiful, large, liquid, tender eyes, which have long lashes to them, and are very human, that the tender-hearted master's conscience was sore at his own cruelty, and the next time he took an ostrich's nest he left two of the children to the parent bird. He was sorry afterwards for his generosity, for they were never seen again, and he believed were devoured by the civet cats; besides which, after a fortnight or so the young are turned off by the parents to shift for themselves.

When the party returned to the nest, they found that the small laggard had got out of his shell, looking rather woe-begone, cramped, and high-shouldered, but still all alive and right. The fourteen precious little captives were brought safely up to the farm, where they were fed with chopped lucerne, bran, carrots, and the pounded shells of the addled eggs, which are considered excellent food for them. Later in life they require bits of bone, and unlimited pebbles, which indeed are necessary to assist the gizzard in grinding down the food of all grain-devouring birds, and may be found in the stomachs of fowls, turkeys, &c. It is only when the hard shell of the barley, wheat, &c., is thus bruised and crushed that the gastric juice can act upon the mealy matter within;* and it is a proof of the weakness, not the strength of the digestion of the ostrich, that it thus requires assistance.

At first they kept each other warm by huddling close together under a shed, where they were put at night for shelter, as they are

* The unlucky ostriches at the Zoological Gardens have been poisoned by pennies, cruelly given by foolish sightseers, the verdigris of which corroded their stomachs.

tender little things. They became very tame, especially with the women on the place, and would always come to a petticoat. Men they did not like, perhaps because the boys of the farm (black and white are all alike in such matters) had tormented them. For about a year they stalked about, never straying far, but going where they pleased, getting their own living for the chief part, but coming in two or three times a day for a little barley.

The males are splendid birds, often measuring seven feet in height when the head is raised, and above four feet to the shoulder, with black shining feathers on the back, and the beautiful plumes, both black and white, under the wings and on the sides of the tail. A band of bright red or pink runs down the leg, and they prance about with great dignity, shaking the wealth of rich, loose, hanging feathers, under their short arms (as one might say), with much pomp and ceremony, before their ladies, who are far more quietly dressed in grey. They too have, however, some white feathers; but these cannot be depended upon, as they are often streaked with grey, and are never so valuable as those of the male birds. Their large eyes have a curious film, which they can bring over them and retract at pleasure.

A pair of fine ostriches is worth about eighty pounds, and five were now parted with; but the remaining nine used nightly to settle themselves to roost at equal distances along the farmyard, with their large projecting breasts flat on the earth. And a stranger driving up to the place in the dusk was more than once confronted by the nine sentinels suddenly uprising from the ground to their full height with startling effect.

They are extremely strong, and can kill a man by striking at him with the full force of the leg, when the claw, above an inch long, of the front toe, will tear the flesh from head to foot; the wound from the nail is considered to be poisoned. The bird when it is to be plucked is therefore very carefully secured; it is driven into a narrow pen and a bar let down behind it. A stocking is then drawn over its head, and when once blindfolded it remains motionless and makes no resistance. The quill of the feather, when "alive," is full of blood, and plucking must be a painful process. About twenty of the finer feathers, and thirty or forty of the commoner ones, are taken at the same time, when the poor bird's wounds are rubbed with sweet oil and vinegar. It soon seems to recover; but the tender-hearted master some-

times cuts the plumes off near the root instead of plucking them; these, however, do not sell so well. A good feather is worth ten shillings at Cape Town, and the produce of the five ostriches amounts to about sixty pounds a year. This, in a bad season, when the wheat is devoured by rust, when the sheep have the scab, when the cattle suffer from dry seasons and short crops, and the oidium is threatening the vines, must be a very pleasant resource to the Cape farmer in his need, which the English one will envy him.

It is by no means, however, all plain sailing with ostrich produce. The birds only breed after five years, and often come to grief; the male birds fight, they rub themselves against the ground—break and dirty their feathers, are fond of water, and often plunge into the pools, and swim over, much to the detriment of the plumes that are to figure on the bonnet of some Paris or London *élégante*.

The garden pool of the farm in question is surrounded by wild red geraniums six feet high or so, which are mown down from time to time only to grow up more luxuriantly, mixed on the lower, moister side with a quantity of tall white arums and a sort of red gladiole with long, loose, narrow leaves. The Cape flowers of all kinds are brilliant in colour, the hills and heaths gorgeous to behold, though they are said not to have so fine an effect as when "got up" in the borders of an English garden or greenhouse.

Much of the uncultivated land would be good for crops; but as soon as it is even "tickled" by the plough, a prickly scrub, the *Rhenosta*, with thick roots and a short stem, invariably comes up, although there were no signs of it before, as if the seeds were lying in wait; this has to be picked out with great trouble and expense before any use can be made of the land. It is, however, good for burning, and as there is little wood and no coal, except what is brought from a great distance, this is a comforting consideration.

As the ostriches grew older they were confined in a pen surrounded with a fence of cactus, or prickly pear, the fig of which is good eating; and one day a young mulatto crept in, where he had no business, to steal the fruit. An indignant ostrich struck at him, and tore open the whole leg of his trousers, wounding the thigh. It might have killed him; but the boy Jack, who fed them, a brown orphan, born of a St. Helena woman and a coolie, who had been brought up on the farm ever since he was eight years old, rushed up

at the sound of the shrieks with a basin of barley and rescued the man. The wound, however, was months in healing.

In general the blacks have no nerve, and are so timid that if one of the team of eight or ten horses, which are often driven together, entangles himself with the reins, the groom is in too great a fright to hold his head; when, supposing the master is not at hand, the whole team comes to grief.

The herds, labourers, and grooms, about thirty in number, board in the house, where a sheep a day is killed for the use of the household, and a bullock every fortnight. A fish apiece, in addition, vegetables *ad libitum*, and a bottle of wine each (which must be served out three times a day, or they would drink it all at once) seems very ample provision. The men's families generally live at the Moravian Mission, some miles away, where the teaching does not seem to be very efficient or good, however well meant. The children there are brought up generally in the Dutch Reformed faith.

The old wild country with its products is of course yearly retreating farther and farther away. The settlers used to ride down the wild ostriches on this very estate, and kill them for their feathers, a wasteful proceeding now forbidden by law. They are so fleet that a horse has the greatest difficulty in overtaking them, and one of the last killed on the property was by the former proprietor, who, having come up with his prey after many doublings, and finding his horse dead beat and able to go no farther, threw the lash of his whip round the ostrich's neck and brought it to the ground.

The bird is very easily killed by a slight twist of the neck or a blow on the head. The immense cavity for air within the breast, which enables it to run so long, makes a sound like a drum when the bird is struck on the back. At one time in the year they make a loud booming noise like that of a bull, very alarming when the ostrich is unseen and comes suddenly close upon you. They are, however, extremely quiet when well treated, and the little children on the farm are often put to ride on their backs. Horses, until they are accustomed to the sight of them, snort and rear in great affright, and the ostrich returns the compliment of dislike. In an ostrich camp close by, when the master went about to inspect his sitting hens they rose at him menacingly, but when he rode round, they remained cowed and silent.

The black secretary bird (so called by the

Dutch because "he wears, as it were, pens behind his ears!") and stalks about with a peculiar stilt, still makes its nest in the wild olives of the nearest kloof (or narrow gorge); but this and the bustard are almost the only peculiar birds of the country now left in this district. Wild beasts have all taken their departure, though the names yet remaining, the "Tiger's Crag," the "Elephant's Kloof," the "Olephant's Koss," or head (the Hottentot name for some huge granite boulders which lie solitary in a grassy valley, carried thither probably on the back of some glacier in the ancient cold period), all show the state of things that existed not long ago; one which is, indeed, still to be found on the Transvaal frontier some seven or eight hundred miles away, where an old Dutch farmer offered the shooting of a lion to a young English officer a few months back, in the jungle of a kloof, which he kept intact, as we should preserve a pheasant cover, for the lion of the district to disport himself in.

The many-gabled house of one story, with its numerous dependencies, half English, half Dutch in its descent, like the inmates, on its sunny slopes, with a grand distant view of Table Mountain and the "Rotten" islands;—the sound of the distant boom of the great Atlantic rollers coming across the wide sandy plains when a storm is brewing;—the pleasant climate and dry air, through which the great Southern Cross shines so brightly in a sky so clear that the Astronomer Royal selected it as one of his stations;—the spans of sixteen or eighteen oxen dragging the mighty waggons over the often roadless country;—the ostrich pets which are now satisfactorily hatching their first brood of young ones; the tall Caffre dairymaid, with her magnificent figure, fetching water from the spring, with a great earthenware pitcher on her head, moving along with a perfectly free and graceful carriage, as if she bore no burthen;—the old negro cook Jumba, comfortable and jolly, taken out of a slave dhow, but who has stayed on at his own wish these thirty years;—the rude plenty—the patriarchal rule of the chiefs of the family over their many-coloured tribe of dependants, all give a pleasant idea of pastoral home life. But as no man or woman can be trusted to do anything out of sight of the master's eye—as nobody steals, but everybody shirks work, or does it so as to give himself or herself the least possible trouble, decidedly the hardest place in the establishment must be that of the master and mistress themselves.

AFTER THE CONCERT.

MY better self! my Stradiarius! we
 Have done great things to-night; have help'd to bear
 On outspread wings the stream of melody
 Up to heaven's portals—it might enter there.

I wonder, lov'd one, was it thou or I
 Who pour'd our soul forth on the music's strain?
 Thou art not living—yet I hear thee sigh,
 And sing, and sob, like gods more than us men.

Since he, Cremona's master, work'd and wrought
 With more than human skill, he surely breath'd
 Into his sweet creation speech and thought,
 Best of the forest, with man's best enwreath'd.

The master breath'd upon thee, with the love
 That centres in a soul; and lo! awoke
 Thy sweet life-song, attun'd in heav'n above,
 And soaring, thus upon the silence broke.

But no! description's vain—we cannot tell
 The songster's sweetness, nor the sigh of wind,
 The spring-tide wonder, nor the year's sad knell;
 Yet all this joy and sadness here we find.

Yet more! for in its midst, grief of a heart
 That knows this life, blends with the joy of those
 Who know but spirit life; and thus impart
 Heav'n's bliss into the strain that richer grows.

And yet, sweet violin! without me thou wert mute,
 And unresponsive in thy velvet nest would lie;
 All silent as a long-forgotten lute,
 Thus thou without me—thus without thee I!

H. J. O.

THE OLD AND THE NEW IDEALS OF WOMEN'S
EDUCATION.

BY MRS. FAWCETT.

WHAT Mr. Matthew Arnold has called "the awakening of the modern spirit," has, during the last thirty years, made itself conspicuous over the whole realm of the education, employment, and sphere of women. "Modern times," says Mr. Arnold in his essay on Heinrich Heine, "find themselves with an immense system of institutions, established facts, accredited dogmas, customs, rules, which have come to them from times which are not modern. In this system their life has to be carried forward; yet they have a sense that this system is not of their own creation, that it by no means corresponds exactly with the wants of their actual life, that, for them, it is customary, not rational. The awakening of this sense is the awakening of the modern spirit. The modern spirit is now awake almost everywhere; the sense

of want of correspondence between the forms of modern Europe and its spirit, between the new wine of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries and the old bottles of the eleventh and twelfth, or even of the sixteenth and seventeenth, almost every one now perceives; it is no longer dangerous to affirm that this want of correspondence exists; people are even beginning to be shy of denying it. To remove this want of correspondence is beginning to be the settled endeavour of most persons of good sense. Dissolvents of the old European system of dominant ideas and facts, we must all be, all of us who have any power of working; what we have to study is, that we may not be acrid dissolvents of it."

Hardly any one, with even the barest acquaintance with the literature and thought of the last century, will deny that the want of

correspondence between the ideas of that time and of to-day, is nowhere more conspicuous than in what appertains to the general position of women. If we take, for example, the question of education, we find the tone current about it now and a hundred years ago as wide as the poles asunder. Every one will recall Dr. Johnson's comparison between a woman writing a book and a dog dancing on its hind legs. But the women themselves—even the learned women—of that day seem to have had no dawn of ambition or hope for the future of their sex. They were content apparently complacently to believe themselves to be *lusus natura*, prodigies of ability and wit; and to the mountain height of their own attainments they appear to have thought it sheer impertinence, in the rank and file of women, to aspire.

Mrs. Montague, who was one of the originators of the famous Blue-stocking coterie, writes thus in 1773 about the education of her niece:—"I am glad you are going to send my eldest niece to a boarding-school. What girls learn at these schools is trifling; but they unlearn what would be of great disservice—a provincial drawl, which is extremely ungentee. The carriage of the person, which is of great importance, is well attended to, and dancing is well taught; as for the French language, I do not think it necessary, unless for persons in very high life; it is rarely much cultivated at schools. I believe all boarding-schools are much on the same plan, so that you may place the young lady wherever there is a good air and a good dancing-master."

The arrogance of the blue-stocking who could find in her niece no qualities worth cultivating, except those that could be developed by "a good air and a good dancing-master," is quite ludicrously out of tune with the notions current at the present day on the subject of girls and girls' schools. As a type of the difference between 1773 and 1878, passages might be quoted from the speech which a leading Conservative politician made on October 1st near Bradford. Speaking at the opening of the winter session of the boys' and girls' schools at Saltaire, Lord Carnarvon set before the teachers and scholars the highest aim of education—that of fitting the individual for liberty. "The great end of training," he said, "is liberty," and he urged upon the teachers that they should endeavour to make every child "a law unto himself," not made to go hither and thither in leading-strings, but guided by that

inward monitor, without which the most skilfully devised leading-strings in the world can never prevent disaster and shame. The chasm between this aim in education and that implied by Mrs. Montague's "good air and good dancing-master" is tremendous. Those who can measure it can measure the gulf that stretches between the modern spirit in the matter of girls' education and the spirit of the eighteenth century.

Hardly a day passes just now on which the newspapers do not give some evidence of the change that is being gradually wrought in public opinion in the matter of the sphere of women. Lord Carnarvon's speech in the *Times* of October 2nd, was followed on October 3rd by an address by Professor Henry Morley, in which he reviewed the past history of University College and the London University, and anticipated a new era from the admission, lately granted, of women to the classes of the college and the degrees of the university. "Many felt," he said, "that the time would come, and, with right help, would not be long in coming, when the woman's right to free and thorough training of the mind would be as obvious as the man's. . . . And so it had happened that when the University of London, true to its traditions and its principles, which were the same as those of University College, found that the time had come when it might offer its degrees to all, and was ready to conquer the false prejudices based on sex, as it had already conquered those based on religion, University College was at once prepared to take action with it. In the faculties, of which the session was now being opened, they began their second fifty years as they began their first, not following, but leading, the liberal thought of our time, and with a bold outlook in the future." On the following day, October 4th, in the *Times* report of the meeting of the Church Congress, a summary was given of a paper, written by Miss Whateley, the daughter of the late Archbishop of Dublin, on "Women's Work in the Church." This, said the *Times*, in a short explanatory note, "is the first paper which has been contributed to the discussions in Church congresses by a woman." Miss Whateley's paper is as good an instance as could be found of the application of what I may call the modern view of women's sphere, to the spiritual and religious life. She said, "The analogy between the life of a family and that of a Christian community would lead us to infer that, as woman was appointed the helpmeet of man in the one,

so she was in the other, each party supplementing the other, and filling up what was left defective; so that work carried on by one sex alone without the aid of the other would generally be found wanting in some essential features of completeness. Experience showed that this was the case in most instances."

The passages I have quoted in evidence of the growth of a changed opinion about the duties and aims of women's lives have not been carefully selected, as they might have been, from a large number of similar instances. They are taken from the *Times* of October 2nd, 3rd, and 4th, for no other reason than because it is on the last of these days that these pages are being written; and to show, therefore, that no long search is necessary in order to collect the proofs that are around us of the wide-spread character of the movement for the uplifting of the daily lives of women and girls. The quotations are not taken from a paper which is in any way identified with schemes of social innovation, but from the paper which is perhaps more profoundly conservative than any other on social subjects; and the fact that one extract came from the mouth of a Conservative peer, while another was taken from a paper read before the Church Congress, is some evidence that the new aims and hopes for women have struck their roots deep and wide throughout the whole of society. The dream of poets and enthusiastic radicals of sixty years ago is now tempering the everyday habit of mind of the most conservative sections of society. To quote Mr. Arnold again, we are, and we must all be, dissolvents of the old system of dominant ideas about women; "what we have to study is, that we may not be acrid dissolvents of it."

I think it will be a help to all those who wish well to the woman's movement to realise how great and how important a change it involves. The idea of the subjection and dependence of women has, it is believed, to give way to a new ideal, in which women, adorned with the grace of strength and freedom, shall regulate and control their own life and conduct, and become, in a better sense than they have ever been before, companions and helpmeets to men, and to their fellow-women. The change here indicated is hardly less than that involved in the passing away of the feudal system, or than that which substituted the right of private judgment for that of sacerdotal authority in matters of religion. It is a change which is now in process of accomplishment; perhaps it will figure in history as the great achieve-

ment of the nineteenth century, just as the Renaissance was the achievement of the sixteenth, the Reformation of the seventeenth, and the Revolution of the eighteenth centuries. It should cause no wonder that this change cannot be accomplished without a good many heart-burnings, and without some pangs at giving up, or at the fear of giving up, what was lovely in the old ideal of womanly excellence. These heart-burnings and these pangs are perhaps due, in part, to misconception. For instance, the central point of the new ideal is freedom. That "man is best and happiest when he is free" was once a great discovery; now it is as trite as any truism at the heading of a copy-book; but that "woman is best and happiest when she is free" conveys to some minds nothing less than the sweeping away of all that is best in women. The ideal for women, they would say, is not freedom but self-sacrifice, forgetting that without freedom self-sacrifice can never really exist. Self-sacrifice is in its essence a voluntary surrender; it cannot be voluntary without freedom to adopt a course the opposite of self-sacrificing. But these heart-burnings and these pangs are also due in no small measure to the unavoidable fact that some of the "dissolvents" of the old system are, and, in the nature of things, are unavoidably, "acrid dissolvents." No great social, religious, or political change has ever been so miraculously brought about as to be able to get itself accomplished without the aid of some "acrid dissolvents." Knox and Calvin, even Milton, with his culture and his poetic nature, could not avoid being acrid; but it does not follow that these great dissolvents of the ideas current on theology and statecraft before their time, tended to make their successors, who inherited the freedom they had won, acrid and bitter too. Rather their achievements, by bringing an increase of freedom, tended to make those who enjoyed that freedom able to cast away bitterness and narrowness of spirit. Even, to take an extreme case of the most "acrid dissolvents" that perhaps the world has ever seen, Robespierre, Danton, and the other chief factors of the French Revolution, the French nation which has inherited the results of the Revolution, is in no danger of inheriting with them the tiger spirit of its prime movers. The average Frenchman of to-day is enjoying the comparative freedom, the equality before the law, the improved system of government which were bought by the Revolution. These good things have lasted, and influence his daily life and happiness. The blood-madness

of Robespierre has passed away like an evil dream, and no longer influences either conduct or character, except negatively.

It is a laughable comparison—that of the lurid crimes of the French Revolution with the stick-up collars, the spectacles, the short hair and the harsh voice of what is supposed to be the typical woman of the Women's Rights movement. But in some quarters want of taste is more serious than a crime; and it is an undoubted fact that many who might otherwise sympathize with the new movement have been repelled from it by the eccentricities and roughness of some of its early leaders. They say, "If this harsh, ungainly creature is what women's rights have made her, Heaven preserve us from women's rights!" and they go back with renewed affection to the old ideal of the feeble, delicate, submissive woman as by far the more admirable type of the two.

There are two answers to be made to objectors of this class: first, that whatever grain of truth there may once have been in the charge of the unwomanliness of the women's-rights woman, the picture which they habitually present of her no longer corresponds to the fact. The women's-rights woman, for instance, exists in the imagination of Mr. Beresford Hope, and others of whom he is an example, as the Pope is supposed to exist in the imagination of Mr. Newdegate. There is nothing that corresponds to the ideal in either nature or art. But let it be supposed that the women who were the first to ask for their sex equal laws, sound education, and enlarged opportunities of self-development and of employment had become entirely ungraceful and unattractive, had developed, in a word, all the unbeautiful characteristics of Mr. Beresford Hope's goblin. It may for the moment be supposed, for the sake of argument, that this is so; that the courage needed for the first step in so great a change was never found but in those who had thrown off the womanly love of order, beauty, and tenderness; that, in fact, the women's-rights women actually corresponded to Mr. Beresford Hope's conception of them. Even if this were so, the legal, social, and educational rights of women once being recognised, there would be no tendency for the unlovely type of woman to perpetuate itself. The women of the future would breathe a freer atmosphere, have larger interests, a wider activity than their forerunners; they would no more tend to be like the Mrs. Jellaby and the Mrs. Pardiggle of these unhappy days, than the Frenchman of the present day tends to be like Robes-

pierre or Danton. Rather the natural dislike of such beings as Mrs. Jellaby and Mrs. Pardiggle, would tend to make the freer and happier women of the future cultivate an ideal of exceptional suavity and grace. The battle once won, the harsher qualities which the struggle had called into activity would sink into a secondary place; might even, by a natural reaction, come to be regarded as less than their true value.

The difference between the old and new ideal of womanly excellence is essential. The old ideal magnifies the qualities of docility, obedience, and dependence; these are apt to degenerate into feebleness. The "perfect woman" of the new era is endowed with "endurance, foresight, strength and skill." Do these qualities tend in the nature of things to degenerate into coarseness and self-assertion? Are the corresponding faults of the new ideal so dangerous or so irresistible as the corresponding faults of the old ideal? Let us examine each, in turn. Docility and submissiveness are qualities which nearly every one loves to see in children. Parents and schoolmasters and governesses are pretty well agreed that their life would become intolerable unless the necessity of obedience were insisted upon. How many children, I wonder, have been made to learn and repeat the verses beginning—

"The first best lesson, learn it well,
For none will avail you so:
Obedience is the root from which
All other virtues grow."

The danger is lest parents and governesses, in insisting on obedience from their children, as indeed they must as a measure of self-defence and self-preservation, should lose sight of the fact that, as Lord Carnarvon put it, the end of education is freedom. They are not training their children to be slaves, or for the military discipline of a camp or barrack; they are training them to become free-citizens. That this is true as regards boys most people will admit: though some of those who have charge of their training seem to forget it. But it is very generally denied as regards girls; not only in practice are they constantly under bit and bridle, but in theory it is asserted that a girl ought to have no will of her own, that all her life long she will have to submit her will either to a father, or a husband, or a son, and that, therefore, liberty, which may have been a very good thing for negroes, the barons at Runnymede, the ancient Greeks, and other remote people, must be a very bad thing for her. Philosophers have not neglected to point out the

reason for this necessity of submission on the part of women. Schopenhauer, perhaps more than any other modern philosopher, has identified himself with those who oppose the claims of women to freedom and equal justice before the law:—

“Woman, according to Schopenhauer, is emphatically the No. 2 of the human race, inferior to man in mental, moral, and physical capabilities. From her subordinate position in antique and Eastern life, she has been removed by old French gallantry and ‘*Germano-Christian idiocy*’” (these are Schopenhauer’s words) “to a sphere of artificial equality, nay, superiority to man. Hence the intolerable arrogance of the ‘lady’ of modern civilisation. Woman is entirely incapable of large conception, her range of vision being circumscribed by the narrowest bounds of subjective feeling. She always remains a child and ought never to be wholly withdrawn from the guardianship of man, be it father, husband, or son; nothing can be more monstrous than to leave children and their inheritance to the care of their mother. . . . The love of art frequently affected by women is in reality but a means of attracting the admiration of men. Unselfish enthusiasm is altogether above their nature.”*

Apart from this indictment against half the human race, the theory here expressed that a woman always remains a child and ought to be constantly under tutelage is, I believe, common to all those who hold what I have called the old ideal of womanly excellence. But with the best intentions of providing every woman with a man to tell her what she shall do, what she shall think, and what she shall believe, it is found that the supply of men runs short; large numbers of them have other avocations; others perhaps lack the inclination to fulfil the duties of *directeur* to the ladies of their family. It, therefore, of necessity often happens that the unmarried woman is under the tutelage not of a man but of another woman, her mother. This is far indeed from what Schopenhauer would think satisfactory, but the necessity of the case has forced upon married women a sort of delegated rank—not of freedom, but of the right to control the freedom of others. My readers can perhaps recall, within their own experience, instances in which the unmarried daughters of a family actually linger on in a sort of unnatural childhood until they

begin to grow old women. The authority which their mothers very properly exercised over them during childhood is not relaxed during adolescence, and is as firmly seated as ever when their hair begins to turn grey. The immaturity of childhood is stereotyped in such women; physically they are adult, morally and intellectually they remain children; they are entrusted with hardly any real responsibility, not even the trifling responsibility of buying and selecting their own clothes. I have heard a woman of more than forty years of age say, “I wish mamma would let me wear my thick boots,” and “I am sure mamma will say I must have a new bonnet, so I am afraid I cannot afford to buy a new dressing-gown.” Another instance occurs to me of a mother and daughter aged respectively about eighty and fifty, in which the elder lady considered the younger much too giddy and inexperienced to decant a bottle of wine; I remember that, as irreverent children, my brothers and sisters and I used to wonder that the mother was not afraid to let the daughter pour out tea, lest she should scald herself with the boiling water. I mention this because it illustrates the impression which the relationship between the two ladies made upon us. I have heard of a lady objecting to her daughter leaving home on a visit, because in her absence there would be no one to water the mignonette! Another phase of the prolonged childishness imposed upon women under the old system, is the belief that it is improper, even dangerous, for a woman to walk out alone. I well remember hearing a lady, of about eight-and-twenty, bemoaning the dulness of her life in London. She lived near Portman Square; her mother was an invalid and could not walk; her only brother was engaged away from home every day but Sunday, and he would not promise to take his sister out for a walk more frequently than every other Sunday! This is a sample of the sort of life which produces hysteria, nervous headaches, and other kindred disorders; or which, acting in another direction, sends its victims to father confessors, and nunneries and sisterhoods.

The time in the life of a family when the sons and daughters are children is generally a bright and happy one; the mother and father adapt themselves to the duty of guiding and ordering their children’s lives; everything easily falls into its right place; the parents direct, the children obey. The years slip by, and the habit of command grows upon the parents, while the habit of obedience

* Article by Dr. Hueffer, in *Fortnightly Review*, on Schopenhauer, December, 1876. His views on women were, perhaps, “circumscribed by the narrowest bounds of subjective feeling.” At all events, his relations with his own mother were most unfortunate.

grows upon the children. For the boys, the necessity of partial emancipation as they grow older is fairly well recognised; but for the girls, it very often happens, as I have said, that there is no such well-defined time for "putting away childish things." Beautiful as real childhood is, there is nothing less beautiful than sham childhood in a person of mature years. In order to avoid the danger of producing this unnaturally prolonged immaturity in their daughters, I think mothers should, from the time their children are little babies, never forget that their work ought to be to make them fit for self-government. They ought, as soon as it is possible, to help them to seek the right, the best, the highest, because it is the right, the best, and the highest, not because it is imposed upon them by another will than their own. Absolute, unreasoning submission to another's will is not what such a parent would wish to see the guide of her child's life; for if that guide were removed, the child would be left adrift—a ship without a helm. The aim of a parent should be to develop in her child a guide that she could never be robbed of—an inward desire as strong as life itself towards purity, honesty, courage, and the capacity of self-devotion.

The contrary system, that of stereotyping the moral and intellectual immaturity of childhood, will be recognised in all its inherent folly and wickedness, if it is supposed to be applied to the physical development of a child. "As helpless as a baby" is a proverbial expression, but a well-nourished and well-taken-care-of baby soon shows signs that it will not long be helpless; it begins to help itself to anything bright and pretty within its reach; it throws its legs out and wants to exercise them long before it can walk or stand. No one ever supposed that because a child is born helpless, therefore it is always to be carried about; the mother and the nurse are constantly on the watch for the development of its physical powers; the notion of artificially preserving its weakness would be scouted as it deserves. A mother carries a child about as a temporary expedient till it gets the use of its limbs, just as she ought to impose her will upon its conduct as a temporary expedient until it gets the use of its moral sense. The intellectual and moral unfitness of a child for self-guidance lasts much longer than its physical feebleness, but not the less is it a passing phase, and parents ought to use every means to make it pass away quickly and healthily. The principle of growth is so obvious in the

physical world that it is impossible to overlook it, but it does get more or less overlooked in the moral and intellectual world, where in every healthy human being it is just as real. Every child whose development is unstunted increases month by month, and year by year, not only in stature, but in wisdom, and the time for "putting away childish things" comes nearer as this increase goes on.

It cannot surely be, that the plan of training girls so that they are fit when womanhood comes for the duties and responsibilities it will bring, is liable to dangers so great as the plan of indefinitely prolonging the immaturity of childhood in the adult woman. "Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill" may have their accompanying drawbacks, still the faults of exaggerated energy and self-reliance are such as are amenable to treatment; a sense of humour is a good antidote to them; increased experience and the discipline of failure will be of good service. So long as a patient has the use of her limbs and her faculties, a little exuberance in the exercise of them can generally be calmed down. But the patient is in a bad way indeed, if she is suffering from atrophy; if her limbs and her faculties have withered from want of nourishment and exercise.

I do not think that the danger to be apprehended from what I have called the modern ideal of the training of girls lies in producing a disagreeably self-assertive type of young women. Conceit is corrected rather than fostered by growing knowledge. I have heard a scholar say that a chief use of getting a profound knowledge of any one subject is, that it gives you a standard to measure your ignorance by in other subjects; it is the smatterer who generally believes himself to possess encyclopædic knowledge. The danger lies rather in the too anxious and too ambitious parent who expects too much, and thus runs into the opposite error from that of the parent who expects too little. Such a parent may be tempted to press too much work upon a growing girl, and thus over-tax her strength at the most critical period of constitutional development. The years from about fourteen or fifteen to twenty or thereabouts, are the years on which more than on any others a girl's health for life depends. A severe strain on the constitution then, either in the way of too much physical exercise or too much mental work, is likely to do permanent harm. Nature is doing so much in the way of physical development that it may be that the intellectual energies are reduced very much below their normal con-

dition. The danger of unhealthy conditions during their teens is not, however, one which is unknown to the past generation of English women. Many a girl who has led a healthy, well-nourished, out-door life at home till she was about thirteen or fourteen, and who was then sent to one of the old-fashioned "establishments for young ladies," has been as effectually injured by insufficient food and want of exercise, as it is feared her daughter and granddaughter may be by too much work. If the danger of over-work during the time of rapid growth and change is real and urgent, it can only be met by instructing mothers and teachers as to its existence and its cause. Those who have charge of a girl's education, in this case as in all others, have to bear in mind that the real and ultimate aim is preparation for maturity; their object is not to produce an "infant phenomenon" crammed with *ologies* and *isms*, but to see that the training of the child gives the future woman the opportunity of becoming physically, morally, and mentally the best that her natural constitution and faculties make her capable of. This is the true economy of education. A perfect education is that which avoids waste—which makes the best possible use of the raw material of character and capacity. A teacher or a mother who has got hold of this conception of education will be as careful to prevent a girl over-working herself as the owner of a hunting stable is not to over-ride his three-year olds. When a girl reaches womanhood the object of both mother and teacher is that she should be able to bring to bear upon the real business of life all her natural gifts, cultivated and strengthened by her previous training. She will not be able to do this if she is over-worked; neither will she be able to do it, if she is under-worked and has never known the stimulus of real effort, and the pleasure of attainment after exertion. She certainly will not be able to do it, if she is brought up on the "good air and good dancing-master" theory of education.

This view of the aims of education does not in the least overlook the fact that the vast majority of girls will marry; on the contrary, it appears to me to fit them for marriage much more than the "good air and good dancing-master" plan. This latter view implies that marriage is the end of a woman's life; a husband once caught, the goal is reached and the career of the successful aspirant interests us no more. The adherents of the modern view of education look more closely into actual facts, and they see

that marriage is not the end but the beginning of most women's lives. So far then as education bears marriage in view, it should do so by fitting the girl to be as good a wife, or as good a mother, as she is capable of being; that is to say, it should fit her to be, as I said before, the best that God has made her. Whether her faculties be magnificent, or mediocre, or mean, nothing but good can come from making the best of them.

However much speculative interest there may be to some minds in comparing the natural intellectual capacity of men and women, to the practical educator the discussion will seem barren and useless. If a teacher has a certain number of young women to educate, she does not care whether they have fewer red globules in their blood than the average of men, or whether their brains weigh less than those of a corresponding number of boys; so far as her immediate work is concerned, she wastes no regrets over the fact that no female Newton has ever yet appeared among her scholars; it is probable that Dr. Syntax's academy over the way is in the same predicament. Her work is to make the best of the raw material placed under her care, to cultivate the powers of her pupils, be those powers what they may; even if they only have one talent, compared with the five entrusted to another servant, they are not to bury that talent in the earth, but to add to it to the utmost of their capacity. The Newtons and the Shakespeares, and the other surpassingly great names of the world, have not been so numerous as to modify the system of education for the common run of boys and girls. School-work must be adapted to the average capacity of the Toms and Marys of every-day life. What the average capacity of girls and young women is, we shall know better when there has been a longer experience of the results of affording them really sound educational training. The ideas that all men are logical, and that all women are emotional; that women are much quicker at coming to a conclusion than men, but quite incapable of describing the steps by which they arrived at it, are in process of giving way, and have completely given way in those who at Girton College and Newnham Hall (the ladies' colleges at Cambridge) have had an opportunity of comparing the powers of the young women who are students there, with the powers of the undergraduates of the university. These gentlemen have found that the young women differ intellectually from the young men less than they had expected, and in a different direction from that

which they had expected. The logical faculty of the women students is much greater, their power of so-called intuitive perception is much less, than had been anticipated. It must, however, necessarily be some years hence before the time arrives when a really fair comparison can be made between the intellectual capacity of men and women. Women at present have a disadvantage in one direction and an advantage in another; and until both these disappear it will be unsafe to draw any hard and fast conclusion from our present experience. Their disadvantage, as compared with boys and men, is obvious; nearly all the educational endowments and the best teaching power is at present applied to boys' education alone. In nearly every good-sized town there is an endowed school for boys, where, at a very trifling cost, sometimes at no cost at all, a first-class education is obtained; the boys at such a school are taught arithmetic and mathematics by wranglers, and Latin and Greek by first-class men of the universities; these teachers, the best who could be obtained, are paid from the endowment of the school, not from the fees of the scholars. Girls, on the other hand, living in the same town, hardly ever have any of these great advantages. In the first place their school is generally unendowed; hence their school fees must be such as to cover the cost of their education; even taking the case of a town fortunate enough to possess one of the Day-School Company's high schools for girls, the whole cost of such a school must be covered by the fees, hence there is a tendency to under-pay and over-work the staff; and where the boys have tripos men to teach them, the girls probably have a governess, who is fortunate if she has been able to afford herself time to pass some one or more of the branches of the higher local examination.

The advantage which girls at present have, and which also tends to vitiate the comparison between them and boys, is the zeal of the new movement for the advancement of women's education. I am sure that this penetrates very deeply in the girls' schools at the present time, and affects scholars as well as teachers. It is a real enthusiasm, and, moreover, a feeling that success is not a mere personal triumph, but something that will help "the cause." There is now among women something of the awakening which characterized the great revival of learning in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Sources of learning that have been closed and lost to women for centuries are now being opened;

and with the opening of the great fountains of classical literature and other learning is coming the sense of a new delight in life, an awakening from a long lethargy, a new birth. A girl, or a young woman, who has caught the infection of this zeal, will work in a very different spirit from the humdrum one which is almost necessary in boys who are only doing in education exactly what their fathers and grandfathers and great-grandfathers did before them. I have on my desk a copy of a letter addressed by a girl of about eighteen to her father, in which she asks his advice as to her devoting the whole of the next three years to the study of the classics; she does not wish to be separated from her parents so long, and she writes:—"I am sure I could not bear it for any other subject, but when I think of Greek it does not seem to be I who am learning it, and trying to decide what I ought to do, but something seems to urge me on. I feel quite a different creature. I cannot tell you what an effect it has on me only to see a Greek book, and the mere idea of being allowed to work at it for the next three years makes me so happy that I cannot believe it will ever come to pass." The "new broom" theory will not fully account for this enthusiasm; if it is typical, as I believe it is, of what is felt by a large number of young women and girls, it is something that will leave its mark not only upon the position of women, but upon the culture of the age. Should any one be inclined to smile at the emotion excited by the "mere sight of a Greek book," he may be reminded of the picture Mr. J. A. Symonds gives in his work on the Renaissance in Italy, of "Petrarch poring over a Homer he could not understand; and Boccaccio in his maturity learning Greek, in order to drink at the well-head of poetic inspiration."

It may be that the advantage and the disadvantage which I have just attributed to girls as compared with boys will, within the coming years, vanish in the best possible way. The boys may imbibe some of the enthusiasm of the girls, and in exchange give their sisters a fairer share than they at present possess of the educational endowments of the country. It is equally consonant with the old and new ideal of womanly excellence to picture a woman's chief happiness to consist in adding to the happiness of others. If the newly awakened zeal for the improved education of women gives fresh impetus, reality, and vigour to all education, women will have the happiness of having largely contributed to the well-being of their age and country.



THE SCHOOLMISTRESS.

SHE was little more than twenty
 When she came to our village school,
 To rule in her noisy kingdom,
 With a firm and steadfast rule.
 A figure slight, nor wanting
 In dignity and grace ;
 A mind and will unbending,
 In the colourless thin face.

She lived in the cottage school-house,
 That rose-bower by the gate ;
 But never a friend or lover,
 Came to her bower to wait.
 Alone she lived, attended
 By her little scholar-maid,
 But her lamp was often burning
 Till the summer stars would fade.

Orphaned she was, and lonely,
 Though on her birth had smiled
 All that was best and brightest
 From love's fount undefiled.
 Her father fell in the army—
 And a noble army they—
 Who fight against Death the slayer,
 And not for those who slay.

But his own death slew another,
 And a new-born babe beside,
 And they made one grave to hold them,
 A grave both deep and wide.
 A home with her father's kindred
 The orphan Alice found ;
 Too young, they said, to miss them,
 Who slept thus underground.

Miss them ! she missed them daily,
 Though she knew not what she missed ;
 She was only one too many,
 To be clothed and fed and kissed.
 So she grew up cold and lonely,
 A little unlovely too ;
 As the young with much of sorrow
 Or little of love will do.

Not quite a Cinderella,
 She was clothed and fed and kissed ;
 Of their worldly gifts they gave her,
 'Twas the love in the gifts she missed.
 The love, and one gift, one only,
 Coveted more than all,
 She humbled herself to gather
 Its crumbs from their feast let fall ;

She would gather its veriest fragments,
 Were they trodden in the mire,
 She would rake in the veriest ashes
 For a spark of its living fire.
 There came to her no fairy,
 With wonder-working wand ;
 But lo ! as she toiled unaided,
 She had entered fairy-land.

Recalled, she pined for freedom,
 When they claimed her all, her life,
 For a round of petty duties,
 With her larger aims at strife.
 And they said she was ungrateful,
 Self-willed, unloving, hard ;
 It was partly true, for she told them,
 Love was its own reward.

They scoffed at the poor ambition,
 That led to a village school.
 Freedom ! she called that freedom ;
 The girl must be a fool !
 But freedom to her meant knowledge,
 No lower, meaner prize ;
 'Twas the deeds of all the noble,
 'Twas the thoughts of all the wise !

And yet there was something lacking,
 Something unknown, untold ;
 In the plain daylight of duty,
 Her gains would seem fairy gold.
 At times she felt sad and lonely,
 And will it be believed ?
 She pined for the petty duties,
 For the petty cares she grieved.

She knew not what was lacking,
 Knew not until it came ;
 She gave it the name of friendship,
 But that was not its name.
 And the truth could not be hidden
 From her own clear-seeing eyes,
 When the name her own heart whispered,
 And whispered too, " Be wise."

" I will be wise," she answered,
 With a bright defiant smile ;
 " Because he may one day famish,
 Is he wise who starves the while ?
 No future loss can equal,
 Or rob me of this my gain,
 While I have the power of loving
 With heart and soul and brain."

So she loved, and she was happy,
 As if walking in Paradise ;
 Nay, as Heaven he seemed above her,
 This love of her own heart's choice.
 It was not his birth or riches,
 But that he was born to bless
 With the treasures of his wisdom,
 And the wealth of his tenderness.

He was lord of many acres,
 Yet his soul knew naught of pride ;
 For the love and help of many,
 Like his Lord, he would have died.
 She loved and she was happy—
 The blossom predicts the fruit—
 And all her nature blossomed,
 Like a plant that has taken root.

The friends of her orphan childhood
 She sought and was reconciled ;
 She could spare the strength to be tender,
 With the warmth at her heart she smiled.
 And the children took to love her,
 She was gentler day by day ;
 One would bring her a bunch of daisies,
 Another a branch of may.

Even her little mirror
 Bore witness to the change
 For to love the face within it
 Was something new and strange.
 She had looked before and seen it,
 So thin and hard and grey,
 Looked, that her hair and collar
 Were smooth and in trim array.

And it seemed a revelation,
 The smile that now met her there.
 Yes, it was almost lovely !
 Yes, she was almost fair !
 Once she drew near the mirror,
 And the cold reflection kissed.
 Did it not awake the dreamer,
 The warmth she must have missed ?

No ; and the gain grew greater
 And greater day by day—
 Under the sacred impulse
 She learnt anew to pray.
 And God and Christ were nearer,
 And the hope of life above,
 For on earth no light is clearer
 Than the holy light of love.

Did he come at length to woo her,
 Out of her plain estate,
 And make the simple maiden
 Equal in love, his mate ?
 Nay, nay, he only knew her,
 As he knew the flowers that blow,
 Blessing them for their sweetness.
 Perhaps it was better so.

In the not far distant future,
 The school-house was left behind,
 She had won both love and honour,
 And her place in the world of mind.
 And she had his children's kisses,
 And his own most sacred tears,
 When he left them to her keeping,
 With their love for all her years.

ISA CRAIG-KNOX.



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